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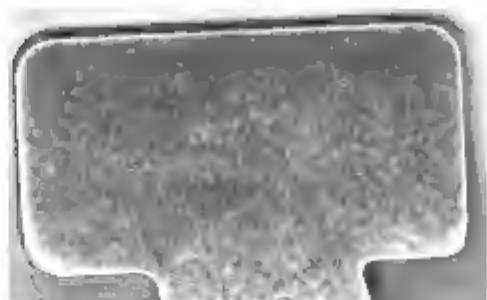
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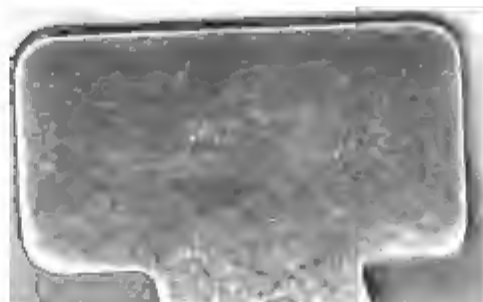
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W. & A. GILBEY

LONDON

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, THE QUEEN.

W. & A. GILBEY

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THE
IMPERIAL MAGAZINE;

AND,
MONTHLY RECORD

OF
RELIGIOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL,
TOPOGRAPHICAL, AND GENERAL KNOWLEDGE ;

EMBRACING
Literature, Science, & Art.

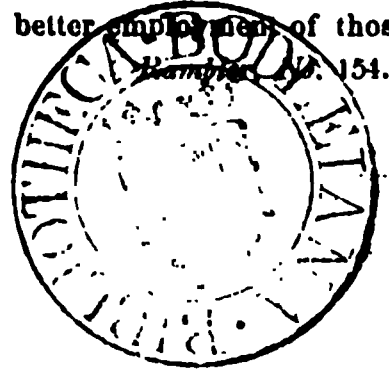
EDITED BY SAMUEL DREW, M.A.

VOL. II.

SECOND SERIES.

1832.

“ Though every moment cannot be laid out on the formal and regular improvement of our knowledge, or in the stated practice of moral or religious duty, yet none should be so spent as to exclude wisdom or virtue, or pass without possibility of qualifying us more or less for the better employment of those which are to come.”



LONDON :

H. FISHER, R. FISHER, & P. JACKSON, NEWGATE STREET.

P R E F A C E.

SINCE the commencement of our Magazine, periodical works have increased to a tenfold degree. Scarcely a month has elapsed, without giving birth to some new candidate for public favour. Among these, many pretty bubbles have floated along on the tide for a short season, until some, bursting through their own weakness, have vanished ; and others, by their own specific gravity have sunk to the bottom, where they remain in undisturbed repose.

Unaffected by the many instances of literary mortality which surround us, knowing that our constitution is sound, and supported by firm and unbending principles, we still continue to thrive ; and it is with feelings of unfeigned gratification, that, in concluding the labours of fourteen years, we find ourselves enabled to lay before our subscribers, a volume, whose contents render it as interesting and edifying as any of its predecessors. The policy on which we act is broad and liberal. Hence, our pages are enriched with communications of an indefinite variety of character, untrammelled by any particular dogmas, and unfettered by opinions which nothing but antiquity appears to recommend.

Over the interests and sanctity of religion we have always watched with a jealous and unwearied eye ; for, although we do not profess to identify ourselves with, or to uphold the peculiar tenets of any religious denomination, we avow ourselves to be the enemies of vice, in a state of decided hostility against the votaries of superstition, the advocates of intolerance, the champions of bigotry, the abettors of infidelity, and the defenders of outrageous abuses.

In the Scientific department, our columns are open to the rational investigation of undetermined principles, and we gladly receive the essays of those, who, by well directed efforts, endeavour to extricate from its labyrinth of perplexities, original truth.

Of the Literature in this volume we must say nothing ; this must speak for itself. We invariably strive to select pieces which blend instruction with interest ; and in the tales and narratives we insert, the incidents, are calculated to render virtue amiable, to inform the understanding, and to expand the heart.

In Biography we confine ourselves to no sect, party, or profession, but give to the world memoirs of individuals, whose developed talents have made them eminent in their different spheres of operation.—The Divine, whether Churchman or Dissenter, whose energies have been devoted to promote the best interests of mankind ; the Philosopher, whose researches have tended to the advancement of science ; the Patriot, who has striven for the welfare of his country ; the man of letters, who has extended the range of intellectual research, may be found in our

PREFACE.

numbers set forth for the admiration of the good, or held up as objects of emulation to those who would tread the same paths, and gain the steep ascent of deserved fame.

The Engravings which beautify our work being for the most part of the highest order, will not shrink from comparison with some of the most splendid specimens of the graphic art. It is not for a magazine of such a standing as ours, which has been carried along on the tide of public approbation for so many years, to resort to the common-place system of puffing, for the sake of exciting attention and notoriety; but we should be wanting in duty to ourselves and to our subscribers, were we to neglect this opportunity of announcing, that the extensive and continually increasing sale of this work has enabled the proprietors to expend large sums on highly finished plates; and they pledge themselves that the portraits and illustrations in future shall not fall short of the preceding ones in any point of excellence, if the concentrated powers of art and genius can command success.

The field of politics we never enter, nor are political discussions admissible into our columns; yet, having the heart and soul of Englishmen, we cannot avoid congratulating our readers on the late important event, so interesting to every lover of his country, and so valuable to posterity. This measure, justly termed the new Magna Charta, though not gained by the barons, as on the field of Runnymede, but half extorted from them, seems to promise purification to the source of government, and salubrity to its streams. That dark thunder-cloud which appeared big with the fate of the British empire, and threatened to spread confusion, anarchy and ruin, throughout the kingdom, has rolled heavily away, and wreaking the fury of its lightning-shaft only on barren and useless institutions, has burst in grateful showers of long-desired blessings, and shed peace, smiles, and contentment on a delighted nation.

On the subject of negro-slavery, that crime, than which a blacker never darkened the face of heaven, our opinions are too well known to need repetition. We have not treated it as a mere political question, but on the wide ground of humanity and justice, as one involving the misery of eight hundred thousand of our fellow-creatures,—bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh,—who are suffering the woes of a hopeless and interminable captivity, degraded from their rank in human nature, to a level with the beasts of the field; their spirits crushed under a weight of oppression, and their intellects buried beneath a load of chains, 'till they have nothing left but the form of men; and even that is too frequently denied repose from fierce and unmitigated torture. When the eyes of the whole country, with the exception of interested individuals, are simultaneously, and eagerly looking for the emancipation of these wretched beings, we cannot refrain from expressing our hopes, that in a reformed Parliament, the subject will meet with the consideration it imperatively demands; and that the time is not far distant, when traffic in human blood, that plague-spot on the fair fame of Britain, shall be known no longer in her dominions, and no subject of the King of England, robbed of the glory of his nature, shall be branded with the name of slave.

With these principles in operation, and with feelings of gratitude to our correspondents for their valuable communications, we again leave ourselves with the Public, confident of the same patronage that has hitherto been extended towards the IMPERIAL MAGAZINE.

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THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1832.

BRIEF MEMOIR OF HER MAJESTY ADELAIDE, QUEEN CONSORT OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

(With a Portrait.)

THE duchy of Saxe-Meiningen is one of the minor principalities of the German empire, and therefore cannot be expected to afford many materials for the historian. Yet one circumstance occurred, in its later records, which deserves a place here, on account of the singularity of the case, and the light it throws upon the old Germanic constitution.

Anthony Ulric, duke of Saxe-Meiningen, died in the year 1763, and left issue by two marriages. His first wife, Philippine, being the daughter of a tradesman, her children were set aside from the succession to the ducal title and estates, by an arbitrary decree of the imperial diet in 1747: though at the same time the emperor Charles VI., as a mark of favour, was pleased to allow them the simple rank of princes.

On the death of the duchess of plebeian blood, duke Anthony espoused a princess of Hesse Philipsthal, by whom he had two children. In his last will, regardless of the imperial decision, he constituted his four sons, of both marriages, universal heirs of the duchy of Meiningen, as well as of all the other fiefs, titles, and estates to which he had himself any claim. Upon this, the dukes of Saxe-Gotha, Cobourg, and Hildburghausen, as the nearest agnates to the principality, demanded the right of guardianship over the territories of which the deceased had died possessed. The duchess dowager, who, by the will of her husband, was declared regent during the minority of the infant duke, resisted the usurpation, and a petty warfare ensued. This, however, could not continue long; for though the troops sent to enforce obedience were repulsed in the first instance, the city of Meiningen was too weak to withstand the confederated power brought against it.

On gaining possession of the capital and vicinity, the usurping guardians of Meiningen committed such violence, by exactions and other oppressions, that a formal complaint was made to the emperor, who summoned the Aulic council to examine into the case. The result was, a peremptory mandate to the three dukes to withdraw their forces, and to make satisfaction to the duchess and her subjects for the injuries they had sustained. To this order, no respect was paid; upon which, another complaint was made to the emperor, who then caused the refractory princes to be cited before the diet, for violating the peace of the empire; and, at the same time, all the other states of Saxony and Franconia were called upon to protect the duchess of Meiningen and her family. This produced the desired effect: the intruders quitted the territory; two thousand marks of pure gold were paid as an indemnification for damages; and the heroic duchess was left in quiet possession of her authority, which was never afterwards called in question, nor the tranquillity of the estate disturbed.

The council further confirmed the decree of 1747, and issued a mandate against Bernard Ernest, the eldest son by the first marriage, prohibiting him from assuming the arms of Saxony, or taking the ducal title in any manner whatever. Thus ended this remarkable contest, which displays, perhaps, as curious an instance of the tyranny of the pride of birth over the rights of nature, as any in the annals of mankind; and far exceeding the arbitrary royal marriage act of our own country.

George Frederick Charles, duke of Saxe-Meiningen, the eldest of this second branch, died in 1803, at the early age of forty-two, and left, by his widow, Louisa Eleanora, daughter of Christian Albert Lewis, prince of Hohenlohe Langenberg, three children; the present reigning duke of Saxe-Meiningen, and two daughters; of whom Ida, the youngest, is married to the duke of Saxe-Weimar Eisenach, her cousin; and ADELAIDE LOUISA THERESA CAROLINE AMELIA, the eldest, to his Majesty the King of Great Britain. This princess was born on the 13th of August, 1792; so that, at the time of her father's death, she had not reached her eleventh year. The late duke, by his will, left the guardianship of his children, and the sole regency of his estates, to the duchess dowager, in full confidence that she would discharge both important trusts with honour to herself, and benefit to those placed under her care. This appointment gave universal satisfaction; and the expectations raised by it, among all who were immediately interested in the happiness of the family and the welfare of the duchy, were, we venture to say, more than realized.

The period in which this excellent and accomplished princess was called to the exercise of the government, required uncommon prudence and the most vigilant attention; for the French revolution, and the wars which arose out of it, had spread infidelity and immorality so generally over the continent, that there was scarcely a part of Germany uninfected by the contagion. Happily, the little court of Meiningen formed one of the very few exceptions that were scattered here and there amidst this frightful scene of widespread demoralization. Here, as in an oasis on the desert waste, were to be found the pure principles of the Protestant faith, established by Ernest the Pious; and here were to be seen the principles of religion flourishing in the exemplary virtues of the reigning family, and reflected back in the industry and affectionate loyalty of the people. Fortunately, also, this principality escaped the dangerous distinction of being drawn within the vortex of French fraternization, in which so many of the other continental states were engulfed.

While too many other states were ambitious of enjoying the favour of Napoleon, which in most instances proved more injurious than his enmity, Meiningen, by its comparative insignificance, and the judicious measures of the regent duchess, neither felt the scourge of his vengeance, nor the blighting influence of his protection. The moderate and wise course of policy which this talented princess pursued, at that critical juncture, exhibits such a contrast to the conduct of some powers nearly allied to the royal family of Great Britain, that the late queen Charlotte, with the cordial approbation of her excellent consort, could not help signifying her admiration of it, in a letter which opened a correspondence that was continued for some years with increasing satisfaction on both sides. But what gave peculiar pleasure to her Majesty was, the accounts she received from various sources, of the moral character of the little court of Meiningen, and especially of the admirable manner in which the two princesses were educated, and which exactly resembled that adopted by herself, in training up her own daughters.

The duchess-dowager of Meiningen, to the usual accomplishments of her rank and sex, adds a general knowledge of science and literature. She is acquainted with most of the languages of Europe ; and is particularly well read in the best English authors. Besides this, she has a fine taste in composition, and writes with spirit and elegance, both in German and French. Several of her productions have been printed at Frankfort; and, among the rest, one excited considerable notice about seventeen years ago, not only on the continent, but in England. This was a little volume of Letters, pretended to be written at St. Helena by Napoleon, and stating several plans and operations for his escape from that island. A portion of this fictitious correspondence appeared in the English Literary Gazette, and many persons at the time actually believed that the letters were genuine; nor was it ever made known till lately, from what pen the amusing deception issued.

Under a parent so gifted with all the qualifications of virtue and intellect necessary to the proper instruction and guidance of youth, the princesses Adelaide and Ida became two of the most elegant and accomplished ladies of their age. The former, it has been said, was remarkable from her childhood for her sedate and rather reserved habits ; devoting most of her time to her studies ; and, though cheerful and lively among her more intimate associates, yet taking little or no pleasure in the gaieties and frivolities of fashion. As she grew up to maturity, she evinced a marked dislike, and even detestation, of that laxity of morals, and contempt for religious sentiment, which had been imported from France into Germany.

The religion established in Meiningen is Protestant, of the Augsburg confession, as originally settled by Luther and Melancthon, from which there has been no departure since the Reformation. That faith the two princesses not only professed in conformity to the custom of the country, but adorned by their estimable conduct. Their chief delight was in forming and superintending schools for the education of the children of the lower orders, and in providing raiment for the aged and destitute. In these good works the princess Adelaide took a leading part ; and, on the marriage of her sister to her cousin Bernard, the second son of the duke of Saxe-Weimar, her exertions in these offices of benevolence were redoubled.

While thus pursuing the "noiseless tenour of her way," for the benefit of the infant and aged poor, Providence, by an awful dispensation, was preparing her for a sphere of more extensive utility, and greater splendour. The death of the princess Charlotte, the pride and hope of Britain, in 1817, compelled the unmarried members of the royal family to turn their thoughts to that state which was now deemed indispensably urgent, for the security of the succession, especially as the two elder princes had no prospect of any issue. Accordingly, matrimonial negotiations were entered into, in behalf of three of the princes of England, with different German families ; and on the 13th of April, 1818, the following message was sent to the House of Commons, informing them that treaties of marriage had been concluded between his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence and the eldest daughter of the reigning Duke of Saxe-Meiningen ; and also, between his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and the youngest daughter of the Landgrave Frederic, and niece of the elector of Hesse. The Prince Regent then adds :

"After the afflicting calamity so lately sustained by his Royal Highness, in the loss of his only and beloved daughter, the Princess Charlotte, his Royal Highness is fully convinced that the House of Commons will feel

how essential it is to the best interests of the nation, that his Royal Highness should be enabled to make suitable provision for the marriage of his brothers; and after having received so many proofs of affection to his person and family, his Royal Highness has no room to doubt the assistance of the House, in making the necessary arrangements for this important purpose."

Ministers then proposed an augmentation of the allowances of all the junior princes, except the duke of York, who declined receiving any increase of income. It was moved, that an addition of ten thousand a year should be made to the duke of Clarence, and six thousand to the duke of Cambridge. The latter sum was voted; but the former, on the motion of Mr. Holme Sumner, was resisted, and the same grant fixed for both. Upon this, the duke of Clarence, conceiving that he had superior claims, on account of his professional services and his peculiar circumstances, declined accepting the proffered boon. In consequence, the matrimonial negotiation on his part was suspended, but not broken off; for the queen, whose heart had been much set upon this alliance, urged him so strongly to communicate her wishes for the union, to the duchess of Meiningen and her daughter, that they both frankly expressed their desire that the ceremony should speedily take place. The princess observed that she had no inclination to form a splendid establishment; but would rather, as she had hitherto done, live in a private manner. Upon this, Lord Castlereagh announced to the House of Commons, soon after, that the late proceedings had made no change in the sentiments of his Royal Highness or his intended bride. This declaration afforded general satisfaction; but the opposition in parliament to the proposed grant redounded little to the national honour.

Much has been said on the extravagant conduct of some branches of the royal family; and there have not been wanting political moralizers to pass heavy censures upon the irregular connexions which some of the princes have formed. The best answer to this, perhaps, is a reference to the act which parliament itself passed on occasion, of the alarm excited, in the minds of George the Third and his ministers, by the marriage of the late dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland. Now, whatever may be thought of those alliances, they were not less respectable than the one which, by placing Mary and Anne on the throne, secured the Protestant succession, and brought in the house of Brunswick. The royal marriage act may, however, be said almost to have defeated itself: for though the family of George the Third was large, and the descent might have been lineal; yet, as we have just seen, owing to this legislative interdict, there arose an extreme danger of an interrupted succession. Even as it now stands, the nation has no other prospect than that of long minorities and troublesome regencies. But we must now turn from these disagreeable contemplations to subjects of immediate interest.

As Queen Charlotte was in such a state, that it could not be expected she could live many weeks, the Princess Adelaide and her mother were requested to hasten to England, that her Majesty might have the satisfaction of seeing the nuptials solemnized in her presence. They complied; and the office was performed, according to the rites of the established church, in the royal apartments at Kew, on the 11th of July, 1818; and, at the same time, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, who had been previously married in Germany, went through the same ceremony, pursuant to the provisions of the statute.

Having spent a few days at Bushy Park and St. James's Palace, the Duke and Duchess of Clarence took an affecting farewell of the Queen, and proceeded to Hanover, where they spent that winter, and the following

spring. Her Royal Highness was soon declared to be in a state that furnished pleasing anticipations of her giving a heir to the crown of Britain. But, in the month of March, she caught a severe cold, which terminated in a violent pleuritic attack ; and, in the seventh month of her pregnancy, she was delivered of a princess. Though the child was small, it was so well formed and lively, as to afford some hopes of its being preserved. It was baptized immediately by the names of Charlotte Augusta Louisa, but expired shortly afterwards, and was deposited in the royal vault at Hanover, where lie the remains of the Grand Elector Ernest Augustus, and his grandson George the First.

The recovery of the Duchess, after this severe shock, was very slow ; but a change of air and scene being deemed advisable, she proceeded, as soon as she was able to travel, to her native place, taking Gottingen and Hesse Philipsthal by the way. The joy of the good people of Saxony, at again beholding their much-loved Princess, knew no bounds, and it was, perhaps, the more fervent, on account of the information they had received of her recent illness, and almost miraculous recovery.

The moment she entered the precincts of the duchy, she was met by the vassals of her brother, and conducted in triumph thirty miles to the capital. Here fetes and all kinds of rejoicing continued to enliven Meiningen, and the country around, almost every day for the space of a month. The royal Duke, too, by his condescending affability, as well as his devoted attention to his amiable spouse, soon gained the affections of these honest-hearted people, who began almost to regard him as one of their own native princes.

After residing six weeks at the castle of Meiningen, the whole court went to Liebenstein, a place famed for its romantic beauty, and its healing mineral springs. Here the health of the Duchess was perfectly restored in a very short time, to the great joy of all her illustrious family, and particularly to her royal consort.

Knowing the Duke's desire to return to England, the Duchess now urged his speedy departure, saying, that they could live as comfortably and economically at Bushy Park as in Germany, or any other part of the world. The sentiment was affectionately considerate ; but the resolution formed upon it proved unfortunate. Towards the end of the month of October, 1819, the royal pair took leave of their friends at Meiningen, and set out through heavy roads for the coast. The journey proved too much for the delicate state of the Duchess, who was again in the family way, and, on reaching Dunkirk, she miscarried. When sufficiently recovered to bear the voyage, she embarked, and, on landing at Dover, took up her residence in the Castle, where she and the Duke remained six weeks. At the expiration of that time, they removed to St. James's Palace ; and, as the house at Bushy was then under repair, they spent the winter in town.

On the 10th of December, 1820, the Duchess was suddenly taken in labour, upon which the Duke of York, the Lord Chancellor Eldon, and Mr. Canning, hastened to the Palace, to be in attendance to witness an event of so much importance as that of an heir to the throne. Her Royal Highness suffered much ; but though the birth was premature, the child, which was a female, exhibited every appearance of health. It was baptized the same day, by the name of Elizabeth, in obedience to the express command of the king. For some time the infant princess grew and increased in strength daily ; but, when about three months old, she was attacked with a bowel complaint, which carried her off in a few hours. Some time afterwards, the Duchess had another miscarriage ; since which, all hope of issue in this branch of the royal line has ceased.

The summer of 1822 was spent by their Royal Highnesses in Germany; and in 1825 they repeated their visit, to be present at the nuptials of the reigning duke of Saxe-Meiningen with the princess of Hesse Cassel. On the 21st of May, 1826, they made another continental tour, and returned to England at the end of September the same year.

As the death of the Duke of York, in 1827, placed his next brother in the situation of heir-apparent to the crown, it was deemed proper that a suitable addition to the income of the Duke of Clarence should be made. Accordingly, on the 16th of February, the Earl of Liverpool, in the upper, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the lower house, proposed an increase of three thousand a year to the Duke, and the settlement of a jointure of six thousand a year to the Duchess. These motions passed, though not without some opposition from the economists in the House of Commons. The same year, on Mr. Canning's coming into power, the Duke of Clarence was appointed to the station of Lord High Admiral; an office that had not been held, but by commission, for above a century. In consequence of this promotion, his Royal Highness undertook a personal survey of the several dock-yards; and at Plymouth he was joined by the Duchess, who afterwards went across the county of Devon, to the romantic watering-place of Ilfracombe, whence she proceeded in a steam-packet to Milford. The next year, the Duchess was gratified by the arrival of her excellent mother, with whom she made another tour to the southern coast, delighting all who had the pleasure of approaching her, by the sweet affability and condescension of her behaviour. This courtesy was not an assumed habit, put on for the sinister purpose of gaining popularity. It was the same at home as abroad; in the relations of domestic, as well as in the movements of public, life: so that, what excited the admiration of strangers produced no such effect in those who witnessed it every day.

The elevation to the highest possible rank has made no difference in this respect: what the Duchess of Clarence was in her beloved residence of Bushy, she has been, and still continues to be, amidst all the attractions of regal splendour; dignified without pride, cheerful without levity, and bountiful without extravagance. The regal household is governed with the strictest regard to economy; and the example of Queen Adelaide will, we trust, render the court of Great Britain similar to what it was under the bright influence of that mirror of her sex, Mary, the Queen consort of William the Third.

Like that accomplished Princess, the living ornament of the throne is a pattern of active virtue and unostentatious piety. She encourages the arts and industry, patronizes literature, and discountenances every thing that has the least tendency to licentiousness and luxury. The mode of living adopted by her and the King is extremely regular; much of her Majesty's time is spent in needle-work with the ladies of her suite, and her only recreation is music, of which she is exceedingly fond. In all these respects, she perfectly resembles Queen Mary, of whom we are told by Bishop Burnet, "that it was a new thing, and looked like a spectacle, to see a queen work so many hours a day. But she considered idleness as the great corrupter of human nature; and believed, that if the mind had no employment, it would create some of the worst sort to itself; and she thought, that any thing which might amuse and direct, without leaving any ill effects behind, ought to fill up those transient hours that were not claimed by devotion or business. Her example soon wrought, not only on those who belonged to her, but upon the whole town, to follow it; so that it became, in her time, as much the fashion to work, as it had been to sit idle.

“ While the queen thus diverted herself with work, she took care to give an entertainment to her own mind, as well as to those who were admitted to the honour of working with her. Few of her sex, not to say of her rank, gave less time to dressing, or seemed less curious about it. Those parts of it which required more patience, were not given up entirely to it. She read often, and generally aloud, that those who served about her might be the better for it. When she was indisposed, another was called to do it. The whole was mixed with such pleasant reflections of her own, that the gloss was often better than the text. An agreeable vivacity diffused that innocent cheerfulness among all about her, that whereas, in most courts, the hours of strict attendance are the heaviest part of the day, they were, in hers, of all others the most delightful.”

The lines of Dr. Watts, upon that pattern of royal virtue, are so appropriate and characteristic of the present sketch, that with them we shall conclude :

“ Britain beholds her queen with pride,
And mighty WILLIAM at her side,
Gracing the throne ; while at their feet,
With humble joy, three nations meet.

Secure of empire, she might lay
Her crown, her robes, her state away,
And 'midst ten thousand nymphs be seen—
Her beauty would proclaim the queen.”

CHOLERA MORBUS.

THE idea prevalent at this moment is, that this awful scourge of the human race, which, after traversing Asia, has ravaged the north of Europe, and even reached Britain, is not contagious, but consequent upon a morbid state of the atmosphere in certain places at certain times, or upon some electric changes therein ; yet so many cases have occurred of a contagious nature, that we doubt this position, and lean towards contagion. Its attacks frequently occur in the night, so that, on more accounts than one, it may be denominated, “The pestilence that walketh in darkness ;” and, as the skill of the ablest physician is at once incompetent to discern its cause, or to effect its cure, the wisdom of man has totally failed in every attempt to lift up its veil, or to ward off its fatal stroke. “ Who knoweth not that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this ?”

However difficult the discovery of its cause, or how dark soever its onset, the mode of attack, and the descriptions of persons most exposed to its awful ravages, are sufficiently obvious ; and the character of the disease itself is become so familiar to many of the faculty, that its presence no longer remains in doubt. Britain, it appears certain, is visited ; the disease is extending, and who can account himself safe ?

The Asiatic spasmodic cholera is as malignant in its attacks in Britain as in India : the reports of medical men in Sunderland

shew, that about one in five only of the aggravated cases recover, and that the patients generally expire in less than twelve hours from the moment of attack. The persons seized are, in general, those whose constitutions have been previously undermined by debilitating diseases, arising out of excessive efforts, privations of comfort, imprudent conduct, a filthy state of the person or of the habitation, a noxious situation, or out of intemperance or dissolute habits of all descriptions : in fact, all who do not keep themselves sober, clean, and warm.

This awful pestilence having reached our shores, it becomes every man, in the fear of Jehovah, to call the attention of his fellow men to such modes of prevention as lie within their reach ; leaving the cure, if any mode of cure can be devised by the wisdom of man, to the learned in the art of healing.

The poor we have always with us ; and if the rich benevolently take the best means of averting this awful scourge from their own doors, by furnishing the poor with warm flannels and hose, extra blankets, solid comforts to their families, and such disinfectors as are within their reach, they may consistently implore the blessings of Him in whose hands are the issues of life and death, upon themselves and their neighbours.

To those of the poorer class who owe their debility to the imprudence of their conduct, in wasting their strength and their means upon showy trifles, instead of using

them to provide solid comforts for themselves and their families, we must say, we pity their bad taste; and implore them, as they regard their own safety and the safety of those around them, to change their mode to one more consonant with wisdom and discretion.

A filthy state, as to the person, is nauseous to the community at large, debilitating to the party indulging therein, and dangerous in the extreme. That poverty must be pitiable, indeed, which does not allow the means of cleanliness in the person, and that idleness which indulges in filth is abominable; a man thus becomes a public nuisance—a walking pestilence. Let shame cover the guilty herein; it requires but an effort to be clean. Wash and be clean, then, lest your filthy habits prostrate you in the dust, to rise no more for ever.

A filthy state, as to the habitation, requires, it is true, an effort—a daily effort; but industry is a daily virtue, and some portion of every day might be snatched from labour, or extorted from idleness, to clear the dwelling from accumulating filth, and also to clean it—to wash the floors, the bed linen, and the furniture, and to air the apartments. Those who make the effort succeed; and who would not make an effort to save his or her life, and the lives of their family? Awake, ye sluggards and idle, arise and clean; lest ye sleep the sleep of death.

A filthy state, as to the situation, is a much more formidable evil than either of the former. Into these sections the poor are driven by their poverty. There they dwell cheaper than in better situations; and of themselves they are unequal to the task of completely cleansing, ventilating, draining, and applying disinfectors to extensive and closely pent districts. Boards of Health will, no doubt, be constructed in every considerable town throughout the island, and these will benevolently care for the poor therein.

Those persons who are able, at this alarming juncture, ought to provide a flannel belt to gird about their loins, a flannel waistcoat or petticoat, stout worsted hose, an extra blanket for the bed, and such other comforts for their persons, by night and by day, as will keep them warm, and induce a free discharge from the pores of the skin. To open the drains upon their premises, remove the filth of privies, cess-pools, dust-bins, heaps of decaying vegetables and other nuisances, air and ventilate their shops, rooms, passages, vaults, empty rooms, closets, and every corner beneath

the stairs, and throughout their houses, to destroy old filthy rags, papers, decaying boxes, hangings, and every mouldy appendage to the windows, bed-furniture, above and beneath, to wash the floors, stairs and foul furniture, to examine and remove from all cisterns and reservoirs the accumulated sediments, and induce a free circulation of water through the drains of the sinks, and kitchen appendages in general, are requisites which call for immediate attention; for delay may prove deadly—a moment lost may cause the loss of all things; tomorrow may be too late, let this day see it begun.

Vegetables contain particles of the earths, water, the gases of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, &c. and it is upon vegetables that the cattle feed. The milch-cow, as well as the goat, ox, sheep, and hog feed upon vegetables; man, also, consumes vegetables from the garden and the field, yea, even his daily bread is vegetable, and the flesh of his table is but one concoction from the grass of the field. The consumption of vegetables, therefore, by the mouth, the digestion thereof by the stomach, and the voiding of the refuse by the discharges of nature, are severally a decomposition of vegetables, and tend to let loose the carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, &c. which they contain. Hence these gases abound near dunghills, heaps of decaying vegetables, small or large, in privies, cesspools, stagnant drains, &c. &c. and combinations of these gases, form carbonic acid, and other effluvia, dangerous to health in the extreme.

Carbonic acid gas, is the choke damp of the mines, of wells, of caverns, of vaults, bogs, stagnant ditches, drains, privies, cesspools, vats, &c. &c. &c. and becomes yearly the executioner of hundreds of the hale and healthy of mankind, and it is highly desirable that this grim executioner should be banished from the dwellings of man; but this gas is frequently generated in destructive quantities, by the decomposition of vegetables, upon his own premises.

Limestone is a compound of calcium, oxygen, carbon, &c. But limestone, when treated with heat, gives out its carbon to the atmosphere, and thus losing the bond of union which constituted it a stone, lime united to latent heat, on coming out of this calcination, is loose and uncemented in its particles, and with ease may be reduced to powder. But lime never loses its affinity for carbon: it, therefore, extracts it from the atmosphere, re-unites therewith, and thus ultimately re-becomes stone: nor will it give out this carbon, excepting to heat. Lime, then, is the very agent we need, in

this emergency, to subserve our purposes ; for by extracting the carbon, lime decomposes the carbonic acid, and renders the other gases salubrious.

In order to apply lime, reduce it to a fine powder : softly spread this powder down the orifices of privies, cess-pools, and upon any accumulations of putridity within and upon your premises. The finer the powder, the better ; because it thus comes into contact with the atoms of carbon upon a larger scale, and becomes more efficacious. In addition to this, after brushing off all loose particles, and rendering them perfectly clean, lime-wash the surfaces of the walls and ceilings, not only in the dwelling, but the privy, shop, out-houses, &c. &c. thoroughly. The greater the surface of lime you thus expose to the action of these deleterious gases, the better, because the points of contact are thereby multiplied, and the effect is proportionably increased : and these ought to be renewed from time to time.

The chloride of lime is superior to lime alone : see Imperial Mag. Jan. and Feb. 1828, under the head of Mephitic Gases in Mines, where this subject is treated at large. This compound ought to be resorted to by all those who can afford to use it. But chlorine can only be united to lime by a chemical process, at once tedious and troublesome, and this chloride, when purchased of the ordinary venders, like other drugs, is expensive ; whereas lime is cheap, easy of access, and may be again and again resorted to without inconvenience or delay. The City of London Board of Health has given public notice, that a solution of chloride of lime may be procured, on application at the medical stations of each Ward. This, as an example to every Board of Health in this island, is worthy of notice.

One subject, and one of the last importance, yet remains ; and we must notice it particularly : namely, the persons who have induced feverish debility, and a disposition to the attacks of cholera in their constitutions, by acts of intemperance, or dissolute habits of any description. If hundreds of dwellings have become charnel-houses, by the pestiferous gases generated from the accumulated filth suffered and concealed therein, in empty rooms, private cupboards, and corners, stagnant drains, and from decaying substances ; these are living charnel-houses, locomotive temples of pestilential effluvia, which, instead of privacy, thrust themselves upon the sober portion of the community, and, while they annoy all their senses, shock their very souls. As public

nuisances, they merit indictments, and not less so, as dangerous vehicles, wherein the pestilence, which has so awfully visited the nation, may be transmitted to thousands of their fellow-men. Lime, yea, even chlorides, are thrown away, as disinfectors, upon these masses of fermentation, where ardent spirits deal excitements to effervescence, consuming body and soul.

Woe to the drunkards in Britain ! The guilt of self-destruction in these, is enhanced by the destruction which they perpetuate upon men more worthy than themselves. Is there no balm in Gilead ? Are there no physicians there ? One Physician lives, alone, and they will not come unto Him that they may have life. If these sots will not pray for themselves ; in self-defence, let the whole community pray for them. If these are enemies to the community at large, they are not less enemies to themselves—awful enemies, indeed ; for a perseverance in these practices will destroy their bodies here, and destroy, hereafter, body and soul in hell.

Their cure is with the Great Physician, who alone can save. The blood of Jesus Christ, while it washes away sin, gives power over sin ; and this power alone can save the drunkard. Hear us, O Lord our God, we beseech Thee, for these men, for these women, and (alas for their youth !) for these children, who are given to intemperance ; and deliver them from the destroyer. Give them repentance unto life, forgiveness and peace of conscience ; that, saved from death, they may live before Thee for ever. O Lord, hear us for our land ; avert this evil, amidst deserved wrath, from us ; deliver us from this death : that, humbled in the dust, we may serve Thee in newness of life, in and through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

King Square, Dec. 3, 1831.

W. COLDWELL.

WESLEYAN MISSION IN CEYLON.

As the state of British India will soon become a subject of serious and public inquiry, and as the effect of all the institutions in that country, whether moral or religious, upon the manners and conduct of the natives, will be taken into consideration, it becomes a matter of public interest to obtain from men, who are qualified by the public situations which they have held, to form a statesman-like and unbiassed judgment, an impartial estimate of the real effects which have hitherto been produced by the Wesleyan establishments in different parts of the British territories, to the east

the Cape of Good Hope. We shall however in the present instance, confine our observations to that branch of the Wesleyan Mission in Asia, which is established on the island of Ceylon.

When Sir Alexander Johnston, late president of His Majesty's council on that island, was officially sent to England by the local government of the island, to submit to His Majesty's ministers in this country, such measures as would in his opinion lead to the improvement of the country and the people, he proposed, amongst other things, a general system of education for all the natives of the island, consisting of about a million of people; some of whom are Catholics, some Protestants, some Hindoos, some Buddhists, and some Mahomedans. With a view to the introduction of this system, Sir Alexander suggested, after having examined attentively the Wesleyan institutions at home and abroad, that it would be highly advisable for His Majesty's ministers in this country, to hold out every protection and encouragement in their power to the Wesleyan missionaries, to induce them to establish a mission on the island of Ceylon, as well for the purpose of general education of the natives, as for that of disseminating the principles of Christianity amongst them. On this subject, he had a great many communications with the late Dr. Coke; who, entering into the plan suggested by Sir Alexander Johnston with his usual zeal and earnestness, determined, in consequence of the great importance of the object, notwithstanding his advanced years, to proceed to Ceylon himself with some missionaries, and establish a mission on that island.

The age at which the late Dr. Coke undertook his mission to Ceylon, his death upon his passage to that island, the subsequent establishment of his intended mission upon it, the good which has been derived from it, and the various beneficial effects which its labours have already produced amongst the natives of that island, render interesting every circumstance relative to its proceedings, and to the conduct observed by every person who was connected with its success in Asia. Although Dr. Coke died on his passage, the other missionaries reached Ceylon, and established their mission on the island. The manner in which the Wesleyans have conducted themselves, and the effect produced by that conduct, are well shewn in the following Address, presented by the Wesleyan missionaries to Sir Alexander Johnston, and in his answer to them on his quitting the island in 1817.

“ Wesleyan Mission House, Colombo.

“ Honourable Sir,

“ From the favourable manner in which you have been accustomed to look upon our character and pursuits in this island, the lively interest in our success and prosperity which you have always manifested, and the essential counsel and aid which you have never ceased to afford us in our missionary work, we are urged, by a grateful and unanimous impulse, to address you on your approaching departure from this country; and are persuaded, that you will, at once, excuse the intrusion, and accept of this sincere expression of our sentiments and feelings.

“ Led to this scene of missionary labour, instrumentally by the representations of it which you gave to some of the leading characters in our connection in England, we have been taught, by our Society, to look up to you as an honourable friend and well-wisher of our undertaking; and we have not been disappointed. You have generously entered into our views; you have, in many instances, most disinterestedly marked out for us stations of usefulness, and plans of exertion; and your well-timed cautions, advice, and support, have oftentimes been of the most essential service to us in circumstances of difficulty and discouragement, as well as in those of a less difficult and a more gratifying complexion. It would, therefore, be an omission which would be unbecoming our station, for the kind attention with which you have honoured us, were we not to repeat to you on this interesting occasion, our grateful acknowledgments of all the various public favours, as well as unseen and effectual assistances, which we have from time to time received from you in the furtherance of our common object; and in this we shall be united by the thousands of our friends in the United Kingdom in particular, as well as by all who wish well to the cause of the gospel in general. Permit us then, Honourable Sir, to offer to you our warmest and most respectful thanks; and to assure you, that while we shall never forget the honourable name which has so invariably stood among the foremost of our friends in this distant land, so we shall not cease to pray, that you, with every branch of your family, may be ever remembered by our Divine Master, even by that *Jesus* whose name you have earnestly desired that we might publish with success among the benighted inhabitants of this country, and who hath said, ‘Those that honour him, he will honour; and that a cup of cold water disinterestedly given in his name, shall not lose its reward.’

"Having been instrumental in introducing our present sphere of action, you have beheld us, in a humble measure, entering upon our work: as yet, but little saving effect has been produced. We are, however, we trust, laying the *foundation* for future usefulness; and we intend patiently and perseveringly to proceed in imparting the knowledge of the gospel, until it shall please God to render the communication thereof signally effectual to the salvation of the heathens. We are in no doubt as to the final result; we are persuaded it will be glorious. The day may be distant, but we are sure it will come, and know it is approaching, (may we be permitted to see it!) when the degrading worship of unholy demons shall universally give place to the pure and peaceful service of Jesus, our Immanuel; and when the populous jungle of Ceylon shall resound with the high praises of Him 'who came to seek and to save that which was lost.'

"Though at a distance from you, we trust we shall still be allowed a place in your solicitude; and as you have obligingly made yourself acquainted with our whole economy and situation, we beg to request your services with our committee and friends in England, that we may continue to be supported and reinforced in such a way as to render our endeavours increasingly efficient. They will thankfully receive, your various communications, and we shall no less thankfully enjoy the beneficial consequences of them from time to time.

"This consideration tends to lessen the regret that we feel at losing your personal residence among us in this country; and we entertain the hope, that it may yet be the will of Providence to return you again personally to assist his cause in the Eastern world.

"We cannot, Honourable Sir, but refer, with feelings of respectful sympathy, to the immediate cause of your present removal to Europe; the kind and christian solicitude of your esteemed and respected lady, especially for the improvement of the female part of the rising generation, renders our loss two-fold. May the wishes of her ladyship be fully carried into effect, and especially may the rising institution near your late residence, which was the object of her daily attention and superintendence, continue to flourish, and ever be a source of pleasing satisfaction to its benevolent founder, whose name the children of that place will always be taught to revere and esteem. We ardently hope that the voyage and change may be propitious, and that you may shortly find yourself in your native

land, surrounded by your numerous and cheerful family, under the most pleasing possible circumstances.

With no common sentiments and emotions, do we draw to the conclusion of a letter already too long, were it not that gratitude is sometimes allowed to exceed limits prescribed by ordinary rules; and commending you and your amiable partner and family to the grace and keeping of our Lord Jesus Christ, we remain, Honourable Sir, your much obliged and thankful humble servants,

"(Signed by order and in behalf of the conference of the Wesleyan Methodists, Missionaries in Ceylon,)

"JAMES LYNCH, *Chairman*.

"W. M. HARWARD, *Secretary*.

"August 22, 1817.

"The Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, Knt.
Chief Justice of Ceylon."

"To the above Address the Honourable the Chief Justice was pleased to return the following Answer:—

"Gentlemen,

"I beg that you will accept of my sincere and grateful thanks for the very kind and very flattering manner in which you have been so obliging as to communicate to me your resolution of the 22d ult. The respect which I entertain for your Society at large, as well as for those members of it in particular with whom I have the honour to be personally acquainted, make me fully aware of the weight which is due to your opinions; and nothing, I assure you, could be more gratifying to my feelings, than to receive so public and so unanimous a mark of your approbation.

"It is with infinite satisfaction I learn from you, that your Society in England do me the honour to consider me, in some measure, as the original cause of the establishment of your mission on this island. The benefit which the country has derived from your unremitted exertions, notwithstanding the innumerable and the unforeseen difficulties which you have had to encounter, is acknowledged by every unprejudiced person who is acquainted with the real nature of your proceedings; and the extensive effect which has already been produced by your exertions, will enable your friends to look forward, with confidence, to what may hereafter be expected from your zeal and from your perseverance.

"The progress which the members of your society have made in acquiring a knowledge of the different languages that prevail in this country; the extent of the information which you have collected, relative to the religion, sciences, customs, manners, and local prejudices of the people;

the care with which you have educated natives to officiate as preachers; the assiduity with which you have yourselves instructed the inhabitants on religious and moral subjects; the numbers and variety of the English books which you have translated; the ready assistance which you have afforded the Bible Society in completing and printing the new translation of the Testament; the great improvement which you have introduced into the method of printing at Colombo, and the moderate prices at which you have circulated the most useful works, are unequivocal proofs of the pains which you have taken to disseminate throughout India, by every means in your power, a knowledge of Christianity, and a bias in favour of its doctrines. The admirable plan upon which you have established schools in the vicinity of Colombo, Negombo, Pantura, Galle, Matura, Batticalo, and Jaffna, has excited an universal anxiety amongst all classes, and amongst all descriptions of the natives, to have similar schools opened in every part of the settlements; the rule which you have so wisely adopted, of selecting such persons only for masters, as may be deemed fit for the situation by the heads of the different families whose children they are to instruct, has warmly interested those who are parents in the success of your undertaking; and the voluntary manner in which they have offered you their assistance, is a decided indication of the popularity of your system. An attentive observation of the character of the people of this island, for a period of fifteen years, enables me to form some conjecture as to the probable effect of this system; and I have no hesitation whatever in stating it to you, as my decided opinion, that, should you meet with the support which you deserve in England and in this country, you will, ere long, realize the hopes of those who are the most sanguine in their expectation of the ultimate success of the cause of Christianity in Asia.

“The kindness with which you express your wishes for the recovery of Lady Johnston, and the terms in which you are pleased to mention her earnest, though feeble, endeavours to promote the establishment of the school of Colpetty, are most flattering to her;—she begs me to return you her sincere thanks, and to assure you how much she regrets that the distressing and very melancholy state of her health has prevented her of late from attending so regularly as she wished to an institution, the success of which has never failed, under all her sufferings, to be a source of real consolation to her mind. It was her intention, had her

health permitted of her remaining in this climate, to have promoted many other institutions of a similar nature; and under the urgent necessity which she feels of her immediate return to Europe, she reflects with the greatest pleasure upon all those benevolent measures which your Society, from motives of the purest philanthropy, has adopted, for the education and religious instruction of the native inhabitants of both sexes, in every part of this island.—I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect and esteem, your most obliging and respectful servant,

“(Signed) ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.”

The opinion contained in Sir Alexander Johnston's Answer, is that of a man who had attentively considered the character and manners of the natives, and had devoted himself, in his public and private capacity, to raise their moral character by giving them a share in the government of their country, by inducing them to abolish the state of domestic slavery which had subsisted on their island for three hundred years, and affording them, by the introduction of trial by jury, the most powerful motive for improving their education, and increasing their value for a character of truth and integrity.

A testimony so favourable, so unequivocally expressed, and emanating from such an exalted quarter, is of far more importance than that which any private individual could confer. It has both a religious, and a political aspect; and in each of these respects the Wesleyan mission in Ceylon must have been surveyed by Sir Alexander Johnston, from that elevated and responsible situation which he so long filled with integrity and honour. Instead of suspecting that an attempt to introduce Christianity would create disorder in the state, by interfering with the prejudices of the natives; according to his views, founded on long observation, no danger whatever was to be apprehended. It also appears, in his estimation, that the system on which the Wesleyan missionaries had invariably acted, was better adapted than any other to accomplish this desirable object.

The experiment has been tried about sixteen years, and we are not aware that any attempt to place the natives under laws to which they had been total strangers, to favour them with the privileges of Englishmen, or to supplant heathenism by Christianity, has in any one instance been attended with inconvenience, or even received with feelings of stern and reluctant submission. Hence, it may be fairly presumed, that when the concerns of India shall undergo a

legislative investigation, the subject of Christianity will occupy an interesting portion of its councils. In this renovated order of things which is confidently expected, it may be reasonably hoped, that obstacles and impediments will be removed, and every facility afforded to zealous missionaries, and benevolent private Christians, while uniting their efforts to spread among the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ.

CREATION—NO. I.

(*Second Series.*)

IN our efforts, during the year 1831, to depict the creation of Elohim to our fellow-men, it was deemed expedient, in the first instance, thoroughly to investigate the elements of this universe, viz. the primitive, created atoms. These, therefore, necessarily occupied our first series; for of these the whole universe is composed.

In this second series, we must advance from the elements of bodies, to the bodies themselves. And here we have a field so vast, that what is already done appears little, in comparison with what is before us. The outline of the universe has been sketched; but to fill up the parts, and finish the subject, is a task too arduous to contemplate without emotion. Matter, simple as created, seems easy to dilate upon, in comparison with matter compounded, and appropriated to uses innumerable; diverse, even to extremes, and yet possessing every grade from the lumpish clod to the most beauteous of vegetation, from the most diminutive to the highest of animation, from the grain of sand to the towering and massive rock, and from the minute vapour to the mighty ocean!

The appropriation of matter, in compounds, into moist and dry—oceans and solid land; the vegetation of matter into forms and hues, including powers of successive vegetation from age to age, by the germination of seeds; the appropriation of spheres into greater and lesser lights—a central sun, revolving moon, and wandering stars; the animation of matter into locomotive creatures, aqueous, amphibious, and aerial, of dimensions huge, moderate and minute, with the power of generation from age to age; the animation of matter into locomotive creatures, earthy prone and elevated, of every grade and form, with the power of generation from age to age; and finally, the incarnation of spirit in matter, with the power of generation from age to age: thus completing the last link of the mighty chain which connects the great Creator

with His creatures, and the creatures with the lumpish clod, are all before us, untouched. With these we must grapple, in the order of the word of truth. If matter, in its primitive form, detained us a whole year, can we look to the termination of the discussions on all these in another year? At least, we can try; and if we fail, we fail in a noble cause.

It would seem a question, from the length of time the created atoms remained individual, whether there was sufficient geniality in their nature to induce an union of each with each; and if so, whether such union would be permanent? But to attain an end, the great Creator is never at a loss for the means. The agents which He called into existence on the second day of creation, perfectly sufficed for the accomplishment of this great purpose, and the experience of ages proves the efficient manner in which the work was performed, by the permanency of the subjects then called into existence. So perfect, indeed, is this union of the atoms of matter, that, even in this enlightened age, it is a question with the learned, whether all the ingenuity of the ablest chemists have ever yet, by analysis, sufficed to enable them to arrive at a simple substance.

Having already treated upon the subjects noted by the inspired penman, in his account of the first and second days of creation, we now proceed to his narrative of the third day. Gen. i. 9, 10. "And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so. And God called the dry land earth, and the gathering together of the waters called He seas: and God saw that it was good." Or, as it may be rendered: Elohim pronounced, Let the waters under the heaven congregate in their place; and let the dry arise: and it was established. And Elohim denominated the dry earth, and the congregated waters denominated He seas. And Elohim surveyed the whole, and, behold, it was beautifully perfect.

In describing creation, Moses is sublime; and in his subsequent descriptions of the operations of the great Creator, a similar grandeur is manifest in every sentence: his diction never flags—it never becomes exuberant, and a definitive terseness marks its progression from first to last. In describing an act of creation, his language is, "Elohim pronounced, Let the light be, and the light was!" In noting an operation or formation, his language is, "Elohim pronounced, Amidst the terraqueous fluids, let there be an expansion, and let it divide fluids from fluids!" With this addition, "And Elohim

formed the expansion." The first is the creation of a substance, by an instantaneous act of power; the second is the disposing of created substances into definite forms—in infinite wisdom determining the modes in which their relation, each with each, shall subsist, as parts of the whole universe.

In the first part of the third day, we have two formations noted; the first is the water, and the second the earth. These formations, we are told, are "under the heaven." This is the first note of distinction with which we are favoured, as to any one orb in the universe; but it is by no means the last; for we gather from the subsequent history, most distinctly, that these waters, or seas, and this land, or earth, compose the very sphere which we inhabit; and that every sentence in the narration must, from this point, be understood as addressed to the inhabitants of this sphere alone. This sphere is our terrestrial; it is under the heaven or celestial; and, although the first eight verses speak of the universe, without reference to any one sphere, hereafter every orb therein is described in reference to us, or to our earth.

We now arrive at the moment when all the created atoms are applied to their several intended uses: those which were destined to constitute fluids into ethers, atmospheres, and waters, and those which were destined to constitute solids into stratified metallic and alluvial earths. The distinction, for the first time, occurs, of wet and dry, or seas and solid land; and the general term, fluids, applied to all the created atoms, ceases; because the general fluidity which pervaded the created atoms, while they continued individual, ceased at the moment when they were associated each with each, in the solid aggregates formed thereby.

The first substance noted in the operations of Elohim, on this third day, is water; the second is this substance congregated into seas; and the third is the opposite of fluid, viz. dry, or firm land; called, also, earth. These substances severally claim our notice, in the order in which they appear.

We proceed to the first substance, viz. water. Pure water consists of two gases, chemically united through the agency of heat, viz. hydrogen and oxygen. Hydrogen is the lightest of all ponderable matter, and oxygen floats freely in the fluid atmosphere, above as well as below; but water, although it is composed solely of these two gases, has great specific gravity; for a column of water thirty-three feet in height, is equal in weight to a column of atmospheric air, reaching from the earth's surface to the very verge of the atmosphere, aloft, which is

many miles in height. Water, therefore, rests upon the solid substances of the sphere, below the atmosphere. It is probable that, on the union of the atoms of hydrogen and oxygen into the molecules of water, a large portion of latent caloric is disengaged from them; which circumstance causes a considerable decrease of volume, and a proportionate increase of specific gravity in the water formed; and also a sensible coldness, compared with the temperature of the atmosphere. Water is transparent, and void, as to taste or smell.

Water is capable of assuming various forms. Fluid cold water is the most ponderous; it is somewhat lighter when crystallized in solid ice; yet lighter when crystallized in snow; and the lightest when converted into vapour. Ice floats in cold water, but vapour floats in the atmosphere, and rises therein to considerable heights. Yet, when the latent heat of vapour is suddenly evolved, it instantly becomes heavier than the atmosphere; and descends in crystals of hail, or snow, or in liquid drops of rain. The presence, therefore, or absence of caloric, active or latent, affects the fluidity as well as the specific gravity of water: and I have no doubt, that light was the agent, in the hands of the great Creator, by which water was formed.

We come, secondly, to the congregation of water into seas. Water is water, wherever, or in whatever form, it exists; but all waters are not seas, nor even sea-waters. The sea is formed, not of pure water, but of water mingled with divers substances, which most materially affect its qualities, and change its operations upon vegetation and animation. Pure water is not only agreeable, but salubrious and nutritious, yea, even absolutely necessary to the existence and well-being of terrene vegetation and animation; but sea-water is nauseous to the taste, and, being purgative, wasteful to the systems of terrene animals and vegetables; although the great Creator has formed amphibious animals, fishes, and marine plants, to whom its waters are genial; and these live and flourish therein.

Sodium and chlorine, which, combined, are common salt, muriate of magnesia, hydrogen, and sulphates of potash, soda, and lime, are the principal ingredients with which the congregated waters are charged throughout those vast repositories called seas: but animal and vegetable substances, in every stage of corruption, are there also; and, during long-continued calms, cause the ocean to emit a stench offensive to the organs of animation. Hence storms, which disturb the ocean, serve to purge it also;

and the awful surges which these induce, tend to dissolve and precipitate those putrid substances, and restore to their natural purity the waters therein.

The action of light upon the surface of the ocean evaporates the water only, leaving all the ingredients mingled therewith to their original repose. Thus pure water always constitutes the rain in the atmosphere, whether the evaporation of its vapour arose from the surface of fresh or salt waters.

We have at length set our feet upon terra firma; and proceed to the consideration of the third substance noted in this day's formations; namely, dry or firm land; called also earth.

A solid may consist of united atoms; such as gold, silver, &c. &c. or of atoms chemically united into molecules, and afterwards united into masses, such as limestone, granite, &c. &c. and these masses may consist of one kind of molecules or of divers kinds, and in divers proportions, according to the will of the Being who formed them. Thus the simple substances of a sphere may be few in number, while varieties approaching infinite may result from repeated combinations, as to quantity as well as quality. Of this the great Creator has availed himself to the full, in the formations of this, and, no doubt, every sphere throughout the solar system.

A solid differs from a fluid essentially. A fluid consists of atoms or of molecules, each separate, distinct, and independent of the others; hence, as a mass, its parts have no cohesion, but are disparted by the simple insertion of a solid therein, without resorting to force; and whatever is inserted into the mass, sinks or swims therein, according to the difference of its specific gravity from that of the fluid into which it is inserted. Whereas a solid, whether it consists of atoms or of molecules, or of both, contains a something which unites the several parts into one continuous whole; or, it parts with heat or a liquid, which disparted its particles, and contracts itself into a solid; and thus, possessing cohesion, it cannot be divided without resorting to force: and whatever is brought into contact with this mass, is either repelled by or rests upon it, without reference to the specific gravity either of the one or the other. A fluid substance, as well as a solid substance, must have whereon to rest; and the centre of gravity in every sphere in the system is this point; and every atom in each sphere and atmosphere tends by the laws of gravity towards this centre, and proceeds, through the open spaces, to the nearest point thereto, in those open spaces.

But solids are also different from fluids in their active operations.'

While fluids act with an equal pressure upon every thing beneath and around them, they accommodate themselves to every inequality in the surface of the substance on which they rest or against which they lean, penetrate every orifice, insinuate themselves into every cavity to which there is the most minute opening, and yet always preserve a horizontal surface; taking the very form of the sphere on which, or in which, they are recumbent: because this form lodges every part of the surface on the nearest point to the centre of gravity. But solids frequently rest upon certain points or parts, are rent into huge ravines or chasms, present vast caverns, or towering precipices, inequalities of surface in perfect contrast—now high in the air, a mountain—now deep below the horizon, the bottom of an unfathomable ocean—then a plane, inclined, instead of horizontal, crowned with an escarpment, elevated, abrupt and rugged, or mild and playful—a landscape of delights. Cohesion holds all the parts together in the one substance, so that the whole must move, or all is at rest; and the absence of cohesion in the other, leaves every portion thereof to the certain and incessant operations of gravitation. Taking these principles in our hands, we may behold with delight, how the great Creator formed the sphere which we inhabit, and, from these premises, gather the mode in which He fashioned all the rest.

The building up or formation of a sphere was an epitome of the erection of the universe. All the agents, therefore, which were called into existence, and appointed, each to its distinct office, by the great Creator, on the day of the expansion, were placed in requisition on this occasion. For when all the created atoms were assorted and placed in due proportions, in such quantities and at such distances, in primary or secondary planets, as infinite wisdom deemed meet to form this universe, on the day of the expansion, as these atoms were yet individual, and consequently in a fluid state, they stood in need of this final operation, in order to constitute solids as well as fluids; and thus adapt the spheres to the great purposes for which they were created; namely, nurseries of vegetation and animation, and habitations fraught with rich varieties and mines of treasure for man.

Waters float in the form of vapour in the atmosphere, and descend in rains upon the earth in very copious floods. Waters, therefore, as they fall upon the earth, lodge

in every cavity, overflow the humble plains; and, were they not carried off, would inundate the earth's surface: and were it not that the surface of the sea is lower than the earth, the congregated waters would overflow, to the drowning of the sphere. How appropriate then, is the language of inspiration, "Let the dry appear." For the word *land*, printed in italics, is an interpolation in the English version of the Bible, "Let the dry arise." In this command, and its consequent erection by the great Creator, we behold the earth arise in such a form that the complete drainage of the sphere follows, as a thing of course. A most important object this, and one without which it would be no earth for us, but one wide waste of waters; and to this important object, the drainage of the sphere, we must attend.

In forming the earth, it seems then to be absolutely necessary that it should be capable of self-drainage; not only in the first instance, but during all the ages of its existence, as a habitable globe, for it is too vast a labour for man to undertake with success. Is this the case? It is. The crust of the earth is formed of numerous inclined planes, and of their terminations or escarpments; and within these inclined planes are fissures or veins, through which waters filter, ooze, or run in copious streams. It is principally at and near the escarpment, or most elevated ends of these inclined planes, that the waters enter; for these dense masses, projected high into the atmosphere, there condense the vapours, and induce copious rains, and by these a head is formed, which presses upon the streams below, forcing them forwards through every chink; and frequently driving the water out in springs upon the earth's surface, for the use of vegetation and animation on thirsty lands of every grade below. Thus a drainage beneath the surface everywhere exists, in constant action.

The surface of the earth is, in like manner, formed of high and low, mountain and vale; and all its slopes admit gravitation to bear down the floods of elevated districts to the seas below. When we follow the meanderings of a mountain torrent, and view it winding from vale to vale in force, here the rock cleft to admit its passage, there a deep ravine reserved to afford its roaring cataracts course; anon a headlong torrent thundering down a steep, and then a stream, by headlands pushed aside; now flowing east, now south, now west; beset on every side by precipice, or mount, or thwarted by huge rocks, an

island in its course, at length escaping to the ample vale, a broad and placid stream, verdure and joy distributing, and contemplate the thousand acres, at once drained and watered by its course, we take a lesson from His works, where all is wisdom—where nothing is in vain. If much remains to man, of the minute, even here, and these drainages were all his toils, well would they consist with man's primeval exercise in Eden, "To dress it, and to keep it."

W. COLDWELL.

King Square, Oct. 31, 1831.

(To be continued.)

NEW YEAR'S DAY; OR A RETROSPECTIVE REVERY.

By Rev. J. Young.

——— Janique bifrontis imago.—*Virg. Æn.* viii. 180.

In two-faced Janus we this moral find—
While we look forward, we should look behind.

"Lo! to his task the infant year
Comes forth." *Anon.*

NEW YEAR'S DAY has at length arrived! yes, notwithstanding the tardy flow of minutes, hours, weeks, and months, of which the old year was made up, it has come! and with it a thousand, thousand high-day emotions. Fondly cherished hopes, which, during the lagging periods of the closing months of the past year, have possessed our bosoms, may not, indeed, have been realized, still *hope* on many subjects exists, and *certainty* on one point, at least, is enjoyed. The present year may bring us into the enjoyment of those desired things which imagination has made indispensable; or, if such should never be possessed, the point of certainty, to which we have arrived at is, that the past is gone for ever! The cares and disappointments of the departed months are buried with the periods which have elapsed; and, although others of a similar character may arise, those, at least, which have disappeared, we are certain, never, never will.

During the past year, fire and sword have desolated and unpeopled some of the fairest portions of our world. The widow's wail, the orphan's cries, and the groans of the wounded and dying, have blended in inharmonious accord. The pestilence has stalked forth at noonday, slaughtering its thousands, irrespective of rank, or age, or sex, or station; nor has its fearful ravages ceased, even amid the dark and melancholy hours of midnight—

"Men dropp'd
Into corruption, thick as wintry blights
Upon the blackened bushes. Hill and dale,
Hamlet and city, groan'd with ghastly piles
Of green-eyed dead; the houses turn'd to tombs.
And they who roam'd the desert's dewless wilds
Were plague-smit by the way."

Gaunt famine has mingled in the dreadful affray, or added horrors to the horrid scene. The gasping yells of hungry thousands have been borne upon the wings of the winds to our ears. The wails of mothers, at whose milkless breasts dead infants nestled, have entered our hearts, while myriads,

"Flattened by the pest of famine's touch,
Did stagger out, and choke themselves with cries
For death."

Even the solid earth, as if indignant at the crimes perpetrated by its inhabitants, has heaved, with convulsive throbs, heaping together, in one promiscuous ruin, temples, palaces, and cottages; or, gaping wide, has received into its bowels the bodies of shrieking mutilated thousands. Fierce careering winds have joined in the wild uproar; and what other visitations of anger had spared, has been dashed to destruction by their resistless fury.

All this I have heard of, but have neither seen nor felt! A kind providence has thrown its protecting arms around me and mine, and, hence, mischief could not get at, nor destruction overwhelm me. Flowers have strewed my path, not unmixed, it is true, with thorns, and the sunshine of prosperity has canopied my head, obscured only occasionally by a passing cloud.

I never, even when a

"Whining schoolboy, with satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school,"

as the bard of Avon has it, was famous in accounting philosophically for my thoughts: indeed, they were seldom of much importance, or of long continuance; and now, even although age has thrown its silvery curl over my head, and the bending form of years, which once I revered, has become my own; still, I am but little improved in this particular. Thoughts, like dreams,—half our thoughts may, perhaps, with propriety be called waking dreams—come and go, I know not how. It will not, therefore, appear singular, that I am perfectly unable to account for the desultory ramblings of my mind, on the present occasion. They might, indeed, have become collected and rational, had they been allowed to continue; but, alas! they were evanescent as they were illusive; for, while endeavouring to "mould and fix" them, I was hurried away, with unimagined speed, from the world of real existence, and introduced, *sans ceremonie*, into the region of unsubstantial vision.

The sun had reached its greatest altitude, and enveloped in its spheric radiance the visible creation. At the same time, a soft breeze, which perfumed the air with aromatic odour, qualified the blazing heat,

rendering that a subduing luxury, which could otherwise have been perfectly insufferable. A scene, so extensive and beautiful, as infinitely to surpass, not only what I had ever before beheld, but beyond what the fascinating powers of the poet had ever described, opened before me. Neither the singular fertility of Thessaly's Arcadian scenery, above whose extensive vale the sublime heights of Olympus, Ossa, Æta, Pindus, and Pelion, raise their beautiful ridges, as if to adorn and defend; nor Boeotia, abounding as it does with fertilizing streams and spacious lakes, united with its fascinating appendage of classic mountains, Parnassus and Helicon; nor even Italy, that land of sun and softness, ever presented to my enraptured sight views of such nameless beauty. Want of any kind did not exist, and, hence, desire was no sooner felt than gratified.

My spirit had insensibly become absorbed in the contemplation of this new world of wonders which I beheld, when distant music stole upon my ear, not only of a kind entirely unlike any to which I had ever before listened, but which produced emotions in my mind, altogether new and unaccountable, so as to set at defiance all attempts to describe or define it by any known expression. It was at once wild and plaintive, animating, yet subduing. Gradually, yet imperceptibly, it drew near and yet nearer. My eye turned mechanically towards the point whence the sound proceeded, when, as if emerging from a cloud of newly-raised dust, a youthful female figure, of exquisite form, appeared before me; and, in the most fascinating attitude moved airily towards my resting-place. Flowers appeared to spring beneath her feet; but she had no sooner passed them, than they either shrivelled up, as if smitten by the sirocco of the desert, or a rough and unsightly barrenness almost immediately followed.

I perceived, on a nearer approach, that her hair was braided with a wreath of flowers, while one or two small auburn ringlets, as if by accident, had escaped, and played on her cheeks, which were constantly animated by a smile. Her dress, which was of the most lustrous colours, and of gossamer brightness, fluttered in the gentle air, which her motion increased. The music that I had heard proceeded from an instrument which my fair visitant carried in her hand. Of its precise character, as to its class or tone, I can furnish no particular information. It sent forth most eloquent music; wonderfully strange, nor less entrancing. Among its full

majestic swells, it might, without any effort of fancy, have been imagined, that all the various instruments which the ancients knew, or which the moderns use, were sounding with enchanting melody. Suddenly, the harmony died away, as if to give additional effect to what was to follow. A deep silence succeeded; it was as an allowed breathing-time to the spirit, which astonishment had bound up in its mystic bands. The pause was of short duration; for notes, even more delectable than those to which I had before listened, floated upon the breath of heaven, as the maiden sang a soft air—

And when the stilly silence broke,
As warbled forth her magic tongue,
It seem'd as if an angel spoke,
Or some unearthly being sung.

And yet there was no effort made,
No anxious striving to excel;
It was—but language is not made
To speak the nameless, powerful spell.

As she sang, I perceived an hoary, but athletic figure, moving towards her, with alarming celerity, bearing in his hand a naked scythe, with which he mowed down all that opposed his progress. The instrument glittered fearfully in the rays of the sun; but neither it, nor its sturdy bearer, produced any effect upon the fair troubadour. She still continued her enchanting strains of invitation.

I continued to gaze, with increasing surprise, and soon beheld crowds rushing from every quarter, and pressing round the fair one's person. These were of all ages, from the stripling of a few years old, to the aged and decrepit, bending beneath the weight of lengthened days; and all ranks of society seemed to forget distinction, while fascinated by the personage to whose tones they listened. To each she was equally attentive, and gave her smiles as freely to the half-clothed plebeian, as to the gorgeously apparelled monarch. Each individual displayed the utmost anxiety to press into her favour; and as she administered to the crowd, from a vessel which glittered like gold, an intoxicating beverage, they unanimously crowned her as a goddess, and bowed down and worshipped her. Even haughty kings, and imperious nobles, laid their honours at her feet, and, with a servility equally humiliating as that displayed by the pauper, eagerly swore fealty to her.

I was not a little surprised to behold, pressing through the motley group, a host of females! Nothing could oppose them; they advanced, even to the foot of the throne of their only deity; and, while they were exposed to every kind of indignity,

at which I imagined modesty would have blushed, or turned pale, they braved the whole, for a smile from the goddess.

Close by the side of these, was ranged a multitude of personages, who were habited in black robes, some of whom had mitres upon their heads. These having argued with the assembly upon the folly of their bowing at the feet of the goddess, turned, and fell down before her themselves. The several evolutions performed by the worshippers before the deity, were of the most disgusting order, and, at the same time, accompanied by noises of the most deafening description.

Meanwhile, the personage to whom I have referred, with the scythe in his hand, drew near the assembly; few, however, among them perceived his approach, and even these turned away their sight from the tokens of his advance. Still, as he came on, attempts were made, by some, to prevent his so speedy progress, but in vain; no barrier which could be raised, formed the least obstacle to his march. Presently, I saw one and another dragged from the foot of the throne, by a dreadful-visaged form, in the commission of the athletic personage. Their shrieks were most appalling, and their resistance and entreaties were of the most violent order; but, neither shrieks, nor resistance, nor prayers availed; they were borne off, and my eye followed them, writhing beneath the grasp of their detainer, until they entered an awful gloom, which vision could not penetrate. Some few, immediately connected with those who were borne away, appeared for a while to grieve at their loss; but it was soon evident that they had only assumed the form of sorrow, and knew nothing of the thing itself: nay, in many cases, it was a visible cause of joy, although parents even were the individuals who had been seized, as, by their fall, a nearer approach to the goddess was enjoyed by them; hence, they dashed away a tear which they might have forced from their eye, and pursued the devoirs with increased avidity. The majority was ignorant of the loss of their fellows, and pressed onward in their acts of dedication.

Still, Pleasure (for that I had learned, was the general appellation which the goddess assumed, although she was known to her devotees under an almost endless variety of titles,) continued, by her new and increasing fascinations, to attract numbers to her shrine. Suddenly, she assumed a form which I had not before beheld. Virtue seemed to stand embodied before me: innocence beamed from her mild and

alluring eye. I felt her syren voice enter my soul. Instantly I made an effort to rise, and follow her inviting tones: but had scarcely advanced a pace, before I felt unable to proceed; some, until then, unseen hand held me. I turned to look at my detainer, when I perceived my two invaluable friends beside me, Education and Conscience. Still I could not determine which of the two prevented my progress. I imagine, however, that both had exerted their influence on the occasion, and that the latter had been assisted by the former. I struggled a while for freedom, and at length attained it. At first, however, I advanced by slow and cautious steps towards the throne, and at times felt more than half inclined to return to the spot I had left; but, on gazing at the path by which I had travelled, I perceived so much dreariness and gloom beshowering it, as at once appalled, and determined me to urge my way towards the rosy path which yet appeared before.

The goddess beheld my approach, and at every symptom of irresolution, she shot from her basilisk eye such an overpowering influence, as drew me insensibly onwards. I felt, however, as I advanced, that the road was not so delightful as it had in prospect appeared: even among the flowers which I had noticed, poisonous thorns, which I had not in the distance perceived, sprung up and pierced me. Still I pushed forward, being determined, maugre all difficulties, to reach the throne. The goddess beheld my purpose, and most condescendingly stretched forth her hand towards me. I was, as I imagined, on the point of laying hold on it, when my friend Conscience, who had followed me through the crowd, placed himself before my eyes. The mild benignity, and approving countenance, which in former times I had seen him wear, was now changed—his heavy frown startled me; and yet I could perceive some marks of sorrow mingled with his sternness. I had, indeed, caught occasionally a faint sight of him as I advanced towards the seat of the deity, but, instantly turning my eye to the smiling goddess, I escaped the pain which his presence might otherwise have occasioned: but now, turn which ever way I might, he stood always fronting me. He expostulated, and I answered: a kind of maniacal gratification possessed me, as I found means to meet his objections to my proceeding. Again and again, however, he returned to the attack; and I was on the point of yielding to his authority, when the goddess herself kindly came to my assistance. She had now thrown aside all that could be deemed objectionable in her appearance,

and my stern Mentor even relaxed in his austerity. Pleasure embraced the opportunity, and bore me away triumphantly in her arms, almost out of sight of my morose adviser.

Hitherto I had contemplated the goddess by the light of day alone. I soon perceived, however, that her chief power of fascination was during the hours of night; at least, that then her dominion over her votaries is most entire. As we approached her palace, I beheld a thousand blazing fires, which at once outshone the pale silver moon, and the thousand thousand trembling stars which spangled the arch of heaven.

We entered, without any annoyance, through a portal, which my conductress called Innocent Amusement. Here I perceived numbers, like myself, who had been recently delivered from the threatening vociferations of Conscience, pushing on to another little apartment, yet more highly illuminated, called Little Harm. Here the forms of strict propriety, even, were dispensed with, and frequently declaimed against. The loose jest and the loud song occasionally were heard; in some parts of the spacious place, friendly gaming was entered into with an avidity and zeal which I imagined professed gamers could scarcely have exceeded. I had not been long here, when I was again annoyed by my invincible attendant Conscience. He seemed like the shade of myself; go whichever way I might, he was there. I succeeded, however, in assuring him that my intentions were perfectly pure; and that the company in which I then was, would be a security for my future conduct, as I pointed to my spiritual teacher, who at that moment I perceived among the company with several old professors of religion. He was evidently suspicious, and yet he retired with a salutary caution.

For a while, I attended to the admonitions which Conscience had given me; but an invitation from a respectable person who stood high in the favour of the presiding deity, to witness at least the hilarity of the company in an interior chamber of the palace of Pleasure, induced me to proceed. Step by step I continued to advance, while each succeeding scene of enjoyment filled me with insatiable desire to visit those beyond me.

Pleasure now assumed a more than half-commanding aspect. Nothing terrified, for even her authority was fascinating, I replied with Shakespeare's Hamlet to the ghost of his father:—"Lead on, I'll follow." There was even a frantic recklessness in my feelings and in my proceedings. I had

now gained the grand banqueting hall of this superb palace. At the time of my entry, it was crowded with votaries, from every walk of life. I could easily describe a host of characters who were then figuring away in all the luxury of sense—but I forbear; it would be a blot upon my country, and—

“England, with all thy faults, I love thee still.”

To draw aside the vail, would be to expose scenes which would shock an infidel; or to arm the opposers of truth and righteousness with weapons of the most destructive order, and make the sons of Belial, with satanic exultation, cry—“Ah! ah! so would we have it.”

The high-raised throne of the goddess of Pleasure was composed of every kind of alluring material, of which the imagination can have any notion. Upon it sat the deity, distributing her favours most lavishly, as her votaries made application; and yet I could not perceive one who was satisfied, although all could enjoy the possessed. Such a scene of discord and confusion never before was seen as in this apartment. Every species of infamy, even of the most disgusting order, was allowed and exercised. Each party, and almost each individual, had their particular object in view, and, without scarcely noticing others, they pressed after their own gratification. Aged matrons and delicate females here lost their temper and their beauty, sacrificed their place even in the temple of Pleasure, and offered up their reputation at the shrine of their fascinating goddess.

I had not been long within this spacious saloon, before an intoxicating giddiness seized me; and while I drank largely of the nectareous streams which flowed round the place, and courted the taste, I felt a dissatisfaction, for which I had no means of accounting. I had already advanced to the very throne of Pleasure, and no enjoyments which the goddess had to impart were withheld from me: still I wanted something I did not possess, and could not define. I imagined I perceived, floating in empty space, and encircling the whole of the revellers, “Vanity of vanity, all is vanity, and vexation of spirit.” I was endeavouring to divert my attention from the sight, and from the thoughts the sight produced, by diving into a fount of ambrosial felicity, the nature of which is to cause an entire forgetfulness of the past, and contempt of the future, when, suddenly, I was smitten by one of the scythe-bearer’s emissaries, called Disease, who lay concealed in the fount of felicity. Scarcely had the blow been given, before Conscience, with a voice

of deadful accusation, and a frown terrifically threatening, stood before me. I strove again to soften his brow, but in vain; my sophistry had failed me, and I now felt the correctness of the statement—

“No weapon can such deadly wounds impart,
As Conscience, rous’d, inflicts upon the heart.”

The goddess, who had before smiled so graciously, deserted me. As she retreated, the mask which she had assumed, and by which I had been deceived, fell off; and her face, distorted with every fell passion, and wrinkled and deformed by disease, was presented. With a cruel mockery, more bitter than I imagined rage itself could have displayed, she taunted and jeered me. The obsequious crowds too, who had lately vowed eternal and unchanging regards, as if fearing a similar stroke with myself by continuing with me, fled with precipitancy, and I was left alone, wounded and wretched.

During my attendance upon Pleasure, I had neglected all business, and incurred a variety of expenses, which I now had no means of meeting. Without pity or concern for my miserable condition, I was dragged to the bar of Justice. The charges preferred against me were proved most clearly, and orders were issued for my immediate execution: not only for obligations which I could not discharge, but for rebellion against the sovereign to whom I owed implicit obedience, but whose service I had deserted, when I joined with the partisans of Pleasure; Conscience continued to frown upon me, pitiless as the bosom of “Milton’s Lucifer,” when—

“the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of hell, and look’d awhile,
Pondering his voyage.”

The messenger of death advanced to perform his office upon me. A shriek of misery escaped my lips, and a cry of agony rose from my heart, when suddenly an unseen figure arrested his upraised arm; and a form, lovelier than the sons of men, bending over me as I lay prostrate and bound, snapped asunder my bonds, and raising me upon my feet, smiled soothingly upon me, and exclaimed—“I am thy salvation; another year is granted thee; be watchful and be wise.”

The high, unutterable rapture, which flowed through my bosom, raised me from my slumbers, and, awaking, I exclaimed—“Prayer has prevailed—my reprieve is signed—the first ray of this morning which greeted my gladdened eyes, confirms the fact—I am spared to see the commemoration of another year.”

Brigg.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE EYE, AND THE THEORY OF VISION.

THE eyes of all animals consist of an assemblage of lenses, which concentrate the rays emanating from each point of external objects on a delicate tissue of nerves, called the retina; there forming an image, or exact representation, of every object which is the thing immediately perceived or *felt* by the retina. Anatomists divide the eye into two parts, i. e. the *internal*, which is the globe or ball of the eye; and the *external*, which comprehends all those parts surrounding the ball, and subservient to it.

The eye-lids, which immediately cover the ball of the eye, are composed of muscular fibres, covered by the common integuments, and lined by a very fine and smooth membrane, which is from thence extended over every part of the ball of the eye. This membrane is called the *tunica conjunctiva*, and being thus returned from the eye to the inside of the lids, it effectually hinders any extraneous bodies from getting behind the eye, into the orbit; its chief use is to smooth the parts it covers, and render the friction less between the eye and the eye-lids.

Each eye-lid is cartilaginous at its edge; and this border, which is called *tarsus*, is furnished with a row of hairs, named *cilia*, or eye-lashes. The *cilia* serve to protect the eyes from insects, and minute bodies floating in the air, and likewise to moderate the action of the rays of light, in their passage to the retina. The *supercilia*, or eye-brows, are placed on the upper border of the socket of the eye, and have been considered as serving to protect the eyes, from the perspiration which would otherwise occasionally flow into them from the forehead. It is remarkable that the eye-brows are peculiar to the human species.

The inner angle of each orbit, or that part of it which is near the nose, is called *canthus major*, or the greater angle; and the outer angle, which is on the opposite side of the eye, is the *canthus minor*, or little angle. In the upper and outer part of the orbit, is seated a small gland, called the *lachrymal gland*. Its use is to furnish a watery secretion, called the tears, which answer the purpose of washing out dust, and keeping the outer surface of the eye moist, without which, the transparent cornea would be less pellucid, and the rays of light be disturbed in their passage to the retina; and that this liquor may be rightly disposed of, we are continually, though unconsciously, closing the eye-lids, to distribute it equally.

At the inner corner of the eye, between the eye-lids, is a little reddish body, called *caruncula lachrymalis*, which seems placed there, to keep that corner of the eye-lids from being so totally closed, as to hinder the discharge of tears from the eye-lids during sleep. Close to this caruncle, are situated the *puncta lachrymalia*, which are small holes, one in each eye-lid, designed to carry off the superfluous tears into the *ductus ad nasum*.

The *internal* eye, or ball of the eye, is, generally speaking, of a spherical figure, but considerably more prominent in front. It consists of three principal chambers, filled with media of perfect transparency, and of refractive powers differing sensibly *inter se*, but none of them greatly different from that of pure water.

The first of these media, occupying the anterior chamber, is called the *aqueous humour*, and consists, in fact, chiefly of pure water, holding a little muriate of soda and gelatine in solution, with a trace of albumen; the whole not exceeding eight per cent. Its refractive index, according to the experiments of M. Chossat, and those of Dr. Brewster and Dr. Gordon, is almost precisely that of water, viz. 1.337; that of water being 1.336. The cell in which the aqueous humour is contained, is bounded, on its anterior side, by a strong, horny, and delicately transparent coat, called the *cornea*, the figure of which, according to the delicate experiments and measures of M. Chossat, is an ellipsoid of revolution about the major axis; this axis, of course, determines the *axis of the eye*: but it is remarkable, that in the eyes of oxen, measured by M. Chossat, its vertex was never found to be coincident with the central point of the aperture of the cornea, but to lie always about 10° (reckoned on the surface) inwardly, or towards the nose, in a horizontal plane. The ratio of the semi-axis of this ellipse to the excentricity, he determines at 1.3; and this being nearly the same with 1.337, the index of refraction, it is evident that parallel rays incident on the cornea in the direction of its axis, will be made to converge to a focus situated behind it, almost with mathematical exactness; the aberration which would have subsisted, had the external surface a spherical figure, being nearly destroyed.

The posterior surface of the chamber containing the aqueous humour is limited by a kind of circular opaque screen, or diaphragm, called, from its variety of hues, the *iris*; this opaque screen consists of muscular fibres, by whose contraction or expansion, an aperture in its centre, called

the *pupil*, is diminished or dilated, according to the intensity of the light.

In the human eye, the pupil is round, which enables us to see in every direction alike; it is also round in those of animals, which are naturally the prey of other animals; both birds and beasts. But quadrupeds of the graminivorous kind have it horizontally oblong, by which they are fitted to view a large space over the earth: while animals of the cat kind, which climb trees, or prey indifferently on birds, or animals that hide in the earth, have their pupils perpendicularly oblong, by which means they can look upwards or downwards at the same time.

The contraction and dilation of the pupil is involuntary, and takes place by the effect of the stimulus of the light itself; and it is evidently designed to moderate and equalize the illumination of the image on the retina, which might otherwise injure its sensibility. When the iris contracts, it dilates the pupil; and by that means, suffers more rays of light to enter into the eye; whilst the contrary is effected by the circular fibres of the iris acting from the circumference towards the centre. These changes are not made with great quickness, as appears from the eyes retaining the painful effects of a strong light for some time after we come out of a dark place, and from our being unable at first to distinguish objects, on going suddenly from a light place to a dark one.

Immediately behind the opening of the iris, lies another fluid, called the *crystalline lens*, enclosed in its capsule, which forms the posterior boundary to the first chamber, or that containing the aqueous humour. The figure of the crystalline lens is a solid of revolution, having its anterior surface much less curved than the posterior. Both surfaces, according to M. Chossat, are ellipsoids of revolution about their lesser axes; but it would seem from his measures, that the axes of the two surfaces are neither exactly coincident in direction with each other, nor with that of the cornea. This deviation would be fatal to distinct vision, were the crystalline lens very much denser than the others, or were the whole refraction performed by it. This, however, is not the case; for the mean refractive index of this lens is only 1.384, while that of the aqueous humour is 1.337; and that of the *vitreous humour*, which occupies the third chamber, is 1.339; so that the whole amount of bending which the rays undergo at the surface of the crystalline, is small in comparison with the inclination of the surface

at the point where the bending takes place; and since, near the vertex, a material deviation in the direction of the axis can produce but a very minute change in the inclination of the ray to the surface, this cause of error is so weakened in its effect, as probably to produce no appreciable aberration.

The crystalline lens is composed of a much larger proportion of albumen and gelatine than the other humours of the eye; so much so, as to be entirely coagulable by the heat of boiling water. It is somewhat denser towards the centre than at the outside. According to Dr. Brewster and Dr. Gordon, the refractive indices of its centre, middle of its thickness from the centre to the outside, and the outside itself, are respectively 1.3999, 1.3786, 1.3767, that of pure water being 1.3358. This increase of density is obviously useful in correcting the aberration, by shortening the focus of rays near the centre.

The posterior chamber of the eye is filled with the *vitreous humour*, a fluid differing (according to Chenevix) neither in specific gravity, nor in chemical composition, in any sensible respect from the aqueous; and having, as has been mentioned before, a refractive index but very little superior.

The refractive density of the crystalline being superior to that of either the aqueous or vitreous humour, the rays which are incident on it in a state of convergence from the cornea, are made to converge more; and exactly in their final focus is the posterior surface of the cell of the vitreous humour covered by the retina, a net-work (as its name imports) of inconceivably delicate nerves, all branching from one great nerve, called the optic nerve, which enters the eye obliquely at the inner side of the orbit, next the nose.

The retina lines the whole of the chamber containing the vitreous humour up to where the capsule of the crystalline commences. Its nerves are in contact with, or immersed in, the *pigmentum nigrum*, a very black velvety matter, which covers the *choroid membrane*, and whose office it is to absorb and stifle all the light which enters the eye, as soon as it has done its office of exciting the retina; thus preventing internal reflexions, and consequent confusion of vision. The whole of these humours and membranes are contained in a thick tough coat, called the *sclerotica*, which unites with the cornea, and forms what is commonly called the *white of the eye*.

Such is the structure by which parallel rays, or those emanating from very distant objects, are brought to a focus on the retina.

But as we need to see objects near, as well as at a distance, and as the focus of a lens or system of lenses for near objects is longer than for distant ones, it is evident that a power of adjustment must reside somewhere in the eye; by which either the retina can be removed further from the cornea, and the eye lengthened in the direction of its axis, or the curvature of the lenses themselves altered, so as to give greater convergency to the rays. We know that such a power exists, and can be called into action by a voluntary effort; and evidently, by a muscular action, producing fatigue if long continued, and not capable of being strained beyond a certain point.

Anatomists, however, as well as theoretical opticians, differ as to the mechanism by which this is effected. Some assert, that the action of the muscles which move the eye in its orbit, called the *recti*, or straight muscles, when all contracted at once, producing a pressure on the fluids within, forces out the cornea, rendering it at once more convex, and more distant from the retina. This opinion, however, which has been advocated by Dr. Olbers, and even attempted to be made a matter of ocular demonstration by Ramsden and Sir. E. Home, has been combated by Dr. Young, by experiments, which shew, at least, very decisively, that the increase of convexity in the cornea has little, if any, share in producing the effect.

An elongation of the whole eye, spherical as it is, and full of fluid, to the considerable extent required, is difficult to conceive, as the result of any pressure which could be safely applied; since, to give distinct vision at the distance of three inches from the eye, (the nearest at which ordinary eyes can see well,) the sphere must be reduced to an ellipsoid, having its axis nearly one-seventh longer than in its natural state; and the extension of the sclerotica, thus produced, would hardly seem compatible with its great strength and toughness.

Another opinion which has been defended with considerable success by Dr. Young, is, that the crystalline itself is susceptible of a change of figure, and becomes more convex when the eye adapts itself to near distances. His experiments on persons deprived of this lens, go far to prove the total want of a power to change the focus of the eye in such cases, though a certain degree of adaptation is obtained by the contraction of the iris, which, limiting the diameter of the pencil, diminishes the space on the retina, over which imperfectly converged rays are diffused,

and thus, in some measure, obviates the effect of their insufficient convergence.

When we consider that the crystalline lens has actually a regular fibrous structure, (as may be seen familiarly, on tearing to pieces the lens of a boiled fish's eye,) being composed of layers laid over each other like the coats of an onion, and each layer consisting of an assemblage of fibres proceeding from two poles, like the meridians of a globe, the axis being that of the eye itself; we have, so far at least, satisfactory evidence of a muscular structure; and were it not so, the analogy of pellucid animals, in which no muscular fibres can be discerned, and which yet possess the power of motion and obedience to the nervous stimulus, though nerves no more than muscles can be seen in them, would render the idea of a muscular power resident in the crystalline easily admissible, though nerves have not as yet been traced into it. On the whole, it must be allowed, that the presumption is strongly in favour of this mechanism, though the other causes, already mentioned, may, perhaps, conspire to a certain extent in producing the effect, and though the subject must be regarded as still open to fuller demonstration.

It is evident from the preceding description of the eye, that the images of external objects must be formed inverted on the retina, and this may be seen by taking the eye of a newly killed animal, and by dissecting off the posterior coats, and exposing the retina and choroid membrane from behind, when the images will be seen like those on the rough glass screen of a small camera obscura. It is this image, and this only, which is *felt* by the nerves of the retina, on which the rays of light act as a stimulus; and the impressions therein produced are thence conveyed along the optic nerves to the sensorium, in a manner which we must rank at present among the profounder mysteries of physiology, but which appears to differ in no respect from that in which the impressions of the other senses are transmitted. Thus, a paralysis of the optic nerve produces, while it lasts, total blindness, though the eye remains open, and the lenses retain their transparency; and some very curious cases of half blindness have been successfully referred to an affection of one of the nerves without the other. On the other hand, while the nerves retain their sensibility, the degree of perfection of vision is exactly commensurate to that of the image formed on the retina.

In cases of a cataract, where the crystalline lens loses its transparency, the light

is prevented from reaching the retina, or from reaching it in a proper state of regular concentration, being stopped, confused, and scattered, by the opaque or semi-opaque portions it encounters in its passage. The image, in consequence, is either altogether obliterated, or rendered dim and indistinct. If the opaque lens be extracted, the full perception of light returns; but one principal instrument for producing the convergence of the rays being removed, the image, instead of being formed *on* the retina, is formed considerably *behind* it, and the rays being received in their unconverged state on it, produce no regular picture, and therefore no distinct vision. But if we give to the rays, before their entry into the eye, a certain proper degree of convergence, by the application of a convex lens, so as to render the remaining lenses capable of finally effecting their exact convergence on the retina, restoration of distinct vision is the immediate result. This is the reason why persons who have undergone the operation for the cataract, (which consists in either totally removing, or in putting out of the way, an opaque crystalline,) wear spectacles of comparatively very short focus. Such glasses perform the office of an artificial crystalline.

A similar imperfection of vision to that produced by the removal of the crystalline, is the ordinary effect of old age, and its remedy is the same. In aged persons, the exterior transparent surface of the eye, called the cornea, loses somewhat of its convexity, and becomes flatter. The power of the eye is therefore diminished, and a perfect image can no longer be formed on the retina. The deficient power is however supplied by a convex lens, and vision rendered perfect, or materially improved.

Short-sighted persons have their eyes too convex, and this defect is, like the other, remediable by the use of proper lenses of an opposite character. There are cases, though rare, in which the cornea becomes so very prominent as to render it impossible to apply conveniently a lens sufficiently concave to counteract its action. Such cases would be accompanied with irremediable blindness, but for that happy boldness, justifiable only by the certainty of our knowledge of the true nature and laws of vision, which in such a case has suggested the opening of the eye, and removal of the crystalline lens, though in a perfectly sound state.

Malconformations also of the cornea are much more common than is generally supposed, and few eyes are, in fact, free from them. They may be detected by

closing one eye, and directing the other to a very narrow, well-defined luminous object, not too bright; such as the horns of the moon, when a slender crescent, only two or three days old. By turning the head about in various directions, the line will be doubled, tripled, and variously distorted, according to the peculiar conformation of the refracting surfaces of the eye, which causes the appearances.

As we have two eyes, and a separate image of every external object is formed in each, it may be asked, why do we not see double? It may be answered, that it is an act of the judgment; two images are undoubtedly presented to our sight, but habit has taught us to bring them into one. Infants undoubtedly see double; present anything to a young child, and it invariably, at its first attempt to seize the object, stretches out its hand too much to the right or the left of the thing offered. Those who have an eye distorted by a blow see double, till habit has taught them anew to bring both objects to the same focus, though the distortion of the optic axis still subsists; and the double sight of men in a state of intoxication has become a proverb.

That a separate image is formed in each eye any one may prove by the following simple experiment. Place a wafer, or a candle on a table, and looking at it with both eyes, only one wafer or one flame is seen; but if while looking at it, one of the eyes be pressed with the finger so as forcibly to throw the image on another part of the retina of that eye, double vision is immediately produced, and two wafers or two flames become distinctly visible, which appear to recede from each other as the pressure is stronger, and approach, and finally blend into one, as it is lessened.

Dr. Wollaston has supposed that a physiological cause has some share in producing the effect of single vision; he concludes, that a semi-decussation of the optic nerves takes place immediately on their quitting the brain, half of each nerve going to each eye, the right half of each retina consisting wholly of fibres of one nerve, and the left wholly of the other, so that all images of objects out of the optic axes, are perceived by one and the same nerve in both eyes, and thus a powerful sympathy and perfect unison are kept up between them, independent of the mere influence of habit. Immediately in the optic axis, it is supposed, that the fibres of both nerves are commingled, and this may account for the greater acuteness and certainty of vision in this part of the eye.

This, though an ingenious theory, has not yet been proved by anatomists.

There is one remarkable fact which ought not to escape mention : it is, that the spot, at which the optic nerve enters the eye, is totally insensible to the stimulus of light, for which reason it is called the *punctum cecum*. The reason is obvious : at this point the nerve is not yet divided into those almost infinitely minute fibres, which are fine enough to be either thrown into tremors, or otherwise changed in their mechanical, chemical, or other state, by a stimulus so delicate as the rays of light. The effect, however, is curious and striking.

On a sheet of black paper, or other dark ground, place two white wafers, having their centres three inches distant. Vertically above that to the *left*, hold the *right* eye, at twelve inches from it, and so, that when looking down on it, the line joining the two eyes shall be parallel to that joining the centre of the wafers. In this situation, closing the left eye, and looking full with the right at the wafer perpendicularly below it, this only is seen, the other being completely invisible. But if removed ever so little from its place, either to the right or left, above or below, it becomes immediately visible, and starts, as it were, into existence.

FIRST MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE, HELD AT YORK, SEPTEMBER 26, 1831. NO. I.

"Distat opus nostrum, sed fratribus exit ab hisdem
Artis et ingenium cultor uterque sumus." OVID.

THE month of September saw the termination of the commonwealth in England, and the commencement of republicanism in France. The same month has also seen philosophy inviting her sons to relinquish the boisterous element of party politics, and accompany her to her calm retreat at York. Ancient Ebor has had a fresh laurel added to his brow by the circumstance—a chaste handmaid to administer to his wants in his declining years.

The first idea of a British association for the advancement of science, was suggested by those of a similar nature which have been held for the last nine years upon the continent. The first meeting was at Leipzig; others afterwards at Halle, Wurtzburg, Frankfort, Dresden, Munich, and Berlin; where the celebrated Humboldt, in September, 1830, presided over nearly 500 of the most distinguished individuals of the age.

The individual who first suggested similar

meetings in this country, was Dr. Brewster, the boast of modern Athens. That highly gifted philosopher was anxious that his native land should not fall behind in the use of means to promote the best interests of science. Accordingly, some months ago, he and other friends of science arranged to hold their first meeting in the ancient city of York, as being the most central situation.

"Prætinus Eboracæ veteris surgebat imago;
Mœnia cum tectis, turres, ac templa."

First Day, Monday, September 26.

The former part of this day was distinguished by the influx of numerous strangers, several of whom were illustrious for their scientific discoveries. In the evening, the splendid suite of rooms in the Yorkshire Museum, were thrown open for a scientific conversazione. The rooms were illuminated with gas, whose brilliant light presented to view every object which they contained. Groupes of elegant females, attended by their beaux, paraded promiscuously. The charms of beauty, and the stores of philosophy, which united to attract the attention of the most careless observer, could not fail to prove both interesting and pleasing.

The vestibule of the Museum, through which the company passed, was ornamented with specimens of some of the most beautiful tropical plants, from the stores of John Smith, Esq., Huggate, York; and they added much to the diversified beauty of the scene. Amongst the specimens were, the *musa paradisiaca*, (the plantain,) *musa sapientum*, (the banana,) *musa rosacea*, (the date palm,) *dracæna ferrea*, (the dragon tree,) all natives of the Indies. Their verdant hues were a delightful contrast with the sombre appearance of the fossil specimens.

About nine in the evening, tea and coffee were served up in the theatre of the Museum. At ten, Mr. Phillips, the secretary of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, delivered an animated lecture on the geology of Yorkshire, got up on the spur of the moment, without any premeditation; a demonstrative proof of the secretary's intimate acquaintance with the subject. The lecture was illustrated by various specimens of fossils and minerals. Among the number, was a fossil animal, dug out of a coal-pit in the West Riding. It has been shewn to different geologists, both in England and France, but they by no means agree in their opinion, whether the animal's element had been land or water. The majority are inclined to think that it might have been a fish. In the course of the lecture, Mr. P. took the opportunity of expressing his conviction, that Great Britain had formerly

been covered with the ocean; and that the science of geology was making such rapid advances, that, in a few years, geologists would be enabled to lay down a map of the different strata, with their ages, and the periods of their formation.

The company seemed highly delighted, both with the lecture and the lecturer, and separated about eleven o'clock. Thus ended the first day's meeting, which may be considered as merely introductory.

The following is a correct list of the visitors who attended on the occasion; though many of them could not enjoy the pleasure of spending the whole week in York:—

Viscount Milton, president, Y.P.S.; Rev. W. V. Harcourt, acting vice-president; Viscount Morpeth; Lord Dundas; Hons. William and Charles Howard; Hon. and Rev. H. Howard; Sir Philip G. Egerton, Bart.; Archdeacons Harcourt and Wrangham; Sir T. M. Brisbane, K.C.B.; Hon. Mr. Justice Park; Dr. Brewster; R. J. Murchison, pres. geol. soc.; Dr. Daubeny, prof. of chim., Oxford; J. Robison, sec. roy. soc., Edinburgh; Hon. Withum Lurtington; J. D. Forbes; T. Allan; J. Astley; R. Allan; J. F. Johnson, from Edinburgh; Rev. Dr. Lloyd, Provost of Trin. Col. Dublin; J. Dalton, F.R.S., Manchester; J. C. Pritchard, M.D. Bristol; J. Booth, M.D. Birmingham; Rev. W. Turner; J. Adamson; William Hutton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; John Marshall; John Marshall, jun.; and James Marshall, Headingley; Rev. William Scoresby, F.R.S.; T. Lane, M.D., Liverpool; Luke Howard, Ackworth; R. Potter, Smedley-Hall, Manchester; Rev. Jas. Hunter, F.S.A., Bath; Rev. J. Yates, London; Rev. Dr. Pearson, vice-pres. ast. soc.; W. H. Charlton, and E. Charlton, Hesleyside, Northumberland; T. Meynell, jun., Yarm; W. West; John Hey; Dr. Williamson, Leeds; Sir C. Ibbotson, Bart., Denton-park; Benj. Rotch, London; W. Gilbertson, Preston; J. Gould, geol. soc., London; R. Havell, London; J. G. N. Armitage, Huddersfield; Rev. J. Radcliffe, Oxford; J. Cooke, Doncaster; M. White, Newbury, Berks; J. Emerson, Bristol; W. Earle, London; W. H. Gilby, M.D., Wakefield; J. Dunn, Scarborough; W. H. Dykes; J. E. Lee, Hull; H. Fate, Portsmouth; H. Warwick, M.D., Manchester; Rev. J. Drake, Kirkthorpe; W. L. Wharton, Durham; A. Strickland, Boynton; Dr. Black, Bolton; W. Allen, Peal, Lancashire; E. T. Tracy, Taddington, Gloucestershire; J. K. Watkinson, Bolton; A. Faulds, Worsbro'; W. Smith, Hackness, (author of the geological map of England;) T. Embleton, Middleton; E. N. Alexander, F.S.A., Halifax; Sir George Cayley, Bart., Brompton; L.

Macdonald, London; Geo. Johnson, M.D., Berwick; Professor Rennie, King's College, London; H. Denny, Leeds; Dr. Travis, Malton; E. S. Cayley, Wydale; Captain Newberry, Malton; W. H. Lloyd; B. Middleton; W. Etty, R. A., London; Captain Elliot, R. N.; Captain Hoppner, R. N.; H. H. Cheek, Edinburgh; Rev. T. Dury, Keighley; Dr. Ayre, Hull; F. J. Williams, Trin. Col., Cambridge; Colonel Williamson, Shinton-hall, Lancashire; Rev. Dr. Geldart, Kirk-Deighton; Dr. J. W. Geldart, Professor of Civil Law, Cambridge; F. H. Fawkes, Farnley; R. Northern, Hull; T. Longman, London; Rev. T. Rankin, Huggate; Rev. B. Bailey, Travancore; Rev. W. Jowett, London, &c.

It must, at the same time, be understood, that the majority of the nobility, clergy, and gentry, in and near York, attended; some occasionally, and others the whole of the meetings. His Grace the Archbishop of York honoured some of the meetings with his presence, and occasionally entertained most of the scientific visitors, with his accustomed hospitality, at Bishopthorpe.

Huggate.

T. R.

AN AMERICAN SCENE, FROM AUDUBON'S AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

As the author of this interesting volume is well known to many in England and Scotland, the following romantic narrative will probably prove highly gratifying to such of his friends as have not had an opportunity of perusing his book.

On my return from the Upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies, which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine; all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my gun, and my dog, were all I had for baggage and company. But, although well moccassined, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawns around their dams, to all appearance as thoughtless of danger as I felt myself.

My march was of long duration: I saw the sun sinking beneath the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodland, and nothing in the shape of man had I met with that day. The track which I followed was only an old Indian trace, and, as darkness overshadowed the prairie, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The night-hawks were skimming over and around me,

attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles, which form their food; and the distant howling of wolves, gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodland.

I did so, and almost at the same instant a fire-light attracting my eye, I moved towards it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken:—I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and re-passed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

I reached the spot, and, presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff, and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely-formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three racoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not; he, apparently, breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers, (a circumstance which, in some countries, is considered as evincing the apathy of their character,) I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people in that neighbourhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. The fact was, that, an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a racoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it for ever.

Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a fine time-piece from my breast, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it, from around my neck,

and presented it to her. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain round her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, and, as I fancied myself in so retired a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

The Indian rose from his seat, as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently, that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him. His eye met mine; but his look was so forbidding, that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher-knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge, as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back towards us.

Never, until that moment, had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance, to my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever enemies I might have, he was not of their number.

I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and, under pretence of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun, and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and, returning to the hut, gave a favourable account of my observations. I took a few bear-skins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was, to all appearance, fast asleep.

A short time had elapsed, when some voices were heard; and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and, asking for whiskey, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why the devil that rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English) was in the house. The mother—for so she proved to be—bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purport of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently. He moved his tail, and

with indescribable pleasure I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me and raised towards the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived danger in my situation. The Indian exchanged a last glance with me.

The lads had eaten and drunk themselves into such condition, that I already looked upon them as *hors de combat*; and the frequent visits of the whiskey bottle to the ugly mouth of their dam, I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, reader, when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving-knife, and go to the grind stone, to whet its edge. I saw her pour the water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument, until the cold sweat covered every part of my body, in despite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons, and said, "There, that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill you —, and then for the watch."

I turned, cocked my gun-locks silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready. The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of despatching me, whilst her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising, and shooting her on the spot:—but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travellers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounced up on my feet, and, making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken sons were secured; and the woman, in spite of her defence and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that, as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose that we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been themselves in a somewhat similar situation. Day came, fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives.

They were now quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as Regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian

warrior, and proceeded, well pleased, towards the settlements.

During upwards of twenty-five years, when my wanderings extended to all parts of our country, this was the only time at which my life was in danger from my fellow-creatures. Indeed, so little risk do travellers run in the United States, that no one born there ever dreams of any to be encountered on the road; and I can only account for this occurrence, by supposing that the inhabitants of the cabin were not Americans.

Will you believe, good-natured reader, that not many miles from the place where this adventure happened, and where, fifteen years ago, no habitation belonging to civilized man was expected, and very few ever seen, large roads are now laid out, cultivation has converted the woods into fertile fields, taverns have been erected, and much of what we Americans call comfort is to be met with. So fast does improvement proceed in our abundant and free country.

This enthusiastic naturalist, the narrator of this adventure, is gone again to the woods. He left Edinburgh, in April, 1831, and, after visiting Paris, intended proceeding to New Orleans, in August. It is his purpose to spend eighteen months or two years in exploring the western side of the valley of the Mississippi, up towards the Rocky Mountains. Should he survive, he intends returning to Edinburgh, and spending the rest of his days in arranging his collection, and publishing a continuation of his *Ornithological Biography*.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE mean temperature, from November 1st to 19th, 1831, was 42 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. The maximum, which was 55 degrees, took place on the 1st, when the direction of the wind was southerly; the minimum, which was 30 degrees, took place on the 18th, when the direction of the wind was north-westerly. The range of the thermometer during the nineteen days was 25 degrees; and the prevailing wind west. During the above period, the direction of the wind has been westerly eleven days; north-westerly, four; south-westerly, three; and southerly, one.

The morning of the 9th was rather foggy; but towards noon the fog dispersed, and the afternoon was peculiarly fine; and, as the sun descended towards the horizon, the appearance of the webs of the gossamer-spider on the herbage was particularly interesting. As the observer looked towards the sun, the surface of the verdant carpet at his feet presented a luminous appearance, in consequence of the reflection of

the solar rays from the innumerable threads of the above insect, which literally covered every portion of the close in which the writer was walking, and appeared to be the work of myriads of spiders.

In connection with the above, a beautiful phenomenon may be observed. In a clear autumnal morning, when the sun shines with power, and the webs are wet with dew, the reflected rays appear tinged with the prismatic colours.

Hoar frost was first noticed on the morning of the 10th.

On the afternoon of the 16th, a considerable quantity of snow fell in the metropolis. This is considerably earlier than the first appearance of snow in 1830; but much later than the first fall of snow in the year 1829, when it was noticed on the 7th of October. In 1830, it was first seen on the 12th of December.

Ice was first observed on the morning of the 17th, and fog prevalent during the day.

On the morning of the 18th, icy efflorescences were first seen on the windows.

POETRY.

THE NEW YEAR,

(A VISION.)

Respectfully inscribed to the Editor of the Imperial Magazine.

"War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, oppression, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple steel, besiege mankind."
Young.

THE spring-time of roses, the season of fruit,
And Autumn has bid us farewell;
The trees are disrobed, the warblers all mute,
And snow-drift lies deep in the dell.

For Winter is come with a sceptre of frost,
To reign in a region of snow;
The light of the earth, half his lustre hath lost,
And, nipping, the angry winds blow.

A chapter of accidents, dark to the close,
The Annual before us may spread;
Like the prophets, of mourning, lamenting, & woes,
Such Britain but seldom has read.

Already the preface is written in black,
Yet Love may the volume illumine;
The record of justice is only a tract
Of mercy, a folio tome.

With musings like these on our history's page,
I enter'd my chamber alone,
To picture and weep on the woes of the age,
And kneel at a merciful throne.

My fancy with sorrowful images teem'd,
Till sleep its sweet opiate shed;
Yet then of my waking reflections I dream'd,
Dark visions surrounded my bed.

I saw in my slumbers a hurricane blow,
I never beheld such a storm;
The skies were all black and the ocean like snow,
With breakers of every form.

And a ship I descri'd in that foamy wild wave;
A noble Three Decker* was she,
And every plunge in the billows she gave,
Deep buried her prow in the sea.

* Great Britain.

I gaz'd on the tempest-tost vessel of state,
Close reef'd, but scarce able to scud;
While William the master, and Grey the chief-mate,
By the helm, in the hurricane stood.

But still she most dreadfully pitched and roll'd,
And I thought every plank would be stove,
Till *Gallilee's Pilot* came up from the hold,
And carried her into *Safe* cove.

I saw in my reveries times of distress,
For Britain, Europa, the Globe;
And treason and tumult, in every dress,
Requiring the patience of Job.

A vision rush'd past me more fleet than a roe,
Too rapid for fluxions to state;
His forelock was white as the new-driven snow,
But bald was the rest of his pate.

The clock in the steeple with ominous sound,
Struck twelve, and I heavily sigh'd;
The watchman patrolling the streets in his round,
"All's well," in an instant replied!

All's well, why (I mutter'd) the fellow's in jest,
To tell such a palpable lie;
While *faction* and *cholera* lift up their crest,
And *crimes* are *insulting* the sky.

I glanc'd on the future, I thought on the past;
The late and the new-begun year;
And ere its nativity fairly was cast,
I sprinkled its birth with a tear.

I saw in my vision its earliest bud,
But who can futurity scan?
For whether it ripen in *blessing* or *blood*,
At present is hidden from man.

While thus I was musing, a terrible cloud
Hung over the breadth of the land,
And voices of thunder "Be *humble*, ye *proud*!"
In slippery places ye stand!"

A voice for the monarch, the prelate, and peer,
A voice for the clergy and lay;
A voice for the senate, a voice for the seer;
A voice for the wanton and gay.

And quick to decipher the mystical sound,
My mind's cogitations were bent;
The thunder I may not, I dare not expound,
The echo resounded—"Repent!"

I saw the Almighty come out of his place,
The palace of mercy sublime;
To punish the sins of an obstinate race,
For nations are punish'd in time.

I heard the wild wailings, I saw the wide woe,
Like flames the dry stubble consume;
But soon to my vision a covenant bow,
Arose on the terrible gloom.

The rebels of order, of altar, and throne,
Shrunk paralyz'd down at the sign;
The bloodhounds of anarchy gave a deep groan,
All crush'd in sedition's dread mine.

And hope, like a star on the forehead of night,
A night the most dismal and dark,
Across the deep gloom shed a silvery light,
A dove to the desolate ark.

Faith saw the fair cross on an altar of gold;
The law near the mercy-seat stood;
And near it the covenant *newly* unroll'd
All sprinkled with Jesus's blood.

And channels of mercy, and chambers of prayer,
Were open'd to all who repent;
Mild love was the *licitor*; the rods that he bare,
To purge, not to punish, were sent.

I woke, and the reverie vanish'd from view,
And with it my hope and my fear;
But whether my vision be fiction or true,
I wish thee a happy new year!

J. MARSDEN.

Keighley, Nov. 30, 1931.

LINES ON THE CHOLERA MORBUS.

“When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness.”
Isa. xxvi. 9.

VENGEFUL is the Lord's right arm,
Jealous is the God of heaven,
Filling kingdoms with alarm,
When to judgment he is driven.
What being can His wrath withstand?
What power can resist His might!
The isles are atoms in His hand,
The Earth's a dew-drop in His sight.

Europe now has felt the scourge,
Long to Asia confined,
Spreading like a rapid surge,
Driven by the tempest wind.
Walks the pestilence at night,
Wastes the ruin at noon-day,
Swiftly flies the pois'nous blight,
Scattering death and wild dismay.

Russia of her children fails,
Deep in agony and woe;
Slaughter'd Hungary bewails
Myriads of her sons laid low;
Poland by the mightier wasted,
Writhes beneath the sickening foe;
Austria the cup has tasted,
Germany and Holland too.

O ye nations, take the warning,
Deep in ignorance entomb'd,
Lest these lesser judgments scorning,
Ye be totally consum'd.
The prophet of the East must fall,
And Babylon her sorceries cease,
Ere gospel light is seen by all,
Ere Jesu's sceptre's sway'd in peace.

Britons see th' avenging sword,
Waving o'er your guilty land,
Waiting but Jehovah's word,
To fulfil His high command;
Let a solemn fast be made,
Let a mighty cry be heard,
And, as Nineveh was sav'd,
So may England be preserv'd.

May some pleading Abraham,
For the land be found to sue,
Asking that the great I Am
Would spare it for the righteous few.
Haste then Christians to his throne,
Pour your supplications there,
God will your entreaties own,
God still lives, to answer prayer.

Margate, Nov. 10, 1831.

J. P. C.

REVIEW.—*The Works of the Rev. Robert Hall, A. M. Published under the superintendence of Olinthus Gregory, L. L. D., F. R. A. S. Vol. V. 8vo. pp. 580. Holdsworth and Ball. London. 1831.*

THE first portion of this volume contains what may not inaptly be called, the elementary principles of forty-one sermons. The remaining part comprises eighty-six letters, written at various times, to the friends and acquaintances of their highly respected and much lamented author.

Nearly all the sermons are so very short, that they rather appear as outlines of discourses, which were either taken into the pulpit by their author, to arrest his attention and refresh his memory, and to be enlarged by thoughts and language presented to the mind during their delivery, or, as the seeds

of discourses, which might afterwards be expanded, and rendered suitable for publication. It is not improbable that both of these objects might have been kept in view, and, if Mr. Hall's life had been prolonged, and his health would have allowed, that those who heard them from the pulpit, would have had an opportunity of seeing them issue from the press. In their present state they resemble the headlands, promontories, and bold projections of an intended map, having their latitude, longitude, and elevation determined with accuracy, without tracing out the bays, and creeks, and rivers, which occupy the intermediate parts.

That the subjects are superlatively grand, may be easily inferred from a few of their titles, namely, on the being and name of Jehovah; the spirituality of the divine nature; outline of the argument of twelve lectures on the Socinian controversy; on Christ's divinity and condescension; on angels; on the personality of Satan; on the end of man's existence, &c. These, and topics like these, in the hands of Robert Hall, may well excite considerable expectation; and it is pleasing to add, that the cherished anticipation will not be disappointed.

The letters, though miscellaneous in their appropriation, all sustain one general character. They have a religious bearing, distinguished by the local adaptations which called them into existence, and display a mind capable of accommodating itself to the diversified claims that were made on its powers.

In the style and manner apparent in these embryo discourses and letters, it may not be unworthy of remark, that no laborious effort is visible. They set before us the emanations of an elegant and vigorous mind, just as they issued from their intellectual source. Throughout the whole, we trace the footsteps of a giant, impressed upon nearly six hundred pages.

REVIEW.—*The Complete Works of the Rev. Andrew Fuller, with a Memoir of his Life. By Andrew Gunton Fuller. In five vols. 8vo. Holdsworth and Ball, London. 1831.*

THREE volumes of Mr. Fuller's works are now before us, and, as they have but just reached our hands, it is presumed that the other two are not yet published. Each of those now under inspection contains upwards of six hundred closely-printed pages; and as it is fairly to be calculated, that those which have not yet appeared, will correspond in magnitude and intrinsic value, the whole may be considered as an important

acquisition to the great library of Christianity, and to the creditable diligence of our modern divines.

Mr. Fuller appears to have been a man not disposed to take any thing on trust, even though sanctioned by the highest human authority. The sources whence his predecessors and contemporaries derived their information being equally open to his own searches, he preferred drawing from the fountain-head, and tracing from acknowledged premises the process of reasoning leading to the conclusions which, without due examination, he hesitated to adopt. Throughout the whole, the energies of his mind, and his ardent love of truth, are alike conspicuous, that we are at a loss which most to admire, the profundity of the divine, the piety of the Christian, or the intellectual acuteness of the man.

In the first volume, one hundred and fifty-six pages are devoted to a memoir of Mr. Fuller's life. The materials of this biographical sketch are chiefly drawn from his own diary, in which he has entered the labourings of his mind when perplexed with difficulties, the influence of evidence upon his views of numerous truths, and his readiness to admit conviction, and avow it, as light dawned upon his understanding. In all these inquiries and investigations, his mind invariably retained its independence, and never voluntarily submitted to any authority beyond that which he found in the book of God.

In prosecuting his inquiries on the great doctrine of Justification, the passages which follow may be considered as a fair specimen of his manner :

"It occurred to me, that whatever disputes had arisen on this subject, all parties that I had read agreed in considering justification as the opposite of condemnation. What is condemnation? Is it, said I, the decree of God finally to condemn a sinner? Is he every sinner, elect or non-elect, is under condemnation? the wrath of God abiding on him. Believers were by nature children of wrath, even as others; but therefore while a sinner, was a child of wrath, he was under condemnation; yet God had not appointed him to wrath, but to obtain salvation by Jesus Christ. Hence, I concluded, if condemnation be not the decree of God finally to condemn, justification is not the decree of God finally to save."

"Further, does condemnation, said I, consist in any sense or pervasion which a sinner possesses that he shall be condemned? No, for many who are under condemnation, according to the scriptures, have no such pervasion, but the reverse, as was the case with the Jews, who were persuaded that God was their father, while, in fact, they were of their father the devil; and others, who are not under condemnation, according to the scriptures, are yet at times under apprehension that they are so. But if condemnation, answered I, consist not in a sense or pervasion, that we are or shall be condemned, justification consists not in a sense or pervasion that we are or shall be justified."

"On the whole, it seemed evident, that the sentence of justification was neither a purpose in the divine mind, nor a sense or pervasion in the human mind. The question then remained, What is it? Still keeping hold of my own, I proceeded to inquire, Is not condemnation that sense or condition of a sinner to which, according to the revealed will of God in his holy law, all the threatenings and curses stand against him? Is

it not the same thing as being under the curses which all are who are of the works of the law, whether they be elect or non-elect? And if so, is not justification that state or condition of a sinner believing in Jesus, in which, according to the revealed will of God in the gospel, all the promises and blessings of the new covenant belong to him? Is it not the same thing as being under grace and which brings only of believers? The sentence of justification is not a pervasion or manifestation of something in the mind which was true before, but unknown to the party, but consists in the sense of God in the gospel, nor of that which never believed that he saved. In this case, believers in Jesus stand acquitted from all things from which they could not have been acquitted by the law of Moses. —p. 111, 112.

The above, the biographer adds, may be regarded as an elementary sketch of the writer's sentiments on this great subject, which the reader will find more amplified and exhibited in its several relations, in various parts of his works.

In those portions of the diary which relate more immediately to his own personal experience, he discovers an intimate acquaintance with the workings of the human heart, and a readiness to expose the deceitfulness of his own. The following picture presents a mirror in which we may too easily discover our own likeness exhibited with melancholy accuracy.

"O what a horrid depth of pride and hypocrisy do I find in my heart! Surely I am unfit for any company. If I am with a superior, how will my heart court his praise, by speaking diminutively of myself, not forgetting to urge the disadvantages under which I have laboured, to excuse my inferiority, and here is a large vacancy left, in hope he will fill it up with something like this: 'Well, you must have made good improvement of what advantages you have enjoyed.' On the other hand when in company with an inferior, how full of self am I! While I seem to be instructing him, by communicating my own observations, how prone to lose sight of his edification, and every thing but my own self-importance—aiming more to discover my own knowledge than to increase his! While I make these observations, I feel the truth of them. A thought has been suggested to write them, not as having been the workings of my heart to day, but only as observed to day. Oh horribly deceitful and desperately wicked heart! Surely I have little use in my religious exercises but these workings, I am afraid of being deceived at last. If I am saved, what must the Son of God have endured!" —p. 22, 23.

The subsequent parts of Mr. Fuller's life we find chequered with heavy clouds, and gleams of sunshine. The care of his church, perplexing controversies, and occasional pecuniary embarrassments, furnished his mind with daily exercises of a trying nature. But these were trifling when compared with the more agonizing sufferings which arose from domestic sources. Yet, in the midst of all his troubles, the Lord was with him; and even from the fiery furnace wrought a way for his deliverance :

"His final hour brought glory to his God. 'My mind,' he observed, 'is calm, no raptures, no despondency. My hope is such, that I am not afraid to plunge into eternity.' —p. 43.

Having devoted so much room to this biographical sketch, which is rendered peculiarly interesting by the dialogues, incidents, conversations, and occurrences with which it abounds, but a small portion remains to be appropriated to Mr. Fuller's works. This will be less necessary, as they

have been long before the public, by whose favourable opinion they have been fully appreciated.

It will be readily allowed by all who have read Mr. Fuller's works, or may hereafter read them, that in every part he evinces a more than common degree of shrewdness. With the various subjects on which he writes, he displays an intimate acquaintance; but on most controvertible topics, he only repeats, though in different words, the arguments and reasonings which have been long before the world. These may confirm such persons as had previously embraced the tenets they are intended to support; but they are not much calculated to make new proselytes.

REVIEW.—*The History and Topography of the United States of America, by John Howard Hinton, A. M. parts 21, 22, 23, 24, 25. Simpkin, London. 1831.*

OF this elegant work, we noticed most of the former parts as they issued from the press; and, respecting those now before us, we have little more to say than, that they confirm the favourable opinion we have already expressed.

The plates, which are numerous, continue to preserve their character, whether they delineate works of art, or furnish representations of natural scenery. Of the former, America cannot boast magnificence enshrouded in the hoary grandeur of antiquity; but in modern specimens of architecture, she need not blush on seeing them compared with those of the old world. In lakes, rivers, landscapes, mountains, elevations, and "variety, situate both in hill and dale," the United States are fertile in almost inexhaustible resources. Of these the artists have availed themselves, and, in the result, exhibited both taste and elegance combined.

The descriptions given of the natural productions are both animated and perspicuous, and in no case lengthened out into tedious detail. Of fossil remains, both vegetable and animal, the accounts given far transcend those to which we have been accustomed. Speaking of fossil bones, the author observes as follows:

"This wonderful spot (a morass known by the characteristic name Bigbonelick, in Kentucky) is a small valley situated twenty miles south-west of Cincinnati, and two from the Ohio river. In a number of places, the ground is so soft for several rods, that a pole may with ease be thrust down many feet. In these soft places, saline and sulphureous mineral waters rise: the earth round them is dry and solid. Here are found the bones of the mastodon, elephant, buffalo, elk, and other unknown animals. They are in immense quantities; it is a complete charnel-house. The bones are generally

under ground, and so numerous, that a hole cannot be dug to the depth at which they are usually found, without striking them. They are generally bones of the buffalo."—p. 80.

The following abridged particulars respecting the discovery of human fossil remains in the state of Ohio, and given on the authority of Mr. Atwater, will be read with lively interest.

"I am credibly informed, that, in digging a well at Cincinnati, an arrow-head was found, more than ninety feet below the surface. At Pickaway plains, while some persons were digging a well, several years since, a human skeleton was found seventeen feet six inches below the surface. The skeleton was seen by several persons, and, among others, by Dr. Daniel Turney, an eminent surgeon. They all concurred in the belief, that it belonged to a human being. I have examined the spot where the skeleton was found, and am persuaded that it was not deposited there by the hand of man. On the north side of a small stream called Hargus creek, in digging through a hill at least nine feet below the surface, several human skeletons were discovered, perfect in every limb. These skeletons were promiscuously scattered about, and parts of skeletons were sometimes found at different depths from the surface. Other skulls have been taken out of the same hill, by persons who, in order to make a road through it, were engaged in taking it away. These bones are very similar to those found in our mounds, and probably belonged to the same race of men; a people short and thick, not exceeding, generally, five feet in height. The skeletons, when first exposed to the atmosphere, are quite perfect, but afterwards moulder and fall into pieces. Whether they were overwhelmed by the deluge of Noah, or by some other, I know not; but one thing appears certain, namely, that water has deposited them here, together with the hill in which, for so many ages, they have reposed. Indeed, this whole country appears to have been once, and for a considerable period, covered with water, which has made it one vast cemetery of the beings of former ages."—p. 82.

Of some fragments of antique pottery found in the Hionis salt-works, at the depth of eighty feet beneath the surface, a brief account is also given; but this becomes eclipsed by a description of the fossil remains of the mastodon, an enormous animal, of which, like that of the mammoth, the race at present appears to be extinct. Of the living animal, some conjecture may be formed, when we are assured, that, "at the posterior part, the head is thirty-two inches across, the lower jaw two feet ten inches long, and the tusks ten feet seven inches long; and nearly eight inches in diameter at the base." The other bones, so far as they have been discovered, bear a due proportion to the above, and create astonishment in the mind which contemplates the gigantic magnitude of this stupendous creature.

But we must now take our leave of these interesting parts of this work, strongly recommending them to the attention of every lover of natural history, as forming an interesting portion of the history and topography of the United States of North America.

Review.—Narrative of the Ashantee War; with a View of the present State of the Colony of Sierra Leone. By Major Ricketts, late of the Royal African Corps. 8vo. pp. 230. Simpkin, London, 1831.

A short but pathetic preface informs us, that this narrative was originally written in Africa; that the author suffered shipwreck on its shores, by which means many documents were irrecoverably lost, the contents of which he has been obliged to supply from other sources; and that he is the only surviving officer who witnessed most of the events which he describes.

Every one knows, that the inhospitable regions in which this colony is situated, have furnished little more than a general sepulchre to multitudes of our valuable countrymen. The insalubrity of the climate is of itself too powerful for European constitutions to withstand; but when to this is added the hostility of the hordes of savages with which the colony of Sierra Leone is surrounded, the dangers multiply, as the means of preservation and defence diminish.

Among those who have fallen victims to the barbarians of Africa, the late Sir Charles MacCarthy has a peculiar claim on our sympathy. When the intelligence of his death, and the defeat of the forces under his command, reached England, it created a very general and very mortifying sensation. That savages should gain a victory over well-appointed and disciplined troops, was an event so remarkable and unexpected, that the fact was received with unpleasant surmises, and circulated with dishonourable insinuations.

The work before us draws aside the veil in which the melancholy mystery was for a long season enveloped, and triumphantly vindicates the character of all who suffered in that disastrous campaign. On this occasion, it will be sufficient for us to state, in the language of Major Ricketts, the causes which involved the colonists in war with the Ashantees, and the calamitous issues which subsequently followed.

"The natives of Cape Coast were ever conquered by the Ashantees: they have enjoyed freedom under the protection of the British flag for nearly two centuries, although in some instances they have been permitted or advised to make free gifts to the king of Ashantee, who demanded in 1681, sixteen hundred ounces of gold from the castle and as much from the inhabitants. To the first a refusal was given, but on a second demand on the people, whose inability to pay such a fine being fully known to the Governor and Council they lent them two hundred ounces well knowing the inconvenience that would result to them from a dispute with the king of Ashantee with whom power they were unable to contend, and although they would have found protection within the range of the castle guns, yet, in the event of a war, they soon were withdrawn from the interior, abandoned their villages and plantations, and became dependent on exterior supplies for the necessities of life."—p. 22.

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This, and other acts of liberality on the part of the colonists towards the king of Ashantee, was construed by the latter into an acknowledgment of weakness and tributary dependence, which led, on his part, to many deeds of savage despotism. Among other manifestations of treachery, the chief of the Ashantees, after receiving from the messengers of Sir Charles MacCarthy the customary presents, employed his agents to kidnap a mulatto man, a sergeant in the Royal African Corps, whom they carried as a prisoner about fifteen miles from the fort, and detained in irons. Shortly afterwards, it was ascertained that a son of the late king had been sent with an executioner to put the unhappy sergeant to death, and to send the jaw-bone, skull, and one of the arms of the victim, to Osei, who issued the command.

The colonists, and such tribes as they had engaged to protect, being thus constantly annoyed and insulted by these savage disturbers of their peace, Sir Charles MacCarthy resolved on chastising their insolence, and avenging the death of the murdered sergeant. This determination was soon known to the king of Ashantee, who, relying upon his own resources, prepared to meet his antagonists, and threatened to drive them into the sea. Affairs now assumed a very serious aspect, and an awful crisis was fast approaching, which our author thus describes:

"About two o'clock, the enemy, who were said to be considerably more than ten thousand men instead of being divided as was reported were collected together, armed with muskets, and having a large description of knives stuck in their girdles they were heard advancing through the woods with horns blowing and drums beating, and when they came within half a mile of our party, they halted, when Sir Charles ordered the band of the royal African corps, which had accompanied him to play 'God save the King,' and the bugles to sound he having heard through some channel in which he placed confidence that the greater part of the Ashantees only wanted an opportunity to come over to him. The Ashantees played in return which was alternately repeated several times, and then a dead silence ensued interrupted only by the fire of our men at the enemy, who had by this time lined the opposite bank of the river, which was here about sixty feet wide, having marched up in different divisions of Indian file through the woods, with their horns sounding the names or calls of their different chiefs. A black man, who had been at Comassie, was able to name every Ashantee chief with the army, by the sound of their respective horns.

"The action now commenced on both sides with determined vigour, and lasted till nearly dark. It was reported, about four o'clock, that our troops had expended all their ammunition, consisting of twenty rounds of ball cartridges, besides leaden slugs which were contained in small bags suspended by a string round the men's necks, and loose powder contained in small bags, carried also by the men themselves. Application was made to Mr Braddon, who arrived in the middle of the action, for a fresh supply of ammunition, he having received his Excellency's orders to have forty rounds of ball cartridges packed in boxes for each man, ready to be issued. This was done to lighten the men, who had to carry respectively their own provisions for many days, as well as to preserve the ammunition from being damaged by the swamps and rain; but Mr Braddon said that it had not yet arrived, and that he had only a barrel of powder and one of ball with him, which were immediately issued. He had left Amassie with about forty natives."

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tying ammunition, and was in advance of them when the engagement commenced.

"The carriers who were natives of that and the adjoining countries, and who had been obtained at Accra in exchange for muskets than any other means, seeing the Warriors, bore down upon them making the best of their way from the head of battle followed their example. Nearly the whole of the garrison was engaged, shared the same fate as most of their brethren the day before. A number of the British and one or two others composing part of the escort arrived at the place of action shortly before its conclusion, and reported that the carriers had suffered in advance as far as the competition, and that most of them had run away. On this our commander being present, in Sir Charles's presence he ordered to see Mr. Williams, with whom he was exceedingly angry, and if he had not a deadly disquietude of their fate he would not look after the ammunition. It is probable that if Sir Charles had had the means at the moment he would have put his threat into execution, of ordering him to a grave."

"The enemy perceived that our fire had slackened, attempted to cross the river which at this time had become fordable, and as they had often attempted it when the river was swift by the rains that had fallen, a stream which had been previously dried across it, across a bridge, but they were repulsed with great slaughter."

"The enemy had at his disposal a considerable force to encompass our flanks, in order to prevent our retreat, and rushed in all directions on our gallant little force, who still defended themselves with their bayonets, until they were completely overpowered by the myriads, who instantly beheaded nearly every one of those who unfortunately fell into their remorseless hands. The Warriors, it appeared, had left the field early in the action. His Excellency, who had himself received several wounds, thus perceiving every thing was lost on his side, retired to where Cudjoe Cudjoe, the king of Diabera, surrounded by his people, were bravely fighting."

"Sir Charles, in joining the king of Diabera, wished the men to be informed of his intention to retreat, but neither bugles nor any other instruments were to be had, to give the requisite signal, every man of the African corps having joined his company in the action, and it was impossible, from the thick underwood where the men were now overpowered by the enemy and dispersed, to see many yards around, and a few wounded men only were put together."

"The Brigade Major, who had been wounded, finding that his Excellency had left the king of Diabera, followed in the direction which he understood he had taken, and shortly after observed him in a track in advance. He recognized him by his feathers. Soon after, some musketry was fired in front, and there was a general rush back of those who were with him, after which no more was seen of him."—pp. 25 to 26.

The colonists, having thus expended all their ammunition, nothing could prevent the Ashantees from obtaining over them a decisive victory, and great were their rejoicings on the occasion. But their barbarities kept pace with their triumphs. Stragglers were deliberately murdered, and many women belonging to the defeated party were compelled to throw away their infants in the woods, that they might assist in carrying plunder for their conquerors. Of these children, many had their brains beaten out on the spot, while others were doomed to perish with hunger and the inclemencies of the weather.

In a subsequent page, we have an account of Sir Charles MacCarthy's death, related by Captain Williams, who left the field with him, and was taken prisoner, but liberated on the conclusion of the war. From this statement it appears, that soon after quitting their dispersed army, they fell in with a party of the enemy, who fired, and broke one of Sir Charles's arms. Immediately after, he received another wound,

in the breast, and fell to rise no more. Mr. Williams was at the same instant struck with a ball in his thigh, and soon became insensible. On his partial recovery, he found himself in the hands of an enemy who had inflicted a gash on his neck, in attempting to cut off his head; but a chief interfering, to whom Mr. Williams had been kind on a former occasion, his life was spared; but it was to gaze on the headless trunk of Sir Charles MacCarthy, and two of his officers.

During his captivity, Mr. Williams was locked up at night in the same room that contained the heads of Sir Charles MacCarthy and his unfortunate associates; which heads, by some peculiar process, were so preserved as to appear nearly the same as when they were alive. The food of Mr. Williams was an allowance of small-soup, both morning and evening, so scanty that it could be contained in the palm of his hand. When any prisoner was beheaded, Mr. Williams was compelled to sit on one side of a large war-drum, while the captive suffered death on the other. In this state of confinement he continued about two months, when, the war ending, he was happily released. While a prisoner, he had frequent opportunities of observing the discipline of the Ashantee army; and, according to his report, the regularity with which they went through their military evolutions was truly astonishing. They however admitted, that in the late engagement their loss had been very great.

In a subsequent part of this volume we find, that victory changed sides, and that the Ashantees, sustaining a total defeat, purchased peace, on condition of depositing one thousand ounces of gold in the Castle of Cape Coast, to be appropriated to the purchase of ammunition against themselves, in case they should again commence hostilities. On this occasion, the head of Sir Charles MacCarthy was among the trophies of the colonists. This head had been carried by the king of Ashantee as a kind of amulet,* enveloped in paper, covered with Arabic characters, wrapped in a silk handkerchief, and enclosed in a tiger's skin. The head was afterwards sent to England.

From this portion of the work, which is filled with scenes of commotion, tumult, danger, ferocity, and death, it is pleasing to turn to the present state of Sierra Leone, which we give in the author's own words:

"The population of the colony is about twenty-six thousand. Freetown is inhabited by European merchants, who have built houses for their stores and residences. Monrovia, Nova Scotia, discharged soldiers, natives from Barbadoes, and liberated Africans, who have obtained lots of land in the town."

"Divine service was formerly performed over the jail, and was well attended by the blacks; but lately, in the unfinished new church, in the centre of the town, where but few of either Europeans or blacks attend. The latter have erected several places of worship of their own.

"The Maroons deserve credit for the neat little chapel they have erected by subscription among themselves.

"They had formerly a Methodist preacher, whom they procured from England; but, like most other Europeans, he did not survive long. There is also a respectable Wesleyan chapel in Settler Town, which is well attended; and many other private places of worship for dissenters are in different parts of the town, which are supported by contributions from congregations consisting principally of liberated Africans and discharged soldiers. Very few of these can even read, and many of the former hardly understand English; and perhaps the preacher, who may be a discharged soldier or a liberated African himself, scarcely knows his letters; yet they join heartily in singing psalms, which constitutes the principal part of their service. These latter places are open at day-light for about an hour, and in the evening from six till eight o'clock: the chanting may be heard at a considerable distance, and their discordant voices are not a little annoying to the Europeans who happen to reside in the immediate neighbourhood. On the Lord's day the shops are closed, and the sabbath is otherwise religiously observed by the coloured population."—p. 193.

We must now take our leave of this very interesting work, strongly recommending it to the notice of our readers, as a depository of valuable information, respecting the causes, disasters, vicissitudes, and issues of the Ashantee war, and as furnishing a compendious account of the present state of Sierra Leone.

REVIEW.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*
12mo. Vol. V. p. 461. *Lives and Voyages of Drake, Cavendish, and Dampier.*
Simkin, London. 1831.

BESIDES the three celebrated circumnavigators whose names are mentioned in the title-page, this volume contains a condensed account of many others, who visited the American continent, and the oceans which surround it, during the early parts of its history. It also has an immediate reference to those daring piratical adventurers known by the name of Buccaneers. These desperadoes, who, for many years, traversed the American seas, committing depredations on all whom they could conquer, were for a season the terror of every maritime nation in Europe. Rapine, plunder, inhumanity, courage, and profligacy, were their distinguishing characteristics. Collected from among the desperate of all nations, they acknowledged no authority but that which was cherished among themselves; and never, perhaps, since the ocean has been navigated by man, has its billows been disgraced with such a floating banditti.

But while the exploits of these ferocious marauders occupy a portion of this volume, and other incidents arrest the reader's attention, the lives of Drake, Cavendish, and Dampier, form the burden of its pages. Of these celebrated adventurers, the personal history is but short. We speedily enter into

a survey of their public character, and follow them in the various vicissitudes of fortune which marked their enterprising career.

Nor is the survey confined to these men, their crews, their ships, or their successes. We are introduced to the numerous tribes of Indian natives whom they visited, and have an opportunity of inspecting their character and manners, before they were tinctured with either the virtues or the vices of their invaders. In the accounts thus given, many curious incidents and remarkable discoveries enliven the narrations; and, although in modern days our acquaintance with the Indian tribes is far more extensive and accurate than these early circumnavigators were able either to acquire or furnish, their observations are replete with interest, while their journals appear to retain all the freshness of originality, and all the charms of novelty.

It is, however, painful to reflect, that the pleasure derived from a perusal of these discoveries and adventures, should be nearly all tarnished with crimes of a revolting nature, and that robbery, inhumanity, and injustice, should have been so frequently the companions of these daring spirits. The keels of their vessels seem to have left in the ocean, a furrow polluted with enormity, and stained with blood.

The historian, however, is not more responsible for the deeds of injustice which he records, than the mirror is for the deformity and blemishes in the countenances which it reflects. In both we expect fidelity, and when this is supplied, no further responsibility is required. In this respect the writer of the volume before us has discharged his duty with commendable integrity.

It is recorded by Abbe Raynal, that, in the conquest of the new world, *fifteen millions* of human beings actually perished. To the far greater part of this tremendous sacrifice, the Spaniards have the dishonour of laying an exclusive claim; but it would be difficult to find, in those days of ferocity, an adventurer bringing back from a speculative voyage to America, hands undefiled with robbery, or unstained with blood. Among the bad, England may, perhaps, have been the best; or, if this title should be disputed, she is most undoubtedly to be regarded as possessing the negative excellence, of not being the worst in the world.

REVIEW.—*The Gem: a Literary Annual for 1832.* pp. 276. Marshall. Holborn Bars. London.

HERE is indeed a gem, the sparklings of which may illumine the gloomiest eve of the dreary winter. In general interest, and

the talent displayed in its contents, together with the splendour and novelty of its engravings, "the Gem" may vie with the proudest of its rivals; and it can boast of having, amongst its sterling contributors, most of the popular poets and authors of the day; amongst whom we may enumerate, Bernard Barton, W. M. Praed, Esq., the author of "Lillian;" Dr. Bowring, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Miss Agnes Strickland, Miss Emma Roberts, Miss L. H. Sherdan, Richard Howitt, Archdeacon Wrangham, the author of the "History of Poland," Thomas Haynes Bayley, Esq., the author of "May You Like It," the author of "The Castilian," &c. &c.

By way of extract, we cannot do better than quote the first piece in the volume, illustrating a splendid plate by Martin, entitled the "Temptation in the Wilderness."

THE TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS.

By Bernard Barton.

"Not in the noise, the tumult, and the crowd,
Did the Arch-tempter spread his snares for Thee:
There he might hope to catch the vain, the proud,
The selfish,—all who bend the willing knee
To pagans which the world hath deified,
Seeking from each their pleasure and their pride.

But Thee, who, even in thy tarryance here,
Didst bear about Thee tokens of the high
And holy influence of thy primal sphere,
Stamping thy manhood with Divinity!
Who, in the world, wert still not of it—Thee,
He could not hope, unto his spells wouldst bow.

Therefore he sought and found Thee—in the gloom
Of the vast wilderness, perchance employed
In meditating on man's hapless doom.

Who but for sin had still in peace enjoyed
The bliss of Eden, ere the serpent's thrall
Had wrought our earliest parents' fatal fall.

But vain the tempter's power and art! Though spent,
With long, lone fasting, in that desert drear;
Thee, in thy Deity omnipotent,

As man—from human crimes and follies clear,
Wert still temptation-proof, from frailty free:
He left—and Angels ministered to Thee!

Oh! then, an Eden, when by sin defiled,
Was Paradise no more, thy presence made
A brief Elysium in the desert wild.
And more than sunshine pierced its matted shade;
Its darkest depths by heavenly hosts were trod,
And the rude wilderness confessed its God!"

We regret exceedingly, that the prose articles, which are most of them excellent, are all too long for quotation. "Jane," by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, is a vividly pathetic narrative. Among the Tales, we may name, as superior compositions, "Lady Anne's Bridal; a tale of the Two Churches:" by Miss Agnes Strickland. "The Story of Fiesco:" by the author of "May You Like It." "A Tale of the Desert:" by John Carne, Esq.;—and, "Innocent Flirtation; or, the Rescue of the Inconstant:" by the author of "The Castilian."

We must content ourselves with another short extract or two from the poetry, and then advert to the engravings which adorn this attractive *Gem*:

SONNET ON THE COLossal STATUE OF MOSES.

By Michael Angelo: Translated from the Italian of Sappho, by Sir Aubrey de Vere.

"What form, in everlasting marble wrought,
Sits giant like, art's noblest triumph, there,
Voice almost trembling on the lip high thought
Beings throbbing on that brow of grandeur rare.
"In Moses" lo! that beard of wondrous hair,
And the twin glories from his temples shot—
Moses! but with that yet diviner air,
Upon the mount, from God's own presence caught.
Such was he once, when the waves a wild rebound
Hung o'er him vast—such, when the deathful roar
Of waters closed, at the command of heaven.
And ye, vile crew! once worshippers around
A worthless calf—had it but been before
A shape like this, almost your crime had been forgiven."

We should like to gratify our readers, by giving "A Fragment of a Ballad, teaching how Poetry is best paid for;" by the author of "Lilian;" but must confine ourselves to an extract from "The Unwilling Bride:" by T. H. Bayley, Esq.:

THE UNWILLING BRIDE.

By T. H. Bayley, Esq.

"They kneel round the altar,—the organ has ceased,
The hands of the lovers are joined by the priest;
That bond, which death only can sever again!
Which proves ever after life's blessing or bane!
A bridal like this is a sorrowful sight
See! the pale girl in bride to the feeble old knight."

Her hand on her husband's arm passively lies,
And closely she draws her rich veil o'er her eyes.
Her friends throng around her with accents of love:
She speaks not—her pale lips tremulously move.
Her equipage waits, she is placed by the side
Of her aged companion—a sorrowing bride!

Again the bells ring, and the moment is come
For the young heart's worst trial, the last look of home!
They pass from the village—how eagerly still
She turns and looks back from the brow of the hill!
She sees the white cottage—the garden she made,
And she thinks of her lover, abandoned—betrayed!

But who, with arms folded, hath lingered so long
To watch the procession, apart from the throng?
"Is he" the forsaken? the false one is gone—
He turns to his desolate dwelling alone,
But happier there, than the doom that awaits
The bride who must smile on a being she hates!"

Of the engravings of "the Gem," Martin's "Temptation in the Wilderness," deserves the first mention. Truly this is a fine production. The startling intricacy and gloom of the trackless and tangled wood—the awful barriers of bare and sky-aspiring rocks—the tomb-like silence suggested by the tree-blasted aspect of the inaccessible solitude,—testify at once, that the design is the work of the great artist. "Miss Siddons," by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is a beautifully-executed portrait: as a likeness, we cannot offer our judgment upon it. "The Broken Pitcher," by Witherington, engraved by Warren, is a composition of sweet and natural simplicity. "Love's Reverie," by Newton, engraved by Marr, is so lovely a figure, that it disarms criticism. "Private Theatricals," by Farrier, engraved by Duncan, admirably illustrates its subject. "Touchstone and Audrey," by Leslie, engraved by Goodyear, is Shakspearian and characteristic. "The Cottage Emigrants," is not so much

to our taste. "The Asinelli Tower, Bologna," by Bonnington, engraved by Cooke, evinces the excellences of the former artist. "Cologne," by Stanfield, engraved by Kernot, embodies an architectural and marine grouping, with admirable figures, in the exquisite style of that inimitable artist. "The Corsair," illustrative of Lord Byron's poem, is a bold and original design. "The Rescue of the Inconstant," by Cooper, engraved by Rolls, presents us with one of the painter's matchless horses; though we dislike the figures. "The Only Daughter,"—which, next to the Temptation in the Wilderness, we deem the sweetest engraving in the whole volume.

To conclude: This fourth appearance of "the Gem," in no way belies the promise of its preceding volumes. The editor deserves no slight commendation for the taste and skill with which he has selected and arranged the different articles. We wish the proprietor ample remuneration; and hope "the Gem" will have that extensive circulation, to which, by its interest and worth, it is veritably entitled.

REVIEW.—*Divines of the Church of England, with a Life of each Author, and a Summary of each Discourse.* By the Rev. T. S. Hughes. Vol. XVII. Jeremy Taylor, D.D. Vol. V. 8vo. pp. 600. Valpy. London. 1831.

THIS volume concludes the works of this celebrated divine, of whom England may be proud, and the establishment may honourably boast. It includes his celebrated treatise on "Holy Living and Dying," in which we are at a loss whether most to venerate the christian or to admire the man. Unhappily, the instances are less numerous than could be wished, in which talents of the superlative order, and piety of the most exalted character, meet together in the same individual. Many, however, of this description may be found, and in this list we gladly place the name of Jeremy Taylor.

By some pious individuals, indeed, this work has been treated with no small degree of coldness, as being too legal, too much devoted to the duties of religion, too minute in expatiating on the injunction of precepts, and paying too little regard to the sublime and evangelical doctrines of the gospel. It will readily be admitted, that on these latter topics, many leading truths, which might have been amplified to great advantage, are but transiently touched. At the same time, it is but fair to state, that nothing is inculcated which the serious reader could wish

the author had omitted. It is a valuable body of practical divinity; but the merits of Christ, and the efficacy of his atonement, can alone furnish a permanent foundation for this admirable superstructure.

The intrinsic excellences of this work are, however, too well known to require any recommendation. From their first appearance, the subjects of this volume have been always held in high esteem, and no apprehension can be entertained that their value will be diminished in the eyes of posterity.

REVIEW.—*Divines of the Church of England, with a Life of each Author, and a Summary of each Discourse.* With Notes, &c., by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, Vol. XVIII. Hall's Contemplations, Vol. I. pp. 452. Valpy, London, 1831.

THE memoir of Bishop Hall, which occupies about sixty pages, is rendered particularly interesting by the vicissitudes and sufferings which it was his lot to endure, and by the amiable and pious spirit which he uniformly manifested under the severest privations and disasters. It furnishes an awful comment on the language of inspiration, that they who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. Of this the pious author sustained an ample share, but he also enjoyed the blessing pronounced on those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake.

Bishop Hall was at once distinguished for exalted piety, elegance of taste, high classical attainments, and a profound understanding. This rare association, accompanied with an undeviating attachment to truth, exposed him to the vengeance of the papal party, who could neither subdue his integrity, nor rival his mental acquirements, nor imitate his moral virtues.

The biographical sketch prefixed to this volume delineates both the man and the times in which he lived; and the contemplations which follow, illustrate and confirm all that we had been taught to expect. Who can read the annexed paragraph without admiration?

"Paradise was made for man, yet there I see the serpent; what marvel is it, if my corruption find the serpent in my closet, in my table, in my bed, when our holy parents found him in the midst of Paradise! No sooner is he entered, but he tempteth: he can no more be idle than harmless. I do not see him in any other tree; he knew there was no danger in the rest! I see him at the tree forbidden. How true a serpent is he in every point; in his insinuation to the place, in his choice of the tree, in his assault to the woman, in his plausibleness of speech to avoid terror, in his question to move doubt, in his reply to work distrust, in his protestation of safety, in his suggestion to envy and discontent, in his promise of gain."—p. 53.

REVIEW.—*The Cabinet Cyclopaedia, conducted by Dionysius Lardner, LL.D., &c. &c. Optics, by David Brewster, LL.D. &c. Vol. XIX. 12mo. pp. 393. Longman, London. 1831.*

It will be almost needless to say, that this volume is purely scientific; but though we may add, that it is in some degree divested of technicalities, yet it is better adapted for those who have a tolerable acquaintance with light and vision, than for such as are seeking some knowledge of elementary principles. Many diagrams are scattered through its pages, to elucidate the phenomena described, but they do not appear to be exceedingly abstruse, or difficult to be understood.

This volume contains many striking peculiarities relative to light, colour, and vision, which the reader will peruse with admiration bordering on amazement. Some of these we would gladly insert, but our limits will not grant permission. For the following short paragraph, room, however, must be made; but for all besides, we must refer to the volume.

Extraordinary Velocity of Light. — "Light moves with a velocity of 192,500 miles in a second of time. It travels from the sun to the earth in seven minutes and a half. It moves through a space equal to the circumference of our globe in the eighth part of a second, a flight which the swiftest bird could not perform in less than three weeks."

REVIEW.—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. XX. History of Poland. 12mo. pp. 344. Longman, London. 1831.*

THERE is, perhaps, no nation on the face of the earth, which at this moment excites so much general interest and sympathy as that of Poland. Long excluded from the list of kingdoms, by the overwhelming power of Russian despotism, the Poles have lately made a noble effort to regain their former independence. But the struggle has been unsuccessful; and they once more clank their chains in the ears of Europe, and renew their groans under the tyranny of their oppressors.

In this eventful struggle, though pitied by the surrounding states, not one came forth to lend them the least assistance. If good wishes could have overruled their fortune or their fate, Warsaw would still have been the capital of an independent people, and the ferocious hordes of their barbarous conquerors would have been roving among the icebergs and mountains of snow, which are emblematic of their unfeeling hearts.

Independently of the vicissitudes at which

we have just hinted, the history of Poland is filled with occurrences of the most lively interest, through all the stages of its eventful passage on the stream of time. The occurrences and revolutions of this ill-fated people are traced in this volume with an able hand, and its pages are enlivened with numerous anecdotes of its sovereigns, heroes, armies, public characters, and leading men. The reader who seeks for a compendious history of Poland will be sure to find it in the twentieth volume of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia.

REVIEW.—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. XXI. Biography, Vol. I. Eminent British Statesmen, 12mo. pp. 360. Longman, London. 1831.*

ON opening this volume, we were surprised to find that it contained the lives of only four men, namely, Sir Thomas More, Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop Cranmer, and William Cecil, Lord Burleigh. If this commencement is to be received as a specimen of what is to follow, the anxious reader may feelingly inquire, "To how many volumes will this biography of eminent British statesmen extend?"

From the portentous load which may thus be fairly apprehended, the preface is by no means calculated to relieve the reader. In this we are told, that "the literary contributors being persons who cannot be dictated to, nor required to modify the expression of their opinions, so as to adapt them to the views of others, the editor will not hold himself responsible for the various political and literary opinions which may be found in this series."

Biography is at all times an attractive species of composition, and the interest which it excites is always increased when the character delineated has filled some station of importance, either to his country or to his fellow-species. Such public stations the individuals memorized in this volume have undoubtedly filled; and a record of their services is nothing more than a tribute of respect which they have a right to claim. But if "this series is intended to include the lives of the most considerable persons who have appeared in the political history of these countries, from the reign of Henry the Eighth, inclusive, to the present time," as we are informed in the preface; and if four memorials will fill one volume, as in the case before us—most libraries will require additional shelves.

These lives are well written, and furnish much amusing as well as instructive matter. To every lover of biography, this volume

will be a pleasing and valuable acquisition; and some time may elapse before the reader will feel the incumbent weight.

REVIEW.—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia*, Vol. XXII. *Silk Manufacture*. 12mo. pp. 354. Longman, London. 1831.

THE contents of this volume are, in a variety of respects, of considerable interest and value. No person who contemplates the beauty of silk, can be indifferent to the history and manufacturing process of this important article, nor can the worm itself, by whose labour the raw material is produced, be deemed too insignificant for the most profound philosophical investigation. Into the natural history of silk, and of the insects to whose industry we are indebted for this elegant commodity, the author fully enters; and the process of the manufacture is detailed with much ability, in all its branches. The whole volume is replete with details and observations, in which both science and commerce are equally interested.

The anecdotes interspersed throughout the pages of this volume are both numerous and amusing. Some very singular calculations and experiments at times appear, and estimates founded on unquestionable data are formed, which seem astonishing in their results. The following paragraph will furnish a pleasing specimen.

"Consumption of Silk.—The quantity of this material used in England alone amounts in each year to more than four millions of pounds weight, for the production of which, myriads upon myriads of insects are required. Fourteen thousand millions of animated creatures annually live and die to supply this little corner of the world with an article of luxury! If astonishment be excited at this fact, let us extend our view into China, and survey the dense population of its widely-spread region, whose inhabitants, from the emperor on his throne to the peasant in the lowly hut, are indebted for their clothing to the labours of the silk-worm. The imagination, fatigued with the flight, is lost and bewildered in contemplating the countless numbers, which every successive year spin their slender threads for the service of man."

REVIEW.—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia*, Vol. XXIII. *France*, Vol. III. 12mo. pp. 390. Longman, London. 1831.

THIS volume includes the eventful period in the history of France which extends from 1792 to the dissolution of the empire, than which few eras can be found more astonishing in the annals of the world. Throughout these twenty-two years, we perceive little less than one continued political and military fever, sometimes bursting forth with terrible but unnatural energy, and at all times preying upon the ~~vitals~~ of the constitution, undermining the

citadel of life, and finally terminating in dissolution.

In every page of this volume, we find something either to stimulate excitement, or to prevent it from growing languid. Movement follows movement in rapid succession, and event presses on event, eager to obtain a hearing, and to command the attention of the reader. This closely compacted manner of narrative diffuses a thrilling interest through every paragraph. A single page sometimes comprises materials which, with a little dexterity and care, might easily be expanded into a volume. The author is a spirited writer, and appears to have an intimate acquaintance with the causes, occurrences, and incidents which he describes.

REVIEW.—*The Christmas Box*, a *Juvenile Annual*, for 1832. pp. 215. Marshall, Holborn-bars, London.

THE annuals have been occasionally censured by sundry antiquaries, and readers of the old school, for their alleged want of utility. In the short space allotted to this review, we cannot take up the question; or we would speedily prove the assumption to be fallacious; first, as regards the annuals intended for "children of a larger growth;" and, secondly, as to those designed for the express amusement and instruction of such as are of tender years. In former times, the *juvenile* portion of society was overlooked and neglected, in that mental feast which art and literature had been yearly providing; but now, viands are placed before them, seasoned to their infantile taste.

"The Christmas Box," the editor remarks, in his admirable preface, is again presented to his young friends, "as a fund of instruction blended with amusement, well calculated to neutralize the contagion of lowering skies, and convert the long hours of a winter's evening into a 'midsummer night's dream.'" Even a cursory examination of this annual will prove the justness of this sentiment. Its title, being remarkably appropriate and familiar, will fix itself in the memories of the thousands of little masters and misses for whom the volume is intended. Its list of literary contributors and artists would grace an annual of much higher pretensions. Bernard Barton, Miss Agnes Strickland, Mrs. Moodie, and Miss Isabel Hill, have not thought it unworthy of their talents to contribute to the edification of the young. The following specimen of the poetry is illustrative of an engraving entitled "The Farmer's Boy." The young rustic is seated on a sack of grain, eating his dinner, with his horse on one side of him, and his

faithful dog on the other. Altogether, the scene is a snatch of true nature.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

By Bernard Barton, Esq.

Oh! who would pine to be a lord,
And dine each day off plate;
And see, around a sumptuous board,
A troop of menials wait?
How many share a lot like this,
With far less real joy,
If health, content, and peace are his,
Than this blithe Farmer's Boy.

What dining-room is half so grand,
At Blenheim, Stowe, or Kew,
As Nature for his use hath planned,
Or boasts so fine a view?
Compared with his, each proud saloon
Seems but a tiny toy;
So rich has been kind Nature's boon
Unto her Farmer's Boy.

What liveried menial half so true
As his companion there,
Who seems his master's meal to view,
And watch to claim his share?
Meanwhile, in patient gentleness,
Released from his employ,
His horse stands near, whose looks express
He serves the Farmer's Boy.

Further afield the eye may mark
The harrow dragged along,
And, high in air, the mounting lark
Outpours his merry song;
Around, bees hum o'er many a flower,
Till sweets that cannot cloy
Combine to bless the dinner hour
Of the glad Farmer's Boy.

The prose is very attractive, and its style well adapted to the juvenile class which it is intended to amuse and edify. Adverting to the plates, we think they are much *too good* for the little folks whose Christmas tasks and testimonials render them candidates for the paternal gift of "The Christmas Box." "Alfred and his Dog," painted by Cooper, engraved by Davenport, is delightful; the dog is quite a *chef d'œuvre*. "The Fisherman" has considerable merit. "The Portrait" is a scene of boyish humour. "The Young Shepherdess," an engraving replete with simplicity and rurality. "Little Red Riding Hood" will be a favourite, we opine, with the possessors of this tasty little gift. "Disturbed by the Nightmare," is from the painting of the facetious Theodore Lane.

For the laudable exertions which the editor of this juvenile annual has made, to form a simple yet elegant and varied bouquet for the young, he is entitled to the gratitude of every parent who wishes to blend, with the asperities of instruction, the sweets contained in these minor tomes of tale and song.

REVIEW.—*A Visit to the South Seas, in the United States' Ship Vincennes, during the years 1829-30, with Notices of Brazil, Peru, Manilla, Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena. By C.S. Stewart, M.A. 12mo. pp. 456. Fisher & Co., London. 1832.*

IF Mr. Stewart is not a citizen of the world in its common acceptation, it cannot be denied, that he is well known on each side

of the Atlantic, and also among the natives of the islands scattered over the vast expanse of the Pacific. About two hundred years since, the man who circumnavigated the globe was viewed as a prodigy, on his return, and regarded with astonishment by his countrymen and associates during the remaining part of his life. Of late years, however, adventure and enterprise have become so familiar, that hazard appears without novelty, and novelty in a great degree without its charms.

Mr. Stewart, a native of America, resided for many years as a missionary among the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands, and, having noticed their manners, character, and customs, together with the vegetable and geological phenomena of the regions he visited, concentrated his observations in an interesting volume, which, after obtaining an extensive circulation in his own country, was republished in England, where it has acquired imperishable renown.

The ill health of Mrs. Stewart compelling her to leave their missionary station in the islands of the Pacific, she, with her husband, repaired to America, in 1825. Here they remained until 1829, when Mr. Stewart embarked as a chaplain on board the *Guerriere*, an American frigate, bound for the South Seas, where he was transferred to the *Vincennes*, another ship, returning to America by the way of the Cape of Good Hope. During this voyage, which occupied about two years, Mr. Stewart collected additional materials, that were published in America, in two volumes, which, in the work before us, are now concentrated into one.

From the numerous accounts which have been published of late years, respecting those distant regions, we seem to have become familiar with their inhabitants and productions; but, whoever reads this volume with the attention it deserves, will soon be convinced, that something new is to be gleaned by every voyager, and that even the stores of originality are far from being exhausted. The circumnavigation of the globe is, indeed, an extensive range, and that man must be very inattentive to passing occurrences, and the varied productions of nature and art, who cannot, on his return, furnish out an entertaining volume.

To all the praise which amusement can confer, Mr. Stewart is fully entitled, but this forms only a small portion of his merit. His observations on the diversified subjects which present themselves, have always an eye to the moral condition of the world. Subservient to this, the extension of com-

ments, and the facilities of intercourse between tribes and nations, appear among the great objects of his solicitude, to promote peace, extend civilization, and elevate the general character of man.

To the style in which this volume is written, no one, we presume, will find any reason to object. It is vivacious without levity, and sedate without ceasing to be sprightly. Allurements to the reader are scattered through every page; incidents keep attention constantly on the alert; and such useful information is the reward of perseverance.

On the character of the South Sea Islanders, many observations of Mr. Stewart tend to throw much light. We call them savages, barbarians, heathens, and frequently complain of their treachery towards strangers who visit their shores. It would appear however, from the following statement, that the civilized visitants are too frequently the first aggressors:

"Some time since, a French vessel came to anchor at the valley at Nukuhiva. The commander found some difficulty, from the existence, it appears, of a hierarchy, in procuring as large a quantity of live dogs as he desired, and applied to the king for the sanction of his authority, to obliging the islanders to furnish him with more than he had yet secured. This he was either unable or unwilling to do, asserted his influence in vain, on which the Frenchman ordered him to be seized when on board, and had him bound hand and foot to the main mast, his arms and legs being passed round it and tied, a such a manner that his whole weight hung upon the ligatures, and told him that he should not be released until forty dogs were brought to the ship. Into the place early in the morning. In the course of six or eight hours, by great exertion, the required number, including animals of every size, was collected. When the captain in the place of releasing the old man, despatched twenty more, before he would unbind him. It was not till night that these also were gathered from the interior, by seizing them wherever they could be found, and depositing the waste valley of almost every animal of the kind. Thus, after being in torments the whole day, he was unbound, and permitted to go on shore, without any remuneration for the indignity and misery he had suffered, or pay for the dogs received.

"The next morning, a boat from the ship, with an armed crew, approached the shore for water—a volley of musketry was poured upon them from the coast batteries; and one man fell dead in the surf, while two others were so severely wounded, that the boat barely made an escape to the ship."—p. 194, 195.

On the above detestable deed, Mr. Stewart remarks as follows:

"I fully believe this to be only one of ten thousand instances of oppression, insult, and cruelty, of a similar or far more infamous character, which would form a part of the true history of the intercourse of civilized men with the Islanders of the Pacific, could it be laid before the world."

Another instance of similar atrocity, Mr. Stewart records in the following words:

"An American whale-ship approached the island, and having, off one of its little bays, as if desirous of communicating with the shore, and a large canoe with seven men put off to her. Five of them were received on board, when the vessel immediately sailed, and stood from the land. Three of the Islanders were then selected from the five, while the remaining two were driven into the sea, and obliged to swim for their lives, the canoe having fallen so far behind, as to have paddled for the shore, when the ship stood out to sea, under a belief that all on board had been carried away. One of the persons thus kidnapped, eighteen or twenty years of age, was the only son of a high chief, and a great favourite of

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his tribe. Besides his parents, and an only sister, a strongly attached wife was left to lament his absence, and to deplore an unknown fate."—p. 226.

If time and limits would grant permission, many additional extracts might be selected from this volume. Men, who profess to be gods; sorcerers; traditions respecting the origin of the islands, and of men; and the rude funeral feast; are articles of considerable interest. But, for these developments of the human character under a variety of circumstances, and to numerous incidents which alternately impart light and shade, we must refer to the volume, in which its author will conduct the reader to the Ladrone Islands, the Chinese seas and ports, the city of Manila, and, in St. Helena, to Napoleon's grave.

It is painful to observe throughout this work, that, while the missionaries have exerted themselves to improve the natives in civilization and morals, many voyagers, touching on their shores, have used every endeavour to re-establish their vices, and to recall that licentiousness of manners for which they were formerly distinguished, but which, of late years, has been very generally abandoned. One instance is that of an American resident accusing two branches of the royal family with incest, and recommending it, under the sanction of marriage. The young princess involved in this charge observed, "that Mr. —, an American, and Mr. —, a British resident, had each, at two different times, advised and importuned her to marry her brother; saying, that such alliances were frequent both in America and England, and that, not long since, a British king had married his sister." p. 357.

With men of such abandoned morals, and who can make such infamous assertions, no calumny can be too foul for utterance. It is to men like these that we are indebted for the falsehoods which have been propagated respecting the state of the natives, and the influence of christianity upon their principles and conduct. Against such calumniators, no character is safe; and to such memorialists, no credit is due. In England, as in America, similar aspersions have been both circulated and exposed. For a while, the misrepresentations of Kotzebue were received in this country with avidity, by the enemies of missions. Mr. Ellis, however, who was intimately acquainted with the supposed facts, so effectually refuted the foreign navigator, that the slander is no longer heard.

We must now take our leave of this interesting volume, strongly recommending it to the reader's notice, as a valuable treasury of incidents and information collected during a circumnavigation of the globe.

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157.—VOL. XIV.

REVIEW.—*Miscellanies, in two Parts: I. Prose; II. Verse, &c. By William Mavor, LL. D. Author of many popular Works for the use of Schools, and Young Persons. With a Portrait. 8vo. pp. 512. Oxford. Longman and Co. London.*

DR. MAVOR has appeared before the world with various productions, some of which were published at first anonymously, and others with his name; but most of them have been well received, and have conferred such benefit on the public, and on the rising generation, that few writers, perhaps, can view their exertions and labours with greater pleasure than the revered author of the work before us.

When he observes the great and beneficial change which has taken place in the system of education, and reflects that this change has been produced chiefly by himself, and those who have co-operated with him in the sacred task, he cannot but feel a conscious exultation, that the days and nights which he has devoted to the service of mankind, have been so usefully spent, and that he has not lived in vain. We are writing no panegyric, but merely stating facts; which every man, of the least consideration, must see and acknowledge. Envidious, therefore, must be his feelings, when he looks around, and perceives, that, by means to which he has been so ample a contributor, the great body of British youth, as they advance in years, are rapidly improving in the acquirement of useful knowledge! This is a satisfaction which the good alone can enjoy; and which the world, if it were so inclined, cannot take away. It is the good man's best praise, that he has devoted his time and his talents to the service of piety and virtue, and laboured to promote the happiness of his fellow-mortals both here and hereafter.

Dr. Mavor observes, in the advertisement to the present work, that "few have written more than he has done, for the instruction or amusement of young persons;" and that "he desires no other epitaph to mark his grave, than 'Here lies the children's friend.'" This is a title, which was conferred on him many years since, by some respectable critics; and it is a title which he so well deserves, that few, we apprehend, would wish to withhold from him the praise which is so justly his due. We hope, however, although he is advanced in years, that the time is far distant, when any memento that such a man *once lived*, will be necessary. We sincerely wish that Dr. Mavor may long enjoy, in the bosom of his family, *otium cum dignitate*.

This volume of *Miscellanies* is a collection of "Blenheim, a descriptive poem," which had previously been published in a separate form; and of a great number of essays and poetical effusions, which either appear now for the first time, or which had been before printed in some periodical publication. A short extract from this pleasing and interesting volume is all that our limits allow us to give; but we strongly recommend to the public, and to our readers in particular, the whole of these *Miscellanies*, as they will be found not only pleasing and interesting, but as inculcating sound principles of religion and virtue. The following extract from the "Prologue" to "Blenheim" has been selected, chiefly because it portrays with great truth the mind of the amiable author.

"If I may be allow'd my own bosom to know,
 'Tis form'd for affection's most cordial glow;
 To friendship attach'd, to gratitude prone,
 It melts at distress, and it feels all its own!
 The keenest excess both of pleasure and pain,
 Heaven taught me to taste; ah! the former in vain.
 Yet not all the ills that can press on the mind,
 Estrange it from social love of its kind;
 The passions malignant ne'er asylum found there—
 Too soft are its tones their impression to bear.
 "O perish the verse, may the wit be forgot,
 That fixes on charity's features a blot!
 That sanctions the worthless, or flatters the base,
 Tho' e'er so exalted in fortune or place!
 That sharpens the pangs sensibility shares,
 Or sports with misfortunes, or aggravates cares;
 That spatters the merit it cannot attain,
 And plants in the generous bosom a pain!
 "Yes! let my dull muse in good-nature delight—
 I ask for no fame from libels and spite;
 No laugh would I raise at the expense of a sigh,
 No tear would I draw from the innocent eye;
 To friendship and virtue my verses are due;
 And the wreath that I twine, to their dictates is true!"

BRIEF SURVEY OF BOOKS.

1. *Lael and Chilion, or Narratives illustrative of some leading Doctrines of the Bible*, (Hamilton, London,) is a sort of conversational dialogue on topics which it is the interest, as well as the duty, of all to know. The subjects are highly important, and the author's views of them appear to be perfectly consonant with the analogy of faith. The language, however, is rather too florid for the occasion; and the bursts of rapturous exultation which sometimes appear, make us regret that so grave a subject had not been uniformly accompanied with a correspondent simplicity.

2. *Scripture Illustrations for the Young*, (Tract Society, London,) the author seems to have adapted to the wood-cuts with which they are embellished. This method may captivate children, but we fear that it is cal-

culated to give the scriptures an accommodating appearance.

3. *Brief Views of Sacred History, from the Creation of the World to the Destruction of Jerusalem*, by Esther Copley, (Darton, London,) may be considered as a religious school-book, filled with valuable materials, and divided into short chapters, on which questions are proposed, to exercise the memory of the pupil. The whole is a condensed history of bible transactions, through the long period expressed in the title-page.

4. *Small Rain upon the Tender Herb*, (Tract Society, London,) is a kind of Lilliputian quarto, about an inch square, and a quarter of an inch thick. It contains short passages of scripture, is neatly bound and gilt, and will be a pretty present for children just learning to read.

5. *Memoirs of Miss Elizabeth Spreckley, late of Melton Mowbray*, by R. Woolerton, (Simpkin, London,) is recommended to public notice by the exemplary piety of the young female, whose life, christian experience, and triumphant death, it records. Though filling only a humble walk in life, Miss Spreckley displayed talents, as well as piety, which would have conferred an honour on a more exalted station. The narrative is chiefly extracted from her diary. Her history is given with much simplicity, and is well deserving the attention which it solicits.

6. *The Travels of True Godliness*, by Rev. Benjamin Keach, (Wightman, London,) wants no other recommendation than what its well-earned reputation can supply.

7. *Memoir of William Fox, Esq., Founder of the Sunday School Society*, by Joseph Ivimey, (Wightman, London,) brings this genuine philanthropist before the world, not as the rival of Mr. Raikes, but as a benevolent individual actuated by the same principle, and co-operating in the same design. Mr. Raikes had the honour of founding Sunday schools, and Mr. Fox that of embodying them into a society. The memoir before us, places the character of Mr. Fox in an amiable light; but all who had the happiness of his acquaintance will readily acknowledge that the picture is not too highly coloured.

8. *Morning and Evening Prayers, adapted for Family Worship*, by W. Dransfield, (Simpkin, London,) we have examined with some attention; and, we may add, with a due degree of satisfaction. Orthodox in their principles, and fervent in their expression, they may be used in families of congenial spirits, with the ardour of genuine devotion, and the concurrence of an enlightened understanding.

9. *Population Census of the West Riding*

of Yorkshire for 1801, 1811, 1821, 1831, by W. Parson, (Baines, Leeds,) is a large, neat, and closely printed map, laid out on canvas. It has been a work of much labour, as each department, amounting in all to 203, has its population distinctly marked through the four decennial periods. The aggregate of the whole West Riding is as follows:—In 1801, 563,758; in 1811, 650,583; in 1821, 800,240; in 1831, 974,500.

10. *The National Preacher, or Original Monthly Sermons from Living Ministers*, edited by Austin Dickinson, A. M. (New York, America,) originally appeared in four volumes. They are now incorporated in two, neatly half-bound, and present to the eye a pleasing exterior. The discourses appear very excellent, but we find no publisher's name on this side the Atlantic; and New York is too remote for most English customers.

11. *United Efforts, a Collection of Poems, the mutual offspring of a Brother and Sister*, (Sherwood, London,) have little beyond their moral tendency to recommend them. "Form" and "thorn," "alone" and "roam," are bad rhymes, and the rules of grammar are often violated.

12. *Outlines of Fifty Sermons, by a Minister of the Gospel in London*, (Harding, London,) may be considered as skeletons of discourses, which the reader may fill up with corresponding matter. They are adapted for preachers who have little time for study, but who address congregations, to whom plain scriptural truths will be more useful than finished compositions. The passages chosen as texts, are of a practical nature, and the divisions point out the natural and leading topics which present themselves for elucidation and development.

13. *An Appeal to the Clergy, &c. on the State of Religion, Morals, and Manners, in the British Metropolis*, (Holdsworth, London,) is both spirited and powerful. The moral condition of the metropolis is drawn in colours at once frightful and appalling. The bishops and dignitaries of the church of England are addressed in a strain of masculine eloquence, and called upon, by the duties which they owe to their God and their country, to come forward in this awful crisis, "to the help of the Lord, against the mighty." We ardently hope that the author will not have to lament that he has spent his strength in vain.

14. *Scripture Prints, with Explanations in the Form of Familiar Dialogues*, by Mrs. Sherwood, (Seeley, London,) come before us in a pleasing form. The dialogues are twenty-three in number, and include

various leading scripture topics, such as the garden of Eden; the temptation of Eve; Cain and Abel; Noah building the Ark; the deluge; the tower of Babel, &c. &c. Each dialogue is preceded by a neatly finished wood-cut, representing the leading features in the subject of the conversation which follows. It is an inviting and instructive book for young persons.

15. *Writings of Edward the Sixth, William Hugh, Queen Catherine Parr, Ann Askew, Lady Jane Grey, Hamilton, and Balnaves*, (Religious Tract Society, London,) is a very interesting volume. It contains much valuable information respecting the illustrious individuals themselves, and presents us with a mirror of the times in which they lived. Popery, however, always appears with the same features, the friend of despotic power, the crusher of the rights of conscience, the disgrace of the christian church, and one of the grand enemies of mankind.

16. *Instructions for Children, &c., by the Rev. Rowland Hill, A. M.*, (Page, London,) in addition to much good advice, and many friendly admonitions, hold forth several examples of early piety, which invite imitation. The copy before us is of the eighth edition, so that this little book is well known.

17. *The Instructive Reader, containing Lessons on Religion, Morals, and General Knowledge, &c., by Ingram Cobbin, A. M.*, (Westley and Davis, London,) is a kind of demi-hieroglyphic composition, in which objects, obvious to sense, are exhibited in familiar representations. This portion, however, occupies only a small part of the lessons, and occasionally the wood engravings are omitted altogether. It is of more importance to the learner to have the history and uses of things explained, and the words spelt as they are actually pronounced. These are excellencies which meet in this volume, and render it a valuable acquisition for nurseries and elementary schools.

18. *Sermons by the Rev. Griffith Jones, Founder of the Welsh Circulating Schools, translated from Welsh Manuscripts by the Rev. John Owen, vol. I.*, (Hamilton, London,) will be as much indebted to the benevolence of the author's character, as to their intrinsic excellence, for the degree of celebrity they may obtain. With the exception of phrases and terms peculiar to the author's creed, we highly approve of these discourses. But such is the overwhelming influx of works of this description, that the public have more prognostics of an inundation, than the publisher has of a reimbursement.

19. *A Help to Professing Christians in judging their Spiritual State and Growth in Grace, by the Rev. John Barr*, (Simpkin, London,) is the production of a pious mind, well acquainted with the workings of the human heart, with the theory and influence of christianity, and the powerful operation of divine grace. It is a work that will be read with great spiritual advantage by all who are inquiring the way to Zion with their faces thitherward.

20. *Plain Rules for Improving the Health of the Delicate, Preserving the Health of the Strong, and Prolonging the Life of all, by William Henderson, M. D.*, (Whittaker, London,) would, we are fully persuaded, if regularly followed, be productive of all the advantages which the author anticipates. It is a work which, divested of scientific technicalities, takes its stand on the ground of common sense. Intemperance in various ways, indigestion arising from the want of moderation, air, and exercise, Mr. H. justly thinks to be the prolific source of most human maladies. Those who wish to benefit by his instructions must follow his rules. The effect cannot be enjoyed by any who disregard the efficient means which he recommends.

21. *An Almanack (for 1832) by William Rogerson Greenwich, Kent*, (Stephens, London,) we have, during several years, had occasion to notice, with approbation. It contains the common materials of an almanack, without disgracing its pages with the fooleries of prognostication. It also includes much useful information respecting commerce, legislation, stamps, postage, fares, and taxes, in addition to the astronomical and meteorological observations which every month demands.

22. *A Topographical History of the County of Leicester; the Ancient part from Parliamentary and other documents; the Modern from actual Survey, by the Rev. J. Curtis*, (Simpkin, London,) comes before us with a commanding aspect, and with all the credentials of great utility. We learn, from a part of the title-page which we have not quoted, that this volume is "the first of a series of the Counties of England and Wales, on the same plan." The present attempt is a noble effort; and should the future labours of the author be distinguished by the same indefatigable industry, the same unwearied research, and the same successful investigation that characterize the octavo now before us, the result of his diligence will be an important acquisition to the topographical literature of our country. The reverend author's apology for foxhunting entitles him to the gratitude of the kennel.

23. *A Discourse on the Death of the Rev. John Clowes, M.A., by the Rev. S. Noble*, (Simpkin, London,) records the life and death of an exemplary minister of Manchester, who strangely embraced the wild notions of Emanuel Swedenborg. This discourse is an apology for his conduct, and for the sentiments he had imbibed.

24. *London Pageants: Accounts of Fifty-five Royal Processions, and a List of Lord Mayors' Pageants*, (Nichols & Son, London,) will be deemed very important by all interested persons; and will prove very entertaining to all such as prefer amusement to utility.

25. *A Vision of Hell. A Poem*, (Hurst, London,) displays more imagination than judgment. No one, but Milton, has ever yet with any poetic gracefulness attempted successfully

..... "to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend."

Many images of terror, the author of this poem has certainly combined, but they all fall short of those dismal and indefinite expectations which the subject never fails to excite. In roaming through the infernal regions, he discovers numerous individuals, both of ancient and modern times, whom he personally names. Among those of our own country, he finds Charles I., to whom he proposes this question:—

"Dies not the prince by justest doom, who arms
To hold his throne against the public will?"

On hearing this, the ghostly monarch concludes the visitant to be "one of England's sons," and inquires the news. This leads the author to touch on the French revolution, lighted at the torch of American independence, and on the great changes that have taken place in Europe; through ambition, intrigue, and war. Elysium follows Tartarus—but the whole is founded more on the machinery of the heathen mythology, than on the descriptions and declarations of holy writ.

26. *Daily Light reflected from the Sacred Scriptures*, (Religious Tract Society,) shines with such steady lustre on the paths of man, that all who follow its guidance will be led into the way everlasting. This little book consists of passages selected from the sacred writings, and of short practical comments on them, by numerous authors, whose names are inserted. In the selection of commentators, we rejoice to find that sectarian bigotry has not been permitted either to dictate or to triumph.

27. *The Child's Repository, and Infant Scholar's Magazine, Vol. V.* (Stephens, London,) has a large circulation, but not more so than it deserves. Many useful

branches of natural history appear in its pages, and these are rendered more attractive by the wood-cuts with which they are accompanied. We cannot, however, approve of such unguarded expressions as the following. On the subject of lying, we are told, in page 29, that "in Siam, he who tells a lie is punished by having his mouth sewed up." It is then added—"This may appear dreadful, but no severity is too great against one who commits so great a sin." We always rejoice, when we find zeal tempered with knowledge.

28. *Advice to a Young Christian, &c., by a Village Pastor* (Religious Tract Society, London,) is an American publication, now reprinted in this country. The advice is included in a series of twenty-nine letters, written by the author to one of his congregation. Prefixed, is an introductory Essay by Dr. Alexander, an American minister. The style, tone of feeling, and sentiments inculcated, are all of an exalted character, and calculated to stimulate the reader to aim at an elevated standard of piety. It is a little volume, of fair promise, and one that we doubt not will be found useful to serious young persons.

29. *Abridgment of the New Game Laws, &c., by Lieutenant-Colonel Hawker*, (Longman, London,) will give much interesting information to the companions of dogs and guns.

30. *Remarks on the Cholera Morbus, &c. &c., by H. Young M. D.*, (Smith and Elder, London,) will, in the present state of alarming excitement, command attention by its title, and secure approbation by its contents. On this momentous subject, various opinions are exhibited by medical men to the world. Many of these might appear to oppose each other; but if, from the discord of theories, any genuine information as to the symptoms, causes, and treatment of the disease, can be acquired, some hopes may be entertained that means will be devised to arrest its progress, and avert its awful consequences. Mr. Young, having seen the ravages of this disease in India, and communicated with the medical board at St. Petersburg, comes before the public with strong claims to general confidence. On the merits of his pamphlet, we are wholly incompetent to decide. We can only say, that his observations appear plausible, argumentative, and rational.

31. *Speech of P. C. Crampton, Esq., President of the Hibernian Temperance Society, June, 1831*, we should rejoice to put into the hand of every drunkard in the united kingdom.

Smoking.—We are often asked, if the use of tobacco is injurious? Viewing the question in the abstract, we should answer, Yes. In a person in full health, nothing is required but pure air, food and drink, every thing else is superfluous, and consequently, injurious to the constitution. A powerful nervous system must be more than overpowered because it makes a direct attack on the nervous system. It affects the stomach and the brain. Not viewing him as a creature of civilization subjected hourly to numerous foreign to his nature, and injurious to his health, narcotics by playing nervous excitability, but in certain circumstances and constitutions he really suffers. We would not therefore deprive the smoker of his consolation, but we would keep the pleasure from excess. We would guard especially against that of unseasonable positions, in which the pleasure is frequently lost. Smoking is a great and powerful stimulant at best but a slight one. If the two must be associated, health then is decidedly inimical to health and reason. Smoking can never be proper before the middle period of life. The young man to parade the streets in the evening with cigars in their mouths, in either effluvia or something worse. *Theoretical and Practical Employment in Health and Longevity.*

History of India.—There are many temples in India, from which the East India Company receive tribute, of which the principal are, Gya, Allahabad, and Tripetty. The total amount of revenue received from all these sources is unknown, but that supplied from the following four temples, amounts to a prodigious sum. Mr. Poynder estimates it as follows:

Clear profit for the seventeen years ending 1850, exclusively, for Jagannath	£200,000 15 0
Clear profit for the sixteen years ending in 1850, exclusively, for Gya	400,000 15 0
Clear profit for the sixteen years ending in 1850, exclusively, for Allahabad	150,000 7 0
Clear profit for the seventeen years ending in 1850, exclusively, for Tripetty	300,000 15 0
Total tribute received from all these temples for seventeen years	£1,050,000 15 0

Belmont House. The chest and the cup which Belshazz had with him on the island are in the possession of a family in North Lopham in Norfolk, who reside in the house in which he was born. The former is in admirable preservation although at least, one hundred and twenty three years old. It is made of cedar, is strongly built and very massive. The metals, A & S, are finely carved on it. The lower is the shell of some kind of nut which probably grew on the island. The last Mr. Venables of Edinburg, caused it to be much adorned and beautified, by giving it a new pedicle and having its edge ornamented with silver, on which a suitable inscription is given.

It rains like Wine.—Take dry walnuts, in the proportion of one to every gallon of wine, and burn them over a charcoal fire, when they are well roasted, throw them into the wine, and hang up to forty eight hours the acidity will have been corrected.

Spies and Tax.—There is five times as much spirituous liquor consumed in England as in France, but there is nearly one hundred times as much wine consumed in France as in England. Nearly three times as much beer is consumed in England as in all France, and a hundred times as much (waste of tax.

What More.—A considerable number of mice, as white as drifted snow, have recently been discovered at Great Wharfedale Hall, near Bury. In thrashing out a barn of wheat, nearly as many of this sort as of the common species were destroyed. It is believed that they were imported into this country with foreign corn. They increased in a very rapid ratio, some times being as numerous as fourteen.

Literary Notices.

Just Published.

Part II. of Peckham's History of Lancashire.
Part XXXIII. of National Portrait Gallery.—By Thomas Plumer Warren Hastings, Esq., and Lord Viscount Melbourne.

Editor's Drawing room Scrap book, a Quarto Alphabet, and Thirty six highly finished Engravings, and a special illustration in each from the pen of L. B. L. Vase, the North Sea in the years 1810 and 1820, comparing scenes in Brazil Para Maria, Cape of Good Hope and St Helena. By the Rev C. R. Stewart. Captain in the United States navy. With Pattern and Engravings. Abridged by W. Ellis.

The Office of the Holy Spirit. Four Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge in the month of November 1851. By Rev C. Pusey, M. A. Sermons by the late Rev Edward Pusey, D. D. Pastor of the Second Church in Portland, in the United States.

The First Number of a new and very splendid periodical, to be called the Indian Cabinet of Lamborn, Moor, and Remorse.

A New Edition of Herbert's Priest of the Temple, or the Literary Parson, his Character, and Role of Holy Life with the Church Pious &c. and a Sketch of his Life from Walter Royal Wino Church.

The Miraculous Gifts of the Primitive Christians, and Modern Piousness in their History. A Discourse delivered at Wesley Meeting, Nov 17, 1851. By Joseph Fletcher D. D.

The Complete Annual and Remorse Cabinet, for 1852. Edited by Wm Kennedy, Esq.

Geographical Annual, or Family Cabinet Atlas.

Public Addresses of Macneil and Customs popular to the Last. By the Rev Thomas Hall Dwyer.

Hymns and Evangelical Songs for Sunday Schools.

By John Palmer.

The Church Revived without the Aid of the Unknown Tongues. A sermon preached in the Scotch Church, Swallow street London. By H. Harris D. D.

A Letter to a Friend, on Subjects that trouble the Church. By Charles Finney.

The Pilgrims Progress, by John Bunyan with upwards of one hundred illustrative Engravings on Wood. By G. W. Bennett, and Lapham's Notes, by W. Mason.

The Literary Jewel, or Diamond Cabinet Library, in Prose and Verse.

Two Sermons, on occasion of the Death of the Rev. C. Gilbert late Vicar of Hatherleigh Devon. By the Rev J. H. Kingston and Rev J. P. Richards.

A Sermon preached at H. 17th Nov 1851, on the Unknown Tongues. By Wm Jones, Bolton.

The First Number of the Temperance Herald.

A Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption. By John Murray F. R. S. &c.

A Sermon occasioned by the Riot in Bristol. By W. R. Baker.

Family Chancel Library, No XXIV. Plotsch, Vol II.

The Etymological Spelling-book and Expander. By Henry Foster.

Sermons for Children. Tract Society.

Pulpit Part III. of Vol XXIII.

Lancaster's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, vols 24, 25.

Moral Reform a Sermon. By Wm Sayles.

A Charge addressed to the Rev Jan Rod Neveu, Scotch Church Swallow street, London. By Robert Burns D. D., &c.

Four Unsettled on the Signs of the Times. By Joseph Redford.

A Seasonable Admonition. By J. Pennoch.

Notes of all the Precepts contained in the New Testament. By Joseph Tarbell A. B.

Anti-Slavery Reporter No 91.

Legends and Stories of Ireland. By John Lever.

Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Quakers. By Capt John Brown F. R. S., &c.

Richard's Domestic Medicine 1851.

Writings of John Fox, Hale, and Loveland. Tract Society.

The History and Prospects of the Church, from the Creation to the Final Consummation. By James Bennett, D. D.

The Complete Works of Philip Doddridge, D. D. in two large volumes.

On Indigestion, &c. By Edward Johns, Inventor of the Stomach Pump.

Author's Table Talk.

Mental Recreation or Select Maxims, &c. of Philomachus Mathematicus Divinus, &c.

Chronicle of the Church of England, No XIX.—Bishop Hall's Works, Vol II.

Sermons. By the late Rev Ed Jos. Pusey, D. D.

The Living Preacher, Vol II.

Sermons preached at Hall Nov 15 1851 on the Unknown Tongues. By R. M. Heverley, Esq.

A Translation of the Statutes of the Royal and Honorary Geographic Order. By J. Frost F. R. S. &c.

Modern Claims to Miracles &c. As of the Spirit considered. A Sermon. By Rev W. Harrison A. M.

Practical Remarks on the Feasibility of the Hydrostatic Test in the Detection of Infanticide. By H. W. Deveraux, Esq. Surgeon &c.

Report of the African Education Society.

Report of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society &c.

The Religionists denouncing themselves Unitarians, and entitled to the Christian name. By Richard Winter Hamilton, Minister of Ashbur Chapel Leeds.

The Christian Pastor Visiting his Flock and the Flock reciprocating their Shepherd's Care. By John Morrison D. D.

The Shaking of the Nations with the corresponding Duties of Christians. A Sermon. By J. Leathbridge.

In the Press.

Saturday Evening. By the Author of Natural History of Epithetism. In 1 vol 8vo.

History and Character of American Revival Religion. By Rev, Calvin Collins, of America, 3

A New Edition of Brown's Self-Interpreting Bible, with a Life of the Author. By his Grandson.

Advice to a Young Christian, on the Importance of aiming at an elevated Standard of Piety. By a Village Pastor.

Mr. Samonelle's new work, The Entomological Cabinet.

Kidd's Guide to the "Lions" of London; or the Stranger's Directory, to St. Paul's, Westminster-Abbey, Zoological Gardens, &c.; with numerous Illustrations of the different places and objects. The whole designed and engraved by G. W. Bonner.

The Cabinet Annual Register, and Historical, Political, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Chronicle for 1832.

Cabinet Lawyer, an Enlarged, Improved, and Corrected Edition, being the Seventh, including all the recent legal alterations.

Dedicated by permission to His Majesty. Britain's Historical Drama. A Series of National Tragedies, intended to illustrate the Manners, Customs, and Religious Institutions of different early eras in Britain. By J. F. Pennie.

Preparing for Publication.

Maternal Sketches, and minor Poems. By Eliza Rutherford.

A Letter addressed to John Wilks, Esq., M.P., suggesting what Principles are necessary to the Construction of a permanent Law for the more safe Protection and better Government of Friendly Societies. By James Wright.

Also, by the same Author, A Letter addressed to John Wilks, Esq., M.P., on Imprisonment for Debt.

A New Edition of Cruden's Concordance, with a Sketch of the Author's Life. By Wm. Youngman.

COMMERCIAL RETROSPECT, LONDON, 27TH DECEMBER, 1831.

THE Year just closed has proved unfavourable to those connected with commercial and manufacturing pursuits; and, since our last Report, there have been no intervals of occasional improvement; for, although we seemed, twelve months since, to have reached the lowest point of depression, yet many articles of produce and manufacture have sunk still lower. This state of things may be ascribed partly to the disturbed condition of Europe—to the revolutionary movements in the infant states of America—and also to the agitation of that great measure at home, which has for its end the preservation of our Constitution by the infusion of new life and vigour into it.

It must not, however, be omitted, that in the track of the contending armies in the north, has followed that pestilential disease, which, having visited the capitals of central and northern Europe, has, by the establishment of sanatory cordons and other regulations, very much impeded the transit of goods. Our own country has also been partially visited by this scourge; yet, by the blessing of Providence upon the means adopted, we may venture to hope that its virulence will be abated.

The prospects for our manufacturers are brighter than they were, and already very considerable contracts for Twist have been made for Russia, to be shipped in the spring.

It is pleasing to remark, that, in the great manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the character of the working classes seems to be materially improved, as the successful establishment of Temperance Societies will sufficiently evince; and it will be further proved by the falling off of the excise duty on Spirits, and the increase on malt liquor, a change equally favourable to the health as to the morals of that industrious class. Sunday Schools, and Mechanics Institutions, with their circulating libraries, will have the effect of enlightening their minds, and of purifying their morals.

In connexion with this subject, it may not be improper to remark, that the stupendous monument of human art, the Manchester and Liverpool Rail-way, has shown the practicability and importance of this method of communication—and from the parliamentary notices of many similar undertakings, we may anticipate they will become very general, and that the expedition and facility of transit, combined with the moderate charge of carriage, will secure more advantages to the manufacturing interest than could have been contemplated.

The Iron trade, which at the commencement of the present century was quite insignificant, but has risen to such an eminence, as nearly to render us independent of foreign supply, (with the exception of that used in the making of steel,) has been under great depression; but, with a better demand for the staple articles of cotton and woollen manufactures, it will greatly revive.

The import of Cotton Wool into Liverpool this year has been 775,838 packages: the price is generally nearly one penny per pound lower than at the same period last year: the sales have been 829,560 packages; and stocks are lighter than usual.

Sugars are also much lower; the stocks are less; the last Gazette price was 22s. 8¹/₂d. per cwt. inclusive of the duty of customs. The West India interest complains, with much reason, of the depressed state of this article.

Coffee has risen in value from 50 to 60 per cent.; the consumption is going on rapidly, and has increased yearly since the diminution of the duty. It now forms a very important part of the food of the poorer classes.

Dyeing-woods are nearly on a par with last year. Indigo has been declining all the year, and, being one of the cheapest articles of commerce, it may be expected to enhance in value.

Spices are very moderate in value.

The failure of the fisheries last year caused a great advance in the prices of Oil; and, notwithstanding the ill-success of the fishery in the present year, yet prices of all kinds of Oil rule very low.

	Price in 1830.		In 1831.
Whale Oil..	£54	£25	
Seal	57	38	
Cod	52	37	

	Price in 1830.		In 1831.
Linseed Oil, ..	£42	£28	
Rape	53	34	
Whale Fins, ..	375	200	

Whilst foreign commerce was interrupted by the unsettled state of the Continent, and our internal trade much paralyzed, we have to record, that Divine Providence has blessed this land with an abundant and early harvest: the quality has been generally excellent; in so much that the consumption of the new crop commenced a month or six weeks earlier than usual; so that we may anticipate, that the foreign supplies, now under lock, will be wanted before the coming harvest.

The prospects for Britain are not discouraging; our Government seems resolved on the preservation of peace, and they have shown a disposition to lighten many of the burdens pressing upon industry. Next month the duty will cease on candles. We should, for ourselves, have been glad to have seen the impost on Soap taken off; but the duty of 3d. per lb. is too great a boon to be expected so soon—otherwise the health and cleanliness of the working classes would be much benefited by such a measure.

We doubt not, however, that the attention of Government will be directed to other measures of national benefit. The extension of the trade with China—a revision of the Corn Laws—a revision of the Bank Charter—an extension of the Poor Laws to Ireland—and the condition of the Slaves, will probably have their consideration.



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THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1832.

MEMOIR OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

(With a Portrait.)

THE name of RUSSELL is of such renown in the records of our country, that it will always be respectable, until England shall either sink into despotism, or cease to be a nation. A happy combination of patriotism and loyalty, an attachment to the throne, and an unremitting regard for the rights and welfare of the people, have always been prominent with the Russells through a long line of illustrious ancestry, distinguished for exalted rank and splendid talents, among the patriots, heroes, statesmen, and nobility in the island that gave them birth. Pursuing them along the stream of time, no marks of degeneracy appear. The lustre of the most distant progenitor has never received a tarnish from a numerous posterity; and the subject of this memoir bids fair to transmit the unsullied reputation of his family to generations that are yet unborn.

The ancestors of this illustrious house may be traced back to the fifth year of Henry III., who was crowned in 1216, at which time, Francis Russell is recorded as the constable of Corfe castle. To Henry VII., John Russell was one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber. He was among those who welcomed that monarch on his landing in England, and was esteemed as one of the most accomplished gentlemen of the age in which he lived. His talents and integrity were accompanied with their merited reward. Several offices of state responsibility were committed to his care, and their duties were performed with honourable exactness. By Henry VIII. this gentleman was created Baron Russell of Cheinies, in Buckinghamshire, in 1539. In the following years, when the dissolution of monasteries took place, his lordship procured a grant for himself, and his heirs, of the site of Tavistock-abbey, with all its extensive and valuable appendages. In the succeeding reign, he was created Earl of Bedford, and was sent by Mary as ambassador to Spain, to conduct Philip, her royal consort, to England.

The first Duke of Bedford was William Russell, father of the celebrated patriot whom Charles II. caused to be barbarously beheaded. The father survived this stroke many years, and lived to express his pathetic but indignant feelings to James II., in language that will never be forgotten. When the affairs of this latter monarch, whose influence with his brother had been fatal to the murdered patriot, became desperate, he applied to some of the aged nobility, for advice and aid to retrieve the fortune of his throne; the Duke of Bedford was among those whose favour he solicited. On hearing his application, the venerable duke, in a solemn and impressive tone, gave to the agitated monarch the following remarkable reply—"I am too old and feeble to assist your majesty. I once had a son, who, if living, might have been able to render you some service in this extremity:

but you and your brother gave him an early passport to a better world." The mortification of the royal applicant needs no comment. The venerable duke survived the Revolution about eleven years; and, on his death, was succeeded in the dukedom by the eldest son of the celebrated patriot whom Charles had beheaded.

The father of the present duke, and grandfather of Lord John Russell, was of high celebrity as a public character. In 1762, he was minister to the court of France; and, at Fontainebleau, signed, in behalf of England, the preliminaries of peace with France and Spain. His eldest son, the Marquis of Tavistock, having lost his life by a fall from his horse in hunting, the ducal honours devolved on his younger brother, who succeeded to them at a very tender age. Advancing, however, to maturity, the splendour of his talents, his agricultural science, and still more powerful example, procured for him the distinguished appellation of the *great* Duke of Bedford. But, while "bearing his blushing honours thick about him," he was arrested by death in the midst of his usefulness, leaving his compatriots to bewail his loss as a national calamity. This disastrous event transmitted the dukedom, with all its honours and emoluments, to their present possessor, the father of Lord John Russell, the subject of this memoir, who is the third son by the first duchess, a daughter of Viscount Farington.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL was born on the 19th of August, 1792, and, during his childhood, was of a weak, and rather delicate frame. In consequence of this deficiency in muscular strength and constitutional energy, instead of being sent to Eton, Winchester, or Westminster, he was placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Smith, who for many years presided over a seminary of the highest reputation, at Woodnesborough, near Sandwich, in Kent; and by whom he was prepared for the university. Among his associates, while with Mr. Smith, were several distinguished noblemen, who display their splendid talents on the great theatre of politics in the present day.

Removing from Woodnesborough to the University of Cambridge, Lord John Russell applied to his studies with such commendable assiduity, that he soon matured and completed an education, of which a solid foundation had been previously laid by his preceptor, Mr. Smith. It does not appear that his lordship's attention was so directed to any particular subjects, as to preclude a general acquaintance with others. With the great and leading principles of legislation, history, commerce, science, philosophy, and law, his mind was rendered so familiar, that in either department his talents could not fail to command a very high degree of respect. It is by this general knowledge, that he has been able to bring forward in the house of commons a measure, which, whatever may be its ultimate issue, will cause his name to be enrolled in the archives of national immortality.

Lord John Russell first made his appearance in parliament in the year 1819, as member for the county of Huntingdon, which he continued to represent until 1826. Very early in his parliamentary career, he evinced his attachment to those liberal opinions for which his ancestors had invariably been distinguished; and, on all suitable occasions, supported them by talents every way worthy of his illustrious house, to whose immortal honours he has ever since continued to make important additions. Ministerial ascendancy, and unconstitutional legislation, were the first objects of his attack; and the modest and unassuming demeanour which invariably marked his conduct, procured for him an influential station among the senators of his country. The proud and glorious example of Charles James Fox appeared always in his view; and, instinctively taking possession of the seat of that renowned statesman, which had been vacated by

his death, he avowed his determination to carry on that hostility against political corruption, which that champion of reform and freedom had so happily, though unsuccessfully, commenced, but in which he persevered to his latest days.

Keeping his great and leading principles constantly in view, about the middle of December, his lordship, having previously given notice of his intention, introduced his first motion on parliamentary reform. This was accompanied with a speech, which at once breathed conciliation, firmness, and moderation. The subject was of national importance, which, combined with the manner and arguments of the speaker, commanded in the house a degree of attention, which many veteran members frequently sought in vain.

“It was impossible,” he said, “not to perceive, that there were two parties in the house, between whom there prevailed at that moment an extreme degree of irritation; the one urging unreasonable demands, and the other meeting every demand with a peremptory denial—the one claiming unknown privileges and imaginary rights, and the other ready to cast into oblivion all those ancient liberties which our ancestors had shed their blood to establish, and ready to endanger them for ever, in order to obtain a temporary security and qualification!”

His lordship then adverted to the notorious abuses of small boroughs, and defended a recommendation to grant the elective franchise to such populous towns as Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, and Halifax. Having descanted on these topics, he concluded by proposing four resolutions—the first, against bribery and corruption in general; the second, against the continuance of the representation for any place convicted of these evils; the third, expressive of the duty of the house in these respects; and the fourth, that the borough of Grampound in Cornwall should be made the first example of deprivation. These resolutions were seconded by Lord Normanby; but Lord Castlereagh having proposed going into committee on the last resolution alone, without entering on the great question of parliamentary reform, the delinquency of Grampound became an object of such attention, that the other resolutions were immediately withdrawn, and guilty Grampound was summoned to the bar. Lord Russell accordingly gave notice, that he should move on a given day, for the disfranchisement of this rotten Cornish borough.

During the interim, Lord Russell took occasion to animadvert on some branches of the civil list, in which he thought considerable retrenchment might be made. Ancient usage, he thought a bad foundation for any office that had no connexion with utility, or the dignity of the crown; otherwise he saw no reason why his majesty should not still retain a royal fool, and have a regular allowance of straw for his bed, and litter for his chamber, as in days of yore.

On the 19th of May 1820, the bill for disfranchising detected Grampound was brought in without opposition, but the second reading produced a lengthened debate—not whether Grampound was innocent or guilty, for, on the ground of corruption, the evidence was complete; but whether the elective right should be given to some large unrepresented town, or that Yorkshire should enjoy the precious boon. Lord Eldon, indeed, contended, strenuously and warmly, in behalf of the unbribed, or rather undetected, electors of Grampound; being unwilling to involve the innocent with the guilty. Lord Russell, on the contrary, exerted himself in favour of Leeds. But both these propositions were resisted by the house, which finally decided in favour of York.

We must not, however, suppose, because Grampound was selected as an example, that this place was more deeply involved in elective degeneracy than many other places, which had the good fortune to escape detection. Grampound was rather, when found guilty of being caught, so disfranchised, as at once to expiate the crime, and to serve as a beacon to others, that they might transact their little concerns with more circumspection, prudence, and secrecy.

In the examination of evidence, to which the affair of Grampound led, it was stated by one of the aldermen, that there were not more than three or four uncorrupt electors in the place. This avowal, which seemed to excite some considerable surprise in the house, drew from Lord Russell the following observations.

“Alas! the glory of Grampound is gone for ever. The electors will no more have the pleasure of seeing a baronet, (Sir M. Lopez,) out of pure motives of charity, sending confidential agents to relieve their distresses, and minister to their wants. They will no more be delighted with the gratifying spectacle of the merchants of London contending to represent them. Never again will they have the satisfaction of almost murdering those who had the hardihood to propound the bribery-oath!”

On this mock lamentation over the political death of Grampound, it will be unnecessary to make any comment. The general feeling of the house on the occasion, was hailed as a favourable omen towards reform, and subsequent years and events have proved that the indications were not delusive.

It will be recollected by many of our readers, that, after the second reading of the bill for the disfranchisement of Grampound, it stood over until the ensuing session of parliament; the affairs of her late majesty queen Caroline, engrossing a considerable portion of legislative attention, and absorbing nearly the whole of the public mind. In the month of February 1821, the bill was, however, again brought forward, and, with scarcely any further opposition, carried triumphantly through both houses. This secured to the county of York the franchise which Grampound had lost, and was, to the friends of parliamentary reform, a source of the highest gratification, and a powerful stimulant to their future hopes.

Animated by this harbinger of further successes, the friends of reform immediately prepared some propositions of a more general nature. The first attempt was made by Mr. Lambton, now Lord Durham; but the motion was so sweeping, that it produced a long and tempestuous debate, through two successive nights, and was finally negatived during the absence of the mover.

Having learned wisdom by the defeat which Mr. Lambton had sustained, Lord John Russell, about a month afterwards, appeared before the house, with a bill of more moderate dimensions. This was seconded by Mr. Whitmore, but was finally thrown out, though by only a small majority. Gathering from this circumstance, that the friends of reform were rapidly on the increase, the promoters of this measure seized every favourable opportunity to carry their important object. Accordingly, in 1822, when the agricultural interest appeared in so distressed a state, that various meetings were held, to petition parliament for its relief, the want of reform in parliament was assigned, among other causes, as one source of the general calamity. To redress this grievance, petitions for reform were presented to the house from various parts of the kingdom; among which, Middlesex, Norfolk, Suffolk, Surrey, Cambridge, Bedford, Devon, and Cornwall were particularly conspicuous.

Encouraged by these petitions, and stimulated by past success, Lord John Russell moved—"That the state of the representation required the serious attention of the house." This motion was supported by a long and elaborate speech; but the attempt proved abortive. A speech from Mr. Canning not only neutralized its effect, but procured a rejection of the motion by a majority of 105.

Nothing daunted, however, by these defeats, Lord John Russell, during the ensuing year, made a fourth motion on the same subject; but this was likewise negatived by a majority of 111. A fifth attempt was made, by the same nobleman, in 1826, but this was rejected by a still greater majority, of 124.

Still tugging at the tree of corruption, much about the same time, Lord Russell introduced his bill, the more effectually to prevent bribery at elections. The objects which it was intended to embrace, were comprised in two resolutions. These were vigorously supported and opposed by the opposite parties; which were so nearly balanced, that, on a division, sixty-two appeared on each side. The speaker's casting vote was in favour of the resolutions, and a dissolution of parliament almost immediately followed.

At the general election which took place in the summer of 1826, Lord Russell, being decidedly favourable to Catholic emancipation, lost his seat as county member for Huntingdon; and at that time it was generally understood, that, unable to sit for a county, he would not accept a representation for a borough. From this resolution, however, he seemed to have been dissuaded by his friends; for, on the opening of the new parliament, we find him again at his post, as member for Bandon in Ireland. In the important transactions of this parliament he bore an active part, and rendered himself conspicuous by his able speeches, and zealous efforts on the great questions which were agitated, respecting the foreign enlistment bill, the cause of the Greek and Spanish patriots, and the occupation of Spain by the troops of France. On each of these subjects, all his powers were placed in full requisition, and the eloquence which he displayed, as occasions demanded his advocacy, will not speedily be forgotten.

It was, however, on the repeal of the test and corporation acts, that this steady friend of toleration and reform shone with a still brighter lustre. The cause lay near his heart; and in every movement that it took, he seemed to feel a personal interest. Many unsuccessful efforts had been made in previous parliaments and preceding years, to obliterate the intolerant statute, and emancipate the whole body of dissenters from the chains which barbarous days had imposed and riveted. But it was reserved for the year 1828, to enjoy the long-desired triumph; and for Lord John Russell to march among the foremost in the patriotic band by whom this great deliverance was achieved.

This bill having passed the commons, Lord John Russell, in company with other ardent friends of the measure, was commissioned to convey the precious document to the upper house. This was of itself an honour of enviable distinction; but the bill being thus presented to the lords, under a secret assurance that it would meet in that august assembly with no formidable opposition, and that the royal assent was ready to give its final ratification, must have created sensations of patriotic feeling which no language can adequately express. On this very momentous occasion, the following remark of Sir James Mackintosh merits insertion in this place.

"The first person," he observes, "who sought to repeal these acts was William the Third, who, five weeks after he ascended the throne, went to

the house of peers, and implored them in behalf of the dissenting portion of his subjects. He implored, however, in vain. But on that very occasion, he offered atonement on the spot for the national sin, by reversing the attainder of Lord Russell. And now, one hundred and forty years after, a descendant of Lord Russell is appointed to go to the house of peers, to perform this act of justice, in the name, and with the authority, of the commons of England."

A strong desire for reform in parliament prevailing throughout the country, the commons of England were besieged with petitions from every quarter; but under the Wellington administration, very faint hopes were entertained of success. On this momentous subject, the duke hesitated not to declare, that "Ministers were not prepared to introduce any measure for a reform in parliament. He had never heard any sufficient reason to induce him to think that the representation of the people in parliament could be materially improved by reform, or rendered more satisfactory to the nation; and should it come under discussion while he continued in his present post, as a public man, he should feel it his duty to resist it."

This ill-timed speech proved fatal to the Duke of Wellington's popularity, which for some time had been on the wane; and, with other pre-ages, indicated that his administration was nearly at an end. In the city of London, and throughout the country, discontent assumed an alarming aspect, which it became needful to appease. On a question relating to the civil list, on the 15th of November 1830, ministers were left in a minority of twenty-nine. This was the death-blow; and on the following evening his grace, alluding to the circumstance, observed, "that he had that morning tendered his resignation, of which his Majesty had accepted."

This resignation was immediately followed by a new ministry, in which Mr. Brougham appeared as Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, with a peerage; Earl Grey, as First Lord of the Treasury; and Lord John Russell, as Paymaster of the Forces.

Scarcely had the new ministry taken their seats, before parliamentary reform again made its appearance in both houses. Earl Grey, on presenting several petitions in favour of reform, observed, that, although "he was not prepared to follow them in all their extent, yet, in the principle of the measure he entirely concurred; that himself and friends had framed a plan which, he was convinced, would prove efficient, and that it had met with the approbation of His Majesty's government."

In the House of Commons, Lord Althorp stated, "that His Majesty's government would be prepared to submit the plan, by which they proposed to reform the representation, on the first of March. He wished also to state, that the government had determined to depute Lord John Russell, the Paymaster of the Forces, to bring the question forward. The noble lord had been selected for that task, in consequence of the ability and perseverance which he had displayed in the cause of reform, in days when it was unpopular. His noble friend had proposed various partial measures of reform, when even partial measures were viewed unfavourably; now, therefore, when the cause was prosperous, the government thought that the noble lord was the fittest person to take the lead in the business, and to introduce a full and efficient reform, instead of the partial ones that he had suggested."

On the first of March, 1831, Lord John Russell, according to previous arrangements and appointment, brought forward, in the House of Commons, the important question of parliamentary reform. His speech was cool, dispassionate, and guarded, and suited by its solemnity to the great

occasion, then about to claim the serious attention of the house. Of this bill, in its general outline and its various clauses, we forbear to give any account, the whole having been so lately circulated in almost every newspaper throughout the kingdom. The debates also, which originated in the important questions which it involved, it would be tedious even to enumerate. After a severe ordeal, and undergoing some trifling alterations, that branch of the bill which related to England was read a second time, on the twenty-first of March, when there appeared in favour of an amendment, proposed by Sir Richard Vyvyan, 301, and for the bill, 302; thus leaving ministers with a majority of one! In this state, it was ordered to be committed on the fourteenth of April.

During the interim, innumerable petitions poured in from all parts of the empire, in favour of the bill; but the formidable minority placed its ultimate success in a very equivocal light. On Monday the eighteenth, however, Lord John Russell moved the order of the day, "That the house do resolve itself into a committee, to consider the provisions of the bill for the amendment of the representation of England and Wales." This was accompanied with an elaborate and energetic speech, every way worthy of the occasion on which it was delivered. This commitment was opposed with much violence by the Tories, and defended with equal warmth by the powerful talents of its supporters; but, on a division, it was found, that in favour of an amendment by General Gascoyne, there were 299 votes, while, in support of the bill, as it originally stood, only 291 appeared; thus leaving ministers in a minority of eight, upon what might be deemed an essential branch of the great question.

His Majesty being decidedly in favour of the bill, and feeling the utmost confidence in his ministers, determined on dissolving the parliament in person, and on making as fair an appeal to the people as circumstances would allow. Pursuant to this resolution, His Majesty, at the time appointed, entered the house, and, ascending the throne, commenced his speech in the following words—

"My Lords and Gentlemen, I am come to meet you for the purpose of proroguing this parliament, with a view to its immediate dissolution.

"I have been induced to resort to this measure, for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of my people, in the way in which it can be most constitutionally and authentically expressed, on the expediency of making such changes in the representation as circumstances may appear to require, and which, founded upon the acknowledged principles of the constitution, may tend at once to uphold the just rights and prerogatives of the crown, and to give security to the liberties of the people."

Correspondent with this speech, the parliament was accordingly prorogued until the tenth of May, in due form; and, on the following day, it was dissolved by proclamation, and the new one was appointed to meet on the fourteenth of June.

On the assembling of the new parliament, His Majesty, in his speech, renewed his wishes, that the subject of reform should immediately occupy the attention of the legislature; and, in pursuance of this recommendation, Lord John Russell again introduced his bill for this important measure. Early in July it was read a second time in the House of Commons, and carried by a majority of 136. After seven divisions, the house resolved itself into a committee about the middle of the month. The first week in September it passed the committee, and, on the twenty-first, it finally received, in the House of Commons, a triumphant majority, there being in its favour 345, and against it 236.

Coming before the Lords, the merits of this bill were examined with the most rigorous scrutiny, and, after a discussion during five nights, on the sixth of October it was rejected by a majority of forty-one.

The fate of this popular bill, on becoming known, created a general ferment, both in town and country; and numerous acts of outrage were committed by an exasperated and disappointed populace. Many of the nobility, who had been active in their opposition, became particularly obnoxious; several of their mansions were consumed by fire; and, in some instances, their persons were by no means safe. The bishops, with two or three solitary exceptions, were, perhaps, more deeply involved in this popular odium than any others; and, if vengeance had been permitted to operate unrestrained, in the first paroxysm of irritation, few among them would have been permitted to give another vote.

His Majesty, however, being decidedly in favour of the bill, and uniformly approving the measures pursued by the House of Commons, speedily informed the nation that his purpose was unaltered, and that his confidence in ministers remained unshaken. This open avowal tended much to tranquillize the public mind; and, with the exception of some restless and impatient spirits, all appeared willing to wait the result of another effort.

Correspondent with these sentiments, on the 20th of October His Majesty, in person, prorogued the parliament until the 6th of December, when it was again opened in person by this liberally-minded monarch; whose firm resolution to restore to his people their constitutional rights will endear his name to the latest posterity. His example will be held up as a pattern to future monarchs; and historians will tell the world, that in the days of William IV. Toryism was as despicable and odious as Jacobinism had been during the reign of George III.

On the 12th of December, Lord John Russell obtained leave to introduce a third reform bill, which, in general outline, was precisely similar to that which the Lords had negatived in October. This bill, after some discussion during two nights, obtained a second reading on the 17th, by the large majority of one hundred and sixty-two, and immediately afterwards parliament adjourned until about the middle of January, 1832. On reassembling, the reform bill was speedily resumed, and in the committee its various clauses are now undergoing daily discussion.

It would be desirable if this memoir could be delayed until the fate of the reform bill shall be ultimately decided; but the time of our periodical being fixed, this desideratum cannot be obtained. In the House of Commons it has nothing to fear from opposition; and the Lords, it is presumed, will have more prudence and wisdom than to treat with defiance and contempt the voice of a spirited nation.

But whatever may be the final destiny of the reform bill, with which the name and reputation of Lord John Russell are closely connected in all its movements, no issue which awaits it can tarnish the lustre of his exertions, or eclipse the immortal honours which he has acquired. His efforts in the cause of freedom will be enrolled in our national archives, and in future years, when the subject of reform shall be mentioned, the country and posterity will be told, that Lord Russell was its immutable friend.

Should his lordship hereafter be compelled to mourn over his country's wrongs, and to behold her liberties trampled under the feet of local despotism, he may console himself with this reflection, that he has done every thing in his power to prevent the degradation of his native land; and finally, say, in the language of Addison,

"Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it."

AN ESSAY ON THE IMPORTANCE OF CHARITY.

THE duty of charity is repeatedly enforced in the writings of the Old, and no less frequently urged in the records of the New Testament. It is there held up to our attention, as a command involving many important sanctions and awful denouncements, to be daily practised; and not merely occasionally dispensed, as caprice may dictate, or passion control.

In every age of the world, and under all forms of government, whether rude or civilized, if their opinions were diverse, or their practices were in other respects repugnant to each other, they all agree in assigning to the virtue of benevolence the most exalted rank; in celebrating its rights, and abstaining from the least violation of its laws, as displaying the most amiable dispositions of the heart. In accordance with the primary dictates of nature, and the self-evident suggestions of reason, it will be found that men are, in general, loved and honoured in proportion to the gifts they have bestowed upon mankind. If we refer to the opinion of the wise and illustrious men of the heathen world on this subject, we shall find that their suffrages all tend to assert the necessity of beneficence; and to consolidate the prevalent truth, that charity is at once amiable in its appearance, as well as beneficial in its tendency.

But to Christians, the importance of this duty is materially enhanced, from the variety of incitements to its practice, contained in the injunctions of scripture; which are solemnly reiterated and confirmed by the highest authority, even the declarations of inspiration. For every part of that sacred volume abounds either with precepts that direct us to obey its admonitions, or with examples that inculcate it as patterns for our serious imitation. The most venerable patriarchs, whose characters are portrayed with the truest fidelity and the most beautiful simplicity, in the luminous pages of holy writ, were particularly distinguished for their uniform observance of the rights of hospitality. Amidst the numerous afflictions by which Job was at one time surrounded, he found the remembrance of his former charity a source of unspeakable comfort to his troubled spirit. The pleasing recollection that he had attended to the cries of the miserable, dispensed food to the hungry, and clothed the naked—that he had aided the widow, and protected the orphan—that he had relieved a portion of the calamities of life, and mitigated the sorrows of the oppressed; this afforded him

the truest satisfaction, it shed a genial ray, a sort of consolatory light, in the most stormy scenes through which he traversed, and in the darkest day in which he lived.

From those who possess opulent resources, either transmitted by their ancestors, or accumulated by their own industry, it is urgently required, and especially commanded by the Almighty; hence, of them “to whom much is given, much certainly will be required.” Parsimony in such cases is highly detestable in the sight of God, and is injustice the most palpable to those of their species who are less abundantly favoured with earthly gifts.

It ought to be their highest ambition to imitate in some degree the undistinguishing munificence of Him “who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.” Whatever superfluity of blessings He has given us to enjoy, we ought consequently to employ them in the laudable endeavour of contributing to the happiness of the wretched, in cheering the abodes of poverty, in softening the miseries of disease, in lightening the pains of decrepitude, and in easing the agonies of death. These are natural evils to which all are exposed, though it is very apparent there is a great difference in the degrees of distress; yet it must be considerably aggravated, when even the most absolute necessities for the support of mere animal life can be but precariously obtained. Such cases pathetically appeal to our humanity, and loudly call for our speedy commiseration and ready succour.

It would be difficult to imagine, were it not for instances of this miserable selfishness, that come too often under our observation, that any one would be unwilling to offer assistance in such emergencies, even as a trivial acknowledgment of his daily dependence on the never-failing supplies of the universal Benefactor. If we allude merely to the instability of human enjoyments, and the fluctuations to which prosperity is ever liable, (for no man can be absolutely certain that what he possesses to-day, he may not be deprived of before the return of to-morrow,) that he could deny pecuniary aid, and even human sympathy, to a fellow-creature, a sharer of the same nature, and a denizen of the earth; upon the consideration, founded solely on secular wisdom, that what he refuses to the needy suppliant at the present juncture, he may, by a sudden reverse in the ceaseless rotation of human affairs, have, at no very distant period, occasion to solicit from the bounty of another, and have to encounter a chilling repulse, alike impenetrable to his

most urgent entreaties. But we may be readily convinced, if we look around us with an observing eye, that there are those in whose minds depravity has gained such a powerful ascendancy, that they can look with insensibility and comparative indifference, on every gradation of misery, and variety of cruelty, without rendering the least assistance, or proffering the slightest alleviation.

It may with truth be said, that avarice is the predominant and unalterable passion of base minds, and likewise a decisive mark of a shallow, if not an illiterate, understanding. It is to be feared, that those whose feelings are thus warped, whose passions are disordered, whose reason is perverted, and who have received this fatal bias, perhaps first induced by an erroneous education, and afterwards confirmed into an inveterate habit; nothing will awaken to the pure sentiments of disinterested benevolence, short of the meliorating operation and expanding influence of divine grace.

There are various causes which produce a flow of liberality, and instigate the distribution of bounty; some proceed from ostentatious and ignoble motives, others arise from pure and virtuous principles. There are those, whose chief aim in distributing their donations is, to secure the favour of the multitude, and gain the applause of their contemporaries; to see their name blazoned in the gazette of the day, or inserted in some of the popular records appropriated for the acknowledgment of charitable subscriptions. Others give, from an expectation that they shall ultimately receive a liberal compensation for what they may be thus induced to advance, and regulate the extent of their bounty according to the probability there is that it is likely to be reimbursed with an advantageous increase. But whatever sinister design may have prompted them to acts of charity, and with whatever degree of success they may have imposed upon mankind, whether they have acted from a genuine or a fictitious principle, whether from a pure heart fervently, or not, will be distinguished by Him alone who shall preside as judge amidst the stupendous disclosures of the last day.

Some are desirous, when they distribute their favours, that there should be a corresponding sense of gratitude evinced by the party benefited, which is certainly both just and equitable, as the only equivalent in their power to offer; but this must not be regarded, though it is lamentably to be deplored, or at least so as to obstruct the

uniform course of our benevolence. We must rather, solely and habitually act, not from temporal views, but from the proper motives to charity, from higher dictates and a nobler philanthropy, which arise from a steady faith in the validity of the promises of God, and the firm expectation of an adequate reward only to be obtained in a future state. For, as a great writer on this subject has appositely remarked, "to hope for recompense in this life, is not beneficence, but usury."

One of the principal arguments that can be adduced, to enforce this great and momentous duty, in its widest latitude of meaning, is drawn from the brevity of life, and the uncertainty of our continuance here. If we reflect for a moment—however large our treasures may be, or extensive our domains, we know that we cannot retain them but for a very short time, at the most. Then, as stewards entrusted, by the Lord of all, with a superior portion of his goods, ought we not to dispense his bounty and scatter his gifts with a liberal hand to the poor and needy, while we have the means in our power; for the employment of the talents now committed to our care will eventually determine our eternal destiny.

Annexed to the proper use and the right distribution of the blessings we possess, as all are exposed to numerous evils and various troubles, is the promise of the Omnipotent, to deliver such in the day of trouble, and the hour of necessity; even at that time, when all are obliged to confess their extreme impotence and utter imbecility; "when both heart and strength fail;" "when the shadow of death compasseth them about;" of such it is said, "their righteousness shall go before them, and the glory of the Lord shall be their rere-ward." Farther than this, what stronger incitement can be offered, what motive more powerful can be urged, what argument more convincing can be employed, than to discharge this great duty from the sole conviction that it is to obtain the approbation of Him, "whom to know is life eternal?"

But these incomparable rewards are far from being inseparably connected with those who are in affluent circumstances. Charity is an universal duty, incumbent on all ranks, and therefore undoubtedly is, in some way or another, in every man's power to practise. The least mite, when accompanied with the proper motives, and given with a sincere attempt to do good, cannot fail to be equally acceptable to God as the most elaborate design or costly sacrifices: He that is incapable of benefiting

his neighbour by a pecuniary donation, has probably the means in his power to dispense instruction to minds more ignorant than his own; he can pay many little offices of kindness in the chamber of sickness, and give assistance to the langours of decay; or, he can protect unguarded innocence from the insults of the proud, and help it to avoid the snares of the cruel. So that all are allowed to participate in the delights which never fail to accompany benevolent deeds; and even in giving a cup of cold water to the thirsty traveller, from the limpid stream, our Saviour has said, "it shall not lose its reward."

Some there are who delight to dwell on the general excellence of charity, if it could be always administered to worthy objects, and pretend to admire the propriety of the precepts which emphatically inculcate it as an essential part of christian duty. But they discover so many instances in which charity has been perverted, and such very ill effects have proceeded from undistinguishing liberality, that the most fervent appeal to their generosity is seldom requited, and the best-accredited recital of a tale of calamity is repelled, from a too scrupulous fear they should be the dupes of imposture, and the encouragers of idleness in any of its forms. Those who adopt such excuses, and raise numerous objections to every method of charity as soon as ever the plan is devised, or the statement proposed, too generally make them a subterfuge for the purpose of being exempt altogether from the practice of alms-giving.

But surely all further proof is rendered nugatory, when our blessed Redeemer has expressly declared, that those, and those only, who have shown mercy to their fellow-creatures, "shall finally obtain mercy from him, and be numbered amongst the blessed of his Father." Our Saviour, in his own unblemished conduct, has set us a perfect example of unwearied and disinterested benevolence; the distinguishing characteristic of his life was, that he continually "went about doing good." Besides condescending to inform us of the necessity and importance of charity, he has likewise taught us, in the most explicit manner, how our services may be rendered acceptable to Him. He has told us they must be performed, not with a vain desire to gain applause; that we must divest ourselves of all pride, abhor all notions of self-conceit, and not imagine that, in executing our duty, we are accomplishing works of supererogation, or as a succedaneum for the vital spirit of true piety; but conduct our charity in such a manner as to be principally

"known to our Father which seeth in secret."

By this precept it is not to be understood, that all public acts of charity should be entirely superseded; for we are commanded to "let our light so shine before men, that they may see our good works, and so be led to glorify our Father which is in heaven." The right and legitimate meaning of which declaration evidently implies, that the desire to be seen and admired should not be the ruling motive of our actions, but that our paramount object in all such transactions should be, the honour of God, and the glory of his holy name."

T. ROYCE.

Leicester, Oct. 3, 1831.

NO MORE.

["The words 'no more,' have a singular pathos; reminding us at once of past pleasure, and the future exclusion of it."] *Shenstone.*

IN observing the operations of nature, whether in the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdoms, we cannot help perceiving a beautiful analogy. One class so insensibly unites with another, that it is often difficult to decide where the one terminates and the other begins. In the animal creation this is more particularly manifest, where creatures of a totally distinct genus are found to possess such a propinquity in some of their species, that we cannot but admire the uniformity as well as the variety displayed in their formation. It is with such reflections as these, that we observe the analogy still carried on in man, as regards his mental capacity. The different powers of the human mind, though distinct from each other, often unite so insensibly, that they are lost in one. Thus, by means of the words 'no more,' is a union formed in the mind, between the memory of the past and the anticipations of the future. Here, the analogy still continues between the thoughts and feelings of man; and in reviewing his pains and pleasures, we often see these involuntary exercises of the intellect and the heart connected by links, which, though delicate as the thread of the fates, can never be broken till time shall cease to be.

There is something within that attaches us to every thing around, even to inanimate objects, except where painful associations exist. There is generally a great repugnance in man to leave those spots in which he has been accustomed to dwell. His imagination, though it may rove very widely, generally rests on these as the most

legitimate objects of his love. The hardy Norwegian, whose only music, during the long wintry night, in the wild regions of snow, is the creaking of the ice-crusted pine, or the blustering storm, would not leave his dreary home without a pang, when he felt he should see it no more. And thus it is generally; a parting for ever, calls up emotions within the breast, that seem interwoven by nature.

We will take another step, even to the attachment that often exists between man and the brute creation. And there is no one who will deny, that the death of an affectionate, though mute companion, or separation from it for ever, excites some feelings of sorrow. But with respect to that close union of mind with mind in friendship, the shock is much greater. Deeply mournful are those sensations, when they, who have been united by every sentiment of esteem and affection, part to meet 'no more.' Then indeed do these words possess an influence over the mind, which no human aid can alleviate; and, as the rude tearing of the woodbine from the sweet-briar, the closer they are united, the more painful the separation.

A finer instance of this kind cannot perhaps be given than the parting of the elders of Ephesus from St. Paul. This, which is one of the most affecting interviews on scripture record, displays the christian and the man. It beautifully shews how christianity, instead of deadening to apathy, refines the feelings, while it prepares its own balm. Here, not merely the reciprocity of sentiment and affection—of isolated opinion and party affection—but the pure esteem, and love which springs from deep insight of character, was displayed in these holy men. The apostle was to the elders as a messenger of light, even the pure light of the gospel; the elders were to the apostle as children brought by himself to his Redeemer, as a "crown of rejoicing" amidst the hottest persecution. Here they met—to part for ever. After an exceedingly affectionate and earnest address, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face 'no more.'"

But it may be some speculation, whether the melancholy anticipation of the future is at all cheered by the retrospect of thought; or whether that wretch is less miserable, who, never having tasted happiness, cannot be liable to have it withheld from him. There is something so agonizing in eternal separation, that it cannot but blot out the

remembrance of past pleasure, and give a subtler edge to misery in itself almost insupportable. We know that when the mournful heart looks forward to brighter hours, and imagination paints the scene of gladness returning, more vividly tinged with the colours of hope, there is some consolation even in grief. We have also sometimes felt that the bitterness of sorrow is assuaged by the remembrance of the past, when the eye, by a fascinating charm, reverts to "dreams of former days," and hours of fleeting, yet delicious happiness. But he who was born in misery, who has never been relieved from pain, and anticipates no change, cannot feel the anguish of him who has enjoyed pleasures he never can enjoy again. The dreariness of a winter never visited by the rays of the sun seems less insupportable, than when its chilling gloom closes upon the lovely beauty of spring for ever.

In addition to individual separation, there is also that sympathy which man feels when contemplating the wrecks of time, when musing upon the departed glory of nations, and the total subversion of empires. As history unfolds her instructive scroll, how may we observe the rise and fall of human grandeur! How often may the mute page mournfully break its silence, and sing with the Mantuan bard,

"Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium, et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum." *Æneid, Lib. ii.*

and say, these have been, and great was their glory, but now they are 'no more.'

Few cities rivalled Babylon in magnificence and importance, and of few has the destruction been so complete. Rescued from a flat morass occasioned by the overflowings of the Tigris and Euphrates, at a very early period in history, by Semiramis, it rapidly rose to the highest importance. According to ancient historians, it formed a regular square, forty-five miles in compass, enclosed by a wall two hundred feet high and fifty broad. To this vast city there were a hundred gates of brass, five and twenty on each side, and streets that ran from gate to gate; and its strength and size such, that it could never have been taken by siege, but in the manner mentioned in scripture. When we read of these, and dwell on its magnificent palaces, its colossal temple, and the pensile gardens,* erected on an artificial mountain,

* Eusebius relates, that Nabuchodonosor built this extraordinary garden on the new palace, which he had erected for his queen Nitocris, who was brought up in Media, to delight herself with the prospect of the mountainous country.

planted with trees of the largest and most beautiful kind, and laid out with

—“Orange groves, and citron, myrtle walks,
Alleys of roses, beds of sweetest flowers,
Their riches incense to the dewy breeze,
Breathing profusely:”

when we dwell on these, and on its confluence of the wealth, wit, and beauty of the whole world, our sympathy is greatly excited at its utter destruction. With a deep sense of awe, we behold the fulfilment of the prophecy, “She that was the beauty* of kingdoms shall not be inhabited for ever;” and, in beholding its complete fulfilment, we may take up the song of the prophet, whose vision alone extended to futurity, “How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!”

The subversion of the empire by Cyrus, gave Babylon its first and terrible blow, when, by the turning of the Euphrates, its ancient character as a morass returned. The Persian monarchs made no use of it as a royal city, preferring Ecbatana and Persepolis; while the Macedonians, who succeeded the Persians, suffered it to fall into decay for want of repair. The city of Ctesiphon being built near it, the inhabitants of Babylon migrated thither, till nothing was left of the ancient city but its walls. Though Alexander, in his mighty projects, resolved to restore its importance, his plans were arrested by death. The kings of Persia, by converting it into a park for the diversion of hunting, completely fulfilled the prophecy, rendering its pavilions and palaces the dens of wild beasts. The walls, being built of earth dried on the spot, upon the inundation of the country, soon dissolved into a quagmire; and hence, among other causes, not a vestige is left to tell of the situation of Babylon, and its magnificence and importance are left only on the page of history. Silence unbroken by the human voice reigns where once

* The distant and unceasing hum they heard
Of that magnificent city, on all sides
Surrounding them,”

and “wolves howl to one another,” where once the flute and dulcimer “flooded the air with beauty of sweet sounds.” Yes: Babylon is fallen; its glory has passed away for ever; Babylon is ‘no more.’

Other cities and nations have there been, which may transmit, though in a more limited degree, the sympathy of mankind from one generation to another; but time would fail to number them. Even in our own native land are scattered the “wrecks of old magnificence,” and the mouldering

pile, which marks some spot renowned in chivalry. How delightful are those pensive feelings with which we contemplate these ruins, venerable with “the mantling ivy’s verdant wreath!” Deserted and lonely, they seem to mourn as the fitful breezes wandering near,

“Wake such faint sighs, as feebly might express
Some unseen spirit’s woe for their lost loveliness,”

though now

“To voice of praise or prayer, or solemn sound
Of sacred music, once familiar here,
Their walls are echoless.”

But to return to our subject, as connected with individual separation, since it is here that we more peculiarly feel its force. When the first pangs are over, and the mind retiring into itself is left for reflection, then do these words not only present the remembrance of past happiness in conjunction with the anticipation of future misery, but they invest with an indescribable charm all those objects with which we were once surrounded. Beings whom we have loved rise in the memory more beautiful than the reality found them. Minds and sympathies once bound by silken ties, become doubly endeared, now they are eternally separated. Scenes that have witnessed our mutual joy breathe an imaginary pleasure. Rocks, groves, and streams, to which we have given our last farewell, receive the mournful shade that melancholy throws over them, when we feel we shall see them ‘no more.’

We pass through life, our days chequered “with gleams of joy and clouds of woe.” We are called upon, as time wings his rapid career, to bid adieu to friends ‘whose memory we revere,’ and to leave objects, hopes, and dreams of bliss for ever. But then there is a brighter scene unveiled to man. Though he often reflects with melancholy on past pleasures, he is commanded to fix his mind with steadfast earnestness on the future. Such is his destiny, such his situation under an all-wise providence, that vain must be the hope of passing through life, without tasting that bitterness which is the lot of sinful humanity. Few indeed can pass through, even a short period of their lives, while none can hope to finish their pilgrimage, without suffering estrangement or separation from what is dear, or the dissolution of those they love. But the Christian, whose hope is in God, has one object, and it is his bosom’s dearest one, which neither misfortune, time, nor death can estrange, and from the love of whom, nothing shall separate.*

* Lowth’s Translation of Isaiah.

* Romans viii. 35.

Man is at present dwelling in a tabernacle, but he would take up his residence in it for ever, were he not unceasingly reminded, that he should seek a continual city, a city abiding for ever. Man is an idolater; he fixes his affections on the various objects of creation, when his bosom should glow with love to his Creator. Separation then becomes an indispensable duty even for his own happiness. To the infidel, who believes all his hopes and fears to perish with him by death, it must be doubly painful to leave behind him every thing that is dear; to bury affection, honour, pride, fame, and pleasure, in the dust, knowing that he shall enjoy them 'no more.' But the Christian bidding farewell to the world, will see in these words only the promise of uninterrupted happiness. Restored to those who once were kindred spirits, to purer bliss than that which is found on earth, he shall never again taste of misery's bitter phial, the anguish of time shall be forgotten, and he shall know sin and sorrow 'no more.'

J. B.

Beaconsfield.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS HAIR-DRESSER.

(By the Rev. J. Young.)

"Thy will be done, be done by me!" he said,
And to the gath'ring storm bow'd low his head.
And still unchang'd, e'en while the tempest pour'd
Its deluge on him.—Humbly he ador'd
'The hand which smote him, for his uprais'd eye
Look'd there for succour, while his ceaseless cry
'Thy will be done,' his heart and tongue employ—
It was;—and plenty fill'd his heart with joy."

RECORDS.

"THOUGH he slay me, yet will I trust in him," broke from the lips of a solitary being, as he threw his eyes round his cheerless and almost naked apartment. "All *must* be well in the hand of Him who knows the end from the beginning, although I cannot form an opinion even what may yet befall me, or where my affliction will end." A low and uneasy moan from a remote part of his room, broke up the soliloquy: he turned instantly towards it, with the utmost anxiety. All was again still. "My poor, poor Isabel, she suffers; this is, indeed, the climax of woe." All the feelings of a father rose at the instant, and prevented further utterance. A long, deep sigh escaped him, as if the wretched existence he possessed was breaking up; a silent tear stole down his pale cheek, and, folding round him the tattered remains of a once fashionable surt-out, in a subdued tone, he softly ejaculated, "Thy will be done." Gradually he became completely absorbed in his own reflections,

and, as if unconscious of all existence, sat mute, but not melancholy.

The seat which he occupied was an easy, and had once been an elegant, arm-chair. The splendid bronze and gold which originally adorned it, frequent use had worn off, while the rich purple-covered cushion which afforded once so comfortable a lounging-place, that the application of Cowper's elegant description might have been made to it,—

"—— first necessity invented stools,

Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,"—

furnished evidence amounting to ocular demonstration, that the tooth of time had played foully with it. Here, however, he sat, great, even amidst desolation. The time-worn shreds which covered his attenuated frame, were more honourable than the ermined purple which enveloped the bodies of Caligula, Domitian, or Nero. His right leg was thrown across his left knee, while his elbow, being supported by one arm of his chair, enabled him to rest his head on the palm of his right hand with tolerable composure.

Day-light was fast declining; already a thick haze might be observed rising from the calm bosom of the sea, and contracting the circle of light, when a distant sound of a bugle announced to the inhabitants of Brighton, that one of their daily coaches was entering. Presently the rattling din, as it rolled furiously over the paved road, fell upon the ears of the hero of my tale, rousing him from his somewhat lengthened reverie. His premises were situated at only a few yards' distance from the coach-office, and, as a pole, of ample length and dimensions, pointed from the side of his door, like a painted horn, or the os frontis of an unicorn, towards the aerial regions, explanatory of his profession, such individuals as required the adjustment of their hair, or the smoothing of the lower parts of their *beau de visage*, after some hours' travel, were, by this means, informed of handy accommodation.

Calculating upon the possibility that he might soon be called upon to exercise his perfuming or decorating art over the cranium of some newly-arrived visitant, he rose from his reclined position, and, as he did so, a gentleman, of prepossessing appearance, entered his humble abode, and intimated his wish to engage his immediate attendance.

Who may hope to do justice to the task of portraying the feelings of a well-informed and delicate mind, while struggling with, or held by, the iron grasp of poverty? The cruel scorn, or cold and unfeeling disdain, with which such are too frequently met by

their fellow-men, is crushing to the spirit, and, as if some dark crime stood connected with their poverty, which would be discovered by making their wants known, they choose rather to drag on an existence of wretchedness and want, than hazard the additional torture of their minds, by meeting the "proud man's contumely." Poor Gilbert Waltingham felt, at the period in question, all that imagination can conceive on the subject of poverty. The gentleman had already taken his seat, and preparations had been some way proceeded in, when, in consequence of a heavy cloud which threw its shading influence over the town, the evening had suddenly closed in, and there was not light sufficient to enable Gilbert to perform the required operation, without endangering the chin, or the jugular vein, of the stranger.

For a moment or two, the rising purpose to which it appeared unfeeling necessity had driven him, stuck, like Macbeth's "*amen*," in his throat. He took up his razor, and then laid it on the table again, resumed it, struck it several times briskly on the palm of his hand, advanced towards the gentleman, as if meditating the performance of some foul purpose, and then retreated. The singularity and embarrassment of his manner, attracted the stranger's attention. Without, however, expressing any thing like alarm, he requested *Monsieur Barbier* to proceed. Thus called upon, he was compelled to the distressing alternative of requesting the loan of a halfpenny, to purchase a taper, before he could *despoil* him. The request was no sooner made than complied with; and while the destitute Gilbert went to procure the required accommodation, the mind of the stranger was busily engaged in thinking on his necessitous state. He soon returned, and, having attended to his duty, the gentleman retired; and, as he did so, placed a piece of silver in his hand, and, wishing "good night," hastened to his inn. A small fire shortly after blazed in the grate of Gilbert Waltingham, and a slender supper was prepared for himself and his little daughter, Isabel; a luxury, which, for some time before, had not been enjoyed by them.

Mr. Adolphus, who, as we have seen, had entered the miserable abode of our hero at the close of the day, was a gentleman of the law; he was now on a tour of business; his stay at Brighton was not intended to exceed a day or two, and then an affair of importance would call him to town. Without being able to assign any reason for his conduct, he had entered Gilbert Waltingham's humble dwelling, rather than give orders to

be attended at his inn. After taking a hearty supper, Mr. Adolphus retired to his room, but not to sleep; the poverty of the hair-dresser, combined with his respectable address, which he had not failed to notice, had produced an impression that he could not shake off, and yet, for which he could not account: the more he thought, and he could not avoid thinking, the more he was perplexed; something remarkable, he conceived, must have occasioned such circumstances, and, in order to satisfy his mind, he resolved to visit him on the following morning.

Full of his purpose, Mr. Adolphus rose earlier than his usual hour, and, after walking round the Steyne, and inhaling a fresh sea-breeze, he returned to his inn, took breakfast, and then proceeded to the sorry room of Gilbert Waltingham. His shop-door stood open, affording Mr. Adolphus an opportunity of making some hasty observations before he entered. Every thing indicated extreme poverty; and yet, dirt, the almost sure attendant of vice, no where appeared. The fine open and intelligent countenance of Gilbert struck him forcibly; for, even amidst the ruin which want had wrought, there were indications afforded, that he was but

"A shade of what he might have been;
A lonely joyless one."

Mr. Adolphus felt a degree of interest for the unfortunate one, for so he deemed him, of the strongest kind. Having passed the meridian of his days, and being naturally of a disposition of the most amiable cast, he carried not about with him that stiffness and hauteur, which too generally characterize the members of the learned professions. "Good morning, my friend," fell from his lips, in the most courteous accents, as he entered the house. Gilbert had not before perceived him, but, instantly rising from his engagement, he returned the salutation, in a way which convinced Mr. Adolphus, that he either was not what he seemed to be, or had not always been what he now was; and was proceeding to express his acknowledgments, for the kindness he had experienced from him on the preceding evening, when Mr. Adolphus stopped him, by observing—"I ever feel a pleasure in assisting those who are not indisposed to assist themselves, but who may have been, by uncontrollable circumstances, brought to require such aid: if," he continued, "I am not greatly mistaken, you are among that number." Gilbert sighed, but replied not, and Mr. Adolphus continued—"You will, I hope, excuse a stranger, and impute not to inquisitive curiosity, that which arises from sincere

sympathy. Your destitute condition has convinced me, that something of no common order must have been the cause." Just then, the little Isabel awoke, and, in a tremulous voice, called to her father for a little water. Mr. Adolphus started at the sound, for he had not, until then, perceived a small bed in one corner of the room, and a child laid on it. Waltingham instantly attended to the request of his child, and Mr. Adolphus advanced towards the bed-side, where he perceived a sweet girl, of about seven or eight years old, whose features were strongly marked by the rude hand of want and sickness. "The child appears extremely ill," he observed. "Yes, Sir," replied poor Gilbert, stifling the feeling which unmanned him, and wiping away some tears which he could not prevent,—*"she is very, very ill."* "I am better, father," said the child, faintly, *"since I had the good supper last night."* "Were you then hungry before, my dear?" inquired Mr. Adolphus. "Yes, Sir," she answered, with much sweetness and simplicity, *"very hungry, and so was my poor father too; but some good gentleman gave father a shilling, and that—"* Mr. Adolphus could hear no more; he drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and dried up the exhalations from his eyes, which had obscured his vision, while he

"Felt the luxury of doing good."

Turning instantly to Waltingham, he said, as he put into his hand a few shillings, "Here, young man, make haste, and provide what yourself and child require, and, by the time I return again, you will be better able to inform me of your circumstances, and in what way I can best serve you." Without giving time for a reply, he left the astonished and grateful man, who, with all the activity which a parent's heart could exercise, made preparations to meet the wants of his beloved Isabel.

The clock had newly struck eleven, when Mr. Adolphus returned to Gilbert's abode and, finding the opportunity favourable for the occasion, he observed—"If it will not be deemed an impertinent intrusion into your affairs, I shall feel obliged by your informing me, if you have not moved in a condition superior to that in which I now find you." "Your kindness, Sir," returned Waltingham, "has a claim upon me, which, even if I were disposed to seal up my past circumstances in silence, would lay me under obligation to change such intention, in reference to yourself. Yet, I know not in what part of my history to commence, in order to inform you of as much as you desire to know. You will therefore bear with me, while I present you with a hasty sketch

of a life made up of strange vicissitude." Mr. Adolphus took the presented arm-chair, the only one which the room possessed, and Gilbert, seating himself on a stool on the opposite side of the table, thus commenced:

"I am the only surviving member of a once numerous and respectable family. My father had long filled a place of considerable trust under government, in the naval department. He was naturally of a high and unbending spirit. The authority which he had been long in the habit of exercising over those who were placed under him, was carried into all his engagements, and became, not only a powerful habit, but a fixed principle. His will was ever the law by which those around him were to be governed. My mother was the youngest child of titled parents, and did not, in any degree, yield to her husband, in point of elevated notions concerning rank and dignity. I was their only son, and, in a few years after my birth, became their only child; for my sister, who was my senior, died before she had reached her eleventh year. On me was lavished all that excess of kindness which the affections of parents could bestow, and which my heirship seemed to claim. No indulgence was prohibited—no wish was allowed to pass ungratified. So wore away the first fourteen years of my life, chequered with a variety of juvenile improprieties, all which, however, were considered as infallible evidences of a spirit which was one day to burst forth in splendid achievements, such as would add laurels to our already distinguished family.

"Ah! how infatuating is vice! with what address can we devise apologies for acts which feed our vanity, or enrich our persons, or gratify our tastes, even while conviction must inform us of the sophistry we palm upon ourselves. Such conduct was too fully pursued by my parents, in reference to myself. Their fondness for their only child might have induced part, but the dignity of connections, which I was expected to maintain, was not less powerful.

"I had not been suffered to leave the family mansion, even for school. A tutor was provided for me, whose lessons I attended to, or disregarded, as inclination might lead me. My tutor was a worthy, but a timid, man, and therefore quite unequal to the task of directing the studies of one so untractable as myself. On one occasion, he had hurt my pride by some proper rebuke. I burned for revenge, and, having heard it was beneath a gentleman to allow any insult to pass unnoticed, I determined to act the gentleman, but, for a while, was at a loss to devise means by which to

punish him as I judged the affair merited. Once I thought of placing a quantity of gunpowder under his bed, and, by a train, fire it; but this plan was laid aside, from the fear that the house might be endangered: then I thought that by inserting a quantity of an offensive drug in a bottle of wine, before it came to table, I might satisfy my revenge on him; but then, I considered that my parents and myself might partake of it, and so pain would be inflicted where it was not intended.

"My thoughts were continually busy, and, at length, I hit upon a plan which I conceived would fully answer my wishes, and, therefore, resolved at once to attend to it. At the extremity of the lawn, there ran a canal of water, over a narrow part of which, a light bridge was thrown, which led, by a rather unfrequented pathway, to a small wood, in which I was aware my tutor was in the habit of walking, most fine evenings. As the distance was between two and three miles, I was certain there would be sufficient time for me to carry my project into execution. I therefore prepared what I needed, and, watching him, shortly after, across the bridge, I stole towards it, where I remained until I was certain he had gone too great a distance to hear my operations.

"I now drew from under my coat, a saw, and commenced dividing the supporters of the bridge. Two I hacked quite asunder, in a slanting position, and the other two, so far crippled, as to render it impossible that a dog scarcely could move upon it, without being precipitated into the water. Exulting in my success, I waited with extreme anxiety his return, not once calculating on the consequences that might ensue, or thinking on the destruction of the useful and neat bridge.

"I had scarcely taken my place behind a grassy mound, from which I was to enjoy the sight of my tutor's being ducked, when I perceived my father and mother advance towards the bridge. I would have called to them, but my voice seemed to have been suddenly taken from me, a cold sweat fell from my forehead, I trembled at every joint. The sensation became too intense to bear. I sprang upon my feet, but too late. I saw my father and mother walk about one-third across the mutilated path, when, suddenly, the parts I had left unsevered, snapped, and they were plunged into the stream. My mother's shrieks reached my tutor's ears, who was returning; he ran, and, with difficulty, rescued both my parents from their painful and dangerous condition. The destruction of the bridge was imputed to the malice of an incendiary who had lately disappeared, and thus I escaped detection.

However, it cured my improper feelings towards my tutor, and I have since learned the folly and sin of seeking revenge for every imaginary insult, or even real offence.

"The year following, I lost my mother by death. She had been at a crowded ball, and, returning late, took cold, and in less than three weeks after, was summoned to stand before the tribunal of her Maker. If my grief was not so deep as a mother's death should have occasioned, the cause was to be traced to the defects of my education, and the scenes by which I was surrounded, rather than to insensibility of nature. I had just completed my sixteenth year, when I was entered a scholar in one of the colleges at Cambridge, where, during two sessions, I prosecuted my studies with something like diligence, when, unexpectedly, the news reached me, of my father's second marriage, and to a lady who would, in point of years, have been much more fit to have become the wife of the son, rather than the father. Forgetful of the duty which owed to a parent, I wrote a hasty note, expressive of my surprise at what I had heard, and, while stating my hopes that the report was incorrect, did so in a manner which carried with it all the caustic of strong reproof. The authority of my father had, by such a step, been invaded, and he felt it. His natural temperament rose to its highest pitch, and blazed out furiously: he replied, "that such an interference on the part of a child, rendered such a child unworthy the name, and henceforth I might renounce it." I might, perhaps, by a mode which I ought to have adopted, have softened down, in some degree, the spirit which I had roused, but I seemed not even to wish it, and I instantly replied in a strain equally bitter. The consequences were, the erasure of my name from the will of my father, and the withdrawment of those supplies with which, until then, I had been furnished, even to prodigality.

"My college exercises immediately closed. Still I determined not to return home, or to make submissions. I had before learned at my father's table, that such conduct comported not with the proper conduct of a man of spirit. My mother had left me a property in my own right—of that I soon disposed, and, finding myself in possession of a few hundreds in ready money, I determined to follow the unbridled propensities of my nature. For months I did so. I was surrounded by friends, who applauded my spirit, and cheerfully shared with me the produce of my purse. My funds, however, were not inexhaustible. I remembered poor Richard's aphorism, and proved it to

be correct—"Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom." I became convinced of the propriety of turning my attention to some means of support. My determination was unshaken, to live independent of a father who had renounced me. Growing necessity urged me to any course which might be presented, and at length I adopted one, above all others, disgraceful and mean; it comported, however, with a roving disposition and romantic taste, and, for a while, pleased, but soon disgusted, me.

"My frequent visits at one of the inns of the town, had brought me acquainted with the manager of a strolling company of players. My voice and address being then tolerably good, and my elocutional powers being known as respectable, he requested me to make an attempt to serve him, on his benefit night, by taking a part in the performance of the evening. I was fond of declamation, felt flattered by the request, and consented. The part assigned me was that of 'Frederick,' in 'Lover's Vows.' My debut was most successful, and, as my circumstances were becoming pressing, I judged nothing would be more easy than to make a fortune, by commencing player. As no opportunity, however, presented, by which I could be introduced on the boards of a regular theatre, I even became content to accept a place among a travelling company, and, in barns, sheds, and other temporary buildings, raved as a tyrant, foamed as a madman, or languished as a lover. I made myself generally useful, and soon became expert in adjusting the perukes of the male, and the curls of the female, performers. My skill in this way became considerable, and, as we were, from the poverty of our establishment, compelled to perform any part which might fall to our lot, as well behind the scenes as before the audience, I felt a degree of gratification, rather than regret, that I could be in reality, as well as play it, hair-dresser to the company.

"Such a vagabond life, however, disgusted me, as soon as its novelty had worn off. The poverty behind the scenes was only known to those who were there. The spangled dresses of heroes and heroines were, almost, the only clothes they wore, and generally covered bodies wretched with disease and want. I therefore determined to leave them, and, with a few pounds in my pocket, which I had prudently hoarded from my fortune's wreck, on the anniversary of my nineteenth birth-day, I made my final exit from such a life, perfectly cured of theatricals, and journeyed, scarcely knowing why or where, towards Bath.

"It was the evening of a lovely summer's day, when I drew near that beautiful city. All was tranquil, as Eden before sin entered our world. The sun threw its broad but chaste beams over the whole, and made loveliness look more lovely. A gentle air played around, giving a slight motion to some lofty poplars, and causing a ripple to agitate the surface of the Avon, as it meandered away towards the town of Bristol. Elegance and fashion met the eye at every turn; stately mansions, whose fronts were richly adorned with rows of sculptured columns of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders, gave a grandeur to the scene, surpassing every thing I had before witnessed; while, in other directions, houses rising above houses, in progressive order, gave a picturesque appearance to the place, which was again relieved from monotony by an apparent proud superiority maintained by some elevated buildings, which seemed as if looking down on others, not less beautiful or extensive, in the vale below. To me, all was new; I had never, until then, visited this fairy city, although its fame had long been familiar to me.

"I entered the city on the eastern side, and crossed the river Avon, over Pulteney bridge, passing through the centre of Bath, and entered Bathwick; and again astonishment rose high, as fresh prospects of increasing attraction opened to my vision, in groves, vistas, lawns, water-falls, tea-gardens, &c. &c., which, with all the magic that art could give, spread along the side, even to the summit of Claverton hills. I took a wide circuit, and returned into the city on the north-eastern side of the town, and, while strolling up one of its many streets, my attention was attracted by a notice exhibited in the window of a hair-dresser's shop, that a journeyman was wanted. Without much consideration, I entered it, and, after a few preliminary matters, engaged myself to its worthy owner. I cannot withhold a tear to his memory: in him I found a second father.

"The family in which I was engaged was small. I was therefore required to lodge in the house; and to this I felt no disposition to object. My employer was a widower, who had nearly reached his sixtieth year. Of four children, only one survived, a daughter, and she was still from home, at a respectable boarding-school. The superintendence of the household affairs was committed to a skilful matron, while an under servant was employed in the menial duties: these, with a youth, an apprentice, made up the establishment. Here my months passed away most happily. Mr. Hartwell was

kind and affectionate; I acquired additional information in my art, and in all its departments, being profited by the instructions of my employer, in less than twelve months was considered eminently clever.

"Six months after I had settled at Bath, I learned the death of my father, which had taken place some time before, and the settlement of the whole of his property on the son of his second wife. Any latent hope which I might have indulged, in reference to enjoying something from my father, was thus blasted, and I therefore determined to turn my mind entirely from it; and it was well I did, for, in less than two years, death and misfortune had swept away the mother and her son, and swallowed up the fortune with which my father had enriched them. A few weeks after the news of my father's death reached me, and while I was yet sad at the remembrances it brought with it, Isabel Hartwell returned from school. She had just entered her eighteenth year, and was beautiful as a seraph. Of her it might have been said, with the greatest propriety,

"She was all that nature could have made her,
Or youthful poets fancy, when they love."

"To elegance of person and manners, was added, a winning blandness of temper, which was perfectly irresistible—all knew and felt it, except herself. I had already become a favourite with her father, although any thing like aspiring to his daughter's affections, never had entered my mind, and was, I imagine, the last thing that would have struck him. She was allowed, however, to endeavour to cheer my sadness, by her voice and music, during the winter evenings, after the business of the day had closed. And, with all the solicitude of a sister, she strove to relieve my mind, while I, with a pleasure which mocks description, rendered her my assistance to improve her in some points of education, to which she had not fully directed her attention.

"In this delightful situation I had been about two years, when, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Mr. Hartwell, the whole business devolved on me. My attention and diligence secured for me an increase of esteem, even from my employer, while his absence threw me more frequently into the company of Isabel, nor do I think that either of us was backward to improve the occasions. It is scarcely necessary to state, that a reciprocity of feeling not merely existed between myself and Isabel, but was acknowledged. On the recovery of Mr. Hartwell, he observed, but did not object to it. We were happy in each other's company; and, could I have done so, I would not have exchanged my situation for all the

fortune which my folly had lost. My Isabel had not completed her nineteenth year, when we were united—on which occasion, Mr. Hartwell generously made me a partner with himself, in his extensive business. Now, I was as blessed as man could be in this world. I had no wish ungratified. Every succeeding day and month after our union, was but a perpetuation and increase of those emotions which, before marriage, we possessed for each other. Our affection grew with our acquaintance. But ah! how brief is human enjoyment? Six months only had elapsed, when a dark cloud gathered over us, in the return of the complaint under which Mr. Hartwell had before laboured. He was confined but a few weeks, before it ended fatally, and we were left orphans. On opening his will, I found that he had left me the whole of his property, together with the house and premises which we occupied.

"The deep affliction which my dear Isabel felt at her loss, impaired her naturally delicate health, and, at the end of twelve months, she gave birth to a daughter, at the expense of her own invaluable life. This was a blow which I had not expected, and which I then impiously murmured at, as hard. My reason seemed affected, and, for weeks, my life was despaired of. Mercy, however, interposed, and I recovered—but ah! to what did I recover? Yet hushed be every expression of repining—all, all, has been mercy, mercy. I recovered to a state of mental misery, which I could scarcely support. I could no longer endure to gaze upon those scenes which I had loved to wander over, in company with my Isabel.

"Creation, lovely, fresh, and fair,
Its brightness threw around:
Bliss reign'd,—gay myriads sported there,
Yet I no pleasure found.
Nature seem'd wrapt in sombre pall
To me;—nor glow'd the sun,
I all possess'd, yet wanted all
In her—the absent one."

"Every object upon which I looked, acquired a silent, yet powerful, eloquence, and told me what I had lost. I determined to leave a place where I had been the most happy, but was now the most wretched, of men.

"I accordingly disposed of my business and possessions at Bath, and removed, with my little daughter, then only one year and half old, to this town, and, in the change of scene and society, felt the asperity of sorrows somewhat softened down. The engaging playfulness of my child, too, became a source of pleasure to me, of no common kind; and, as her years increased, no happiness equalled that which I felt, in training her infant mind in knowledge, and viewing

her mother springing up in her opening loveliness.

"The shop which I had engaged, was of considerable extent, and the mode of my carrying on business soon secured for me the custom of several of the most considerable persons in the town. I was recovering my usual cheerfulness, and prosecuting my business with diligence and success, when He who had followed me through all the steps of my life, but who had not been remembered by me, called once more on my atheistical mind. I was in the habit of attending to the fashionable part of my employers, at their houses, on the morning of the sabbath-day; and when returning, on one occasion, from my usual engagements, I, without knowing why, took a more circuitous road home.

"As I passed along, a place of worship attracted my attention—I approached it, and, as I reached the door of the sanctuary, I heard the minister read, in an impressive tone, '*Remember the sabbath-day, to keep it holy!*' I felt my conscience smitten, and wished to retreat immediately, but seemed held, by an invisible power, to the spot. The solemn truths which I there heard, filled me with alarm. At the close of the sermon, I retired to my house, determined to shake off the impression, and, after a while, succeeded. Things again went on as usual; months had passed away, and I had forgotten what I had heard, when, prompted by curiosity, as before, I called, on my return home, to listen again at the door of the house of God. Scarcely had the sound of my own footsteps died away, when a sepulchral tone met my ear, and the fearful consequences of desecrating the sabbath-day, with awful eloquence, were exhibited. I stood self-convicted. Conscience seemed to thunder out, 'Thou art the man!' I looked fearfully round, to see if I were observed. I was alone, within the porch of the house of prayer. A silence, too, prevailed, deep as that which exists in the grave—excepting, only, when the powerful voice of the messenger of God was heard, calling upon his fellow-men, to 'escape for their lives.' My knees trembled, thick drops of perspiration stood upon my forehead, and, for the first time in my life, I humbled myself before God, and prayed!

'An instant determination now possessed me, to abandon my sabbath engagements, and, under that feeling, I returned home. Soon, however, a conflict commenced betwixt conscience and interest—conscience insisting upon the necessity of an immediate relinquishment of my present pursuits, while interest urged the consequences which would

follow, in the loss of employers, and possible want. The struggle was severe, and interest would certainly have prevailed, had not a power of a supernatural order been engaged, to support the claims of conscience. My decision was made accordingly;—from that period, the business I had so long been in the habit of performing on the sabbath, was relinquished. As my interest suggested, so it was; the principal part of my employers left me; my trade fell off; and, after struggling with my loss for a considerable time, I was necessitated to leave my extensive premises, for some of a more humble character. Still want appeared to pursue me; loss succeeded loss; from one humble abode to another yet more humble, I was compelled to retreat, until, at length, the one which I now occupy was taken, a few weeks since. Distress appeared, at every remove, unavoidable. Every thing which I once possessed, I have been obliged to part with, to procure for myself and dear child the mere necessities of nature. On your arrival, last evening, we had scarcely tasted food for nearly two days. The wants of my poor Isabel rendered my own more acute. Still I felt, and do feel, I have done right; and, although nothing now remains before me, but destitution and want, yet am I determined to struggle on, possessing, as I do, one inestimable treasure, of which distress cannot deprive me—an approving conscience! I have carefully concealed my circumstances from all with whom I have intercourse; and you, sir, would never have been troubled with them, had not the closing light of day driven me to the painful alternative of requesting the loan which I received from you."

Poor Gilbert had ceased for some minutes, during which time Mr. Adolphus sat silent and thoughtful. His feelings had been considerably excited by the narrative, and some tears which fell, spoke more than language could utter. At length, he observed—"Yours is, indeed, a tale of woe, young man. I will endeavour, through my influence in town, to serve you; in a week, at most, you may expect to hear from me. By what name," he inquired, as he drew a memorandum from his pocket, "shall I address you?" "Gilbert Waltingham," was the reply. A sudden thought seemed to possess Mr. Adolphus; he started, as the answer was given, and, looking the suffering man full in the face, he re-echoed, "Gilbert Waltingham! Had you ever a relation, bearing that name?" "My father's brother," returned Gilbert, "was so called; and after him I was named." "And what became of him?" inquired Mr. Adolphus.

"I have heard," answered Gilbert, "that, soon after my birth, he quarrelled with my father—that he then left the country, for some part of the eastern world: as, however, his name even was never heard by me, excepting from an aged servant in our family, who informed me of the fact I have related, I have no further knowledge of him. Whether he be still alive, and, if so, where he resides, or what may have been his success in life, I know not."

Here Mr. Adolphus spread a large sheet of paper before him, and, after running over it hastily, he proposed a few questions to Gilbert; after which he observed, "I have news for you, Mr. Waltingham, which gladdens my heart to communicate. The tidings of your uncle's death have lately reached England; a property of very considerable amount, has been left by him, to Gilbert Waltingham, only son of Roger Waltingham, and Letitia, his wife, of the parish of Hackney, in the county of Middlesex. This property has been claimed by a person calling himself Gilbert Waltingham. I have with me the instruments which will secure it to the rightful heir, and am on my way to town, to meet the individual who, I am persuaded, is an impostor. All you, at present, have to do, is, to accompany me to London, to establish your claim, which, I have no doubt, can easily be done, and I shall then have the pleasure of seeing you enjoying that which your birth and virtues so strictly entitle you to."

The astonishment of Gilbert was almost overpowering; by turns he expressed his gratitude to God, and to Mr. Adolphus, and then kissed and wept over his beloved Isabel. The remaining part of the day was employed, by Mr. Adolphus, in fully equipping Waltingham, in a respectable manner, and providing a suitable person to attend to the child, during their absence; and on the following morning, they left Brighton, in one of the early stages, for London.

It is only necessary to add, that the right of Gilbert Waltingham was fully established, and a few days from the period that he borrowed the halfpenny from Mr. Adolphus, he was in the full possession of a fortune of upwards of eighty thousand pounds! His humble abode was, of course, given up. He removed from Brighton. Mr. Adolphus became his intimate, and almost inseparable, friend and companion. A few years passed, and they were yet more closely united, by the union of Gilbert Waltingham with the eldest daughter of the worthy lawyer; while the providence which led to so happy a result was gratefully acknowledged, and traced, instrumentally, to a conscien-

tious regard of the day which JEHOVAH has hallowed to himself.

THE SUFFERINGS OF BISHOP HALL.

MR. EDITOR,
SIR,—IN the brief notice which, in your last Number, p. 45, you have taken of Bishop Hall, on reviewing his *Contemplations* just republished, you say, that his piety "exposed him to the vengeance of the *papal party*, who could neither subdue his integrity, nor rival his mental acquirements, nor imitate his moral virtues."

Now, this is a palpable error, occasioned by your compositor having substituted the word *papal* for *puritan*. Bishop Hall, though, as we may well suppose, no favourite of the Romanists, or of those who inclined to that party, certainly never suffered any thing like persecution from either one or the other. From the puritans indeed he received "hard measure," in the extreme, as the narrative which he wrote, under that title, abundantly proves. The case of this good prelate affords one illustration out of numbers, that in revolutions pursued in the spirit of faction and violence, exemplary piety never finds favour from the predominant party. Some account of the bishop's treatment, I am induced to add here, as particularly useful at this critical period, when there is too much reason to apprehend another persecution of the church of England and Ireland, not less fiery and destructive than that which left so many melancholy memorials behind it in the seventeenth century.

Bishop Hall, after governing the diocese at Exeter with uncommon diligence and moderation some years, was removed to that of Norwich, in the troublesome year 1641. Soon after his translation, however, he was, with eleven of his brethren, put under arrest by the House of Lords, for joining in a protest against the arbitrary measures then pursued, injurious to the rights and privileges of the episcopal order in parliament. This was on the 30th of December, 1641; when ten of the bishops were ordered to the Tower, and two, on account of their great age, were sent to another place of confinement. The night was very cold and frosty, notwithstanding which, the House, without the least regard to humanity, at a late hour sent Bishop Hall and his companions down the river to the state prison, where they remained some weeks, and were then released upon giving excessive bail. Bishop Hall, on recovering his liberty, immediately repaired to Norwich, nor ever saw the House of Lords any

more, as, not long after, the spiritual peers were by a vote declared ineligible to sit in parliament. This was one of the first measures adopted, at the beginning of the troubles, for the ruin of the church; and it merits observation, that the designs of the radical innovations were forwarded by the listlessness or timidity of the nobility, who, though well affected to the church, wanted spirit to stand up in her defence. The faction saw this, and took advantage of it, by meeting and putting questions to the vote, when the house was thin of the church members; which occasioned that memorable saying of the great Lord Falkland, "that they who hated bishops, hated them worse than the devil; and they who loved them, did not love them as well as their dinner."

Bishop Hall had been but a few weeks restored to his family, when he was subjected to fresh trials, being harassed, sequestered, and abused in the vilest manner. All his estate, real and personal, was seized; and to such a degree did his oppressors carry their cruelty, that they made the benevolent prelate answerable for the arrears of rent which he had remitted out of compassion to his poor tenants. The persecutors, availing themselves of the powers which parliament gave them, came to the palace, took an inventory of all the goods, even to a dozen of trenchers, and would have included also the wearing apparel of his children and family, had not an order been obtained to prevent them, from the persons then exercising the government.

The furniture and library, however, were all put up to public sale; but the people of Norwich, as it were with one consent, refused to purchase a single article of the sacrilegious plunder. At length a pious lady redeemed the goods for the bishop's use, and a clergyman of the diocese did the same for the security of the library; but both benefactors were obliged to pay down the sums which the sequestrators demanded.

Nor was this all: these inquisitors next proceeded to deprive the prelate of all the profits of his bishopric. They also broke into the palace whenever they pleased, and insulted the bishop at unseasonable hours. Once they came with some troopers before the family had risen, threatened to force open the gates, and, on being admitted, ransacked the whole house; and, under pretence of searching for arms and ammunition, examined the trunks, chests, and the vessels in the cellar. Finding nothing else, they took away one of the bishop's two horses, though told by

him that his great age would not allow him to travel on foot. Afterwards, hearing that the bishop had another horse, which escaped their notice at the first visit, they came again, and loaded the good prelate with abuse for having deceived them. At another time they brought a mob to the palace, denouncing vengeance against the bishop for having presumed to ordain some persons in his private chapel, and they instantly demanded his appearance before the mayor, to answer the complaint. At last they wholly turned him out of the palace, though he earnestly desired to tarry there, and offered to rent it; but he could not be heard. Being thus dispossessed, "We might," saith the bishop, "have lain in the street, for aught I know, had not the providence of God so ordered it, that a neighbour in the close, one Mr. Goslin, a widower, was content to void his house for us."

Though the new government made an order for allowing the bishop four hundred a year, he never received it; and, in consequence, as he was dispossessed of his own private estate also, he was under the necessity of applying to the ruling powers at Norwich for relief, to maintain himself and family; so truly was he reduced to beg his bread. Under such accumulated hardships, it would scarcely seem credible, had we not the bishop's own authority for it, that the oppressors continued to distress him with new demands: "For," saith he, "they were not ashamed, after they had taken away and sold all my goods and personal estate, to come to me for assessments, and monthly payments for that estate which they had taken; and took distresses from me, upon my most just denial; and vehemently required me to find the wonted arms of my predecessors, when they had left me nothing."

Having given this brief account of the personal sufferings of the excellent bishop, it may not be amiss to add what he has left upon record, of the reformation which his cathedral underwent at the beginning of the revolution.

"It is no other," saith the pious bishop, "than tragical to relate the carnage of that furious sacrilege, whereof our eyes and ears were the sad witnesses, under the authority of Linsey, an alderman, and Toffs, the sheriff, and Greenwood. Lord, what work was here—what clattering of glasses, what beating down of walls, what tearing up of monuments, and pulling down of seats, what wresting out of irons and brass from the windows and graves; what defacing of arms, what demolishing of curious stone-

work that had not any representation in the world, but only of the cost of the founder and skill of the mason; what tooting and piping upon the destroyed organ-pipes, and what a hideous triumph on the market-day, before all the country, when, in a kind of sacrilegious and profane procession, all the organ-pipes, vestments, both copes and surplices, together with the leaden cross, which had newly been sawn down from before the green-yard pulpit, and the service books, and singing books, that could be had, were carried to the fire in the market-place. A lewd wretch, walking before the train in his cope trailing in the dirt, with a service book in his hand, imitating, in impious scorn, the tune, and usurping the words, of the litany used formerly in the church. Near the public cross, all these monuments of idolatry must be sacrificed to the fire, not without much ostentation of a zealous joy, in discharging ordnance, to the cost of some who professed how much they longed to see that day. Neither was it any news upon the guild-day, to have the cathedral, now open on all sides, to be filled with musketeers waiting for the mayor's return, drinking and tobacconing as freely as if it had been turned into an alehouse."

Such is the account which this eminently holy prelate has himself recorded, of the treatment he experienced from the very party towards whom he had uniformly shewn the greatest kindness; and for so doing, was stigmatized as puritanically inclined, by others of his brethren who were of a less moderate disposition.

But he stood not alone in this respect; for the incomparable Archbishop Usher, after being driven from Ireland, in the rebellion there, suffered full as much at the hands of the puritans in England, as he had before from the papists.

Dr. Prideaux, Bishop of Worcester, was another prelate, whose piety, learning, and moderation, could not protect him from puritanical persecution. Towards the latter end of his life, a friend coming to see him, and saluting him with, "How doth your lordship do?" he replied, "Never better in my life, only I have too great a stomach: for I have eaten that little plate, which the sequestrators left me; I have eaten a large library of excellent books; I have eaten a great deal of linen, much of my brass, some of my pewter, and now I am come to eat iron; and what will come next, I know not." Thus, though Bishop Prideaux had been promoted by Charles the First, to please the puritanical party, he fared no better than the rest of the episcopal order;

and so low was his condition, that, when he died, in 1650, he left, to make use of his own words, no other legacy to his children, but "pious poverty, God's blessing, and a father's prayers."

To these instances many more might be added, more than enough to make protestants ashamed of dilating upon popish persecution, when their own ecclesiastical records contain so many glaring proofs of a similar spirit and conduct among the people most zealous for what they called Christian purity. And what resulted from all this work of reformation? The answer is thus given by an eminent puritan divine of those unhappy times, in the following confession. "Things," says Edwards, in his *Gangræna*, "grew daily worse and worse; so that, no kind of blasphemy, heresy, and disorder, and confusion, but were to be found among the sectaries. Instead of reformation, we are grown from one extreme to another—fallen from Scylla to Charybdis; from popish innovations, superstitions, and prelatical tyranny, to damnable heresies, horrible blasphemies, libertinism, and fearful anarchy. Our evils are not removed and cured, but only changed; one disease and devil hath left us, and another as bad is come in his room."

Jan. 5, 1832.

J. WATKINS.

THE CHURCHYARD OF ABBEYHOLM.

I SPENT one of the hottest days of July, 1830, at the quiet village of Abbeyholm. It being my first visit to the place, my inclination led me to look into the burying-ground; and, having no company at the inn, I spent several hours among the tombstones. The intense heat of the season would have rendered this intolerable, had it not been for the shade afforded, partly by the church itself, and partly by a few trees which ornament a portion of the ground. One of them, an ash of considerable magnitude, overshadows a vault, covered by an antique stone, which no doubt formed a part of the ancient church; the present building being comparatively modern, and erected from amidst the ruins of the former edifice. From this retreat I could peruse the inscriptions on a number of tombstones around me; and, my curiosity not being easily satiated, I did not leave the place until I had read every epitaph which it contains.

Every one who has taken any trouble in examining the mementoes of the dead, in any burying-ground in the north, and probably in other parts, of England, where they are

numerous, must have remarked, that bad epitaphs are extremely common, whilst it is somewhat rare to meet with a good one. There are certain uncouth rhymes, the absurdity of which must render them ridiculous to every thinking person, yet to be found with trifling variations, in every churchyard; and, as I have frequently observed, occurring several times in the same. Some persons have made collections of these rustic efforts of the muse; and such of them as possess originality, however quaint, occasionally occupy a place in periodical literature. I am always disposed to be serious in a grave-yard; without, therefore, introducing any thing calculated to create mistimed mirth, allow me to present such specimens of the Epitaphs in Abbeyholm churchyard as to me appeared most worthy of notice:—

"How short the life of those interr'd below,—
How small the space between each fatal blow!
Think, mortal reader, why the Power Divine,
That cut their early thread, yet lengthens thine."

These lines, inscribed over the sleeping dust of several little children, are peculiarly appropriate; and containing, as they do, a salutary lesson for the living, may be found profitable.

"How strangely fond of life poor mortals be!
Who that should see this stone would change with me?
Yet, gentle reader, tell me which is best,
The tiresome journey or the traveller's rest?"

This argument goes upon the supposition, that the deceased has found rest at death. Rest is certainly to be preferred to travel; but the extreme unwillingness to die, manifested by the greater part of our species, argues, either a doubt of their future condition being better than the present, or a dread of the medium through which it is to be obtained.

"You mortals, who this way do pass,
Behold this stone, your looking-glass;
Where, underneath, interr'd doth lie
The body of true honesty!"

This is written in bad taste: a rough stone is but an indifferent mirror; and honesty cannot be said with propriety to have a corporeal substance, much less to be dead and laid in the grave. Does the deceased, who seems to be the speaker, mean that we are to study his character till we imbibe his virtues, and that the carcass beneath was the mortal tabernacle of an honest soul? As a counterpart to the above epitaph, I shall take the liberty of introducing one which I recollect to have met with in Woodhorn churchyard:—

"This humble monument will show,
Here lies an honest man:
Ye kings, whose heads now lie as low,
Rise higher if ye can!"

The characters of the deceased being utterly unknown to me, and their epitaphs, though spoken in their own persons, possi-

bly written by other parties, it would be presumptuous to judge of their attainments: but it is undeniable, that this boasted honesty (by which many mean no more than a disposition to pay their just debts) is not unfrequently an ingredient in a character which, as a whole, is far from good. Pope's too-often-quoted line, "An honest man," &c., has been made the triumph, and formed the motto, of many a licentious character; who, founding his hopes of a happy immortality in a conceit of integrity to his fellow-men, has nevertheless indulged in every other species of vice, and yet boasted himself "the noblest work of God."

Besides those whose ashes may be supposed to be still recumbent, in part at least, at the foot of their tombstones, I observed monuments to the memory of some whose remains at death had become the prey of the fishes in the sea, or the jackalls in the desert,—those whose bones may even now be blanching some foreign shore,—whose dust has been scattered by the winds of heaven! These have a peculiar interest in my feelings; and I read with more than usual emotion, beneath the names of George Chambers, and Jane, his wife, that of "Tom, their son, Captain of the Boyne, who died at Goree, aged 32," and of "John Harrison, who was cast away on the Bahama bank, near the Isle of Man." Poor Tom! was this his real name, or was it that by which his fond mother loved to call her gallant boy? How feelingly may he be supposed to have lamented the loss of those comforts which at home he possessed; when, landed on a distant coast, his constitution shrunk beneath the unfriendly climate; or, all robust as he was, he fell in the sanguinary conflict! And, not less unfortunate Harrison! small comfort would it afford thee, when thy vessel struck, to think that it was upon thy native coast. I was reminded of Cowper's "Castaway," but must not quote those beautiful stanzas, which might here have such a melancholy adaptation.

What means this inscription? "H. R. I. P. John Fenix, the industrious and worthy Cowper of Sandenbrook." The capital letters, one may venture to suppose, are the initials of a sentence which has the same in Latin and in English: "Here rests in peace John Fenix," &c. Is my manuscript wrong in this particular, or is it indeed Cowper? Possibly, amongst such rustic inscriptions as present themselves to a traveller here, where the village of Seaville is spelt in all the varieties of—Seavil, Sevil, and Sivel, the industrious cooper of Sandenbrook may have had the name of his craft changed, in the "shapeless sculpture," to the name of

our worthy domestic poet. Well, to be industrious is, in a mechanic, a praiseworthy characteristic; and, as it generally implies sobriety, as applied to a *cooper*, is no small commendation.

How was it that I felt so attracted to that plain but decent stone on the left hand of the pathway, at the east end of the church? It presents no gaudy sculpture,—no weeping or trumpeting angels,—no cross or bible,—no scythe or hour-glass,—death's head or crossed bones,—not even a rhyming epitaph, which few of its neighbours want. I should have missed this stone as soon as many others, having neither venerable age nor modern embellishment to attract attention; but, in the course of an industrious examination of the whole, I came in turn to it. There is nothing extraordinary in the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of I.T.;" and, further on, "Elizabeth, daughter of W. and E. T., of Southerfield; died Sept. 16th, 18—, aged 16." Here I found myself unexpectedly standing on the tomb of a family to whom I had become warmly attached. I knew not Elizabeth, whose brief course had come to a peaceful termination previously to my acquaintance with her family; but I had spent the preceding evening in her father's house,—had parted that morning with her blooming sister, and now felt as if related to the dead.

Hexham, Oct. 4, 1831. J. RIDLEY.

CHOLERA MORBUS.—NO. II.

AWFUL reality! This disease, like an eagle from the ocean, alighted on the north-eastern shore of Britain on the first days of November; and its first carnage was in Sunderland, upon the river Wear, the second coal-port in this island; and from that period to the 18th instant, two hundred and two human beings have been hurried out of time in that town. Progressing a few miles south, it carried off five persons in the small coal-port of Seaham. Extending about eight miles north of Sunderland, it entered the mouth of the Tyne, the greatest coal-port in Britain, perhaps in the world. Upon this river, at Shields and Tynemouth, twenty-eight souls have been launched into eternity; at Newcastle two hundred and thirty-nine, and at Gateshead one hundred and thirty-three. At Houghton-le-Spring, a village midway between Sunderland and Durham, forty-four have been levelled with the dust. Yet extending, Walker, Newburn and Wallsend, colliery villages in the vicinity of the Tyne, and the city of Durham upon the Wear, are visited;

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altogether forming a large portion of the great northern coal-field: no part of which, appears to have been spared. From this coal-field, the cholera has passed into Scotland, and at Haddington and Tranent, only a few miles from Edinburgh, twenty persons have fallen victims to its malignancy: making a total, in less than three months, of six hundred and seventy-one deaths; out of two thousand persons attacked.

The greatest number of deaths have occurred at Newcastle, which is much the largest town; and from Newcastle, a north wind with a heavy fog carried the disease across the Tyne, (which, pent up by two hills, viz. Gateshead and Newcastle, is there very narrow) to Gateshead; where, during the first forty-eight hours, upwards of fifty persons passed away beneath its appalling devastations, and their lifeless bodies were interred in a long trench, dug for the purpose in the burial-ground, amidst feelings of awe indescribable.

How many hapless victims to this ruthless pestilence have been silently hurried away from the district over which it has passed, and is now passing, can only be known to God; but enough is recorded to alarm, and place upon their guard, not only the northern provinces, but this whole island.

Thus this awful malady, the scourge of the age in which we live, and the messenger of warning on the eve of, "a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time," after desolating, from its commencement, about the year 1816, upon the banks of the river Hooghly, near Calcutta, the east and south of Asia, has, by a northerly route through Europe, begun its ravages in the west; yea, as we perceive by the preceding sketch, spread to, and is spreading, its awful deaths in Great Britain. It becomes us, then, to use every means of prevention which human ingenuity can suggest, and to repeat, hint at, or improve those means from time to time, incessantly calling upon our fellow-men at all times to cease from every propensity calculated to induce an attack upon themselves individually, and, through their instrumentality, whelm these deaths upon all around them. What, therefore, of caution or warning it is ours to give, we give in the presence of Him who beholds the hearts of men, and entreat from Him a blessing upon the feeble voice which is thus raised to stay the plague amongst us.

Upon the human frame, the cholera frequently commences its attack in the lower region of the spine, about the loins; producing strong excitements on the nerves,

which quickly induce cramps and spasms, with excruciating and debilitating pains, and a total prostration of strength. These, with astonishing rapidity, reduce the patient to the semblance of a corpse; and, alas! in a few hours to a corpse indeed.

Having ascertained the point of attack, it becomes us to resort to any mode of defence which lies open to us, in the fear of the Lord. Flannel belts round the loins, we have already recommended; yet, under all the circumstances of the case, we plead no excuse for reiterating this recommendation; yea, even with greater energy than heretofore. During the chilling month of February, and the piercing winds of March, these flannel belts would defend this vulnerable portion of the human frame from debilitating disease, and do much, by preserving the tone of the lower region of the spine, towards averting the impending calamity. To these, therefore, as preventives easy of access, and so cheap that even the most indigent may crave them of their richer neighbours with every chance of success, or purchase for themselves by the charity of others; while the labourer and artisan cannot be at a loss for the small pittance needful to furnish himself and family therewith: to these, I say, the whole community ought immediately to resort. One such belt for each individual, would suffice for the whole spring season; and should one life, in the hands of divine Providence, be preserved thereby, this one life would furnish an equivalent for all the expense and pains: but many may be saved.

One description of persons named in a previous article, (p. 15,) as being eminently liable to the attacks of cholera, is the drunkard; and never was a position more awfully verified than this: for, during Christmas-day and the succeeding week, never were greater numbers of inebriated persons seen at that season than the streets of Gateshead exhibited, when and where the most awful mortality occurred which Great Britain has witnessed since the cholera landed in our island, for suddenness and extent.

The prevalence of dram-drinking is an evil far greater than the cholera itself—millions owe diseases and death to this baneful practice annually; for such is the propensity of mankind to strong drink, in every nation where it can be obtained, that in every language we find an expressive word for a drunkard, and in every community the character of the drunkard is known; and the increasing multitudes who in this age immolate themselves on this bestial shrine, induce universal horror. The dram-shop and the beer-shop are the places of

resort, and the doors thereto are the points upon the pavement, where assembled groups of wretched beings, male and female, lounge, and by speech and gesture annoy and frequently insult sober passengers, especially females, who are compelled to approach and pass them. I say, compelled; for the dram-shops and the beer-shops are so numerous, and in such positions, in order to entrap customers, that it is impossible to move in populous districts without coming in contact with these nuisances at all points.—In the metropolis, from ordinary houses, the dram-shops have recently become splendid edifices. Columns, porticos, and other architectural embellishments frequently decorate the exterior, while, within, engines, which afford every facility to the quick conveyance of ardent spirits and strong drink, meet that gust of appetite, (which extreme depravity has nurtured to excess) with, alas, too ample supplies: and the orgies of beings, debased far below the characters of mankind, afford a contrast to the grandeur of the edifice, which cannot be contemplated but with horror.

With this awfully increasing evil, how shall we deal? There are penalties awarded to the drunken by the laws of the land, these ought to be inflicted; fines are also enacted against the persons who pander to drunkenness, and they ought to be levied. The sober should express his disapprobation of the practice in marked terms, and every religious community might offer up its prayers, in express petitions for the conversion of the dram-drinker from the error of his ways. Hardened and audacious impunity in crime is the highway to judgment; and the united prayers of faithful Christians are the only barriers to the progression of judgment from a Holy God to perversely sinful men; let not these be wanting in this awful exigency, that the plague may be stayed.

King Square, January 20, 1832.

W. COLDWELL.

EUROPE, IN THE WINTER OF 1831-32.

IN or about that eventful year, 1816, which has been already, and will be hereafter, referred unto, because we account that year the beginning of the last time, or the shortened time of trouble; about the year 1816, that awful scourge of the human race, the Cholera Morbus, began its ravages upon the banks of the river Hooghly, near Calcutta, in the south-east, and, progressing north and west, has, during sixteen years, hurried into eternity fifty millions of the children of Adam; and, unabated in its

malignancy, it yet ravages, and yet spreads amidst the most populous districts: yea, even our own land has not escaped.

A spirit has also gone forth, which has dissevered society, as completely as this pestilence has severed the families of the earth. Incendiary fires ravage the agricultural districts; persecuting annoyances disturb, even to distraction, the manufacturing population; the political world is rent into factions, infuriated even to slaughters and burnings; the bonds of social order are dissolved, and the eye of man has become evil towards his fellow; he inveigles him into a secret place, stupifies him with drugs, falls upon him, and, in the most cool and deliberate manner, suffocates him; and, bearing away his body, sells it to the anatomical demonstrator; who thus becomes the receiver, in a case of the most horrid felony which can outrage the laws and afflict a nation.

Religion is not less assailed than social order: for irreligion and infidelity, hand in hand, brandish their weapons in open day: assembling in troops, to teach, to harden, and to infuriate each his fellow against the God of heaven and earth, His sacred Word, and all His followers; and, while the seats of judgment and the thrones of kings reel to and fro like a drunken man, the mitre trembles over the brow of the exalted prelate, portending death. Thus, evidently, are the seeds sown, and the blade has sprung up, of that awful harvest so frequently predicted throughout the sacred volume, to take place in the latter days; and thus is the seal of verity stamped upon the oracles of God; and scenes of divine providence will follow in their train, developing the modes by which the Omnipotent renders all these subservient to His gracious purposes, and, out of these depths of evil, exalts a dominion of order and peace, universal and perpetual. May this kingdom come!

To the horrors which surround the church of Jesus Christ, may be added the divisions raving within it, and the domination which is attempted to be set up over several of its departments. The ambition of teachers within, and the tyranny of despotic agitators without, alike afflict the church; and the general moaning of its most pious members is over the lack of primitive simplicity, divine fervour, holy faith, and ardent devotion. If ever there was a period when men in general were called upon to erect the banners of truth, to lift up holy hands without wrath and doubting, to rally round the standard of the cross, and fight manfully the battles of the Lord, assuredly this is

the moment. To cast out of the church that which offendeth and defileth, and take captive, from the ranks of the enemy, those who have fought against the truth, but by the sword of the Spirit are subdued, and wrestle with these in mighty prayer, until the great Captain of our salvation knocks off their fetters, and, by the power of the Holy Spirit within them, proclaims their freedom, is the duty of every christian minister. O for such a spirit in all the churches, for such hallowed and hallowing efforts, to induce a revival of vital godliness in this eventful day!

If, at home, evil awfully perturbs the state, and the nation looks in vain for the social compact, amidst political distractions, France, shaken to her foundations, labours and groans beneath factious tumults, which, like the gusts of a protracted tempest, lull but for a moment, and rave anew. In Lyons, a rebellion, half commercial and half political, arose and reigned so rampant, that no less a force than fifty thousand men, headed by the commander-in-chief and the monarch's son, were sufficient to put it down. Similar to the tumultuous burning of the second city in England, Bristol, the popular fury, awful in its outrages, prowled and ravaged like the desert savage. In Grenoble, and even in Paris itself, subsequent tumults have rolled, and yet roll, as the fury of the factious find a moment favourable to the ebullitions of feelings, which are rather kept down by force than reduced to order.

Spain has, for the moment, executed vengeance on her foes. Torrijos, with his troop, has been captured and shot: yet, within, are fears; and, without, the lions roar, longing for the prey.

Portugal is aroused, and musters for defence all her bands; while a lowering tempest from Belleisle threatens to devastate her shores, and overwhelm her monarch in ruin. The warriors stand at bay for the moment, each apparently ready for combat.

Upon the borders of Switzerland, execution has been made upon political agitators, while agitations yet distract that region. In Piedmont, insurrections have arisen, and been put down, in all human probability, to arise again, and rage anew.

In the Italian peninsula, misrule reigns around; and its thousand tongues thunder, even to the Vatican. Alarm pervades that region; and the Austrian arm, too potent for the factious, alone arrests a catastrophe awful in the extreme.

Civil war, with all its horrors, menaces Greece anew: the assassination of the president, and the calling of the national as-

ssembly, have roused to action latent spirits, whose energies once called out, while they menace, every institution of the state, deal outrage and distraction to social order. From such spirits, O thou God of peace, save that fine country, and bless it throughout with unity and devotion !

Constantinople has been visited, and awful visitations apparently await her state. Destructive fires, and devastating hailstorms, succeeded the Russian invasion ; and, in addition to the loss of Greece, and much of the lesser Asia, Egypt and Syria menace her sway. The pacha of Egypt, it appears, is in open rebellion, and, by sea and land, is hying forward to Acre and Damascus, intent on adding these provinces of the grand signior to Egypt. Vizier Selim Pacha, late governor of Damascus, has been assassinated ; and an imperial firman has been sent from Constantinople to the judges, notables, officers, &c. of each of the islands of Chios, Rhodes, Mytelene, Stanchio, and Cyprus ; to those of the cities of Smyrna, Bodroun, and Adalia, on the coast of Asia ; of the pachalics of Aleppo, Seide, Damascus, Acre, and Tripoli, in Syria, and Alexandria, in Egypt ; of the sandiaks of Jerusalem, Naplous, Adaria, Tareus, and the dependent districts, stating as follows : " In our character of head and protector of the Mussulman religion, and, according to the Koran, every one is bound fully and implicitly to obey our commands. All you, intendants, judges, &c. who now know our supreme will, with respect to what is passing, or may pass in the cities of Damascus and Alexandria, we send you this present firman, that you may execute our commands without delay, and not take on yourselves to act in any other manner ; but cause Ali Pacha of Egypt immediately to withdraw his troops, and make them return to Alexandria ; and cause Abdallah Pacha of St. Jean d'Acre not to meddle with things which concern only the government of Alexandria." Thus, " tidings out of the east, and out of the north, trouble him ; therefore, he goes forth with great fury to destroy, and utterly to make away many," Dan. xi. Will the prophesied catastrophe follow ?

The northern powers, since the subjugation of Poland, have peace ; and, except a tumult in Hanau, Germany and Austria know quiet.

The positions of Holland and Belgium are warlike ; but, unless Russia blows up the dying embers of discord, peace must ensue.

Every where expectations are alive to some approaching event ; and not a few

look for a great improvement in the religious world—Jew and Gentile. " I am no longer to be regarded merely as a Jew," exclaimed a Hebrew the other day ; " I am a citizen of France." In that nation, the day has dawned upon the seed of Abraham, and it is dawning elsewhere ; they have become, in the eyes of multitudes, objects of zealous attention, and we will devote the remainder of this article to these, the ancient people of God. Jesus Christ, in the days of His flesh, pronounced prophecies respecting Israel, saying, " There shall be great distress in the land, and wrath upon this people. And they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations : and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled," Luke xxi. 23, 24. The apostle Paul also said, " For I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery, (lest ye should be wise in your own conceits,) that blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. And so all Israel shall be saved ; as it is written, (Isa. lix.) There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob," Rom. xi. And Daniel declares, " And there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time : and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book," Dan. xii.

The time of trouble, we have already noted, is the short or half time, consisting of one hundred and eighty years ; commencing in the year eighteen hundred and sixteen ; or, rather, in eighteen hundred and twenty, and ending in the year of our Lord two thousand. We have also stated, that the woman, (Rev. xii.) or christian church, came out of the wilderness prior to the commencement of this time of trouble, when the secular arm of the pope was broken by the extinction of, what was called, the Holy Roman Empire, and that no potentate now exists, throughout all Christendom, who dares publicly to burn the saints of the Most High.

Having thus far treated of the Christian Gentile church, it behoves us to treat, in its turn, of the church of Israel, or the holy people, (Dan. xii. 7.) or all Israel that shall be saved by the Deliverer, Rom. xi. 26. " when the times of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled," Luke xxi. 24. The times of the Gentiles were fulfilled in the year eighteen hundred and twenty, as above stated ; and, therefore, in this short time, from the year eighteen hundred and twenty, to the year

two thousand, we must look for the deliverance of Israel.

About two thousand years before the birth of Christ, Abraham, a descendant of Shem, was born. Jehovah called this individual, saying, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee. And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless them that bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing. And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed. So Abram departed, as the Lord had spoken unto him; and he believed in the Lord; and He counted it to him for righteousness; and he was called the friend of God." Thus was the standard of truth erected amidst the heathen, that all the earth might know and fear Jehovah.

About fifteen hundred and seventy years before the birth of Christ, Moses, a descendant of Abraham, was born in Egypt, during a severe bondage, under which the descendants of that great man had become very numerous, and had fallen in that country; and at the command, and by the power of Jehovah, Moses became the instrument of their deliverance therefrom. Having beheld the wonders wrought by Jehovah in Egypt, and in their passage through the Red Sea, on arriving at Mount Sinai, this whole nation were set apart to God, as a beacon to the world, and there, entering into covenant with God, they received laws from heaven. Here they erected a magnificent tabernacle for the ordained service of Jehovah, where, over the mercy-seat, between the cherubim, upon the ark of the covenant, within the most holy place, the Divine presence abode perpetually; becoming the Judge and the Oracle of Israel, feeding His people with bread from heaven, and giving them power over their enemies.

Rebellion succeeded rebellion in the wilderness, where they wandered forty years, until the whole of the men of war, except two persons, Caleb and Joshua, perished beneath the just judgments of God. But mercy was extended to their children, and they entered, through the waters of Jordan, which were miraculously divided, dry-shod into the land of Canaan; the nations of which fell before them, and therein they had rest. The tabernacle of Jehovah was pitched in Shiloh, in the land of Canaan; and thither the sons of Abraham resorted to worship God. But the glory of the tabernacle passed away, to rise no more, on the

defection of both priests and people from God, under Eli, when, in one day, he died, his sons were slain, and the ark of the covenant was taken by the armies of the Philistines, about the year eleven hundred and forty before Christ, 1 Sam. iv. Psa. lxxviii. Jer. vii.

The most magnificent temple which the world ever witnessed, succeeded the tabernacle, when the state of Israel was in the zenith of its splendour, under Solomon, the son of David, about the year one thousand before Christ. Into this temple, which was erected at Jerusalem, the ark of the covenant, with all the sacred utensils of the tabernacle, were introduced, and therein, over the mercy-seat, abode the Divine presence, re-become the judge and the oracle of Israel, and confirming to that people all the former covenants.

An awful division of the tribes of Israel took place on the death of Solomon, when two tribes, Judah and Benjamin, only remained faithful to the house of David; while the other ten elected a king for themselves, commenced idolatrous worship, and rebelled against the Judge of Israel. About the year seven hundred and twenty before Christ, the judgments of Jehovah came upon these ten tribes, for all their wickedness; and the king of Assyria took all the cities of Israel, slaughtered their armies, destroyed the state, and carried away captive the remnant of that people into distant countries, from whence they have never returned to Canaan; nor of these have we any authentic account in history, even to this day.

About the year five hundred and ninety before Christ, the glory of the temple, and with it Jerusalem, all Judea, and the two tribes which adhered to the house of David, after many pollutions, finally fell before the armies of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, who burnt the city and the temple, put down the state, and carried away captive the remnant of the people to Babylon: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion," exclaimed the psalmist on this mournful occasion; and after many years, Daniel, the holy prophet, "with fasting, sackcloth and ashes, cried unto the Lord our God, Hear the prayer of thy servant, and his supplications, and cause thy face to shine upon thy sanctuary that is desolate, for the Lord's sake. O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken and do; defer not, for thine own sake, O my God: for thy city and thy people are called by thy name."

The Lord heard the prayer of his people

phet; and about the year before Christ five hundred and thirty-six, seventy years from the first sacking of Jerusalem and the temple, when Nebuchadnezzar carried off the king, and the vessels of the house of the Lord, to Babylon, 2 Chron. xxxvi., Cyrus issued that famous decree, Ezra i., under which the captives of Judah and Benjamin returned to Canaan, and built the second temple—"The house of the Lord God of Israel (he is the God) in Jerusalem." Of this temple, the prophet Haggai, who flourished under Zerubbabel, the governor, and Josedech, the high priest, during its erection, prophesied, "The Desire of all nations shall come: and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts. The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of hosts: and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts."

The sceptre was about to depart from Judah, and the lawgiver from between his feet, and pass to the Romans, when Shiloh came, in the fulness of time; and unto him is the gathering of the people, Genesis xlix. Previous to this period, the temple built under the decree of Cyrus, after passing through hosts of spoliations and profanations, (of which that under Antiochus was the most awful,) amidst the inflictions of those turbulent times, was repaired, beautified and enriched up to the most splendid edifice then in the world; and it was in the zenith of its grandeurs that Shiloh came thereto, and therein first set up that kingdom of heaven—of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, which characterize the saints of the Most High. Thus was the prophecy of Jehovah-Isebaoth, by the mouth of Haggai, fulfilled, viz., "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former; and in this place will I give peace."

Moses was inspired, when he delivered the law of Jehovah to Israel, to declare unto that people, "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken. And it shall come to pass, that whosoever will not hearken unto my words, which he shall speak in my name, I will require it of him," Gen. xviii. Jesus, the Christ, the Son of God, was the seed of Abraham, the Shiloh of Jacob, the prophet like unto Moses, the seed of the woman, the son of David the shepherd, the king of Israel, the Redeemer of mankind, the Saviour of the world. He came to his own, but his own received him not. Instead of receiving his glorious gospel, the elders, the

priests, and the people of Israel, cast him out of the temple, condemned him to die, clamoured for his crucifixion to Pilate, drove him out of Jerusalem, after scourging, buffeting, and crowning him with thorns, and on Calvary crucified him between two thieves. Yea, instead of hearkening to this prophet, the Son of God, who knew no sin, they said among themselves, "This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and let us seize on his inheritance. And they caught him, and cast him out of the vineyard, and slew him. And the Lord came, and miserably destroyed these wicked men." For the Roman armies came, slew innumerable multitudes of the Jews, besieged, took, and destroyed Jerusalem, burnt the temple, annihilated the state, and sold the remnant of that nation for slaves; dispersing them into all nations, about seventy years after the birth of Christ, the Son of God.

Thus were the husbandmen, unto whom Jehovah originally intrusted his vineyard, slain, because of their wickedness; and the Lord's vineyard was given to others, viz. the Gentiles; and this is the destruction of the land of Canaan, the people, and Jerusalem, noted in the prophecy of Christ, Luke xxi. Which destruction and dispersion of the remnant of the descendants of Abraham, continue even to this day. The Mosaic sanctuary is now no more; the bodies of the saints are the temples of the Holy Ghost; and wherever two or three are gathered together in his name, there the Lord is in the midst of them. Of this more hereafter.

WM. COLDWELL.

King Square, January 20, 1832.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE NATURE OF LIGHT AND COLOURS.

It is stated, in the first five verses of the first chapter of Genesis, that "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And God said, Let there be *light*; and there was *light*. And God divided the light from the darkness; and he called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day."

In the fourteenth and five following verses of the same chapter, it is said, "God made *two great lights* to rule the day and the night, and set them in the firmament of the heaven, to give *light* upon the earth,

and divide the *light* from the darkness; and the evening and the morning were the fourth day."

It would seem from the preceding verses, that Moses, or whoever was the author of the book of Genesis, was aware of a fact, the discovery of which, is in general supposed to be due to philosophers of the present day; i. e. that *light* is a real material substance, existing *per se*, and transmitted to us through the medium, or by the action, of certain bodies termed luminous. On the first day, God created the light, but it was not reflected upon the earth, through the various media of the sun, moon, and stars, till the fourth day, when a necessity had arisen for it, on account of the earth having brought "forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit."

The nature of light has been a subject of speculation from the earliest ages of philosophy. Some of the most ancient sages doubted whether objects became visible by a kind of emanation proceeding from them, or from the eye of the spectator. The fallacy of this opinion must soon have become apparent, because, in that case, men ought to see as well in the night as in the day; and, it is evident that something more than the mere presence of an object is necessary to render it visible: it is astonishing that such men as Empedocles, Plato, and Pythagoras could have disputed upon such a subject. All objects, to be visible, must be in a certain state, that is, either self-luminous, as the sun, moon, stars, red-hot metal, &c., or, in the presence of a self-luminous body, so that the substance called light may form a communication between the eye and the objects viewed.

Among moderns, there are two principal opinions—the Newtonian, so called from its illustrious inventor; and the Undulatory, supported by Huygens, Euler the mathematician, and others equally celebrated. A third has been brought forward by Professor Oersted, who considers light to be produced by a succession of electric sparks, or a series of decompositions and recompositions of an electric fluid, filling all space in a natural or balanced state; this last opinion has met with few advocates.

The following are the postulata assumed in the Newtonian or Corpuscular theory.

1. That light consists of particles of matter possessed of inertia, and endowed with attractive and repulsive forces, and projected or emitted from all luminous bodies with nearly the same velocity, i. e. about 200,000 miles per second.

2. That these particles differ from each

other in the intensity of the attractive and repulsive forces which reside in them, and in their relations to the other bodies of the material world, and also in their actual masses, or inertia.

3. That these particles, impinging on the retina, stimulate it, and excite vision: the particles whose inertia is greatest, producing the sensation of red; those of least inertia of violet; and those in which it is intermediate, the intermediate colours.

4. That the molecules of material bodies, and those of light, exert a mutual action on each other, which consists in attraction and repulsion, according to some law or function of the distance between them; that this law is such, as to admit, perhaps, of several alternations, or changes from repulsive to attractive force; but that, when the distance is below a certain very small limit, it is always attractive up to actual contact; and that, beyond this limit, resides, at least, one sphere of repulsion. This repulsive force is that which causes the reflexion of light at the external surfaces of dense media; and the interior attraction, that which produces the refraction and interior reflexion of light.

5. That these forces have different absolute values, or intensities, not only for all different material bodies, but for every different species of the luminous molecules, being of a nature analogous to chemical affinities, or electric attractions, and that hence arises the different refrangibility of the rays of light.

6. That the motion of a particle of light, under the influence of these forces, and its own velocity, is regulated by the same mechanical laws which govern the motions of ordinary matter, and that, therefore, each particle describes a trajectory capable of strict calculation, so soon as the forces which act on it are assigned.

7. That the distance between the molecules of material bodies is exceedingly small, in comparison with the extent of their spheres of attraction and repulsion on the particles of light. And,

8. That the forces which produce the reflexion and refraction of light are, nevertheless, absolutely insensible at all measurable or appreciable distances from the molecules which exert them.

9. That every luminous molecule, during the whole of its progress through space, is continually passing through certain periodically recurring states, called by Newton, fits of easy reflexion and easy transmission, in virtue of which (from whatever cause arising, whether from a rotation of the molecules on their axes, and the consequent

alternate presentation of attractive and repulsive poles, or from any other conceivable cause) they are more disposed, when in the former states or phases of their periods, to obey the influence of the repulsive or reflective forces of the molecules of a medium; and, when in the latter, of the attractive.

It is evident, from the foregoing postulate, that in the Newtonian theory, a ray of light is understood to mean a continued succession or stream of molecules, all moving with the same velocity along one right line, and following each other close enough to keep the retina in a constant state of stimulus, i. e. so fast, that before the impression produced by one can have time to subside, another shall arrive. It appears, by experiment, that, to produce a continued sensation of light, it is sufficient to repeat a momentary flash about eight or ten times in a second. For example, if the point of a stick be heated to redness, and it be then whirled round in a circle, with a greater velocity than eight or ten circumferences per second, the eye can no longer distinguish the place of the luminous point at any instant, and the whole circle appears equally bright and entire. This shews, evidently, that the sensation excited by the light falling on any one point of the retina, must remain almost without diminution till the impression is repeated, during the subsequent revolution of the luminous body.

Now, if uninterrupted vision can be produced by momentary impressions, repeated at intervals so distant as the tenth of a second, it is easy to conceive that the individual molecules of light in a ray, will not require to follow close on each other, to affect our organs with a continued sense of light. For, as the velocity of particles of light has been ascertained to be nearly 200,000 miles per second, if they follow each other at intervals of 1000 miles apart, 200 of them would still reach our retina per second in every ray. This consideration removes all difficulties on the score of their jostling, or disturbing each other in space, and allows of infinite rays crossing at once through the same point of space, without at all interfering with each other, especially when we consider the minuteness which must be attributed to them, that, moving with such swiftness, they should not injure our visual organs. If a molecule of light weighed but a single grain, its inertia would equal that of a cannon-ball upwards of 150 pounds weight, moving at a rate of 1000 feet per second. What, then, must be their tenuity, when the concentration of millions upon millions of them, by lenses

or mirrors, has never been found to produce the slightest mechanical effect on the most delicately-contrived instruments, during experiments made expressly to detect it.

The *Undulatory* theory, whose chief supporters are Huygens, Descartes, Hooke, Euler, Young, and Fresnel, requires the admission of the following postulata:

1. That an excessively rare, subtle, and elastic medium, or *æther*, as it is called, fills all space, and pervades all material bodies, occupying the intervals between their molecules; either by passing freely among them, or, by its extreme rarity, offering no resistance to the motions of the earth, the planets, or comets, in their orbits, appreciable by the most delicate astronomical observations; and having inertia, but not gravity.

2. That the molecules of this *æther* are susceptible of being set in motion by the agitation of the particles of ponderable matter; and that when any one is thus set in motion, it communicates a similar motion to those adjacent to it; and thus the motion is propagated further and further in all directions, according to the same mechanical laws which regulate the propagation of undulations in other elastic media, as air, water, or solids, according to their respective constitutions.

3. That in the interior of refracting media, the *æther* exists in a state of less elasticity, compared with its density, than in vacuo, i. e. in a space empty of all other matter; and that the more refractive the medium, the less, relatively speaking, is the elasticity of the ether in its interior.

4. That vibrations communicated to the *æther* in free space, are propagated through refractive media, by means of the *æther* in their interior, but with a velocity corresponding to its inferior degree of elasticity.

5. That when regular vibratory motions of a proper kind are propagated through the *æther*, and, passing through our eyes, reach and agitate the nerves of our retina, they produce in us the sensation of light, in a manner bearing a more or less close analogy to that in which the vibrations of the air affect our auditory nerves with that of sound.

6. That as, in the doctrine of sound, the frequency of the aerial pulses, or the number of excursions to and fro from its point of rest, made by each molecule of the air, determines the pitch, or note; so, in the theory of light, the frequencies of the pulses, or number of impulses made on our nerves in a given time by the *æthereal* molecules next in contact with them, determines the *colour* of the light; and that as the absolute

extent of the motion to and fro of the particles of air determine the *loudness* of the sound, so the *amplitude*, or extent, of the excursions of the ætherial molecules from their points of rest, determine the brightness or intensity of the light.

These last postulata necessarily are liable to considerable obscurities; as the doctrine of the propagation of motion through elastic media is one of the most abstruse and difficult branches of mathematical inquiry, and we are therefore perpetually driven to indirect and analogical reasoning, from the utter hopelessness of overcoming the mere mathematical difficulties inherent in the subject. The fact is, that neither the Newtonian, nor the Undulatory, nor any other system which has yet been devised, will furnish that complete and satisfactory explanation of *all* the phenomena of light which is desirable. Certain admissions must be made at every step, as to modes of mechanical action, where we are in total ignorance of the acting forces; and we are called on, where reasoning fails, occasionally for an exercise of faith.

The two systems may be briefly summed up as follows:

According to the *Undulatory* theory, light is an invisible fluid, present at all times and in all places, but which requires to be set in motion by an ignited, or otherwise properly qualified body, in order to make objects visible to us. Huygens believed that the sun when it rose agitated this fluid, and that the undulations gradually extended themselves till they struck the eye of the spectator who then beheld the sun.

The Newtonians maintain, that light is not a fluid *per se*, but that it consists of a vast number of exceedingly small particles shaken off in all directions from the luminous body with inconceivable velocity, by a repulsive power; and which, most probably, never return again to the body from which they were emitted.

Light emanates, radiates, or is propagated from all luminous bodies in straight lines, and in all directions, but, perhaps, not equally in all directions. A succession of these particles is called a ray of light, and that this ray must proceed in a straight line is evident from the following facts.

If an opaque body be interposed between the sun and a sheet of white paper, or other object, it casts a shadow on such object; *i.e.* renders it non-luminous. A ray of light will not pass through a bent metallic tube, or through three small holes in as many plates of metal, placed one behind the other at a distance, unless the holes be situated exactly in a straight line. Moreover, the

shadows of bodies, when fairly received on smooth surfaces perpendicular to the line in which the luminous body lies, are similar in figure to the section of the body which produces them, which could not be, except the light were communicated in straight lines from their edges to the borders of the shadow.

That light radiates from every point of a luminous body, may be proved by the following experiment. If a ray of the sun be admitted through a small round hole into a darkened room during a solar eclipse, and received on a white screen, the spot of light, instead of appearing round, will present the appearance of the body of the sun; *i.e.* it will be horned. Now, if a hole be made in the screen which receives the image of the sun, and the ray of light be permitted to pass through it to a second screen, the spot of light will no longer present the appearance of the body of the sun, but that of the hole made in the first screen. Again, take a sheet of pasteboard, and drill a small hole through it with a needle, put a white screen behind it, and let the light of a candle pass through the small hole to the screen; in this case we shall have not a small round point of light, but an exact image of the flame of the candle, inverted: if the light from two, four, or six candles, be suffered to pass through the same minute hole, we shall not have a brighter, or larger spot of light, but as many distinct flames as there are candles: thus proving that every physical point of a luminous surface is a separate and independent source of light.

Light requires time for its propagation, or takes time to travel over space. Two spectators at different distances from a luminous object suddenly disclosed, will not begin to see it at the same mathematical instant of time; the nearer will see it sooner than the more remote. In like manner, if a luminous object be suddenly extinguished, a spectator will continue to see it for a certain time afterwards, as if it still continued luminous, and this time will be longer the farther he is from it.

The interval in question is, however, so excessively small in such distances as occur on the earth's surface, as to be absolutely insensible; but in the immense expanse of the celestial regions the case is different. The eclipses and emersions of Jupiter's satellites become visible nearly a quarter of an hour sooner, when the earth is at its least distance from that planet, than when at its greatest. Recent observations have enabled astronomers to assign, with great precision, the numerical amount of this inequality, and thence to deduce the velocity of light, which

... at the rate of 191,515 miles ... Other observations would lead ... that the velocity of light is ... for it has been found that the light ... the planets, and all the fixed ... with one and the same velocity, ... bodies are at different and ... distances from us: hence we may ... that the velocity of light is inde- ... of the particular source from which it emanates, and the distance over which it has travelled before reaching our eye.

Some idea may be formed of the astonishing velocity of light, when it is considered that a cannon-ball would require seventeen years, at least, to reach the sun, supposing its velocity to continue uniform from the moment of its discharge. Yet light travels over the same space in seven minutes and a half. The swiftest bird, at its utmost speed, would require nearly three weeks to make the tour of the earth. Light performs the same distance in much less time than it required for a single stroke of his wing. Astronomers have demonstrated that light cannot possibly arrive at our earth from the nearest of the fixed stars in less than five years, and telescopes disclose to us objects probably many thousand times more remote.

When a ray of light proceeds through empty space, or in a perfectly homogeneous medium, its course, as has been mentioned above, is rectilinear, and its velocity uniform; but when it encounters an obstacle, or a different medium, it undergoes changes; and is separated into several parts, which pursue different courses, or are otherwise differently modified.

These changes are termed, *reflexion*, *refraction*, *absorption*, *dispersion*, and *polarization*.

Reflection is when a ray of light falling upon a polished surface is repelled by it, and pursues its course in a right line wholly exterior to the reflecting medium. The intensity and regularity of reflexion at the external surface of a medium, is found to depend not merely on the nature of the medium, but very essentially on the degree of smoothness and polish of its surface.

Refraction is where a ray of light passes obliquely through media of different density, and is thus bent or attracted out of its course: it is from this property of light that a stick partly immersed in water, appears broken.

Some portions of rays of light become *scattered* in all directions, one part being intermitted into the medium, and distributed over the hemisphere interior to it, while the other is in like manner scattered over the exterior hemisphere. These two

portions are those which render visible surfaces of bodies to eyes situated any with respect to them, and are therefore of the utmost importance to vision. Of portions which enter the medium, a more or less is *absorbed*, stifled, or without any further change of direction that not at once, but progressively, as penetrate deeper and deeper into its stance. In perfectly opaque media, as the metals, this *absorption* is total, takes place within a space less than we appreciate; still there are good reasons supposing that it is gradual.

Transparent bodies, on the contrary, the rays of light to pass freely through substance, or, it may be, between their particles; and the transparency is said more or less perfect, according as a greater or less portion of the light which enters them, finds its way through. Among considerable bodies, we know of none where transparency is perfect. Whether it is some of the rays in their passage encounter the particles of the media, and are thereby reflected; or, whether they are stopped or turned aside by the forces reside in the molecules, or ultimate parts of bodies, without actual encounter, or are wise detained or neutralized by them, it is, that even in the most rare and transparent media, such as air, water, and a beam of light intermitted, is gradually extinguished, and becomes more and more feeble as it penetrates to a greater distance within them, and ultimately becomes faint to affect our organs. Thus, the tops of very high mountains, a much greater multitude of stars is visible to the naked eye than in the plains at their feet; the light of the smallest of them being too reduced in its passage through the atmospheric strata, to affect the sight. Olbers has even supposed the same to be good with the imponderable media (of the celestial spaces, and conceives to be the reason why so few stars (not more than about *ten millions*) can be seen by the most powerful telescopes.

(To be concluded in our next.)

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE mean temperature, from November 20th to December 31st, 1831, was 56 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. The maximum, which was 56 degrees, took place on November 23d and December 1st, when the direction of the wind on both days was south-westerly; the minimum was 30 degrees, took place on December 25th, when the direction of the wind

south-easterly. The range of the thermometer, during the above period, was 26 degrees; and the prevailing wind south-west. The direction of the wind has been south-westerly, fifteen days; westerly, nine; north-westerly, six; north-easterly, five; southerly, three; south-easterly, two; and northerly, two.

The mean temperature of November was 42 degrees, and of December 44 degrees; the prevailing wind being west during the former month, and south-west during the latter.

Fog was prevalent on the following days, November 28th, December 3d, and 24th to 27th. During the latter days, it occurred with scarcely any intermission; and was very dense on the evenings of the 24th, 25th, and 26th.

December 7th and 12th were distinguished by considerable gales of wind.

POETRY.

THE TULIP AND THE ROSE.

A FABLE.

A TULIP, which is prized by most,—
A scentless flower of lovely hue,
Which some pronounce the garden's boast,
Upon a blooming flower-bed grew,
And on its tall and slender stem
Display'd its gaudy diadem.

One morn, as she unclosed her eye,
And look'd abroad in haughty pride,
Near to her bed she did espy
A Rose, full-blown, and throwing wide
A fragrance to the morning air,
Which the proud Tulip *could not bear*.

Ah me! she cried, what scent is here,
Which thus pollutes the breath of morn?—
Nay, nay, dear sister Rose, forbear!
Then tossed her gaudy head in scorn;
And then, the *noisome* smell to stop,
She closed her crimson petal up.

The Rose, who could not brook the taunt,
Replied, while anger stung her breast,
"Thou foolish, envious thing, avaunt!
That sneer'st at merit unpossess'd
By thee, and all thy worthless tribe—
Go to! I scorn thy harmless gibe."

"Nay, nay," the Tulip straight exclaim'd,
"No harm, dear sister Rose, is meant;
Why is your breast with gall inflamed?
You boast *some* beauty! but this scent
Is here a nuisance—pray attend
To decency, and I'm your friend."

"*Some* beauty!" said the Rose, "yes—la!
Such as the sweetest kiss insures.
You *boast* a little, too; but, ah!
What's beauty, with a breath like yours?
Where, if a suitor touch your lip,
The breath of poison he will sip."

"And now, good madam Tulip, list;
By fairest hands I'm oft carest,
Am by the lips of beauty kiss'd,
And find a throne on Celia's breast;
While you are view'd with scornful brow—
Your all consists in *outward show*."

"I," said the Tulip, "on these banks
In varied-colour'd vest am seen—
Behold! we stand in martial ranks—
Of all these vassals I'm the queen!
Above them all I rear my head,
I nod, and lo, I am obey'd!"

"While you upon an hateful thorn
Are doom'd to hang your drowsy head,
You ope your gaping eye at morn—
At night you're number'd with the dead—
That stench again you waft this way;
Dear sister, have some mercy, pray!"

O Pride! thou base perfidious guest,
That thou couldst from thy throne be hurl'd!
And thou, rank Envy, from thy nest
Be hooted round a clamorous world!
That jarring discord thence might cease,
And friendship live, and love increase.

So high the contest rose at length,
Between these flowers of high pretence,
That each had almost spent its strength
In ire and vaunting eloquence;
While Boreas heard each hot dispute,
And vow'd he'd strike at Envy's root.

"I'll end this warm debate," he said;
Then swell'd his ample cheeks, and blew
A sudden blast across the bed
All where the gaudy Tulip grew—
The Tulip bow'd its trembling head,
It snapt—'twas number'd with the dead!

The Rose beheld its fatal fall
With half a laugh and half a sneer;
In mockery at its fate withal,
She waved her head above its bier;
Stern Boreas saw the shameful deed,
And vow'd that she the next should bleed.

Again his ample cheeks he fill'd,
And through the rose-bush rudely pass'd;
The deed was done—now he beheld
Her leaves all scatter'd in the blast,
Which to the Tulip form'd a bed
Whereon to rest its dying head.

Near Halifax.

THOS. CROSSLEY.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM—TO MISS B., ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

SINCE life is but a vapour, and time is on the wing,
Forgive me if I take my harp, and touch a solemn string.

For while we all are hastening, each to his closing day,

I dare not waste a moment, or throw an hour away.
Full well I know that albums, too often do contain
Such lines as puff the heart with pride, and make
the careless vain.

And many of the writers have made it all their care,
To lavish empty flattery, and praises light as air:
But whilst I occupy in thine a pure unblemish'd page,
My counsels shall be serious, though not the words
of age.

This day thou wilt commemorate, thy long past day
of birth;

And surely, then, thy musings should tarry not on
earth:

For God the Lord invites thee, to send thy thoughts
above;

And while he stoops to notice, he proffers thee his
love.

Oh! seize the hand held out to guide to yonder
world so bright,

Where all is heaven and happiness, where all is
joy and light.

Thus let this birth-day bear thy mind to glory's
high abode,

And seal thee here in covenant and union with thy
God.

How long thou wilt continue a pilgrim here below,
It is not mine to guess, for God alone can know.
But this my earnest wish, my earnest prayer shall be,
That thy spirit may be fitted for a bless'd eternity.

And then, should birth-days o'er thy head in quick
 succession roll,
 They will but urge thee onward, to the birth-day
 of thy soul.
 And when thine earthly birth-days shall here for
 ever cease,
 May bands of angels waft thee to everlasting peace.
Chelmsford, April 25, 1831.

THE INFANT SMILE.

THAT smile affords a transient gleam,
 Of purity and bliss supreme,
 That once in Eden bloomed ;
 Ere bright perfection fled from earth,
 And sin and sorrow marked our birth,
 Or death his power assumed.

If thou should'st hasten to the tomb,
 Sweet innocent ! who'd dare to doom
 Thy soul to endless wo ;
 When Christ declares, in words of love,
 "Of such consists the world above,"
 Enough for us to know.

It would be hard indeed to part
 With thee, sweet treasure of my heart !
 To me so kindly given ;
 Yet, if that smile in death should sleep,
 I would not in despondence weep,
 It must awake in heaven ! R. S.

LINES ON FINDING TWO HUMAN FORE- TEETH, IN THE CHURCH YARD, AT BATLEY.

TIME was, when you adorn'd the coral lip,
 And grac'd, perhaps, lov'd beauty's winning smile,
 While some enraptur'd swain might sigh to sip
 The nectar'd tribute Celia breath'd the while.

Did you employ the fair-one's daily care,
 While on her toilette, tinctures' brushes lay,
 Eager those fading charms still to repair,
 Which time more certain sought to rend away ?

And was your once possessor, haughty, proud ?—
 Scorn'd she the meaner forms which nature gave,
 Alas ! the face where beauty's radiance glow'd,
 Has no attractions in the gloomy grave.

Perchance, some ghastly beggar's lips between
 You stood ;—the child of misery and wo,
 Where want and sickness rul'd the awful scene,
 And where the grinders had not much to do.

Did you to some harsh overseer belong,
 Who mutter'd curses on the vagrant poor ;
 And have you sneer'd upon the hapless throng,
 That, pinch'd by hunger, sought the parish door !

Claimed by some shrew, did you assist the tongue
 In wordy warfare and the noisy strife,
 While to her spouse full many a peal she rung,
 The eternal rattle that disturb'd his life ?

Or did some epicure once call you his,
 Who lov'd the smoking board, and groaning spit,
 Who ask'd no higher heaven, or nobler bliss,
 Than midst the hecatombs of meats to sit ?

Some gay Lothario might these relics bear,
 The man of bows, of compliments, perfume,
 With honied speech, who charm'd the list'ning fair,
 And, like the siren, lur'd them to their doom.

Or have you lent the pious preacher aid,
 The crowded list'ning audience to move,
 While drest in smiles his face, his tongue displayed
 The rich exuberance of a Saviour's love ?

Whose once you were—what your possessor's lot,
 Fair, plain, rich, poor, wise, or despotic he,
 I cannot tell ; the mortal now is not,
 And you so valued, useless now I see.

From what you are, and what you once have been,
 These serious lessons learnt, may I retain,
 Humility becomes this fading scene,
 And pride is hateful in corruption's train.

'Tis wisdom's part, since man is born to die,
 The hasty sojourner of life's short day,
 To seek a permanent abode on high,
 That heavenly clime which smiles beyond decay.

J. W.

Carlingham New Hall, near Leeds.

REVIEW.—*The Complete Works of Philip Doddridge, D.D. in two Vols. Royal 8vo. pp. 1038—1259. Westley and Davis. London. 1831.*

DR. DODDRIDGE is so well known in the theological world, that to mention his name is to call forth a great variety of pleasing associations. With his valuable works, every student for the ministry, and every profound inquirer after truth, we presume to be well acquainted. Though published at different times, they have been more than half a century before the world ; and so long as intrinsic worth shall prove a passport to patronage, they are in no danger of being withdrawn from circulation.

In most former editions, the writings of this eminent man were sold in an expensive form, and, as a natural consequence, were rather treasured up in the libraries of the wealthy, than dispersed among the reading community, for whose edification they were so admirably adapted. On the present occasion, this once insuperable barrier is broken down, and the entire works of this pious, learned, and indefatigable author, are presented to the public in two volumes, at a price which, in former years, would not have purchased his *Family Expositor*. From the number of pages which each contains, it will be seen that they are of no diminutive bulk ; and we may add, that each page extending over a large surface of paper, and, without notes, containing about eighty lines, an attentive perusal of the whole will furnish employment to many days of close and unremitting application.

The first volume contains a "Life of the Author," his "Family Expositor," "A Dissertation on Sir Isaac Newton's Chronology," and a copious index. The "Memoir," by Job Orton, may be justly ranked among the best specimens of biography in the English language. The "Family Expositor" gives the sacred text in the margin, and then combines it with a paraphrase, in harmonious order, on all the books of the New Testament, divided into short sections, each of which is followed by a devotional improvement of the doctrines and precepts which it contains. This is a work of inestimable value, and, without any other, would have been sufficient to immortalize its author's name.

The second volume comprises the "Life of Colonel Gardiner," "Theological Lectures," "Sermons," "Hymns," "Letters," "Lectures on Preaching," and some miscellaneous articles. The life of the pious colonel is too well known to require any observations. On perusing it, the reader will be ready to exclaim, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" The lectures put on a very formal aspect, and, from the alterations in arrangement which more modern times have introduced, appear in a kind of antiquated dress. They seem to assume a mathematical character, and to aim at a species of demonstration, of which moral, ethical, and revealed subjects are not always susceptible. But notwithstanding this somewhat obsolete garb, they display the author's talents and researches to a high degree of advantage; nor is there a topic connected with the great subjects of which they treat, on which something of considerable importance may not be gathered from them. The sermons are plain, practical, and edifying, and may be surveyed as lively transcripts of their author's mind. The hymns are well known, many among them having been transplanted into almost every collection that has been published. His letters display a great diversity of talent, and an intimate acquaintance with the subjects on which they are written.

These two large octavo volumes, embodying all the works of this excellent author, appear to be correctly and neatly printed. It must have been an undertaking attended with considerable expense, which nothing but their sterling worth and long-established character could have justified. But, from the well-known literary and theological reputation of Dr. Doddridge, and the serious respect with which they have uniformly been received, the publisher can have little doubt of an honourable reimbursement. His sale may not be so rapid as ephemeral publications acquire, which blaze for a moment, and then disappear for ever—but it will be permanent; and for ages yet to come, they will be in continued requisition.

It would perhaps be going too far to place Doddridge by the side of Baxter, though the name of each is immortal; and when the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul" by the former, shall cease to be remembered, "The Saint's Everlasting Rest" of the latter, may be considered as trembling on the margins of oblivion. We rejoice to find the works of Dr. Doddridge thus compressed, and thus reduced in price, from a full persuasion that they will

now find their way into the hands of many readers, by whom they were previously unattainable. We scarcely know any work in which £1. 18s. can be more advantageously laid out, than in the whole works of Dr. Doddridge.

REVIEW.—*Sermons, by the late Rev. Edward Payson, D.D., Pastor of the Second Church in Portland, in the United States. 8vo. pp. 508. Holdsworth. London. 1831.*

It has frequently been observed, respecting the celebrated George Whitefield, that his oral discourses contained a pathos, a sublimity, and an almost superhuman corruscation of thought, which in his written sermons can no where be found. In a less eminent degree, we apprehend that similar remarks will apply to Mr. Payson, and to his discourses which appear in this volume. In both preachers there was a commanding eloquence, arising from occasions and evanescent circumstances, which manner, attitude, tone, and impassioned energy might express, but which no language can embody in life and form. A painter may catch the colour of lightning, but he cannot pencil its motion, nor communicate to his canvass the power of producing an electric shock.

We have no intention, by making these remarks, to insinuate any thing to the disadvantage of these discourses. They are evangelical in principle, practical in tendency, and, founded upon some of the fundamental truths of the gospel dispensation, enter deeply into what may be justly denominated the essence of Christianity. Without being philosophically profound, they display much intellectual acuteness, blended with a becoming zeal, and evince exemplary diligence in the Redeemer's cause.

It appears from an advertisement prefixed to this volume, that the author, who died in 1827, was among the most popular preachers of the United States, where his ministerial labours were blessed in a very remarkable manner. There was, we are told, in his delivery, "an unaffected earnestness, a glowing intensity of feeling, a peculiarity of expression and utterance, a manner wholly original and undescribable, which will not attend the perusal of his discourses. The reader will not feel the immediate influence of those prayers which disarmed criticism, and awed the most thoughtless, which brought them directly before Infinite Majesty, and made them

feel that they had business of greater importance than to criticize or cavil."

That such feelings would be produced by an energetic eloquence, delivering the exalted sentiments which the following words convey, on the ascent of our Lord into heaven, we can easily conceive—

"As we rise, the earth fades away from our view; now we leave worlds, suns, and systems behind us. Now we reach the utmost limits of creation; now the last star disappears, and no ray of created light is seen. But a new light begins to dawn and brighten upon us. It is the light of heaven, which pours in a flood of glory from its wide open gates, spreading continual meridian day, far and wide through the regions of ether and space. Passing onward through this flood of day, the songs of heaven begin to burst upon your ears, and voices of celestial sweetness, yet loud as the sound of many waters, and of mighty thunderings, are heard exclaiming, 'Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.' A moment more, and you have passed the gates, you are in the midst of the city, you are before the eternal throne, you are in the immediate presence of God, and all his glories are blazing around you like a consuming fire. Flesh and blood cannot support it; your bodies dissolve into their original dust, but your immortal souls remain, and stand naked spirits before the great Father of spirits. Nor, in losing their tenements of clay, have they lost the powers of perception. No, they are now all eye, all ear, nor can you close the eyelids of the soul, to shut out for a moment the dazzling, overpowering splendours which surround you, and which appear like light condensed, like glory which may be felt. You see, indeed, no form or shape; and yet your whole souls perceive, with instinctive clearness and certainty, the immediate, awe-inspiring presence of Jehovah. You see no countenance; and yet you feel as if a countenance of awful majesty, in which all the perfections of Divinity shone forth, were bearing upon you wherever you turn. You see no eye; and yet a piercing, heart-searching eye, an eye of omniscient purity, every glance of which goes through your soul like a flash of lightning, seems to look upon you from every point of surrounding space. You feel as if enveloped in an atmosphere, or plunged in an ocean of existence, intelligence, perfection, and glory; an ocean of which your labouring minds can take in only a drop; an ocean, the depth of which you cannot fathom, and the breadth of which you cannot fully explore. But, while you feel utterly unable to comprehend this infinite Being, your views of him, so far as they extend, are perfectly clear and distinct. You have the most vivid perception, the most deeply-graven impressions, of an infinite, eternal, and spotless mind, in which the images of all things past, present, and to come are most harmoniously seen, arranged in the most perfect order, and defined with the nicest accuracy: of a mind which wills with infinite ease, but whose volitions are attended by a power omnipotent and irresistible, and which sows worlds, suns, and systems through the fields of space, with far more facility than the husbandman scatters his seed upon the earth: a mind, whence have flowed all the streams which ever watered any portion of the universe with life, intelligence, holiness, or happiness, and which is still full, overflowing, and inexhaustible."—p. 89.

REVIEW.—*Luther's Table Talk, or some choice Fragments from the familiar Discourse of that godly and learned Man, Dr. Martin Luther.* 12mo. pp. 348. Longman. London. 1832.

THE name of the author will furnish conclusive evidence, that this is a reprint of

what has been long before the world. We learn from the preface, that "*Luther's Table Talk*" was first published in 1571; that it was translated into English in 1651, under the sanction of a committee of parliament; and that this is an abridgment of the original work. It further appears, that the materials of which this volume is composed, were taken from Luther's lips in common conversation when in company, and preserved until a sufficient quantity had been collected, to furnish out a repast for his numerous admirers and friends. "*Luther*," the preface observes, "seems, in short, to have had his Boswell; some humble admirer, who, like the entertaining biographer of Johnson, thought every thing of value which fell, or might have fallen, from the lips of so great a man."

From the preceding remarks, it must be obvious that this volume embodies a collection that is highly miscellaneous. The articles are very numerous, and much diversified. They have all, however, a bearing, in a greater or less degree, on the important subjects of popery and reformation, in which the author's whole soul seemed to be totally absorbed. Scattered throughout these pages, we find the sentiments of this great man on many topics of occasional occurrence, which could not with propriety be introduced into his regular Works. They appear to have been called forth by the contingencies of the moment, and to have been arrested as the fugitive emanations of a gigantic mind. In every sentence, the commanding inflexibility which appears, evinces that his character was formed for the great work which God raised him up to accomplish.

The reader is not, however, to suppose that these extemporaneous and momentary effusions are to be all measured by one common standard. They rise or sink in value, as the occasion was more or less imperious, and as the mind of this christian Hercules was either animated or depressed with his subject. Few passages, however, appear, that we could wish the selector had suppressed, all being instructive, spirited, and full of vigour.

Stern and inexorable as Luther was, when viewed as a reformer, in the society of his friends he was capable of unbending, and of entertaining them with anecdotes which he had picked up in his turbulent journey through life, and of mingling pleasantries of his own, when occasions allowed their introduction. *Luther's Table Talk*, is therefore, a book, which instruction, information, and rational entertainment combine to render interesting.

REVIEW.—*Modern Immersion not Scripture Baptism.* By William Thorn. 12mo. p. 382. Holdsworth. London. 1831.

THE Baptist controversy may be considered as comparatively of ancient date. The above expression comprehends much more than the mode and subject. A considerable number of men, professed teachers of the christian faith, but who, on all the vital points of genuine religion, give an accommodating interpretation to the holy scriptures, view baptism by water, and regeneration, as synonymous. They admit of no regeneration but that of the administration of baptism:—a doctrine more pernicious and deadly never was taught even by an infidel.

Men of principle and piety have, we regret to say, differed very widely on the mode and subject of baptism. This topic has greatly divided the church of Christ, and has contributed as much, if not more than any other point, to cool the affections of disciples to each other. Many works of considerable merit have been published by both parties, and, of late, more enlightened views, as we conceive, of the design of christian baptism have been entertained.

The present work, by Mr. Thorn, is confined to one point, namely, the mode of baptism. That he has done justice to this department of the subject, as far as reading, research, and universal application are concerned, even those who differ from him in sentiment cannot but allow. Mr. Thorn sets out with the assertion, that plunging is not christian baptism. He then proceeds to establish this position. He has examined the works of all the men of eminence of the Baptist denomination on this subject; and if ever a writer made his opponents destroy their own fortification, Mr. Thorn is that very man. It is a question with us, if any man, living or dead, has examined the Baptist library with more keenness and good effect. It is indeed astonishing, how he has culled every thing which the body has to say in favour of immersion; and, from the ablest pens of this body, he has formidably assailed their position.

He has in like manner examined the works of the most learned men who maintain pouring as the mode of baptism. He has brought both classes into the open field; and we cannot but think that the impartial will maintain that, as a general in this warfare, he has displayed splendid talents.

We have neither time nor room to make quotations from the body of the treatise;

neither would brief quotations do justice to the writer. We recommend a careful and speedy perusal of Mr. Thorn's book to all inquiring minds on the subject of baptism. To students of divinity, and pastors of churches, it is an invaluable treasure. The former should not enter on the duties of the ministry until they have made themselves masters of the leading sentiments of the treatise.

As a respectable author, Mr. Thorn has appeared before the public prior to the present work. His book on the Sabbath contains a vast body of useful information: and his late treatise on Tithes, proves him to be a man of great reading. His masterpiece, however, is his work on Baptism. In the republic of letters his name must be permanent, and he has placed the church of God under an obligation, on this subject, which few other men have done. We trust it will have a universal sale.

REVIEW.—*Three Discourses on Practical Subjects.* By the late Rev. Richard Cecil, A.M. 12mo. pp. 120. Crofts. London. 1832.

THE Rev. Richard Cecil was well known in the christian world during his life, and since his death his valuable writings have kept his name in continual remembrance. These three discourses, we are told in the titlepage, are "now first published;" but why they were withheld from the press, no information is given. It could not have been through the want of intrinsic merit, either as compositions, or as inculcating unsound doctrine. They are founded on "The Repentance of Peter," "The Death of John the Baptist," and the unavailing reflection of "The Rich Man in Torment."

These discourses are characterized by a familiar energy, both in language and sentiment, and the topics of discussion are exhibited in so luminous a manner, that readers may readily make an application of their import to themselves under similar circumstances.

From the simple sources of the texts, the author draws forth many important subjects, which he elucidates with clearness, and applies with fidelity. The earnestness and affection which breathe throughout the whole evince that "he was serious in a serious cause." In all his delineations the hand of a master is visible; and no one, we think, can read these sermons without feeling compunction, apprehension, and a solicitude for grace to help in time of need.

REVIEW.—*Hints to Five Classes:—Opposers of the Truth; those who neither oppose nor embrace it; Hypocrites; Weak and Inconsistent Christians; Humble, Devout, and Holy Christians.* 12mo. pp. 114. Seeley. London. 1832.

THERE is a great degree of earnestness in these hints; and the appeals made to scripture authority, are both numerous and appropriate. The method adopted by the author is chiefly hortative, and we give him the fullest credit for his sincerity. The greater part, however, of what he has advanced, will be influential only on those persons who profess to believe in revelation, and to be governed by its unerring dictates. Against such as oppose the truth by denying the inspiration of the scriptures, these hints furnish but a scanty supply of argument. By them, all that the author has advanced will be resolved into dogmatism; and, secure in this subterfuge, promises, threatenings, exhortations, and expostulation will be permitted to plead in vain.

The case, however, will be very different with those who acknowledge the authenticity of the scriptures. To nominal professors, whether indifferent to the experience and practice of the truths they admit, grown weary in well-doing, or retaining the form of godliness without its power, these hints are likely to prove advantageous. There is an awakening heart-stirring spirit, to such as these, running throughout the whole; and, if read with seriousness, and a desire to be benefited, we doubt not that this little volume will prove a blessing.

REVIEW.—*Mental Recreation; or, Select Maxims, &c. from Philosophers, Statesmen, Divines, &c., chosen from one hundred Authors.* 12mo. pp. 349. Longman. London. 1832.

By whom these selections were made, we presume not to guess; the preface being without a signature, and the title-page without a name. This is, however, of less consequence to the reader, than to know what kind of maxims this volume contains.

Selected from Grecians, Romans, ancient fathers of the church, Arabians, Chinese, Hindoos, English, French, Scotch, Spanish, and Italians, the variety is great; and very numerous are the subjects on which these maxims are brought to bear. Some few among them are of a very questionable character, and others are attributed to men who are not their authors—but the greater portion is good; and many, if treasured up

in the memory, would be a valuable acquisition in the journey of life. Of these maxims we now present a few to our readers, and refer them to the volume whence these specimens have been selected:—

"*Ancestry and Pedigree.*"—"Some men by ancestry are only the shadow of a mighty name."—*Lucan.*
"It is a wretched thing to live on the fame of others."—*Juvenal.*

"Philosophy does not look into pedigree: she did not adopt Plato as noble, but she made him such."—*Seneca.*

"Seek not for a good man's pedigree."—*Spanish Proverb.*

"The man who prides himself on a long list of ancestry, without personal merit, may be ludicrously, though justly, compared to a potato plant, the best part of which is underground."—*B.*

"*Extravagance and Prodigality.*"—"He that will not economize will have to agonize."—*Chinese Proverb.*

"Prodigality and dissipation at last bring a man to the want of the necessaries of life; he falls into poverty, misery, and abject disgrace; so that even his acquaintance, fearful of being obliged to restore to him what he has squandered with them or upon them, fly from him as a debtor from his creditors, and he is left abandoned by all the world."—*Volney.*

"Never spend Michaelmas rent in Midsummer moon."

"A young spendthrift makes an old beggar."

"*Fame.*"—"In Fame's temple there is always a niche to be found for rich dunces, importunate scoundrels, or successful butchers of the human race."—*Zimmerman.*

"All fame is dangerous; good brings envy, bad shame."

"The thirst for fame is stronger than the desire for virtue."—*B.*

"*Fashion.*"—"A fop of fashion is the mercer's friend, the tailor's fool, and his own foe."

"He alone is a man, who can resist the genius of the age, the tone of fashion, with vigorous simplicity and modest courage."—*Lavater.*

REVIEW.—*Sermons on various interesting occasions, adapted for Families and Villages.* By W. Dransfield. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 256—273. Simpkin and Marshall. London. 1831.

If the great mass of English population are not pious, their irreligion cannot be attributed to the want of sermons. At all seasons of the year, both in town and country, in all shapes, and at all prices, in which books appear, they continue to swarm from the press. Out of this accumulated and accumulating aggregate, many are worthless, many are useless, and many are pernicious; but it is pleasing to add, that a decent proportion contain intrinsic excellencies, and inculcate doctrines and precepts which merit the reader's most serious consideration and practical regard.

The two volumes now on our desk were published at different times; and so favourably have they been received, that one has passed through four editions, and the other through two. This circumstance speaks strongly in favour of these discourses; and when it is considered that they are neither time-serving nor temporizing, we cannot but infer, that evangelical truth has still a triumphant number of genuine friends.

The subjects are greatly diversified; but even when they are historical and specula-

tive, practical utility is always kept in view. Designed for families and villages, the language is plain and expressive. Its sentences are rarely wrapped in obscurity, and no one need read them twice to comprehend their meaning. Without being coarse or vulgar, the author seems to have used plain words for plain people, and throughout his volumes to have furnished evidence, that the sublime truths of Christianity may be communicated in terms of familiar import, simply expressed, and easily understood. Even these are no contemptible excellencies; but we feel persuaded, that the author would find a higher gratification in learning that the sublime truths which he inculcates are cordially received, and uniformly practised, by all who may read his discourses.

REVIEW.—*Family Classical Library.*
Vols. XX. XXI. XXII. XXIII.
XXIV. 12mo. Valpy. London.

SEVERAL of the preceding volumes in this series, we have already noticed in terms of well-merited approbation. Those now before us follow in the ranks, and bring before the reading public additional compositions of classic antiquity in an English dress. The three former include the works of Thucydides, and the two latter enter on those of Plutarch. The fame of these venerable authors is so extensively known, so well founded, and so justly appreciated, as to preclude all necessity for comment or recommendation. The former is from a translation by Dr. William Smith, dean of Chester, and the latter by John and William Langhorne.

In drawing these standard compositions from their silent retreats in the libraries of the wealthy and learned, and throwing them into an extensive circulation, Mr. Valpy has acted with much literary patriotism; and we cannot for a moment doubt, that his liberal exertions to diffuse classical knowledge throughout the country, will receive that patronage which he so justly merits. It is possible that some diminutive beauty in elegance of expression, some evanescent sparkling of thought, discernible in the originals, may have evaporated in the translation; but whoever compares them together, will readily allow, that nothing of moment has been suffered to disappear.

Prefixed to these works is an interesting memoir of their respective authors, stating the age in which they lived, and the occasion of their writings. The sketches, indeed, are condensed; but as all the prominent features are preserved, and dates are associated with events and occurrences,

they will prove of incalculable value to the English student, who improves this opportunity of making himself acquainted with these literary treasures of antiquity.

We do not mean to insinuate that this is the first time in which these authors have appeared in an English dress. But we feel no hesitation in asserting, that this is the first time in which they have assumed such an inviting aspect, or have been presented in the garb of uniformity, at a price so low as to silence all pecuniary objections. It will be almost needless to add, that these are works of sterling value, with which many celebrated productions of the present day can bear no comparison. They have stood the test of ages, and will retain their rank in the great republic of letters, when meretricious ornament and artificial fascination shall cease to captivate. Works like these, bearing their venerable authors' names, bring with them their own recommendation.

REVIEW.—*Lardner's Cabinet Library,*
Vols. IV. V. VI. VII. 12mo. Longman. London. 1831.

THE well-earned reputation of Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia, and also of his Cabinet Library, in many respects a kindred work, is so firmly established, and so generally allowed, that many remarks on the present volumes will be wholly unnecessary.

The fourth volume is an annual retrospect of public affairs for 1831; it ranges over the kingdoms of Europe, and furnishes a compendium of all that is most interesting and important, both at home and abroad. The miseries inflicted by the Russians on the unfortunate Poles, cannot be read without the mingled emotions of pity and indignation.

Volume five is a continuation of the Life of George IV., which, with one that has preceded, and one that is to follow, comprises the whole biography of this illustrious monarch. This volume extends over the eventful period which lies between 1803 and 1814, and is rendered particularly interesting by the great vicissitudes of the war, the abdication of Napoleon, and the visit paid to England by the foreign sovereigns.

The sixth and seventh volumes are devoted to the history of the Bourbons, whose names and destinies are so closely connected with the history of France, that an entire separation between them is totally impracticable. Delineating the character of an illustrious dynasty, these sketches are very amusing and instructive; but in many cases we have nothing more than

a closely condensed compendium, which but barely connects the monarch with the multifarious events of his reign. Enough, however, appears in the early history of this royal tribe, to evince, that, with few exceptions, their reigns were disfigured with every species of despotism; with wantonness that triumphed in the miseries it inflicted, and cruelties which human nature should both shudder and blush to own.

It is not until we reach the tremendous but purifying tempest of the ever-memorable revolution, that the morning of liberty begins to dawn, and even this frequently appears enveloped in clouds which threaten even a darker night. The scum, however, which had been gathering for ages, was broken by this eventful hurricane; and recent occurrences tell the world, that it is only on condition of being transformed from tyrants into men, that the Bourbons can hope to retain the throne of regenerated France.

REVIEW.—*Fables, and other Pieces, in Verse. By Mary Maria Colling. With some Account of the Author, in Letters to Robert Southey, Esq., by Mrs. Bray. 8vo. pp. 198. Longman. London. 1831.*

A VARIETY of concurring circumstances render this publication one of the most interesting that we have seen for many years. Mary Maria Colling, the author, is a servant girl residing in Tavistock, Devonshire, and who, without ambition to be known in the world, composed these fables for her own amusement, while attending on the duties of her station, and quietly pursuing "the noiseless tenor of her way." Genuine talents, however, cannot long be concealed; some favourable circumstances will occur to bring the possessor of them into notice; "an insuppressible spring will toss him up in spite of fortune's load," and give to sterling merit an opportunity of being advantageously known.

Fortunately for Mary Colling, she lived in the vicinity of Mrs. Bray, a lady well known, and deservedly celebrated, in the literary world, as the author of "The Talba," "De Foix," "The White Hoods," "The Protestant," "Fitz of Fitzford," and other works, from which she has gathered lasting renown.

Mrs. Bray, taking this humble but meritorious girl under her patronage, has, in some letters, addressed to Robert Southey, Esq., and which are prefixed to the fables, given an outline of her biography, which,

we presume, no person can read without feeling a lively interest in her future welfare. The account is written in a pleasing and animated strain. It is an animation, however, arising from the facts which the narrative supplies, and, without any artificial effort to solicit favour, is admirably calculated to disarm criticism of severity, and to place the fables, and their unassuming author, in an amiable light. As a specimen of her talents in writing fables, we insert one, founded on the following circumstance:—

"Some servant girls had a holiday given them, that they might go and see their friends at Plymouth. They left Tavistock in their natural character; but on the road contrived to trick themselves out in some cast-off finery, and paraded Plymouth in the assumed character of ladies. They were met by a person who knew them, and who justly reproved their folly. Mary Colling heard the story, and it gave occasion to her fable of

"The Turkeys and the Gander."

"Three turkeys once, ambitious grown,
Went travelling where they were not known;
And each in hopes to be admired,
His tail with peacock's plumes attired.
While thus the journey they pursued,
Their borrowed beauties oft they viewed;
But, lo! by chance, to their regret,
They soon a neighbouring gander met.
The latter, although much surprised,
His neighbours quickly recognized:
'My friends,' said he, 'how strange the sight,
Your tails are grown so fine since night!'
The turkeys each assumed an air:
One said, 'You don't know who we are;
And 'tis beneath us, when we wander,
To claim acquaintance with a gander.'
The gander answered, 'Though you're cross,
And I am really at a loss
What names to call you, now you roam,
I'm sure you're turkeys when at home.'"

p. 66.

Prefixed to this volume is a portrait of the author. The countenance is pleasing, and full of interest. The engraving is neatly executed, and does credit to the artist, as well as to the face which he represents. The list of subscribers is numerous and highly respectable, and confers honour on those whose benevolence thus patronizes "merit in a low estate."

REVIEW.—*Geographical Annual; or, Family Atlas. 12mo. Bull. London. 1832.*

IN point of real value, this annual far exceeds any other that we have yet seen, since it has been fashionable for delicate flowers to bloom in the depth of winter. It contains a series of maps, comprising the globe, its four great sections, and most of the principal kingdoms and empires scat-

tered over the face of the earth. On each map we find a multitude of figures which refer to an opposite page, where a brief explanation of the part is given.

The first map presents to the eye at one view, all the principal mountains in the world. Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, has each its distinct range, and by the scale of elevation graduated in the margin, the real and comparative height of all can be seen at a single glance. This is exceedingly valuable as an article of reference, on all occasions that may require such information. Of these mountains, the margin contains the names, and also that of the country in which they are situated, accompanied with figures which denote their respective elevations.

On another map, immediately facing the preceding, the principal rivers in the world are delineated in a similar manner. Of these, the general courses are marked, and also the extent of country is displayed through which they flow, while the names of such large towns and cities are given, as have been erected on the banks by which they pass.

The next map presents to us the principal lakes in the world, each occupying an extent in proportion to its real magnitude. The marginal references give, though brief, the necessary information.

The whole surface of the globe, including both land and water, next appears before us in various positions, presenting three distinct aspects under which islands, continents, and oceans may be contemplated. These general views despatched, the work proceeds in its regular order, and thus exhibits in detail the nations and empires that display the most conspicuous figures on the globe.

That this must have been a work of great labour and expense, can no more be doubted, than the permanency of its practical utility can be called in question. The artist must have laboured with diligence and persevering assiduity; but he will have the satisfaction of reflecting, that his work will endure for years to come, and retain its value when the caprices of fashion shall have introduced new fluctuations in floating literature.

REVIEW.—*The British Preacher. Vol. II.*
8vo. pp. 358. Westley & Davis. London.
1831.

TWENTY-FOUR sermons, by twenty-four dissenting ministers, furnish out the contents of this volume. We are not disposed to undervalue the labours of any preacher, but

we are not aware that these twenty-four discourses contain in general any superlative excellencies, to entitle them to this honourable distinction. They inculcate wholesome truths, both in doctrine and precept; and those among them that are occasional, are adapted to the subjects to which they apply.

The fifteenth sermon, however, by Joseph Kinghorne, on the separate state in which spirits exist, we must consider as an exception to the above general remark. It is argumentative, philosophical, and rational, and the steps by which the author advances to his ultimate conclusion, need not shrink from the most rigorous investigation. Thoughts like these are worthy of preservation, and deserving of that extensive circulation which is acquired through the instrumentality of the press.

There can be no doubt, that the tastes, views, and habits of thinking, of persons into whose hands this volume will fall, are exceedingly diversified, so that, what will please one will not gratify another. It is only, perhaps, to a few selected from the many, that Mr. Kinghorne's sermon will appear in all its value. A much greater number will find themselves at home in perusing what marches along the common road. To these, the greater part of this volume will prove an acquisition. With sermons of this description, the religious world is deluged; and this, among other reasons, is one, why, instead of being estimated according to their intrinsic worth, they are neglected, unread, and forgotten.

REVIEW.—*The Wesleyan Preacher. Sherwood and Co. London.*

THIS is a new periodical, which seems to have started into existence in October, 1831, since which time it has been regularly issued in weekly numbers at three-pence, and in monthly parts at one shilling, each. In point of character, it bears a strong resemblance to another publication, entitled "*The British Preacher*," both being devoted to the service of the sanctuary. There is, however, this difference; "*The British Preacher*" is supplied by the voluntary contributions of the dissenting ministers, while "*The Wesleyan Preacher*" is composed entirely of sermons taken from the lips of the respective speakers.

The work before us, as its title imports, is exclusively confined to the discourses of the Wesleyan Methodist preachers, which being extemporaneous effusions, may be considered as exhibiting fair and

nished specimens of their doctrines, and manner of preaching. The selections depend entirely upon the will or fancy of the short-hand writers who attend the chapels for the purpose of taking down what is delivered.

To the members of the Methodist society, the individuals who compose their congregations, and to all such as are attached to the doctrines they inculcate, this promises fair to be an interesting publication. We have not had an opportunity of consulting many of those preachers whose discourses are thus published, as to the fidelity with which their sermons have been reported; but, so far as our observations extend, we have no reason to believe that any one will have much reason to complain of misrepresentation.

REVIEW.—*Village Hymns for the promotion of Religious Revivals, original and selected. By the Rev. Asahel Nettleton, M.A., Connecticut. 18mo. pp. 600. Westley and Davis, London. 1832.*

THIS compilation is of American origin, where it has been in extensive circulation for several years. By the Rev. Austin Dickinson it has lately been brought across the Atlantic, and under his superintendence an edition now appears in English type.

We are informed in the preface, that about one hundred of these hymns are original; others are collected from American compositions, which have long appeared in other publications; and many are from Watts, Doddridge, Cowper, Newton, and other celebrated authors of our own country.

Why these hymns should appear in immediate association with religious revivals, we are rather at a loss to discover. We have found but few among them that can be said to have any immediate connexion with extraordinary excitements, unless it be the cheerful metre, which, united to a lively tune, may vibrate in unison with that ardent flow of spirits which on such occasions animates the soul. But without looking to any particular outpouring of the Spirit of God, we perceive not why nearly all these hymns may not be used like others, on ordinary occasions, by all who, according to their degree of experience, worship, or desire to worship, God in spirit and in truth.

On hymns bearing the names of Watts, Wesley, and others, well known and appreciated, it will be needless to make any observations. Those of transatlantic origin are highly respectable, and worthy of the company in which they are found. They

breathe a spirit of piety, in language that is zealous but not intemperate, ardent but not enthusiastic, and animated without wild extravagance. Few expressions appear in any, which so overstep the bounds of moderation and prudence, as to compel their authors to ask the aid of hyperbole, to justify the extremes into which they have been hurried. In arrangement and classification, perhaps, some beneficial alterations might be made, but this is a subject of minor consideration. As the volume now stands, it is a neat and valuable collection of hymns.

REVIEW.—*The Pilgrim's Progress, from this World to that which is to Come, &c. By John Bunyan. 12mo. pp. 378. Religious Tract Society, London. 1831.*

To say that this is a new edition, will excite very little surprise among any of our readers, for most of them know that this book has had more new editions than ever its author had new coats. It may, perhaps, be doubted, if any other book which England has ever yet produced, has obtained so extensive a circulation as this beautiful allegory; and we may add, that we scarcely know any one more deserving of this popular honour.

This edition is neatly got up, has many well-executed and appropriate engravings, with occasional notes in the margin. Externally it is decorated with a gilt label; and few persons need be told, that the Pilgrim's Progress is nearly *all* gold within.

BRIEF SURVEY OF BOOKS.

1. *The Harmonicon, Nos. 46, 47, 48, for October, November, and December, 1831, (Longman, London,) contain, like most of their predecessors, much interesting matter for all the lovers of musical science. The Harmonicon not only displays an intimate acquaintance with the subject of music in general, but concentrates within its pages the present state of this soothing enchantress throughout the civilized world. Many anecdotes and incidents, both instructive and amusing, are related of individuals whose names are inscribed on the tablets of immortality. The Harmonicon is a highly respectable publication, not likely to be lost on the stream of time.*

2. *A Course of Lessons in French Literature, &c., selected from the most celebrated French Authors, (Joy, London,) is thus explained in the preface. The first*

part contains an *interlinear* translation, both literal and free in the same line. The second part contains on the opposite pages, a *literal* translation of each word; and the distinction between the idioms is shown by means of words in *italics* and *parentheses*. In the third part, the author has given a *free* translation on opposite pages; and in the fourth part, at the bottom of each page, a translation of the most difficult words and phrases. To the professions thus made, the author has so fully adhered, that his book may be justly considered as a valuable acquisition to all who are learning the French language.

3. *Omnipotence, a Poem*, by Richard Jarman, (Chappell, London,) has a startling aspect. Young poets, and poets whose genius can scarcely rise to mediocrity, seem hardly aware of the hazard they run, when attempting to scale the mountains of omnipotence, or to drop their plummets into the abysses of infinity. The subject of this poem is so grand, that gigantic powers are demanded to do it justice, and even to meet general expectation. This poem contains some decent lines, but the author's abilities are unequal to the sublime task he has undertaken.

4. *Report of the Meetings for the Celebration of the Sunday School Jubilee*, Sept. 14, 1831, (Depository, London,) gives a luminous and faithful account of the transactions, both in town and many places in the country, connected with the above memorable event. The total amount of money collected on the occasion, so far as could be ascertained, is stated to be £2,084. 5s. 8½d.; but from several places no returns had been received when this report was printed.

5. *Nicotiana, or the Smoker's and Snuff-taker's Companion*, by Henry James Meller, Esq. (Wilson, London,) is a kind of mongrel humorous composition, which, by a mock attempt to praise smoking, chewing, and snuff-taking, holds up these filthy practices to ridicule and contempt.

6. *An Earnest Appeal to every Lover of his Country, on the Necessity of forming Associations in every Town, for providing Allotments of Land for the industrious Poor*, (Relfe, London,) is founded on genuine philanthropic principles. From the statements given, it appears that experiments have been tried in many places, with great success; and the author seems decidedly of opinion, that an extension of the system would relieve the country. His observations on this important subject are deserving of very serious attention.

7. *The Voice of Humanity*, No. VI. (Nisbet, London,) has already awakened a strong feeling of compassion towards the

brute creation. Each number of this work brings some new atrocity to light, at which unbrutalized human nature blushes and revolts. Until these numbers made their appearance, no one would have conceived that such monsters in human form were in existence, as its articles bring before the public. But when such miscreants as Bishop and Williams, who have lately expiated their offences on the gallows, can be found to murder their own species, the shrieks and groans of tortured animals will be heard in vain, by those who inflict the torments which extort them.

8. *Speech of Mr. William Collins at the the Adjournment of first Public Meeting of the Temperance Society*, July 5, 1831, (Bagster, London,) advocates with much ability this noble institution; at which drunkards may sneer, and the keepers of gin-shops rail. It has been proved by melancholy experience, that when an attachment to spirituous liquors unfortunately gains an ascendancy, moderation becomes a word without a meaning. For inveterate habits, abstinence is the only cure. Drunkenness is a demon; and this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.

9. *Eminent Piety essential to Eminent Usefulness, a Discourse* by Andrew Reed, (Westley, London,) was preached at the anniversary of the London Missionary Society, May 11, 1831; since which time, it has passed through three editions. This circumstance speaks highly in favour of the public confidence placed in the author's talents. The discourse is not unworthy of the patronage which it has obtained; and few, we believe, who either heard it delivered, or have since read it, will say that public confidence has been misapplied.

10. *The London Medical Gazette*, No. VIII., (Longman, London,) contains many valuable articles on medical science. It is, however, a periodical that must derive its chief support from gentlemen of the profession; among whom, we expect, it will find many friends, as it will enable them to communicate their observations on such occurrences and passing events as may happen to fall under their notice. Such works are calculated to elicit much useful knowledge, of which the afflicted will reap the advantage.

11. *A Letter to a Friend, containing a few Heads for consideration on Subjects that trouble the Church*, by Charlotte Elizabeth, (Crofts, London,) bears almost exclusively on the wild dreams that visit and disturb Mr. Irving's church. It justly exposes the absurdities connected with "the unknown tongues," which would ~~also~~

of themselves if people would but let them alone.

12. *The Church Revived without the aid of Unknown Tongues; a Sermon preached in the Scots Church, Swallow Street, by Robert Burns. D. D. F. S. A.*, (Douglas, London,) is an article that bears a strong resemblance to the preceding. It is, however, more argumentative; and indirectly investigates the wild pretensions of these visionaries on more extensive grounds, and points out their unfounded claim to respect by an appeal to the test of scripture. The preface is strong and pointed. The discourse is practical and cautionary, and worthy of being presented to the public from the press.

13. *Hymns and Evangelical Songs, by John Bulmer, Fifth Edition*, (Woods-worth, London,) comprise some pretty compositions for children; by many of whom, we doubt not, they have been, and will be, read with much advantage.

14. *Some Account of Elizabeth Myers*, (Baisler, London,) a pious girl, whose life and experience will be rendered useful to such as read it with sincerity. She was taught in Paddington Sunday school, and was an honour to the institution.

15. *Anti-Slavery Reporter, Numbers 89, 90, and 91*, still continues to "hang on the broken rear of the enemy insulting." Let the advocates for the continuance of slavery read, in number 89, "A view of Jamaica jails," and then, if able, look their honest countrymen in the face without a blush. To these horrible dens, the dungeons of Antigua furnish a suitable counterpart.

16. *The Pulpit; Part III. of Vol. XVIII.*, (Harding, London,) continues, as usual, to support its creditable character. Among the seven sermons which it contains, one on the gift of tongues, by the Rev. Mr. Irving, will be found the most remarkable.

17. *The Necessity of Moral Reform, a Sermon, by William Naylor*, (Mason, London,) though availing itself of a once degraded, but at present popular term, has little or nothing to do with the great political measure, now agitated with so much intensity of feeling and interest. The author justly considers, that nothing but timely repentance, and moral reformation, can avert the awful judgments of the Almighty, now impending over our guilty nation with such portentous menaces. These important topics are uniformly enforced throughout this discourse, by reasons that are commanding, motives that are influential, and authority that is divine. Mr.

Naylor's observations are well deserving the deep attention of every serious reader.

18. *A Sermon occasioned by the late Bristol Riots, by W. R. Baker*, (Hamilton, London,) proceeds upon the broad principle, that ignorance and intemperance are the sources of a nation's calamities, and prepare their common victims for the perpetration of every crime. Hence the author infers the necessity of such early and extended education, as shall imbue the moral powers with right principles of action, and cultivate habits of sobriety and order, as that which can alone prevent a recurrence of the evils which are here deplored. The riots in Bristol he attributes to ignorance and drunkenness, and, by a process of plain reasoning, he traces to the same causes all the awful consequences that may be expected to follow. It is a well-timed discourse, abounding in wholesome advice, and practical observations.

GLEANINGS.

Mechanical Power of Detonating Powders.—Chemistry furnishes us with the means of calling into sudden action forces of a character infinitely more tremendous than that of gunpowder. The terrific violence of the different fulminating compositions is such, that they can only be compared to those untameable animals, whose ferocious strength has hitherto defied all useful management, or rather to spirits evoked by the spells of a magician, manifesting a destructive and unapproachable power, which makes him but too happy to close his book, and break his wand, as the price of escaping unhurt from the storm he has raised. Such powers are not yet subdued to our purposes, whatever they may hereafter be; but, in the expansive force of gases, liberated slowly and manageably from chemical mixtures, we have a host of inferior, yet still most powerful, energies, capable of being employed in a variety of useful ways, according to emergencies.—*Herschel's Discourse on Natural Philosophy.*

Ferocity in Sport.—Nero compelled a great number of equestrians and senators to fight in the arena, both against one another and with wild beasts. The emperor Commodus exhibited in his own person the gladiatorial art, the rage for which finally became so ungovernable, that not only did men of rank spontaneously mingle in the infamous combats of the arena, but even women so far forgot their sex, and all regard to common decency, as to fight with one another before the assembled populace of Rome. Let this vilifying effect of the gladiatorial shows be adduced as a signal refutation of every modern Pliny, who would maintain that the public mind derives a proper hardihood and manly courage from an indulgence in cruel and barbarous sports. Ferocity is quite compatible with cowardice and servility; for these very Romans were the most abject slaves.

Egyptian Ideas of Good Connexions.—"We conclude this chapter with a remark, truly characteristic of the manners of modern Egypt, and of the feelings which were engrafted upon the minds of the higher class by the long-continued sway of the Mamlouks. Before the reign of the present viceroy, it was customary, even among a people rigidly attached to the distinctions of hereditary rank, to reserve their highest respect for the purchased slave whose relations were unknown, and whose bravery, or other personal qualities, had raised him to the first honours in the country. General Revnier mentions, that he has heard even Turkish officers say of persons who occupied great posts, 'He is a man of the best connexions—he was bought.'"—*Egypt; Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

Presentiment of Death.—The army did not lose any officer of rank in the affair of Fos d'Arouce, but the service sustained a loss in Lieut. Heppenstal, a young man who, had he lived, would have been an ornament to the profession for which nature seemed to have destined him. He was known to be one of the bravest men in the army, but, on this occasion, his

usual spirits deserted him. He moved along silent, inattentive, and abstracted: a brisk firing in our front soon roused all his wonted energy, and he advanced with his men apparently cheerful as ever: turning to a brother officer, he said, "You will laugh at what I am going to say; you know I am not afraid to die, but I have a certain feeling that my race is nearly run." "You jest," said his friend. "No, I don't," was the reply; they shook hands, the light troops advanced, and in a few minutes the brave Heppenstal was a corpse. His presentiment was too just; and, though I had heard of instances of the kind before, this was the first that came under my immediate observation. I ran up to the spot where he lay; he was bleeding profusely; his breast was penetrated by two bullets, and a third passed through his forehead. His death was singular, and it appeared as if he was resolved to fulfil the destiny that he had marked out for himself. Our light troops were gradually retreating on their reinforcements, and were within a few paces of the columns of infantry; his men repeatedly called out to him to retire with the rest, but he, either not hearing, or not attending to what they said, remained, with his back against a pine-tree, dealing out death at every shot. Pressed as we were for time, we dug him a deep grave at the foot of the tree where he so gallantly lost his life, and we laid him in it without form or ceremony.—*Reminiscences of a Subaltern.*

A Raft on the Danube.—The foundation is of the trunks of enormous trees, so firmly attached, that there cannot be the remotest fear of their separation. When the whole cargo of planks is received on board, the surface is covered with them, and there becomes a smooth and level walk of above 150 feet in length, an extremely acceptable change for those who have been long pent in coaches. The proper way of enjoying the excursion is to order a hut of planks to be put together on the raft, for your own exclusive convenience, for your fellow-travellers are chiefly artisans seeking employment; and the common hut, in case of rain or heat, is so crammed with old great coats, hats, cheese, and beer, that the compound of smells is villanous. In your hut, however, and with a dear and cherished friend, take your place on the raft. When this mass of timber, with its animal curiosities, is once loosened from its mooring, and in the middle of the rapid Danube, it glides along swiftly and silently; and then, with heaven's breath upon one's face, may be enjoyed morning and evening views, sunsets, with castles and mountains, that Claude might have painted.—*Ramble among the Musicians of Germany.*

The White-headed or Bald Eagle.—From Wilson's "American Ornithology:"—Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he (the eagle) seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below: the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy triugæ coursing along the sands; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows; and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these, hovers one whose action instantly arrests his whole attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and, balancing himself with half-opened wings, on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention; the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surge's foam around! At this moment, the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour; and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signals for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these manoeuvres the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle, pausing himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.

Fatal Effects of Drunkenness.—By the coroner's return to the Manchester quarter sessions, July, 1831, it appears that thirty-nine men and women in that town and immediate neighbourhood, have died, within the last quarter, from the effects of drinking ardent spirits; and that four carters have lost their lives by careless driving upon the road, when in a state of intoxication.

Upas Poison.—The common train of symptoms is, a trembling of the extremities, restlessness, erection of the hair, affection of the bowels, drooping and faintness, slight spasms and convulsions, hasty breathing, and increasing flow of saliva, spasmodic contractions of the pectoral and abdominal muscles, retching, vomiting, great agony, laborious breathing, violent and repeated convulsions, death. The action of the Upas poison is directed chiefly to the vascular system. The volume of the blood is accumulated in a preternatural degree in the large vessels of the thorax. The circulation appears to be exactly from the extremities, and thrown upon the viscera near its source. The lungs, in particular, are stimulated to excessive exertions. The vital viscera are oppressed by an intolerable load, which produces the symptoms above described, while, in the extremities, a proportionate degree of torpor takes place, accompanied by tremors, shiverings, and convulsions. The natives of Macassar, Borneo, and the Eastern Islands, when they employ this poison, make use of an arrow of bamboo, to the end of which they attach a shark's tooth, which they throw from a blow-pipe or sompit. The Upas a, pears to affect different quadrupeds with nearly equal force, proportionate, in some degree, to their size and disposition.—*Memoirs of Sir Stamford Raffles.*

The Horrors of War.—We halted for the night near Pyrenes. This little town, and the few wretched inhabitants who had been induced to remain in it under the faithful promises of the French generals, shewed fearful signs of a late visit from a barbarous and merciless foe. Young women were lying in their houses brutally violated; the streets were strewn with broken furniture, intermixed with the putrid carcasses of murdered peasants, mules, and donkeys, and every description of filth, that filled the air with pestilent nausea. The few starved male inhabitants who were stalking amid the wreck of their friends and property, looked like so many skeletons, who had been permitted to leave their graves for the purpose of taking vengeance on their oppressors; and the mangled body of every Frenchman, who was unfortunate or imprudent enough to stray from his column, shewed how religiously they performed their mission.—*Kincaid's Adventures in the Rifle Brigade.*

Travelling in the Air.—At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, M. Navier read a paper, in refutation of a work by M. Chabrier, on aerial travelling. M. Navier proves, by inquiries and experiments as to the motion of birds in the air, that, if a man were able to put together at once all the physical power which he has in eight hours, it would not be sufficient to support him with any mechanical apparatus in the air five minutes.—In America, M. Genet and his coadjutors, and in France three rivals, Messrs. Dupis Delcourt, Chabrier, and Vallot, are all busily engaged in the construction of machines for travelling in the air, and are all equally sanguine as to the result! Of course, the nature of their respective inventions has not yet transpired.

Puffing books through the medium of a ghost.—A bookseller of Defoe's acquaintance had, in the trade phrase, rather overprinted an edition of "Drelincourt on Death," and complained to Defoe of the loss which was likely to ensue. This experienced book-maker, with the purpose of recommending the edition, advised his friend to prefix the celebrated narrative of Mrs. Veal's ghost, which he wrote for the occasion, with such an air of truth, that although, in fact, it does not afford a single tittle of evidence, properly so called, it nevertheless was swallowed so eagerly by the people, that Drelincourt's work on death, which the supposed spirit recommended to the perusal of her friend Mrs. Bargrave, instead of sleeping on the bookseller's shelf, moved off by thousands at once; the story, incredible in itself, and unsupported as it was by evidence or inquiry, was received as true, merely from the cunning of the narrator, and the addition of a number of adventitious circumstances, which no man alive could have conceived as having occurred to the mind of a person composing a fiction.—*Sir Walter Scott; Family Library, No. XVI.*

Coursing defined.—The following definition of hare-hunting is given by a writer of 1616:—"It is not worthie peece of service for five or sixe men in the countrey (whose dwellings are foure or five miles asunder) to make mad match to meet together on such and such a morning, to hunt or course a hare, where if shee be hunted with hounds, shee will lead them such a dance, that perhaps a horse or two are kill'd, or a man or two spoil'd, or hurt with leaping hedges or ditches, at the least after foure or five days preparation, and some ten pounds charge among them, horses and dogs, besides an infinite deale of toyle and trouble, and an innumerable number of oaths and curses; after this great deal of doo, the main purchase can be no more than a poor silly hare, which is but a dry meate, and will take more butter in the basting than the carcase is worth."

Imprisonment for Debt.—In Whitcomb's recent prison there are at this time (Jan. 28, 1837) between five and six hundred persons confined for debt, chiefly small debts. Among these, the case of John Hayland, of Bedford, deserves particular notice. This man, a day labourer having a wife and three children and being out of employ, was unable to pay a debt of five pounds. He was therefore committed to Whitcomb's arrest prison for ten days, which cost his creditor 12s. 6d., his county 10s., and the parish, to support his family, 10s. more, making, in all, 12 15 6d. Surely such laws ought to be altered, and we are glad to find, that a petition in parliament, for this purpose, has been prepared by Mr. James Wright, to be presented to the House of Commons by John Wills, Esq., and to the House of Lords by His Royal Highness the Duke of Devon.

Whitcomb's Murder of Slaves.—The Fair Remedied and black John, tenders to the Dryad frigate, being captured three slave vessels, which originally had 1110 slaves on board, but of which they succeeded in taking only 300 to Sierra Leone. It appears that the Fair Remedied had captured a lugger, with 100 Africans, and shortly afterwards met the black John in chase of two other luggers. She moved in the pursuit, but the vessel succeeded in getting into the Hanny river, and landed 600 slaves before the tenders could take possession of them. They found on board only 300, but ascertained that the remainder is committed of the slaves had thrown overboard 100 slaves, strangled together four of whom on 7 were picked up, with iron upon them. Such atrocities as these should be tried for piracy.—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

Virgil.—Virgil was of a swarthy complexion, tall and athletic, but of a weakly constitution. He was so bashful, that, when people crowded to see him, he would slip into some passage or shop to avoid them. He appeared to have had little regard for the fair sex, and it is on this account that we do not discover in his poems the character of one good woman, nay, he rather refers to them with contempt. His life, however, was as chaste as his style, and those who criticise his poetry can never find a blemish in his morals. With respect to his fortune, he was affluent, and, as Juvenal remarks, we should have wanted the strongest paintings and the noblest statues in the Atrium, if Virgil had not been haunted with the comforts and conveniences of life. His studies night-long, and the troubles he met with, turned his hair gray before the usual time. He had a hesitation in his speech—his aspect and behaviour were rustic and ungainly. He was of a thoughtful and melancholy temper, loved retirement and contemplation, and was an enemy to those trifling impetuities from which we court, not even that of Augustus, could be free.—*Poetry's Classical Library*.

Proof of Hardihood.—In the year 1603, an old dame, named Julia Cose, was convicted, chiefly on the evidence of a husband who declared, on his oath, that he laid his grovelling on a bare bed, sitting up to the spot where he saw them mouth her there he found on the other side of a bush. Julia Cose lying prone and breathless, in such a manner as to convince him that she had been the creature which afflicted him the course. The gallery woman was executed on this evidence.—*See Walter de M. Family Library, No. XVI.*

Literary Notices.

Just Published.

Time's Telescope, for 1838.
British's Historical Drama. &c. By J. P. Payne.
A Practical Exposition of the Assembly's Catechism. By Henry Holfrap, D.D.
The Christian's Pattern. By Thomas a Kempis.
Archæological Tabern, for the Use of Schools. By James Child.
Another Letter to Everybody, from Somebody else. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Parnian and Glass. American Stories, for Young People. In 2 vols. By Mary Russell Mitford.
The Anatomy of Deceitfulness. By Robt. Hearnish.
Quintus Servilius—a Tale, founded upon incidents of Roman Unconquered. In 2 vols.
Barned Images. By Joseph Fincher, Esq.
The Biblical Annual, containing a faithful Translation of the Book of Ecclesiastes.
Voluntary Nature of Divine Institutions, and Arbitrary Character of the Church of England. By J. Henson.

XII. of Baker's History of Lancashire.—V. Southwell and Hathersall Hall ornaments this year XXXIV of the National Portrait Gallery. Duke of York, Thomas Campbell, Esq., and Lord Coltingwood, appear in this number.

XIII. of Elliot's Views in the East.
Divine Proceedings, or Spiritual Meditations. John Hunt.

Village Rhymes.

The Annual Biography and Obituary, 1838.

The Harmonicon.

The New Journal of Christian Contention.

Jerusalem Burroughs.

Two sermons, preached at Plymouth. By Wood, A. M.

An Essay on the Convulsive Nervous Chorea. By Philanthropos.

The Church Revived without the Aid of Un-
labeled a Sermon. By Robert Burns, D.D.

The Christian Pastor Visiting his Flock. By
Morton, &c.

Anatomy's Reporter, No. 25, 26.

Lectures on Education. By J. P. Marshall.

An Investigation of the Causes of Cold
Dysentery.

Remarks on the New Bible Society.

Thoughts on Church Reform. By a Learned Pen.

An Inquiry into the Effect of the Corn L.
Great Britain and Ireland.

Moral Persuasion or Instruction. By Mrs.
Saturday Evening. By the Author of "

History of the Kingdom. In 1 vol. 8vo.

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Reminiscences of the late Rev. Robert Hall
with Sermons, preached at Cambridge. By J.
former to the late Rev. Robert Hall.

Part II. A New and Improved Edition of the
Marianne's Cyprian's History of the

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Church of England, founded by Sir Samuel
the being a History of the History of the
Sermons. By J. Schuchard. Minister of
Chapel, Surrey.

The Substance of Four Discourses on the
the History of the Kingdom. By J. H.

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Drawn by W. H. Lupton

Engraved by W. H. Lupton

JAIL GOVERNOR'S HOUSE

from the Jail Governor's House, Chapel
 Street, London

Printed by W. H. Lupton, London 1877

THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE.



MARCH, 1832.

JAIL-GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, EDINBURGH.

(With an Engraving.)

DURING the last year, we introduced to the notice of our readers two views, immediately connected with this once imperial city, but which, since its union with England, appears to have gained more in genuine greatness, than it has lost in royalty. These engravings, which represented Holyrood House, and a view of High-street, having been received by our numerous subscribers in a flattering manner, we now venture on a third, which we hope will not prove less satisfactory.

The Calton Hill, on which this edifice, exhibited in the engraving, stands, presents to the spectator many objects of powerful attraction. In its vicinity are several splendid streets, and elegant monuments, commemorative of celebrated individuals or remarkable events of national and general interest; and from many points, the prospects are both extensive and admirable. George's-street cannot fail to attract attention by its grandeur and elegance. Queen-street, which, facing the north, exposes its inhabitants to the chilling breezes of winter, is compensated by a view of the Forth, and a prospect, both extensive and varied, which render it one of the noblest streets in the New Town of Edinburgh. At the east end of this street, York Place, in all its modern splendour, has arisen out of a green park, during the late war. At the eastern extremity of this division, stands the Calton Hill, round which a path has been cut, and formed into a promenade, whence there is a beautiful prospect of the Forth; and of such varying scenery, as to render it one of the most splendid landscapes in Europe. An elegant bridge of one arch now joins Calton Hill to Prince's-street, which forms a magnificent entrance into Edinburgh from the great London road.

A little south of the Theatre is situated the Orphan Hospital, where more than one hundred children, eligible from all parts, are maintained and educated. The late benevolent Howard mentions this as one of the most useful charities in Europe. In this vicinity stands the venerable structure of the college church, also the Trinity Hospital for the support of old and infirm persons, and likewise the elegant chapel erected by Lady Glenorchy, from which latter place the annexed view was taken.

On a part of Calton Hill is a large burying-ground, in which many elegant monuments have been erected. Among these, one of the most remarkable is the tomb of the celebrated David Hume. It is a round tower, occupying the south-west corner of the field. Another, still more deserving attention, is a naval monument erected in honour of the immortal Nelson, who fell in the engagement at Trafalgar.

Upon the south side of the hill, on a level spot, stands the Bridewell, for the reception of culprits, who are provided with more comforts than their

deserts generally merit. These include the necessities of life, and the means of religious instruction ; but the prisoners are constrained to labour at different employments, while every method is adopted to reclaim them from their vices, and to inculcate principles of virtue, that, on their discharge, they may be restored to that rank in society, which, by their criminal conduct, they had lost. This New Bridewell, or House of Correction, was finished in 1796. It is on a large and liberal scale, and includes many of those improvements which were recommended by the illustrious Howard. Its situation is admirable, and in most respects it is a perfect contrast to the old prison, known by the name of the Tolbooth.

The governor's house, or captain of the jail, as he is here called, is placed upon an eminence which overlooks the prison. It is a very picturesque building, in the gothic style of architecture, and contains apartments for the governor, and a committee-room for the jail commissioners. The summit is considerably elevated, as may be observed in the engraving. From many parts of the city, it is a conspicuous object ; and the extensive view from the platform on the top of the house, has been very much and very deservedly admired. The Bridewell and Prison, with which this house is immediately connected, are on its other side, and in the present view are concealed from observation.

On each side of the entrances are rooms for the turnkeys who keep the three gates. The platform over the gate-way was formerly intended as a place for the execution of convicts, but we have not heard that it has ever been thus appropriated. The turnkeys' lodges are so constructed, that the occupiers can see into all the airing-ground at once, and therefore have an eye continually fixed on the prisoners, to observe their conduct, and watch their every movement.

The New Prison stands on the south side of the new approach to the city, and immediately to the west of the Bridewell. It is in the Saxon style of architecture ; was founded in September, 1815, and was finished for the reception of prisoners in September, 1817. This building is 194 feet in length, by 40 feet deep, and is divided into six classes of cells, four for men, and two for women, besides a division containing condemned cells, and an airing-ground attached. Each of these classes has on the ground floor a day-room, with a fire-place, an open arcade, for exercise in wet and stormy weather, and an airing ground, supplied with water. Each class has a common staircase, and, under it, a water-closet. The staircase leads up to the cells in the second floor. The size of each cell is eight feet by six, and is intended to contain one prisoner. An elm plank is fixed into the wall for a bed ; the window is glazed, and grated with iron, but a sufficient ventilation is obtained by perforations through the interior walls. The number of cells is fifty-eight in both stories. The chapel is in the centre of the building, above the entrance, and occupies two stories. It is divided, in the lower story, into separate boxes, which contain the felons according as they are classed ; and above is a gallery for debtors. A central passage communicates with all the cells and the chapel ; and, at each division of the classes, is an iron swing-door. At the top of the building are four infirmary rooms for the sick.

The whole of these buildings is surrounded with a boundary-wall, about twenty feet in height, which is formed on a plan calculated to admit a still greater number of inmates than at present occupy the interior, should an increase, either of crime or misfortune, render additional accommodations necessary.

Edinburgh, which is remarkable for the deformity of the Old Town, and

the beauty of the New, is still more distinguished for the number and importance of its charitable institutions. It is not our province, however, on the present occasion, to trace their history, or to delineate them in detail; yet one, among the many, we cannot omit to notice.

In January, 1801, a new House of Industry was opened, for the reception of poor and destitute females, who were willing to work, but unable to procure employment; and, also, for poor children, who were taught lace-making. The whole of their earnings is regularly paid; they have a warm comfortable room in which to work; have their dinners gratis; and, such women as have young children receive an additional sixpence weekly.

All the other benevolent establishments of Edinburgh partake of the same liberal character. They communicate instruction, promote industry, soften the rigours of distress, and cherish an exalted tone of moral feeling; without which, all that is valuable in human nature will languish and expire. These institutions are supported, partly by ancient endowments, and partly by voluntary contributions—but we hear of none suffered to perish through the want of pecuniary support—and their beneficial effects may be perceived in the general conduct of the population, which, in the census of 1821, amounted to 138,235.

The dreadful cholera morbus, which, originating on the banks of the Hooghly, in India, has traversed the Continent, and, visiting the northern districts of England, for some months past ravaged several towns in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and menaced this populous city with an awful visitation, has lately forced a passage through its gates. Some decisive cases of India cholera have appeared; they are, however, but few in number; and the disease does not spread with any alarming rapidity. The fears, however, of all ranks have been most powerfully excited, and precautions have been adopted to check its progress, and prevent it from spreading among the inhabitants. The issue, however, nothing but time can develop; and summer must arrive, before the apprehensions of danger, every where entertained, can be expected to subside. Both Edinburgh and London, as well as every other place, are under the superintendence of Divine Providence, which can alone lay an embargo on “the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction which wasteth at noon-day.”

THE LAST BRANCH.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—IF the history of one, who through the whole course of a long life has been tried in the furnace of affliction, can be of any service to you, mine will not, I trust, prove altogether unacceptable. I have now lived sixty years in this troublesome scene: and the afflictions which it has pleased my heavenly Father to send upon me, have been scattered over the greater part of half a century: truly, “Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upwards.”

But though the Lord afflict, yet doth he not cast off for ever: he will not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men: and I trust these my sorrows have not been in vain: for while I sought to quench my thirst at the cisterns of the world, the Lord took them all away, and of his great mercy

led me to fountains of living waters, at which I now drink: and never shall I thirst again. And now that I have, as I feel assured, nearly finished my course here, I can exultingly exclaim, “Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.”

That night is far spent, that day is at hand, when, though my sun shall set in this world, it shall rise more glorious in the next, where it shall no more go down: there the Lord shall be my everlasting light, and the days of my mourning shall be ended.

I was born in the year 1770, in the county of D——, where my father possessed a considerable estate, and had early in life been married to my mother, who was the daughter of a baronet. I had a brother who was two years older than myself, and also a sister, both of whom I —

loved with a tenderness I feel at this day unabated: alas! they have long ceased to listen to the voice of their bereaved brother! My parents had both early in life been brought to feel that peace which passeth all understanding: accordingly, they instructed their children in the way which led thereto; and earnestly did they pray that their children might be made partakers of their blessings: and with respect to my brother, their prayers were heard, and early answered.

When I was five years old, he was seized with an inflammation of the lungs, which carried him to the grave in a few weeks. Great was our grief on this first invasion of our great enemy: but my brother gave evident signs that he had been called to partake early of those joys "wherewith a stranger intermeddleth not," in the blessed world beyond the grave. I well recollect that when I was led to see him in his little coffin, I was struck with the unruffled calm which sat upon his young brow; and I put my hand for an instant on his cheek—that chilling cold touch I shall never forget! For some short time I thought that I should not again be happy:

But soon to childhood's wayward heart,
Does crushed affection cease to smart;

and, ere a twelvemonth had elapsed, I had almost ceased to recollect that I once had a brother.

There was a gentleman of the name of L——, who lived so near us, that his park adjoined that of my father: he had an only son, about a year older than myself, with whom I had been acquainted from my very infancy: he was a beautiful boy; the pride of his father, and justly the admiration of all who knew him. He had been educated like myself under the parental roof, under the eye of a tutor, who felt fully the importance of the charge which he had undertaken, and endeavoured to lead his pupil not only up the steep hill of learning to the temple of Wisdom, but also up the more steep hill Difficulty, to the gate of the eternal city. In neither of these was he disappointed, for while his pupil far outstripped all his companions in the former contest, his heart seemed possessed with the richest graces of the Holy Spirit: his name was Theophilus, and truly was his name the index of his mind; for while he entered with spirit into the plans which his tutor proposed for his advancement in worldly wisdom, as well as into the amusements which his companions delighted in, his *heart* seemed wholly set on the things of eternity; and though he was

the heir of very large fortunes, he prized them not, properly considering them only as committed to him for the glory of God, and remembering that to whom much is given, of him will much be required. Would to God I could now say, that I felt the same resignation to the divine will in all things, that this young disciple expressed!

We were one fine morning riding out together in the early part of the summer, when I was about thirteen years of age, enjoying the calm serenity of the season, and the beauties of creation, which were so richly displayed in the scenery of the county in which we lived, when suddenly we came to a beautifully romantic dell, down which my companion proposed that we should walk together. I immediately assented, and, leaving our horses with the servant, we proceeded down its rugged pathway: we soon came to a part, where the sun was no longer visible, owing to the height of the rocks on each side of our path, together with the thick foliage of the trees which grew on the top of this lovely abyss. We heard no sound save that of the melodious birds: and a soft low murmur, as of falling waters: and we soon came in sight of a little fantastic cascade, which fell from the top of the rock, and descended in short falls, through a narrow passage it had worn for itself, till, on reaching the bottom, it poured along in a clear limpid stream, and presently crossed our path in a pure sparkling torrent, which flowed through a craggy aperture in the rock on the other side of the way, and we saw it no more.

Theophilus seemed rather deeper in thought than was usual with him, on this day, and we had walked on a considerable distance, ere he broke the silence.

"Charles," said he at length, in accents I shall never forget, "do you love me?" I gave no answer: there was something peculiar in his manner, which made me hesitate concerning his meaning; he repeated his question, and added, "I have two requests to make you; solemn requests, which I trust you will not refuse me." He then paused, gathered strength, and continued: "My master has called me, and I trust I am prepared to follow him. It may seem strange to you, but I feel confident that my hour is at hand. And though I have done little to deserve remembrance of any one here, I cannot help hoping that you will not forget me, but faithfully perform these two requests, when I am laid in silence, in my cold grave. O Charles, I beseech you, by the

love which I bear you, and which I think you also have for me, seek the Lord while he may be found ; otherwise we part now, to meet no more for ever : I conjure you, meet me at that day, at the right hand of God."

I could listen calmly no longer : I had never contemplated the stroke which my friend now so confidently anticipated, and his solemn but kind tone of voice so completely overcame me, that I burst into tears. He embraced me tenderly, and continued : "The wish I have most at heart I have already expressed : but another presses heavily on my mind : when I am gone, and my parents have no longer a son to administer to their comforts, will you put yourself as much as possible in my stead ? O grant me but these two requests, and I shall have settled all my earthly affairs." Here the thought of his parents pressed too heavily on his feelings for him to bear, he fell upon my neck, and wept most bitterly. At last he roused himself, dried his tears, and bade me do so likewise, and added, "I feel assured the Lord will comfort my dear parents when I am gone."

His forebodings were, alas ! but too prophetic : his health, which had long been but weak, now rapidly declined, and, before the autumn, he was no more.

Even six-and-forty years after it, my heart still bleeds at the thought of that strong band which was then severed for so long a time : it will now soon be united ! I cannot describe the forlorn and melancholy feelings which swelled in my heart, when the cold earth received into its bosom the relics of one so dear : but, oh ! Lord, thou dost all things well ; thou didst by this stroke call me to thyself : bless the Lord, O my soul !

A severe illness succeeded to this violent grief : in which it pleased the Lord to look down upon me, and lead me in the arms of his love to seek him, and I sought not in vain !—From that time, though many have been my falls, my doubts, and my fears, I have, blessed be He, endeavoured to set the Lord always before me, and now I shall shortly meet Him, and see Him face to face !

The office which my beloved Theophilus had left me, I endeavoured to fill with the greatest anxiety : however, the same foe which deprived me of a friend I almost idolized, did not long suffer me to enjoy this melancholy pleasure : the mother of my dear friend never recovered the blow ; and in a few months she also was laid in the long home where her son was quietly

reposing. It was a heavy stroke indeed for her poor husband ; and had not the everlasting arms been underneath him, he must have sunk under it soon : as it was, he lingered on, a solitary man ; one who, having been bereft of all that could make life pleasant, "now only looked for worlds beyond the grave,"—he lived for two years, and then he also was laid beside his partner and beloved son, and the name of L—— was heard no more !

Thus had the great foe to mankind been busy in the family of my dearest friend, till he had left them neither root nor branch : there is now no remnant left of this once happy family, save one tomb, where their ashes all quietly repose : on it are inscribed the names of Charles, Sophia, and Theophilus L—— ; but it is now falling to decay, and presents me with a melancholy relic of a friendship so inviolable that death itself has not yet dissolved it, and his next stroke will unite it indissolubly and for ever ! O Lord, enable me to wait thine own good time for that glorious event, when I shall no longer be a sojourner and a pilgrim upon the earth !

Well, time rolled on ; and I had attained my twenty-first year : my sister was nineteen ; and as yet our family was unbroken, save by the death of my dear brother, when my sister gave some signs of consumption. My parents carefully and tenderly watched her, and all was done that might allay and arrest the course of the disease, but all was unavailing : the hand of death had infix'd an arrow there, which was now rankling in the wound, and gradually, but surely, undermining the springs of existence : but I cannot dwell upon a subject so painful ; ere six months had elapsed, my sister was in the house appointed for all living. Blessed be God, he had long before led her in the right way, and her death-bed was one of a triumphant Christian : we shall soon meet, to part no more for ever.

The ways of the Lord are mysterious : but he that has his heart set aright can entertain no doubts : for the Lord cannot fail in his promise to his people : oh ! no : then, oh ! my soul, cease thy strife, doubt no more : in that day, when the secrets of all hearts, and all hidden things, shall be laid open, wilt thou see the wise purposes of Jehovah, and blessed will be the retrospect.

This last bereavement cut very deep : I feel even now the effects of the long and painful illness which followed ; and never shall I forget the anguish of soul which it caused my dear parents, in conjunction with the late trying providence. I reco-

vered, however, again to experience the goodness of the Lord, and bless him that I had been afflicted, for before I was afflicted I went astray.

Time passed away : yet we never recovered that cheerfulness which we had known before my beloved sister's death : my parents, however, bore it as Christians, my father especially seemed to acquiesce more fully in the divine will, and had begun to interest himself in schemes for the good of mankind, and the benefit of the surrounding neighbourhood ; which had been in a manner laid aside, when the depth of our grief was an all-absorbing feeling : but my dear mother was never able again to resume those village cares which had been her chief delight when my beloved Maria was her assistant : it overcame her so much as materially to injure her health, at every new attempt, and she at last wholly gave it up. I could not but remark, that her health had been gradually on the decline, and a severe winter realized my worst fears : she was taken alarmingly ill, from a violent cold caught during a long snowy ride, and was confined to her bed. From the first moment of her illness, she expressed her conviction that it would be her last ; and so, alas ! it proved. She, however, bore up through the winter, and till the spring we did not see any material change for the worse : during that time she had been every day growing more and more spiritual in her desires, and frequently, during her conversations with me, I have felt my heart glow with a joy so divine, so peaceful, that it almost seemed heaven begun below.

One morning she sent to desire me to spend a few hours with her, as she wished to say something particular to me. On the first sight of her emaciated countenance, I could perceive she had changed for the worse ; and in a voice of alarm I asked her how she felt. She replied, "Very weak, but very happy." She then bade me sit down, and thus began :

"My beloved Charles, I am now about to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better : I have yet two bands left, which unite me to earth, which I shall soon be called upon to sever. O may it be only for a time. But I do not despair : for I have a strong band which is not severed, and by which I have long endeavoured to draw you, and not in vain, after me : it is prayer, which I have long made for you ; and that prayer seems to me to be answered : and let me not be mistaken !— But, no : I cannot be mistaken : for trusting on Him who never has forsaken those who

put their trust in Him, I commit the souls of your father and yourself into his gracious keeping ; and never did he lose any that came unto him : I have given you to Him ; and now one part remains ; give yourselves to Him ; body, soul, and spirit, to his service : and having done so, be not desirous to quit it before the time : he knows and does all things best : he is one on whom you may rely with confidence. Our Lord has appointed two ways, whereby those of his servants whom he has left in the world, may prepare themselves for his coming : O my beloved Charles, endeavour always to have your *loins girt*, and your *lamp burning*, so that whether your Lord call you, early or late, slowly or on a sudden, you may be found ready : and then shall we meet again in happiness in heaven !"

Exhausted by this effort, she fell back, and ceased to speak ; when she recovered, she added more, which I do not distinctly recollect, but it was of the same tenor as that I have already recorded ; and truly my soul was filled with a peace that passeth all understanding.

In the middle of the following night, I was called up to behold the dying agonies of my beloved parent : O could the doubting, despairing Christian have beheld the triumphant faith which held her up through the gloom, and illumined her path in the dark valley, how would all his fears have been put to flight, and his hands strengthened to continue that warfare, which for her was now so victoriously closing. We could not weep, while one to us so dear, was so joyful : we could not imbitter her dying couch with tears of sorrow : nay, I can hardly call the feeling which swelled in my bosom by the name of grief ; it partook so largely of that holy joy which was so eminently the comfort of this expiring saint : yet when all was still, the happy soul fled, and the tender cord snapped which united us ; then did sorrow burst forth in unrestrained tears : we knelt down, and implored the guidance of our heavenly Father, who had so calmly led my dear parent into the mansions of bliss above : yes, on that solemn night, around the bed of death, did we pour out our very souls in prayer.

A week after this, the mortal remains of my beloved mother were laid between those of my brother and sister ; there to await the sound of that last trump which shall awake the dead, open the graves, and gather all unto the great judgment-seat of Christ !

How lonely did we return to our dwelling, and behold the place where she used

to sit now empty, the cares in which she had busied herself, now performed by unaccustomed, disregarded hands! We were now reduced from five to two; and yet we were not two, for Christ was ever present, and, oh! what a bosom friend is He!

About this time also died mine only cousin, an amiable girl, an orphan, a few years younger than myself: when the intelligence of her death reached me, and I recollected that I was now the only one left in that generation: Then I am now alone, said I, as I wept over the letter that brought the sad tidings: oh! no: almost all my earthly ties are now dissolved, of all on earth am I forsaken, and yet I am not alone, for the Father is with me! Blessed comfort, to have a friend that never dies!

Well, sir: three years now passed away: and I had reached my twenty-seventh year, when my dear father, who had survived all his family and relations except myself, paid the great debt of nature. But, oh! how few have such blessings as I had: I could look back on all these broken branches of my family circle, and say, "These all died in faith."

I was now left in the wide world without a relation, among all that throng the busy scene; and standing by the graves of all my earthly hopes and loves, I was tempted to think myself alone: but my heaving heart still responded to those words, "Nay, but we are seven,"—once we sat round our cheerful table; my beloved parents, my dear brother, sister, cousin, my adored Theophilus, and myself! Six are now sitting at a better, a more cheerful table, even at the marriage supper of the Lamb: and though to sight invisible, yet by the eye of faith are they clearly seen, and often have I held a communion in spirit with them, oh! how blessed, how peaceful, none can tell!

I lived for a year in solitude and seclusion: but as it did not seem likely that I should sink under my sorrows, and my general good health precluding the idea that I should meet with an early dismissal, I sought the hand of a lady, the daughter of a deceased gentleman, who had possessed considerable property about twenty miles from my own residence; she was one well calculated to soothe the sorrows of my heart, and fill the fearful gap which had so early been made in my family: and I obtained her. We lived for a year, mutually enjoying each other's society, and tasting of that heavenly bliss, and that sweet communion "with the glorified spirits above, that encompass yon heavenly throne," that had been so much my solace, on the de-

cease of the last member of my family. But, above all, the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, was an ever-present joy, and one that I would not have parted with for worlds. At the end of this time we were blessed with a son, and many and fervent were the prayers that we offered up in his behalf, that he might become the adopted child of God. When my boy was about two years old, my dear wife was called to part with her mother; one who, since I became acquainted with her, had inspired me with a love truly filial, and, though not united to her by ties of blood, I felt almost as much as my dear wife on her death. She died, however, in the full assurance of hope, and I have no doubt of meeting her with the rest of my sainted relatives, around the throne of God in that day.

Our thoughts were now turned to the care of our son's education, and having felt the advantages of one under the parental roof, not only in my own case, but also in that of my beloved Theophilus, I determined to direct it myself, till such a time should arrive, at which a tutor might be desirable. I cannot now help weeping at the anxiety which we then felt for his future welfare in the world: but, oh! how full of mercy are thy ways! how deep and unsearchable thine ordinances! O enable me to have faith, that in whatever way thou shalt direct my path, I may acquiesce without a murmur.

We called our son, Theophilus, in memory of that dear friend, whose likeness will never be erased from my mind: and he was remarkably like him, when he reached the age of boyhood; so much so, that he often made me weep over the recollection of past days. His talents were very great: which made me the more anxious that they should be directed in a right course; for those talents which it pleases the Lord to commit to any one, will, if misemployed, rise up in judgment against him at the last day, and awful will be their testimony.

Blessed be God, our endeavours were crowned with success; he seemed to have a reverence and fear of God always before his eyes, and we often indulged the hope, that he would be a chosen instrument in the hand of the Lord, for the good of his fellow-creatures. But that was not to be: the rapid progress he made in his studies shewed a strength and maturity of mind, which we feared would, as it often does, bring on a premature death: our fears were too well founded. He was, however, uncommonly active in person and dispo-

sition; and though so eminently gifted in mind, he enjoyed those relaxations which required bodily exertion only. Thus he went on until he was about thirteen years of age; when he suddenly became more thoughtful and fond of meditation than he had hitherto been: which, with other symptoms, very much alarmed us. On consulting a physician, our worst fears were fully realized; he gave it as his opinion, that it was a rapid decline; and that unless he was removed to the sea, he would go off in a few months. We immediately repaired thither, to the beautiful village of T——, in the south of the county in which we resided, and for several months he continued to improve so much, that we had fixed the day for our return to the hall: but, oh! how short-sighted is man: he underwent a severe relapse, and became so alarmingly ill, that we could not but see that his health was rapidly declining, and his end approaching.

We were accustomed to walk with him on the sea shore, and were, one delightful afternoon, pacing as usual the smooth hard sands. The sea was as still as a plate of glass; excepting that, near the land, a slight ripple grew stronger and stronger as it approached the shore, where it at length broke in a little wave. Nothing was seen on the vast expanse save one ship, which on the farthest verge of the horizon was pursuing its solitary course, and a few fishing-boats; and here and there a grey sea-gull was riding in calm security on its surface, or hovering over its prey, and, now darting down upon it, disappeared. On the top of the lofty cliff, a few jackdaws with their hoarse rough voices broke the stillness, but all beside was peace. We walked along for some time in silence, till, glancing at my dear son, I perceived his cheeks wet with the tears he in vain endeavoured to restrain. I said to him, "My dear Theophilus, is your trust reposed on the Rock of ages?" "I hope so," he answered: "I have no wish to live, but—but for you," with a heaving sob, which almost made my heart break, "My dear son," said I, "be calm;" at the same time vainly endeavouring to restrain myself: "God has willed that you should precede us your parents into eternal glory: and you should rather rejoice, though we must for a season mourn: for it is an unspeakable blessing to be taken away from the evil to come.

"O my dear father," said he, "we shall not be separated long: and, if the happiness which God hath prepared for them that love him, be capable of measure, how

shall I rejoice when you also are released from your mortal load, and join me before the throne! Blessed Jesus, how unspeakable are the joys that thou dost give to those that trust in Thee: I never felt peace like this before."

"And can you then, my son," said I, "tread on the brink of eternity, with a firm conviction that your sins are washed away in his blood, and atoned for by his sacrifice?" "I can," he exclaimed, a heavenly joy lighting up his whole countenance; "for though my sins, in thought, word, and deed, are as scarlet, yet is his blood sufficient to atone for all. He has heard my cry for mercy; and has answered it, I am sure he has, in this strong assurance that I feel of his pardon, yet am I most unworthy: for could my heart with all its most secret thoughts be laid open, how full of the basest ingratitude, blasphemy, and sin, would it appear! But they are all washed away, blessed Saviour, in thy precious blood." "Precious blood," exclaimed I, "oh, how inestimable a price did that dear Saviour pay for us!" He seemed now to be engaged in mental prayer, till we reached home, and I could hardly refrain from breaking out into a triumphant song of praise for the great grace which the Lord had poured out so abundantly on my dear son. A short time after this, he was admitted into the realms of eternal bliss: and left us alone again in this sickening world. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name!

His beloved remains were removed, and interred with those of my revered parents, and dear brother and sister.

My wife never smiled again to the day of her death, O sir, did I not know that these trials were from the Lord, I should be almost tempted to murmur that I have so long survived these broken branches of my family: but it is thy hand, O Lord, that hath brought all these troubles upon me; it is Thy will that hath done all this; and Thy will be done.

Six months after this, the last, very last tie that bound me to this world, was burst asunder, in the death of my dear wife: and never will any other bond lead me to cling to earth, and its heart-sickening follies. "Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate you,"—what allurements can ye hold out for one, whose every hope is now in heaven! No, none: I have done with thee, earth: and now, "the less of this cold world, the more of heaven; the briefer life, the earlier immortality."

Well, sir: my beloved partner was laid with her son: and her name was entered

with those of my other relations, who are laid side by side. I visited the grave in thoughtful musing silence. I stood before it, and read over the names upon the now time-worn slab. First came my brother George; this carried me back to my early days: I recollected putting my hand upon his cold cheek, and bitterly did I weep as I remembered the buoyancy of spirit which I then possessed, compared with my now depressed state of mind. I seemed to myself to be bearing a heavy load of grief, such as I could not long sustain, and of which death alone would unload me. I passed on to Maria, and my mind recurred to the anguish of my beloved parents; "Now," said I triumphantly, "for ever over!" Next came my kind, affectionate, beloved mother: many were the tears I shed, as I recollected acts of kindness from her, so numerous that I could not recount them; so dear, that time has not yet effaced them. I passed on to my dear father, and sweet yet melancholy were the recollections he inspired!

Next came that beauteous bud, and full-blown blossom, so lately plucked. O what a blessed sight could I see, these all hymning the praises of their Redeemer!

Close beside these was the vault, where were deposited the remains of my beloved friend Theophilus, and his parents. There is now in the midst of my departed family just room for me to lay my bones, which I shall shortly do; and at that great day, when all shall be laid open, shall we all arise to stand at the right hand of God. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? No, none ever shall!

Well, sir: death had now done his worst, and now I was left to other foes. Hitherto I had possessed worldly prosperity: my estate was not only the support of my family, but the employment I found in the management of it had been a solace to my woe: this solace I was not long left to enjoy. Circumstances which I need not now detail, deprived me of every thing. But now life had lost its charms for me; I regretted not my loss: the slender remnant which was left me was not sufficient for even my little wants, and necessity drove me abroad. I was at this time forty-seven years of age; the war was now over, and I repaired to the south of France, where I lived in retirement. And now, if aught on earth could contribute to my happiness, I might have found a quiet resting-place. But I could not linger in the passing scene below, and feel myself at peace: no; all places were now alike to me, so that thence I could hold communion with

Heaven, and that was not confined to time or place: and so that I could obtain that wherewith the body might be supported, I sought no more.

Those truths which I felt so supporting and encouraging to my own case, I endeavoured to impart to others. And I trust I was made the means of blessing more than one poor soul among the native peasantry with whom I lived. In this retirement, I was seized with a most violent fit of illness: which brought me very near the grave. I almost longed for death: I fear I did not feel sufficient resignation to the divine will. O Lord, pardon these sins, for my Saviour's sake. Ten months was I confined by this illness: and it was a much longer period ere I regained my perfect health and strength. Soon after this, I received a letter from a friend in England, desiring me to return without delay, and informing me of a part of my property having been recovered. I had a great desire once more to behold the dear spot where all I loved on earth was interred, and I wished also to lay my bones among them: so I returned immediately. I found the property recovered amply sufficient for my maintenance, so I settled near the spot where I formerly resided, in a humble house in the village, of which I had before been chief possessor. It was a great trial to me to see the places so endeared to my heart by my early friendships. I entered the house that was formerly mine: there was the spot in which I used to play in my earliest infancy; there was the corner in which my beloved mother used to sit at her usual occupations; in that spot stood the table round which we all once sat, a blooming, smiling band!

I walked down the beautiful dell, through which, forty-five years before, I had walked with beloved Theophilus! How strongly did his words recur to my memory, "Meet me in that day at the right hand of God!"

Not a stone was altered: the rocks seemed to echo back the sounds they then heard: the babbling waterfall was still flowing, crossed the road, and disappeared through the same cavity as before. At last I came to the very spot where we had stood still, and wept on each other's necks: old as I was, I could not forbear weeping, but now I wept alone! O I shall soon cease to water my couch night and day with my tears.

I visited the church-yard: that too had undergone few alterations: the mounds on its surface were much thicker than before, when I last beheld them: but otherwise it seemed exactly as it was when I last saw it,

fourteen years before! I came to the tombs, where—O, I need not again mention their names. The tombs were falling rapidly to decay: my brother's name and age were scarcely legible; so also those of my friend Theophilus: the others, though less impaired by time, gave evidence that they would not long record the names of those whose ashes rest beneath them. "In a few years," said I, "I shall also lay my ashes here: years will roll on, and, in a century, the domains where the beloved ones of my heart were born, will be in the possession of the grandsons of the present tenants, now unborn: to them it will be of little moment what was the name of the family who possessed the estate before them; they will lightly regard these tombs; they will pass unheeding by that dell where Theophilus and I wept together: in short, these names and ours will be perished out of the land. Vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

I proceeded with a mournful heart to the church: I trod the time-worn aisle: I saw the place where we used to sit and hear the blessed word of God; where often we have prayed; and where I sought, in the freshness of my wo, for that solace which the Lord alone can give. I glanced down the aisle, and saw in the chancel the monuments of our family and the L—'s: they stand side by side. I stood, and read them; those of our family were as follows:

"In a Vault near this Church lies interred the Body of George R—, eldest Son of Geo. R—, Esq. of ——— Hall;

Who died on the 21st of July, 1775, aged seven years.

Also, by his side are laid the remains of Maria R—, sister of the above, who expired on the 12th of January, 1792, aged 19 years.

Sweetly and securely rest,
They that sleep on Jesus' breast:
Calm and peaceful down they lie,
That in blessed Jesus die."

On another stone, close beside this, was the following:

"In the same Vault with those of her children, are laid the mortal remains of Maria R—, who was called away from this world of sin, to one where sorrow never comes, nor care, on the 30th of April, 1794: aged 49 years.

"Also, those of George R—, of ——— Hall, Esq. who departed this life on the 12th of May, 1797, aged 55 years.

Reader, canst thou tell us why,
In the gloomy grave we lie?
Know, the sting of death is sin,
Turn a searching eye within.
Fain we would that thou shouldst know
How to value things below:
Take this solemn warning home,
"Flee thou from the wrath to come."

Here closed the record of the ravages of the last enemy in our once happy family: I stood for a few moments absorbed in the reflections which naturally arose on such a subject; then, turning my eye to the left, I saw the purely white marble slab, on which the name of my beloved friend was

inscribed: not, thought I, more purely white than thyself now; for thou art arrayed in that fine linen, even the righteousness of the saints, which may well dazzle the eye of every beholder.

The inscription was as follows:

"Sacred to the memory of Theophilus L—, only child of Charles and Sophia L—, of ——— House, he expired on the 1st of July, 1783, in the 15th year of his age.

Vain are the blooming cheek and sparkling eye,
To plead for mortals who are born to die:
He slighted these, and sought that heavenly joy,
That will not fail him, and that cannot cloy.
Stop, traveller, read, and mark, and learn, and go:
The hand that laid this lovely lily low,
Will stretch thee soon beneath the verdant sod;
O strive, like him, to live for ever with thy God."

It is strange, sir, how lasting are those friendships which are cemented by that heavenly love, without which the closest union is as tow. That friendship which I then formed has twined itself with clinging tendrils round this heart of mine; but it has taken root, oh! how much deeper, in the soul! And though for a time this heart shall lay aside its office, it shall again resume it, when it shall no more be defiled by these waves of sin and sorrow, which now beat heavily and frequently against its unstable foundations, and will at last be its destruction!

Then shall our friendship be again united, and there shall it again take root in that new heart, for no storm shall again shake it, no death shall again divide it, no sin shall again mar it,—but, oh! delightful thought, there it shall flourish for ever, and for ever!

Just below that is another:

"Sacred to the memory of Sophia, wife of Charles L—, of ——— House, Esq. who departed this life on the 10th Nov. 1783. Aged 38 years.

Also, of Charles L—, Esq. who died on the 17th of August, 1785. Aged 43 years.

This grave will shortly be a spot,
By all who knew it once, forgot.
Stop, passing stranger, let it be,
A strong memorial unto thee.

On the opposite side of the chancel was one which had been placed there more recently, and it was with the most heart-felt anguish that I turned to this second, but not less ardently beloved branch of my family: the monument stood by itself, was of plain white marble, with no other ornament than the dear names thereon inscribed:

Beneath the turf are deposited the remains of
"Theophilus R—,
a beauteous flower, nipp'd in the very bud.
He expired on the 18th of June, 1814.
Aged 14 years.

Death mark'd it to fall ere it blew,
And eagerly sought for the strife;
But sick of the contest, it flew,
To hide in the bosom of Life.

Also, those of Sarah, mother of the above, who expired on the 21st of December, 1814. Aged 35 years."

Oh! said I, as I turned and gazed on them all—what a noble sight! Here are now before me the only remaining records of nine dear friends,—how unspeakably dear!—and not only my friends, but friends of the living God! Here are the records of nine, who have long been singing, more melodiously and more gloriously than the fabled Nine of old—for what has been the song?—Worthy the Lamb! oh, how gloriously shall that sound be one day heard in the renovated world—how shall that redemption be all the song, “till, like a sea of glory, it spread from pole to pole,”—and all my joy now is, that I shall join the song with these my beloved ones, when we shall all appear together at his throne!

And now, sir, I would ask, Am I not a happy man? I have long dwelt a solitary man; I have long lived an afflicted man: I have continued my course, a despised man, but am I not a happy man? Yes; for I am “a freeman, whom the truth makes free.” And truly blessed of the Lord have I been, for in all the storms which have broken over me, His hand hath upheld me, His eye comforted me! Sir, I set out on the journey of life with a large party of companions: my early morning was fine, but it has rained all day; and in the storms which broke over us, I have one by one lost all my companions: but as evening approached, the clouds dispersed, and now, oh! what a bright ray of sunshine is breaking out from beneath them!

It assures me my day will end in peace! “Surely the last end of the good man is peace!” O let me erase that word, “good:” none is good, save one, that is, God; and oh! how good is he! Rather let me say “of the afflicted and mourning, yet triumphant, Christian;” for surely his end is peace: evening dews fall not more gently on the ground, than the believing Christian falls asleep in the arms of his dear Saviour? Oh! yes, I am a happy man, and soon shall be a glorified spirit! Blessed Jesus, till that hour arrive, when earth and all its vanities shall go from my eyes as fleeting shadows; when all that before was substantial shall be so no longer: till that hour, be my support; that, as I advance further along the narrow way, my footstep may be firmer, and my eye clearer; and grant that no temptation may draw me aside, and turn away my eyes from the eternal city: and when that hour shall arrive, when the “dark river of death that is flowing between the fair city and me,” shall be crossed once and for ever; O carry me through, and bear me up above its cold

waves, that I sink not; and finally receive me into thine eternal rest! I hear, even now, the blessed voice, exclaiming, “Behold, I come quickly; even so, come, Lord Jesus. Amen.”

W. G. B.

CONCILIATION, CHRISTIANITY, AND
CIVILIZATION IN CEYLON.

SIR A. JOHNSTON, while president of his majesty's council on Ceylon, thought, after a long consideration of the character and manners of the natives, that the surest way of making them respect the British government was, to take every means in his power to enable them to understand the principles and the evidence of the religion which was professed by the members of the British government; to shew them, that those principles, and that evidence, had a great influence upon the public conduct of those members, and that they were calculated to render those who professed them, deserving of respect, and anxious to render the different natives, amongst whom those principles, however differently modified, prevailed, equally deserving of the respect of their countrymen. In order to attain these objects, Sir Alexander adopted the following plan.

1st. Of circulating amongst the natives of the country, such information as might lead them to understand the principles and evidence upon which the christian religion is believed by Christians.

2dly. To convince them, by all public acts, that the belief in this religion had a powerful influence upon the public conduct of the British government.

3dly. To render all those who profess the christian religion worthy of the public and private respect of their countrymen.

4thly. To remove all subjects of political jealousy, with respect to those who profess Christianity, from the minds of those who professed other religions, in the island of Ceylon.

With a view to the first point, Sir Alexander formed the first Bible Society which was ever established in any part of Asia, at Columbo, and took means for having correct translations of the Bible made into Palee, Cingalese, and Tamul, the three languages which are understood on Ceylon.

He caused, also, translations to be made into the same languages, of the summary of the evidence of Christianity, drawn up by the late Bishop Porteus, of London; after having ascertained, from many Brahmins and priests of Buddhoo, that this summary was more intelligible and satisfactory than

any other work that had been submitted to them, upon the same subject.

He also caused some of Hannah More's Sacred Dramas to be translated into the same languages, having previously ascertained, that dramatic representations had been, from time immemorial, as well on the island of Ceylon as on the continent of India, the most popular mode of circulating, amongst the natives of the country, such religious and moral doctrines as were intended to influence their moral and political conduct.

With a view to the second point, Sir Alexander introduced the form of making the king's judges, at the commencement of every criminal session, and just before they began the business of the session, proceed, in a public procession, from the court-house to the public church; and there, after having attended divine service, and heard an appropriate sermon preached upon the occasion, solemnly take the sacrament, in the presence of all the jurymen, and other natives, of all the different religious persuasions, who attended the sessions.

Sir Alexander also encouraged the establishment of the Wesleyan and the American missionaries in different parts of the island, in order to afford an easy and a cheap means of education and religious instruction to all those who professed Christianity. He also encouraged the Wesleyans to republish Baldeus's account of the state of Christianity in his time in the province of Jaffna, in order that the attention of the British government and the British public might be induced to take measures to restore the different Protestant churches, and the different Protestant schools, to the flourishing state to which they had been brought by the Dutch government, in the seventeenth century.

Sir Alexander also introduced the regulations of 1806, putting an end to all the odious and unjust restrictions under which the Catholics had been placed, on account of their religious belief, by the policy of the Dutch government, in order to convince the natives, that the English government was really actuated, in its public conduct, by the principles of charity and benevolence taught by the religion which they professed; a fact that the natives of other persuasions had theretofore doubted, not conceiving it possible, that, were they really influenced by the charitable principles they professed towards all men, they could persecute, with so much rigour, other Christians, merely because they differed with them upon some of the tenets of their religion.

With a view to the third point, Sir Alexander encouraged education amongst all denominations of Christians in Ceylon, by giving them an opportunity of displaying their talents and knowledge in public, as jurymen, in the protection of the lives, the liberty, and the property of their countrymen, and by causing their distinguishing themselves as jurymen to be a sure road to public preferment; thereby making it worth the while of every Christian to become respectable, and attaching an idea of respectability in the minds of the people of the country to the character of a Christian.

With a view to the fourth point, Sir Alexander took every opportunity to shew, that the religious belief which a man professed was no impediment or drawback to his enjoyment of any political privilege, or his attainment of any public office. He therefore took care that no distinction whatever should exist between any man on account of his religion in the enjoyment or exercise of his right of a jurymen:

Every jurymen, whatever religion he might profess, being on a footing of perfect equality as to his rights in this capacity, and as to the pretensions he might have for holding any office, either in a court of justice, or under government; Sir Alexander strictly adhered to this rule, conceiving, that the best way of preventing a Christian being made an object of political jealousy to those who profess a different religion from himself, was, by preventing those persons, of other religion, from feeling that the difference of their persuasion hindered them, notwithstanding their respectability, from enjoying the same political privileges and public appointments as a Christian.

It is clear, from the addresses which were presented to Sir Alexander Johnston on his leaving Ceylon, in 1817, by the whole of the population professing the Hindoo and the Buddhist religion, that the line of conduct which had been adopted by him, in reference to the Christians on that island, so far from exciting the jealousy of either the one or the other of the numerous bodies who profess the Hindoo and the Buddhoo religion, had commanded their respect in the highest degree; and it is therefore important, as an example of what may be done by a public officer in that respect in India.

The more a Christian in public office in India shews respect towards his own religion, and for those who profess it, the more he endeavours to explain the evidence upon which the truth and beauty of his religion are founded, and to shew how his belief of that religion is made, both in his private

conduct and in the discharge of his public duties, to influence his every action—the more he commands the respect of Hindoos and Mahomedans in India; provided he always, at the same time, shews the greatest toleration, and avoids every offence or disrespect to their religion, and lets them publicly know, and effectually feel, that their religious belief cannot influence him in excluding them from public office and employment, should their talents and respectability of character in other respects fit them for the situation.

This conduct cannot be made too public, because it is different from that of many public functionaries in India, who, though good and religious men themselves, for fear of alarming the prejudices of the natives, seem to wish to make them believe, by their public conduct, that they have no particular anxiety about their own religion, and that it is not supposed to influence their public conduct or their public views. This is quite contrary to the policy and conduct of the Hindoos and Mahomedans themselves, who invariably endeavour to shew respect to every thing appertaining to their respective religions, and to shew respect to every person of their religion; and, therefore, they conceive that we, by not fully looking towards the religion we profess, as they do to theirs, can feel very little of the influence of our religion, and can have little or no religious feeling for them; and, consequently, they cannot conceive us to be honest and good men.

As an insertion of the public documents, on which the preceding observations and conclusions are founded, would extend this paper to an undue length, we hope to resume this subject in our ensuing number.

CURSORY REMARKS ON CALUMNY.

"It is to be feared that the consequences to which evil-speaking tends, are but partially perceived, or wholly disregarded; otherwise, its dreadful appearance might prove beneficial to many by whom it is unthinkingly cherished: and were the tongue as liberal in praise, as it is in censure, it might, in a small degree, counterbalance the direful effects of its malevolence." *Sal.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the many generations which have passed away since the tongue was discovered to be an unruly member, we have to regret that the lapse of time has made very little improvement in this mischievous epidemic. In every town and village, too, many slanderers are to be found; and, although this detestable vice has been censured by *heathens*, yet it meets with encouragement from many who *profess* to be Christians. It is a failing of the

mind, to think ill of every one; and he who indulges in this fatal propensity, soon gives utterance to his sentiments in scandalous expressions.

Observe the conduct of these pests of society, at our convivial meetings. You may hear an *absent* individual named, and some of his actions scrutinized; a suspicion is then uttered by one of the company, a doubt expressed by another; a significant nod, or a mysterious saying, by a third; a fourth admits that such is the rumour, and sorrowfully suspects that it is too true. Others immediately take it for granted, exaggerate the report, and, running to a neighbour, relate the circumstance, upon the same conditions that it was told them; that is, *it must not be circulated*. Such is the deplorable state of a great part of mankind; and the more public the character, the more liable is it to become the subject of conversational calumny.

Frequently do we hear the reputation of an able minister of the gospel brought forward by these detestable beings. The most worthy, and deserving of esteem, are unexpectedly, yet severely, wounded by this pernicious infection of the tongue; and no one is too good or great to escape its envenomed dart.

The slanderer is always ready to give a full and degrading account of the pedigree of any person mentioned in his presence. Even the grave itself is ransacked for prey, and the dead are insecure from his malicious detractions. Pride, hatred, and uncharitableness are the principal characteristics of slander; falsehood and envy, its parents; curiosity, its nurse; and innocence, its victim.

It is astonishing how any professor of religion can encourage a vice, which is too detestable to be acknowledged by the most wicked and abandoned part of mankind. Beware of a backbiter, allow him not to gain your attention by speaking ill of others. Should he succeed in unburdening his envious mind to you, be assured he will unburden it again to the next acquaintance he may chance to meet, and, very likely, you will be the subject of his calumny. Every person, who values the honour of religion, his own reputation, and the peace and welfare of society, will carefully avoid speaking unkindly of others. If we cannot speak favourably of our neighbours, we can certainly remain silent; well knowing that charity, which thinketh no evil, would rather cast a veil over defects and blemishes, than wantonly expose them to public scorn. The best antidote against this prevailing vice, may be found in the prayer of ~~them~~

psalmist—"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

To those who have suffered from evil-speakers, I would recommend the resolution of Plato, the heathen philosopher—"I will live so as no person shall believe them."

S. S.

Preston-Brook, 1831.

AN ESSAY ON CURIOSITY.

No stronger proof can be adduced of an idle and disorderly mind, than an indulgence in vain curiosity; nor is any propensity of the human mind more calculated to alienate friends, embitter enemies, and sow dissension and ill-will among mankind. No man likes to have his private affairs unnecessarily pried into, and, indeed, it is highly improper for any one to make the attempt. Every person has, or ought to have, enough to do, in the management of his own concerns; and it may be safely concluded, that, if he busies himself about another man's, his own will be neglected. Those who thrive most in the world are such as give their minds fully to their own business, and find no time for undue animadversions on another man's proceedings.

Independently of the discredit which too much inquisitiveness into another man's concerns throws upon those who are guilty of it, the circumstance that it cannot but give pain, and awaken resentment in those whose feelings are injured, should check the first impulses to such unwarrantable indulgences, and teach the curious to thwart their inclinations, both on their own account, and on that of others; for if a man feel himself aggrieved, either by dictation or animadversion, he is apt to retaliate the injury, and it generally happens that the assailant is the more vulnerable of the two, and that his affairs, in consequence of his unhappy propensity, are found to be in a state of greater confusion.

Amicable feelings cannot be long sustained between parties, when the object of either is to usurp authority over the other; or, which is much the same thing, when either is ever and anon displaying a disposition to encroach upon the other's personal liberties or domestic privacies, with a view to give unwelcome advice, or confer impertinent counsel. A feeling of jealousy and dislike naturally takes possession of the minds of those who are unworthily treated, and they consequently, with great reason, renounce the society of their too busy companions.

Different feelings, however, operate on the minds of the man of God, and of the man of the world, under such unfortunate dilemmas. While the former treats, with a becoming spirit, unaccompanied by revenge, the ambiguous designs of his nominal friend; the latter, not only breaks off the connexion, but evinces a desire to return the injury. The language of scripture is decisive on this point. We are commanded not to return evil for evil, but, contrariwise, good. The line of duty is, therefore, plain, simple, and imperative; and hence, though we may, with the utmost propriety, decline farther familiar intercourse with those who have abused our confidence, we are strictly forbidden to shew an implacable spirit, or to visit on the heads of the delinquents the evil consequences of their imprudent and culpable conduct. The well-disposed man feels a desire rather to reclaim than to irritate an opponent, no matter whether in the form of a disguised friend, or an avowed enemy; and, though he may not trust him with his secrets, or admit him to social intercourse, he dismisses from his mind all animosity against him, and very sincerely longs for his reformation.

It may be here observed, that few friendships are formed, which are totally exempt from jealousy or intrusion; and the reason is obvious,—they are seldom formed and cemented by gospel precepts. Into the natural mind, unillumined by the light of God's word, the spirit of discord finds too ready an ingress; and when the obligations of duty are not mutually felt, encroachments will be made, calculated to produce bitter recriminations and dissensions.

The disturbance of the peace of society is not the only effect of curiosity, when it becomes a passion of the mind: the peace of every one who indulges in it is unsettled: and the over-curious are led from such objects as might conduce to their own welfare and tranquillity. The human mind is an active principle, which will ever be employed; and if the objects of its pursuits be not praise-worthy, they will be detrimental alike to individuals and to society; for every one, whose attention is not directed to such things as peculiarly belong to his own sphere of action, may be commonly found giving advice where it is not wanted, and hazarding opinions regarding the conduct of others, who are, as they may easily be, in every respect, his superiors both in activity, regularity, and prudence. It is incompatible with reason, and manifestly absurd, for a man to find fault with others about the neglect of duties,

of which he himself is notoriously guilty : and yet this is precisely the character of all who are more bent upon blaming others than reforming themselves; in a word, of all who pry into their neighbours' affairs, and neglect their own.

We may conclude, when we see men busying themselves about things which do not concern them, that they have ulterior objects in view, and that the pleasures they derive from searching into, and passing judgment on, the motives of others, and decrying the works of their hands, do not arise from a desire to conceal the information they surreptitiously obtain, but from the wicked intention of publishing it to the world, with most provoking and aggravating additions and distortions, fabricated for the purpose of destroying the reputations of those who are held in higher estimation than themselves, as well as of gratifying their own corrupt and depraved hearts. Every inquiry they make, every look, indicates a heart pregnant with ill designs. The good which others do, is intentionally overlooked, if, indeed, a prejudicial construction be not attempted to be placed upon it; whilst every false step is carefully noted, and infinite pains taken to give to every error the most forbidding aspect. Nay, so evil-disposed, and so thoroughly lost to all sense of shame and decorum, so utterly reckless of their own characters, and regardless of those of others, are the wholesale dealers in detraction and defamation, that, when the most diligent inquiries fail to furnish a tale to the prejudice of their neighbours, they will have the unhesitating and unblushing effrontery to propagate the figments of their own brains, the suggestions of their imaginations, in order to spread ruin and dismay through their respective neighbourhoods.

An evil report, either wholly without foundation, or at best with a very slight relation to fact, augments rapidly as it gains circulation, and is soon made to consign, in too many instances, to obloquy and reproach the fair fame of one who ought to have received better treatment, and who is exposed, merely because of his respectability, to the shafts of malice, and to the inventive and deadly machinations of an inveterate foe. To account for the motives by which a man is actuated, who can, clandestinely or openly, proceed to take away the character, and blast the prospects, of a fellow-mortal who has never injured him, might appear a difficult task, did we not know that the corruptions of human nature are such, that too many are

unable to look up to those who hold higher or more honourable situations than themselves, even though their conduct may make them worthy of those situations, without feeling an envious spirit—a spirit which is easily made to go all lengths, in order to attain its unhallowed object. For this reason, among many others, the man who is brought prominently forward on the stage of life, should be unceasingly wary and circumspect in all his ways, that the devices of the busy-body, whose inquiries go to rake up flaws in his character, that he may disseminate them to his disadvantage, may fail in their object, and that the reputable part of mankind may see into his intentions, and expose their turpitude.

To blast the prospects of the fortunate, to curtail the usefulness of the industrious, to injure the circumstances of the respectable, is too often the aim of the inquisitive. There must be some object in view, when inquiries are made into the affairs of others; and as those who eagerly make them are frequently such as have tarnished their own names, and blasted their prospects, by their conduct, it follows, as a natural but grievous consequence, that they are pained on hearing that others are in a happier condition than themselves, and, by the most unprincipled means, to bring them down to their own level, or, if possible, to sink them below it. It matters not what pretence they may form to blind the observers of their behaviour, or to cast a cloak over their dark intentions; the eye of the world is acute in detecting fraud, and unceremonious in exposing it: and even were not this the case to the full extent of what it is, the frequent want of caution in the most practised adepts in the art of dissembling, would be sure, sooner or later, to bring to light their busy intermeddlings and their deep-laid schemes.

There is a most dangerous sort of enmity, however, and it is that which comes under the semblance of friendship. An open enemy may be guarded against with some chance of averting the blow which he intends to give; a suspected underminer may be carefully watched; but from the man whose words are as honey, and designs as gall, who can protect himself? Who but must be in danger of having his reputation injured, and his confidence abused, before he has sufficient experience of the false appearances, to make him cautious?

An easy unreservedness of intercourse, and a pleasing interchange of sentiment, are among the blessings derived from friendship, and, therefore, the misplacing

and abuse of confidence must engender bitterness of spirit.

Having ascertained by the most secret inquiries, the plan of attack which, he conceived, may do the most mischief, the double-faced detractor, at first, stabs in the dark, and, at length, when the eye of him whom he attacks is open to the treachery of his conduct, unable to defend himself from the charge of duplicity, he generally fabricates an excuse from some insult or injury he pretends to have sustained, and pushes his malignant purposes to the utmost extremity. Bad passions cherished in the mind will completely banish from it every feeling of satisfaction and comfort. In the place of those consolatory reflections which are the peculiar enjoyments of the good and benevolent, are implanted in the breasts of the evil-minded the most corroding and anxious cares.

Never was there seen a man, in the possession of happiness himself, who wished to see others miserable. Such a circumstance cannot occur; it is not in the nature of things. The evil-intentioned alone can employ their time in sowing the seeds of discord, and undermining the fair fabric of an honourable reputation, and such bad intention will most undoubtedly inflict the bitterest anguish on the destroyers of the happiness of others—an anguish far more intense, and far less supportable, as the cause of it may be brought home to their own bosoms. Whoever has felt the consequences of the base calumniator's foul and meddling spirit, may be sufficiently vexed and disturbed, but there are generally found worthy characters to compassionate his case, and soothe his mind; whilst the base calumniator himself will be left to writhe under his own inflictions, and feel the misery he tried to dispense, shunned by the world, and left to reflections worse than death itself.

The religion which our blessed Saviour came into the world to teach to the children of men, and which has been continually spreading ever since throughout the habitable globe, is either wholly neglected, or unworthily professed, by the censorious meddler. Even in our own highly-favoured isle, where the inestimable privileges of reading the scriptures, and having them faithfully preached, are, unquestionably, enjoyed to a degree far beyond that of most other nations, it is lamentable to see the great prevalence of envy and ill-will. Instead of looking with a charitable eye on the failings of others, far too many are employed in the unthankful and odious office

of giving them the greatest publicity. They are taught not to harbour evil thoughts of others, yet their practice shows, but too plainly, that their suspicions of the principles and conduct of their fellow-creatures are of the most malevolent description. Although they cannot but know that it is highly sinful to rejoice at the transgressions of those around them, they seem to be peculiarly elate on the discovery of their being guilty of some culpable breach of duty, or wilful irregularity. Their duty calls them to make the character of every one appear in the fairest light; their inclinations prompt them to throw a shade over every virtue, and aggravate every crime. Such is the depravity of human nature; such the propensity of the human mind. Till man be made a new creature, till his mind be imbued with Divine grace, he will continue to see the mote in his brother's eye, without perceiving the beam in his own; detraction will be his delight, and charity a strange work.

In the best of men there is much room for personal improvement, for amendment in heart and life; and it is a well-established fact, that those who come nearest to the performance of their duties, see most clearly their own need of repentance and faith, and their utter unworthiness in the sight of God. The reason of this is clear; sin is of a blinding and hardening nature, and, hence, those generally stand highest in their own estimation who are most alienated from God and divine things. It follows, therefore, that those who give the greatest loose to that prying sort of curiosity, which seeks to feed on lost reputations, are, in a great measure, unconscious of their own infirmities, and easily brought to imagine themselves free from the faults of those whom they are the most eager to censure. It would, however, be no difficult matter to find sins indulged in to a greater excess by the censorious, than by those who are the constant objects of their malevolent attacks. How, it may well be asked, can those attend to their own advancement in piety and virtue, who merge every other consideration in the all-absorbing one of intruding upon others their advice or reprehension? Such are unmindful of their deficiencies, and regardless of their duties, and take especial care to have as little leisure as inclination to turn their thoughts from others to themselves—from evil surmises and artful inventions, to a careful redemption of time—from things on earth, to things in heaven.

If, among the insidious throng, there are any to be found who are at all conscious of their own failings, they seem, at the same

time, perfectly satisfied with retaining their defects, provided they can find others equally neglectful of their duties, and equally bent on pursuing heedless careers. This is a most fatal mistake. To be content with one's self, when guilty of error, because others happen to be the same, is not the way to reform. As men must stand or fall by their conduct, by their faith and practice, it is evidently a most destructive delusion, for them to be at peace while in a state of alienation from God, merely because others are in the same condition. Their habits of inquiry, their diligent searchings into any affairs not their own, have a material tendency, however, to blind their understandings, and corrupt their hearts. The process, from a man's censuring others, to his imbibing self-righteous views, is certain and rapid. He soon persuades himself that he is as good as his neighbours, better, indeed, than many around him, and is apt to mistake a spirit of malevolence, and a propensity to slander, for a virtuous indignation at vice, and a desire to put it down.

It is, no doubt, a duty to censure sin in every shape; but then, those that do so should do it in a proper spirit, that their examples may add power and efficacy to their reproofs. These reflections, the malicious busybody should carefully weigh over in his mind; for he may rest assured, that, if he be not made to feel a detestation of sin himself, and the warmest and purest zeal for the reformation and happiness of all who have gone astray; all is not right with him. He may suspect his own motives, when he feels a desire to know what others are doing, and apprehend that some malignant feeling may lie at the bottom of all his investigations. See we not now, are we not fully sensible, that our affairs must greatly suffer, that perplexity and ruin will attend them, if we so far forget our duties, as to engage our whole attention, and occupy our times, in administering to others advice mingled with reproof.

That impertinent curiosity, which leads the mind astray, is the greatest bane conceivable to tranquillity, and the most formidable foe that can be encountered in this world. Other evils may be overcome; other obstructions to our peace may be removed, if our minds be concentrated, and engaged in appropriate exercises, in the performance of individual, social, and religious obligations. But when our minds become dissipated and unstable; when the failings of others are sedulously investigated, and joyfully proclaimed, and personal inspection and improvement wholly neglected, then it is that our weakness is dis-

cernible to the whole world, and we fall an easy prey to the consequences of our imprudence.

Discarding all vain curiosity, let our minds be absorbed in the discharge of the duties of our callings, and we shall be amply rewarded by the prosperity and comfort of our circumstances. Let us, instead of descanting on the moral degradation of others, attend to our own vital interests, that we may be happy ourselves, and be the means of extending happiness to others. This is the only proper course to be adopted; and it is a course which will yield to every one who pursues it, a satisfaction which this world can neither give nor take away.

Edenhall.

THOS. IRELAND.

MY NOTE-BOOK.—NO. I.

ON THE WRITINGS OF COWPER.

"We have few writers whose value is more sterling than that of Cowper. In every page of his compositions, you will find the most vigorous intellect, combined with the noblest principle." *Anonymous.*

ONE of the most interesting, engaging, and instructive authors with whom an enlightened, and, especially, a pious individual, can be familiar, is the distinguished poet to whom this short paper immediately alludes, and whose name and works will uniformly command the esteem and admiration of the reading world.

There was much associated with the character of Cowper peculiarly calculated to fix the attention, to induce the attachment, and to awaken the sensibilities of pensive and devotional individuals; and his sorrows and depressions were so dark, cheerless, and protracted, that it is impossible to peruse his writings, and mark how his mind is developed, how his emotions are embodied, and how his condition is illustrated, without being powerfully and affectingly impressed. There are few lives more riveting than the life of Cowper; few can inspire more sorrowful and sympathetic feelings; and it is rarely that we meet with a memoir, from the perusal of which, greater instruction, or more valuable advantage, can be derived. With all the deficiencies and defects of Hayley's Life of Cowper, and we admit they are neither few nor trivial, we can scarcely refer to any book which is more engaging, or which produces a more forcible impression on the mind of a discriminating, intelligent, and pious reader.

The most attractive charm of that work, however, arises from the letters of the

lamented poet, with which it is so highly beautified and enriched. They are, unquestionably, beautiful and finished specimens of the epistolary style. They are exquisitely penned. There is much nature and unaffectedness; there is no trickery or artifice; there is no tawdry or meretricious finery; there is no exaggeration, bombast, or ridiculous soaring. Every sentence is penned with the most perfect artlessness. The simplicity which characterizes almost every passage is a striking attraction. There are rich and beautiful descriptions furnished. Some of the delineations of character are very graphical and impressive. The finest and most philosophical remarks are often thrown out; a pleasing sportiveness, and original vein of humour, mark the entire series; the most genuine and elevated piety is broadly developed; and there is a mellowness, a clearness, a purity, an elegance, an ease, a classic finish, in the style, which scarcely any writer has excelled. Cowper, as an epistolary writer, is, confessedly, one of the very highest order, and, by every person of accurate taste, of sound and discriminating views, and of ardent piety, his letters will be highly prized, and regarded as some of the choicest gems, as it respects expression, delineation, and sentiment, which the English language can furnish.

We form a very high judgment of the Letters of Beattie, so vivacious, so eloquent, so classical; but we do not consider them at all comparable to the exquisite epistolary effusions of the "bard of Olney."

But, inimitable as are many of the Letters of Cowper, it is apparent that his fame arises principally from his poetry; and, whatever some may think of the rigidity of his morality, of the breadth and keenness of his irony, and of the unqualified language in which he so often indulges, it is evident, we apprehend, to all lovers of genuine "poesy," that few specimens of the art are more deserving of praise, or more worthy of preservation, than those which Cowper has furnished. When his poems first appeared, they attracted public attention, and secured for him a large measure of approbation, and that popularity has been increasing till the present period; so that there is scarcely any diversity of opinion, respecting the commanding claims which those poems prefer.

We concede that many objections may be urged against the poetry of Cowper. It is often flat and prosaic; his humour is sometimes vulgar and inappropriate; his sarcasm and invective are frequently intemperate and unmeasured; his transitions from serious to trifling subjects are, occa-

sionally, too sudden and ungraceful; and his numbers are often not so flowing and harmonious as we could desire. But, after making these concessions, we inquire, Where is the man of true poetic taste and sensibility, and of genuine principle, who can be insensible to the striking excellencies which the muse of Cowper exhibits? The language he employs is bold, idiomatic, energetic, and impressive; the descriptions of scenery which he furnishes are graphical, and eloquent; his delineations of character are often strikingly beautiful; his satire and sarcasm are as keen and caustic as could be developed; his humour is the most playful, original, and profound; his views of truth are commandingly just and impressive; his exhibition of the christian character, and, especially, of the gospel ministry, is exquisitely furnished; and his representations of the errors, the follies, and the vices of the age, are as accurately and luminously sketched, as the pen of the poet could delineate them.

The tendency of all Cowper's poetry is to do good. There is no scepticism, no wantonness, no profanity, no jesting with sacred things, no trifling; he has an object to accomplish, and that object is to advocate the claims of Christianity, to honour the God of truth, and to inculcate the sublime and momentous principles of the gospel.

His "Table Talk" abounds in clever, smart, and, vivacious, pungent dialogue, in which the most valuable sentiment will be found. His pieces, entitled "Hope," "Expostulation," "Truth," and several others, are admirable specimens of vigorous and glowing versification; the principles embodied are pure and elevated; and many passages are uncommonly rich and beautiful, in expression and imagery.

His "Review of Schools" is peculiarly valuable, for the just and philosophic sentiment with which it is enriched. The lines on "Friendship" are, unquestionably, some of the finest in the language. His poem on his mother's picture, I have uniformly considered one of the most touching, eloquent, and beautiful specimens, which can be furnished.

The great production of Cowper is evidently "The Task;" and it is a noble monument of his taste, piety, and genius. In that fine poem, how strikingly and beautifully has he sketched character, painted the joys and endearments of home, described the quiet and sunny scenery of creation, and exhibited the pure and exquisite enjoyments of religion! To a mind imbued with poetic taste and sensibility, and cherishing the religious sentiments of Cowper,

it is one of the richest pleasures to peruse this invaluable poem. While the language endures, it must live;—and while genuine poetry and religion are prized, it must be valued.

In reading the poems of Cowper, with care, I have been much struck with the number of bold, nervous, and eloquent lines, which they contain; lines furnishing the most striking sentiment, or the finest description. Take a few as specimens.

Speaking of the writings of Chesterfield, he remarks,

“Every tear shall scald thy memory.”

Of the spirit of heaven, he says,

“Love makes the music of the blest above,
Heaven’s harmony is universal love.”

Speaking of corrupt novelists, he terms them the “flesh-flies of the land,”

“Who fasten, without mercy, on the fair,
And suck, and leave a craving maggot there.”

How beautiful the couplet—

“She pours a sensibility divine
Along the nerve of every feeling line.”

How just and admirable the following representation—

“Pity Religion has so seldom found
A skilful guide into poetic ground;
The flowers would spring, where’er she deign’d
to stay,
And every muse attend her in her way!”

Speaking of triflers, he says,

“The foam upon the waters not so light.”

How finely is the lover of scandal depicted!

“Laughs at the reputations she has torn,
And holds them dangling, at arm’s-length, in
scorn.”

There is much truth in this line—

“No soil like poverty for growth divine.”

Nothing can be more beautiful than the subjoined couplet—

“A Christian’s wit is inoffensive light,
A beam that aids, but never grieves the sight.”

The following lines are exquisite—

“Muscle and nerve miraculously spun.”

“The unwearied spring of an elastic foot.”

“The crescent moon, the diadem of night.”

“Stars countless, each in his appointed place,
Fast anchor’d in the deep abyss of space.”

“Pant for the refuge of some rural shade.”

“Pleasure,

That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist.”

“His conscience, like a glassy lake before,
Lash’d into foaming waves, begins to roar.”

“The judgment, drunk, and bribed to lose its way,
Winks hard, and talks of darkness at noon-day.”

Thus we might proceed to multiply examples, but the work of specification would be endless.

Cowper is too well known to require any thing of this kind, and we are happy to find that his poems are increasing in popularity among general readers; and, the more highly genuine religion is valued, the more appropriately will the writings of Cowper

be estimated. There is a decision, a purity, a fearlessness of statement, an elevation of thought and principle, a severity of sarcasm, and an abhorrence of vice, associated with them, which will never be much enjoyed by the mere worldling, the infidel, the scoffer, or the intemperate; but, when a man is devoted to God, is raised beyond the world, is rendered sensible of the ineffable value of Christianity, and is anticipating the bliss of immortality, then, the writings of Cowper will be attentively read, frequently referred to, very highly estimated, and will furnish a source of the purest and sublimest enjoyment,

“Mid all the dark and howling storms of life.”

London, Jan. 2, 1832.

T. W.

REFLECTIONS IN A CHURCHYARD.

“I love the ivy-mantled tower,
Rocked by the storms of thousand years;
The grave, whose melancholy flower,
Was nourished by affection’s* tears.”
Cunningham.

A VILLAGE churchyard! What solemn associations do these words convey! The loveliness of silence, the consecration of thought. There is the venerable tower mantled with ivy, raising its hoary head “amidst the grove of green;” the majestic elm, twining its boughs above, in rude architecture; the yew and cypress, folding their mournful drapery over the marble tablet. How hallowed a spot for meditation! The world, how secluded!

I have seen the setting sun dart its rays through the quivering foliage, the sky beautifully melting its varied tinges, as it spread from east to west, and my spirit has wished to burst from its clay, and “drink deep” of the loveliness with which it was surrounded. The twilight shade has come like a mist upon the scene, and I have thought of the darkness of death, and of the eternal morn, when the trump of the archangel shall echo above these silent walls.

My imagination has presented to me the prisoned mortal bursting from his tomb, and gazing on the splendour unveiled to his sight. Then what holy joy has illumined his countenance, when he sees “face to face” Him who was indeed his Saviour and his Friend, but is now his Judge. He knows that he stands not at the dreadful bar with the suspense of one who never desired the “full assurance of faith.” He pleads no merits of his own; the garment of righteousness with which he is clothed is not his own; but he pleads the merits of Him who redeemed his soul from de-

* In the original, “a martyr’s” tears.

struction; he is clothed in the righteousness of Him in whom was found no spot or blemish.

And, then, how shuddering has been the contemplation of the fate of many who surround these walls. They have been raised from the grave, only that they might receive eternal condemnation. How has the eye been confounded with the majesty of that heaven which it has scorned! How have the once blaspheming lips quivered with terror and anguish; and the re-animated clay has veiled itself in its shroud, desiring again to seek refuge in the grave, and claim non-existence.

There have been those, too, who, while it was still day, neglected to make their "calling and election sure," but committed the importance of salvation to the procrastinated hour that never arrived. Then, when time has ceased to exist, too late they have understood its value.

These have often been my reveries, on a spot which hallows the precepts of religion. It is true, that they were but the conceptions of an imagination that dwelt on futurity; yet, the time is fast approaching when this awful scene will be realized, when we shall stand, not as spectators, but as beings interested in the decision of our Judge. "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

I have seen the silver beams of the moon streaming through the stained windows, gilding the carved desk and the altar, and throwing the distant objects into an indistinct gloom; and I have thought of the old monastic times, when, at these hours, from the silent choir came the unearthly voices of beings dedicated to God, the soft response terminating in a rich chord and dying away, then the bursting of the anthem in full chorus; till the mind has been led from the assemblies of earth to those of heaven.

I have heard the deep tones of the clock-bell murmur from the tower, and it has seemed a voice from another world. Never did time mark its flight more solemnly; never did it so much impress my mind with a sense of its fast approaching dissolution. I have also sometimes been a witness of nature, when she is most lovely and interesting—in her sorrow. I have seen the silent figure pause through its walks, till it has reached a fresh-made mound. The still blowing flower has been placed as a tribute of affection to one who is now unconscious of filial love. There has been such communion with beings now no more, such recollections of scenes and parting words, that the tear has stolen down the

thoughtful cheek; devotional feelings have relumed the eye, and the child of sorrow has rejoiced that there is one who sympathizes in all her grief, and by those tears drawn her from the world which has pierced and wounded her soul.

But on a Sabbath, when the cool breeze sweeps through the waving shrubs, and He, to whom this hallowed fane is dedicated, is more peculiarly present, then, more especially, have I loved to linger there. The cheerful face, the calm expression of sorrow when the mind is resigned to grief, and the thoughtful step, as it slowly paced its way to the house of God, have made me exclaim, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts," and my mind has been led to some conception of the joy of David, when he saw the various tribes proceeding to the temple to appear before God.

There are many reflections that must be common to us all. When we have meditated on all these things, and dwelt on the remembrance of those who have departed to another world, of those whom we once have loved, yet are now sleeping beneath, "in the hope of a glorious resurrection," we have felt that we all are mortal. As the flower of the field, is the life of man, and death will soon claim its victim. Beneath this turf shall we, too, be laid, and, with those around, shall we one day be summoned from the grave, to wait the unalterable decision of Him who shall hereafter sit on the "great white throne," judging the twelve tribes, and from whose face the earth and the heavens shall flee away.

J. A. B.

Beaconsfield.

CREATION—NO. II.

(*Second Series.*)

IN a preceding number of the Imperial Magazine, p. 21, &c., we dwelt upon the inspired narrative of creation, relative to the formation of oceans and dry land, or earth, and so much of the conformation of this sphere as is relevant to its drainage, from the waters contained therein, and those at large upon its surface. Having arrived at this important point, we consider ourselves to be on terra firma. At large, upon our own sphere, we can now walk up and down therein, and examine the question, at leisure, which is asked by thousands, "Upon what do the soles of our feet rest?" But, in order to find an answer to this universal question, it will not suffice us to ascend the highest mountain, even to its utmost peak, to descend

into the deepest mine, to explore the wildest caverns, or, amidst chasms, ravines, and valleys, to view impending precipices and stupendous rocks; we must penetrate these masses, disintegrate their parts, and, contemplating these, arrive, where it is possible, at a knowledge of their component substances, in order to form a sound judgment of the whole. If we omit this, we dwell only upon the surface of things, amuse ourselves for the moment, fold our arms, and rest in ignorance.

From numerous experiments, the decision is, that the created atoms are of a variety of forms, densities, and sizes. Globular, cubic, angular, irregular, and regular figures, of every grade, exist in these atoms, and in specific gravity differences in the extreme; while some have greater, and others lesser, geniality with light, or the substance of heat. In compounds, therefore, of such heterogeneous materials, substances of every conceivable variety exist; and our wonder is excited at every step, until, from sheer repletion, we cease to wonder at any thing we behold.

Like the scales upon a fish, or the leaves which form the head of an artichoke, the crust of the earth is built in regular series of strata; for the most part, these strata are inclined in planes, whose elevated ends, or escarpments, rise into the atmosphere, and whose lower parts descend deep into the earth. Each stratum is incumbent upon another stratum, like courses of masonry in a building, and the overlaying of each becomes bond to the whole. These strata embrace in their various substances great varieties of matter. Argillaceous clay, for instance, more or less indurated, according to the depth at which it is found, rests upon beds of alumine shale, containing nodules of iron-stone, these upon a stratum of freestone, this upon iron-mine, stone bind, and seams of coal; and beneath these, similar strata alternate, until we arrive at coal again; and so on, in progression, ad infinitum. For, although we can scramble up to the summits of these escarpments, we have never once been able to sink a mine, completely through the strata, into the nucleus or central substance of this sphere. In other situations, we behold granite rocks rise, from unmeasurable depths, probably from the earth's centre, high into the atmosphere; forming mountains upon the grandest scale; while strata of various structure, in succession, lean thereto around, and bear thereon, like rafters, as if to support, and be supported, by this atlas of the sphere.

Lime, combined with carbon, in crystal-

line rocks, bearing the name of marble, &c. is frequently incumbent upon granite; and, in general, the marble and granite are only divided by strata of gneiss and micaceous schistus. In many instances, these granite rocks graduate into each other, and form varieties of the same species, rather than distinct strata.

Granite is composed of grains, (hence its name,) or small crystals of felspar, quartz, mica, and hornblende, crystallized into solid masses, which are piled upon each other, like the ashler of huge castles. Gneiss and micaceous schistus are formed of similar materials, but the proportions of each to each vary in these strata, and, in many instances, even in different parts of the same rock. Pure white marble is composed of the oxide of calcium and carbon, in crystals.

Above the granite rocks lie, in general, strata which contain fissures, or veins of metallic ores; hence they bear the name of metalliferous strata. The lowest of these is called argillaceous schistus. These rocks are composed of laminar crystals, into which they are divided, forming the blue or grey slates, called clay slate; and these constitute those elegant coverings which adorn, while they secure from rains, the mansions of man. Talc, magnesia, argil, and silica, in various proportions, enter into the composition of these rocks, and cause variations in their texture innumerable. Hence the changes are incessantly rung, in all the luxuriant playfulness of creation, from strata to strata, and even in the same rock, into varieties endless.

Next, in succession, we arrive at those immense strata denominated the sand-rocks. These rocks, for the most part, are composed of small crystals; and, the ease with which they are detached from each other, and thus resolved into sand, gives the title of sand-rocks to the whole strata. Argil and silica predominate throughout; and, according to the prevalence of each of these substances in any particular portion of these rocks, is the character of that portion determined. The grau-wacke of the German school, which is the psammite of the French, have their place in the region of these rocks; and, altogether, they compose some of the most imposing ranges of strata known in the earth's crust, extending, of immense depth and mountainous height, over whole districts. Fraught with metallic veins, they are rich in ores of value to mankind.

With these schistus strata, mountain limestone frequently alternates; and it often is found resting upon them. Like them-

it is metalliferous, being stored with ores and minerals of value, together with marble and spar in abundance. The immense caverns amidst these strata, fraught with crystalline stalactites, stalagmites, and crystals, transparent, glittering from their roofs and sides, like the starry heavens, amaze the beholder, and lead him up, from this subterranean splendour, to the astral regions, and thence to the God of all these—He who created all things. It is at this point of the stratification of our sphere, that we arrive at the plenum of carbon—forty per cent of the substance of all these rocks, is that subtile gas, carbon; and this gas has been rendered the bond of union to the whole.

Calcareous amygdalite, under the name of toad-stone, being streaked with colours like the back of a toad, occurs frequently and abundantly amidst metalliferous limestone; and therewith calcareous spar, intermixed and in chasms, in pure crystals, or carbonate of lime—but the amygdalite itself, although calcareous, contains a much less quantity of calcium and carbon than even limestone.

Incumbent on, or leaning against, the mountain limestone, we now arrive at shale, a laminar set of strata, the plates of which are minute, and yield to the atmosphere. With these, {strata of stone alternate, laminar also, and almost equally friable with the shale; so much so, that the whole escarpment of these is called the shivering strata, from its incessantly mouldering into small fragments, which roll down its declivities, and are strewn over the vales below. Argillaceous, siliceous, and calcareous, by turns, these strata, called limestone shale, partake of the substances prevalent in all the adjoining strata, and yet resemble none of them; for the want of tenacity in these strata, forms a perfect contrast with the limestone on the one hand, and the millstone grit on the other.

Siliceous, micaceous, and argillaceous sand-stone, alternating with carbonaceous and argillaceous shale, or allumine, succeed the limestone shale in several districts. The first of these is called millstone grit, because huge millstones are formed thereof, whole and entire. The second is laminar, yielding strong slates for roofing, and paving-stones for the foot-paths in our courts and streets, as well as floors for the basement stories of our houses; and the third introduces us to the coal strata, enumerated in the beginning of this article. The nature of each of these strata is above denoted by its name.

A coal-field is a most, if not the most, interesting object in the crust of this sphere. Here we behold a huge bason, in form like a tea-saucer, to the form of which all the adjoining strata yield, and into which currents of water are introduced, through fissures in the stone strata from above, so as to completely cover the coal; while dams of argillaceous clay prevent this water from completely running off. These clays, while they hold up the water, interpose themselves, as well as the water, between the coal and the atmospheric air, as well as the sun's rays, and thus prevent the bitumen, and other inflammable substances of the coal, from being evaporated. By these means, the coal is preserved, during the ages of time, entire for the use of every generation of mankind, in the providence of Him who formed the whole.

To the coal strata generally succeeds an immense stratum of magnesian limestone; so named, because, in addition to lime and carbon, it contains magnesia. Thus, coal to smelt, iron ore for smelting, and lime to flux the ore while being smelted, are at hand; and that useful metal, iron, is thus produced in rich abundance, with the least possible expense of labour.

Calcareous sandstone, called freestone, of a beautiful white colour, succeeds the magnesian limestone; and seams thereof often alternate with the limestone itself.

Siliceous sandstone, in massive rocks of great elevation and wide extent, frequently succeed these calcareous strata. These rocks are friable; and the sand accumulated by the action of the atmosphere upon their surfaces covers the districts in which they prevail. To these rocks succeed strata less imposing than those over which we have wandered, consisting of argillaceous clays, with nodules and rocks of gypsum, limestone, and sandstone. Finally, we arrive at the level strata, which consists of argillaceous shale, stratum super-stratum, the planes of which are parallel with the horizon. It is upon the loamy surface of these level strata, that we perceive the excellency of that general system of inclined planes, which elsewhere pervades the crust of this sphere, and effectually drains the surface: for the surface water here lodges in every cavity, overflows again and again, drowning vegetation and animation: and it is only by deep and expensive drains, kept open with incessant labour, that the land is reclaimed.

Salt, in rocks regularly stratified, is found amidst coal-fields, and also adjoining the sand-rocks. Clay, sulphate of lime, or gypsum, marl, &c. accompany rock-salt, in ge-

neral, and, interposing between it and the atmosphere, preserve it from dissolution.

Chalk, in the south-eastern parts of England, succeeds the level strata, or the sand-rocks; and from its great extent on the eastern coast of England, and the opposite shores of France, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, deserves our attention: the nodules of flint which pervade the chalk strata are also interesting. Lime and carbon are the bases of chalk, and silica is the base of flint.

Upon the chalk, we find a clay stratum of considerable thickness and great extent; and because this stratum appears beneath that city, and rises to the surface to the north thereof, it is denominated the London clay.

The crown of this sphere is basalt. This rock is composed of minute crystals, which frequently crystallize into regular columns, prisms, lamina, tables, globes, and also into amorphous masses: many of which are of great volume. Upon the heads of the utmost hills, towering over all, these rocks are frequently found; in huge masses throughout vast extents; and where they are regularly stratified, as, for instance, in the island of Staffa, or the Giants' Causeway, in Ireland, &c. the stupendous facades of erect columns which they present to the astonished beholder, convince him that, "the cloud-capped towers, and the gorgeous palaces" of man, are pigmies compared with these sublime works of the great Architect of the universe.

Allied to basalt, in vicinity as well as nature and form, is green-stone, porphyry, and sienite. Silica, alumina, oxide of iron, lime, and magnesia, the most abundant substances of this globe, are the bases of these rocks. These five substances, in fact, in the proportion of ninety per cent, prevail throughout the sphere. How astonishing, that from so small a number of ingredients, such rich varieties should arise around us: but these arise from variations in the quantity of each ingredient, rather than from the number of ingredients employed. We behold here anew the economy of the Great Creator, as well as His wisdom and power: and while we behold we ought to praise Him.

The metals, namely, gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, iron, &c. &c. seldom occur in a pure state in the veins of metalliferous strata: oxygen, sulphur, &c. combined with the metals, form them into ores, in which state they are generally found; although native gold, silver, &c. are sometimes discovered devoid of foreign mixture, and yet more seldom, the other metals.

The whole tribe of gases, being fine fluids, are so susceptible of change, that we seldom come in contact with them in an individual state of purity; not even in the atmosphere. Mingled with each other, or combined with other substances, we must abstract them from their associations on all occasions: for without this, we cannot obtain them pure.

We have now passed over the principal compound substances which enter into the structure of this sphere, as well as those which remain simple. Supposing, for the moment, that pure gold, pure silver, and the other metals, when pure, are simple substances, then we behold the firm and tenacious manner in which an aggregate of similar atoms forms a solid substance. If the gases, when pure, are simple substances, then we perceive how an aggregate of similar atoms forms a fluid. And if we treat a pure metal with caloric in action, we behold how an aggregate of similar atoms, from being a solid, melt or re-become fluid; and while we treated upon compound substances, we encountered, at all points, fluids as well as solids. Matter is, therefore, itself, whether simple or compound, fluid or solid; and the form in which the Great Creator called it into existence, namely, in atoms, we perceive, equally adapted it to all the purposes of fluids, solids, simples, or compounds.

We discover, on compounding and decomposing various compounds in this sphere, that the affinity of diverse substances, each for each, is greater than the affinity of other substances; and that, while some attract, others repel each other. These facts prove a dissimilarity in the created atoms; and also that some are genial and others ungenial to each other. Whether these properties are inherent in the atoms themselves, or consequent upon the action of those subtile, created agents by which the Great Creator governs the universe; who can inform us? All the agents of the Infinite are invisible to us, and matter, in its individual state, is invisible also; it is only in the aggregate that it becomes visible to us. Are we not, therefore, as ignorant of the essence of matter, as we are of the essence of Him who created matter, and of it formed the universe?

To ascribe the several strata, and the various formations observable in the earth's crust, to the play of affinities, to fortuitous or adventitious subsidations, to natural crystallizations, or mere progressions of time, during any or all its ages, is to ascribe to chance what, in reality, is the

product of wisdom, and to rear up an impotent agency into a work which Almighty Power could alone perfect : it is, in fact, to sink Omnipotence and Omniscience into the mere revolutions of ages, or senseless progressions and operations of dead matter ; which, instead of order, beauty, and stability, fail not, on all occasions, to produce incongruity, disorder, weakness, and ruin. Infinite power and infinite wisdom are equally observable throughout creation ; and no where are they more observable than in the crust of the sphere assigned by the Great Creator to us, for our habitation and solace. Here then, while we survey the work, let us look up to and adore the Creator, whose presence and activity were not more needful during the creation, than they are during the ages of His divine providence over all that He hath called into existence : "For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things : to whom be glory for ever." Amen.

King Square, Nov 20, 1831.

W. COLDWELL.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE NATURE OF LIGHT AND COLOURS.

(Concluded from p. 90.)

THOUGH no body in nature be perfectly, all are to a certain degree, transparent. One of the densest of metals, gold, may actually be beaten so thin as to allow light to pass through it ; and, that it passes through the substance of the metal, not through cracks or holes too small to be detected by the eye, is evident from the colour of the transmitted light, which is green, even when the incident light is white. All coloured bodies, however deep their hues, and, however seemingly opaque, must necessarily be rendered visible by rays which have entered their substance ; for, if reflected at their surfaces, they would all appear white alike. Were the colours of bodies strictly superficial, no variation in thickness could affect their hue ; but, so far is this from being the case, that all coloured bodies, however intense their tint, become paler by diminution of their thickness.

This gradual diminution in the intensity of a transmitted ray, in its progress through imperfectly transparent media, is termed its *absorption*. It is never found to affect equally rays of all colours, some being always absorbed in preference to others ; and it is on this preference that the colours of all such media, as seen by transmitted light, depend. A white ray transmitted through a perfectly transparent medium,

ought to contain at its emergence the same proportional quantity of all the coloured rays, because the part reflected at its anterior and posterior surfaces is colourless ; but, in point of fact, such perfect want of colour in the transmitted beam is never observed. Media, therefore, are unequally transparent for the differently coloured rays. Each ray of the spectrum has, for every different medium in nature, its own peculiar index of transparency, just as the index of refraction differs for different rays and different media.

The following simple experiment shews, in a striking manner, the different absorptive power of one and the same medium on differently-coloured rays. Look through a plain piece of blue glass, (such as sugar-basins, and finger-glasses are often made of,) at the image of any narrow line of light, (as the crack in a window-shutter of a darkened room,) refracted through a prism, whose edge is parallel to the line, and placed in its situation of minimum deviation. If the glass be extremely thin, all the colours are seen ; but if of moderate thickness, (as one twentieth part of an inch,) the spectrum will put on a very singular and striking appearance. It will appear composed of several detached portions, separated by broad and perfectly black intervals, the rays which correspond to those points in the perfect spectrum being entirely extinguished. If a less thickness be employed, the intervals, instead of being entirely dark, are feebly and irregularly illuminated, some parts of them being less enfeebled than others. If the thickness, on the other hand, be increased, the black spaces become broader, till at length all the colours intermediate between the extreme red and extreme violet, are totally destroyed.

The simplest hypothesis we can form of the extinction of a beam of homogeneous light, in passing through a homogeneous medium, is, that for every thickness of the medium passed through, an equal aliquot part of the rays, which up to that depth had escaped absorption, is extinguished. Thus, if one thousand red rays fall on and enter into a certain green glass, and if one hundred be extinguished in traversing the first tenth of an inch, there will remain nine hundred which have penetrated so far ; and of these one-tenth, or ninety, will be extinguished in the next tenth of an inch, leaving eight hundred and ten, out of which, again, a tenth, or eighty-one, will be extinguished in traversing the third-tenth, leaving seven hundred and twenty-nine, and so on.

When a ray of white or solar light falls obliquely on the surface of a refracting medium, it is not refracted entirely in one direction, but undergoes a separation into several rays, and is *dispersed* over an angle more or less considerable, according to the nature of the medium, and the obliquity of incidence. The several rays of which the dispersed beam consists, are found to differ essentially from each other, and from the incident beam, in a most important physical character. They are of different colours. The light of the sun is white, and if a sun-beam be admitted into a darkened room through a small round hole in the window-shutter, and be received directly on a piece of paper, it makes on it a round white spot, which will be larger as the paper is further removed. To shew the *separation* or *dispersion* of the rays, take a triangular prism of good flint glass, and place it in the beam with one of its angles downwards, so that the beam may fall on one of its sides obliquely. The beam will then be refracted, and turned out of its course, and thrown upwards, and may be received on a screen properly placed. But on this screen there will no longer be seen a round white spot, but a long streak, or, as it is called in optics, a *spectrum* of most vivid colours. The tint of the lower or *least refracted* extremity will be a brilliant red, then an orange, afterwards a pale straw yellow, succeeded by a pure and very intense green, which passes to a blue, at first greenish, but, as the distance increases, deepening into the purest indigo, and, as the intensity of the illumination diminishes fading into a pale violet.

If the screen on which the spectrum be received have a small hole in it, only large enough to allow a very narrow portion of the spectrum to pass, and this portion of the beam be received on another screen, placed at some distance behind it, it will there form a spot of the very same colour as that portion of the spectrum allowed to pass. Thus, if the hole be placed in the red part of the spectrum, the spot will be red; if in the green, green; and in the blue, blue. If the eye be placed so as to see through this small hole, an image of the sun will be beheld, of dazzling brightness, not, as usually, white, but of the colour of that portion of the spectrum which goes to form the spot on the screen.

If, instead of receiving the ray transmitted through the small hole in the first screen on a second screen immediately behind it, it be intercepted by another prism, it will be refracted and bent from its course, as in the first instance; and, after this second

refraction, may be received on a third screen. But it is now observed to be no longer separated into a coloured spectrum, like the original one of which it formed a part. A single spot only is seen on the screen, the colour of which is uniform, and precisely the same as that portion of the spectrum from which it is taken. It appears, then, that the ray which goes to form any single point of the spectrum, is not only independent of all the rest, but, having been once insulated from them, is no longer capable of further separation into different colours, by a second refraction.

From the above-mentioned simple experiments, the following properties of light may be deduced.

1. A beam of white or solar light consists of a great and almost infinite variety of rays, differing from each other in colour and refrangibility.

2. White light may be *decomposed*, *analyzed*, or *separated* into its elementary coloured rays by refraction. The act of such separation is called the dispersion of the coloured rays.

3. Each elementary ray, once separated and insulated from the rest, is incapable of further decomposition or analysis by the same means. For we may place a third, and a fourth prism in the way of the twice refracted ray, and refract in any way, or in any plane; it remains undispersed, and preserves its colour quite unaltered.

4. The dispersion of the coloured rays takes place in the plane of the refraction; for it is found that the spectrum is always elongated in this plane.

That the term *analysis* or *decomposition*, is correct as applied to the separation of a beam of white light into coloured rays, may be proved by the following experiment, in which, by a *synthesis* or joining together of the elementary rays, white light is again produced.

If a small circular beam of solar light be passed through a prism, and the dispersed coloured rays received in a lens at some distance, and transmitted to a white screen, the whole spectrum, instead of being coloured, will be re-united in a spot of white light.

That the re-union of *all* the coloured rays is necessary to produce whiteness, may be shewn by intercepting a portion of the spectrum before it falls on the lens. Thus, if the violet ray be intercepted, the white spot will acquire a tinge of yellow; if the blue and green be successively stopped, the yellow tinge will grow more and more ruddy, and pass through orange to scarlet and blood red. If, on the other hand, the

red end of the spectrum be stopped, and more and more of the less refrangible portion thus successively abstracted from the beam, the white will pass first into pale, and then to vivid green, blue green, blue, and finally into violet. If the middle portion of the spectrum be intercepted, the remaining rays, concentrated, produce various shades of purple, crimson, or plum-colour, according to the portion by which it is thus rendered deficient from white light; and by varying the intercepted rays, any variety of colours may be produced; nor is there any shade of colour in nature which may not thus be exactly imitated, with a brilliancy and richness surpassing that of any artificial colouring.

According to the Newtonian doctrine of the origin of colours, and every phenomenon in optics conspires to prove the truth of it—

“The colours of natural bodies are not qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, by which they immediately affect our sense, but are mere consequences of that peculiar disposition of the particles of each body, by which it is enabled more copiously to reflect the ray of one particular colour, and to transmit, or stifle, or, as it is called in optics, *absorb* the others.”

Perhaps the most direct and satisfactory proof of the truth of this doctrine is to be found in the simple fact, that every body indifferently, whatever be its colour in white light, when exposed in the prismatic spectrum, appears of the colour appropriate to that part of the spectrum in which it is placed; but that its tint is incomparably more vivid and full, when laid in a ray of a tint analogous to its hue in a white light, than in any other. For example, vermilion placed in the red rays appears of the most vivid red; in the orange, orange; in the yellow, yellow, but less bright. In the green rays, it is green; but from the great inaptitude of vermilion to reflect green light, it appears dark and dull; still more so in the blue; and in the indigo and violet it is almost completely black. On the other hand, a piece of dark blue paper, or Prussian blue, in the indigo rays has an extraordinary richness and depth of colour. In the green its hue is green, but much less intense; while in the red rays, it is almost entirely black.

In the above experiments, to make the analysis complete, the beam of light to be analyzed must be very small, and the prism as free from striæ or veins as possible, but as it is difficult to procure prisms free from these imperfections, the best way is to

employ hollow prisms filled with water, or some of the more dispersive oils. If these are not at hand, the inconvenience may be diminished by transmitting the ray as near the edge of the prism as possible, so as to lessen the quantity of the material it has to pass through, and therefore the chance of encountering striæ in its passage.

It has been observed, that there are many crystallized minerals, especially the tourmaline, which when cut into parallel plates are sufficiently transparent, and let pass abundance of light with perfect regularity, nevertheless, the light at its emergence is found to have acquired a peculiar modification, which has been termed *polarity*, or *polarization*. The difference between a polarized and an ordinary ray of light can hardly be more readily explained than by assimilating the latter to a cylindrical, and the former to a four-sided prismatic rod, or flat ruler; that is to say, the polarized rays seems to have acquired sides, and to be rendered incapable of passing through certain media permeable to it in its original or unpolarized state, as a broad flat ruler will not pass through the bars of a narrow grating, if presented to it crossways.

The following experiment will exemplify the thing clearly.

The tourmaline, which is a species of schorl, crystallizes in long prisms, whose primitive form is the obtuse rhomboid, having its axis parallel to the axis of the prism. The lateral faces of these prisms are frequently so numerous as to give them an approach to a cylindrical or cylindroidal form. Now, if one of these crystals be taken and slit (by the aid of a lapidary's wheel) into plates parallel to the axis of the prism of a moderate and uniform thickness, (about one twentieth of an inch,) which must be well polished, luminous objects may be seen through them, as through plates of coloured glass. Let one of these plates be interposed perpendicularly between the eye and a candle, the latter will be seen with equal distinctness in every position of the axis of the plate with respect to the horizon; and if the plate be turned round on its own plane, no change will be perceived in the image of the candle. Now, holding this first plate in a fixed position, (with its axis vertical, for instance,) let a second be interposed between it and the eye, and turned round slowly in its own plane, and a very remarkable phenomenon will be seen. The candle will appear and disappear alternately at every quarter revolution of the plate, passing through all gradations of brightness, from a maximum down to

a total, or almost total, evanescence, and then increasing again by the same degrees as it diminished before. Now, it is evident that the light which has passed through the first plate, has acquired, in so doing, a property totally distinct from those of the original light of the candle. The latter would have penetrated the second plate equally well in all its positions; the former is incapable altogether of penetrating it in some positions, while in others it passes through readily, and these positions correspond to certain *sides* which the ray has acquired, and which are parallel and perpendicular respectively to the axis of the first plate. Moreover, these *sides*, once acquired, are retained by the ray in all its future course, (provided it be not again otherwise modified by contact with other bodies,) for it matters not how great the distance between the two plates, whether they be in contact, or many inches, feet, or yards asunder, not the least variation is perceived in the phenomenon in question. If the position of the first plate be shifted, the *sides* of the transmitted ray shift with it, through an equal angle, and the second will no longer extinguish it in the position it at first did, but must be brought into a position removed therefrom by an angle equal to that through which the first plate has been made to revolve.

But it is not only by such means that the polarization of a pencil of light may be effected, nor is this the only character which distinguishes polarized from ordinary light. It may be as well, therefore, briefly to mention the principal means by which the polarization of light may be performed, and the characters which are invariably found to co-exist in a ray when polarized.

The polarization of light may be effected;

1. By reflexion, at a proper angle from the surfaces of transparent media.

2. By transmission through a regularly crystallized medium, possessed of the property of double refraction.

3. By transmission through transparent, uncrystallized plates, in sufficient numbers, and at proper angles.

4. By transmission through a variety of bodies which have an approach to a laminated structure, and an imperfect state of crystallization, such as agate, mother-of-pearl, &c.

The characters which are invariably found to co-exist in a polarized ray, and by which it may be most easily recognized as polarized, are,

1. Incapability of being transmitted by a plate of tourmaline, as above described, when incident perpendicularly on it, in

certain positions of the plate; and ready transmission in others, at right angles to the former.

2. Incapability of being reflected by polished transparent media, at certain angles of incidence, and in certain positions of the plane of incidence.

3. Incapability of undergoing division into two equal pencils by double refraction, in positions of the doubly-refracting bodies, in which a ray of ordinary light would be so divided.

We have not room to describe the experiments by means of which the phenomena, above alluded to, are performed and explained; but it may be necessary to remark, that the characters of polarized light are all of the *negative kind*, and consist in denying to it properties which ordinary light possesses, and that they are such as affect the intensity of the ray, not its direction. Thus, the direction which a polarized ray will take, under any circumstances of the action of media, is never *different* from what an unpolarized ray might take, and from what a portion of it, at least, actually does. For instance, when an unpolarized ray is separated by double refraction into two equal pencils, a polarized ray will be divided into two unequal ones, one of which may even be altogether evanescent, but their directions are precisely the same as those of the pencils into which the unpolarized ray is divided. Hence, it may be laid down as a general principle, that the *direction* taken by a polarized ray, or by the parts into which it may be divided by any reflexions, refractions, or other modifying causes, may always be determined by the same rules as apply to unpolarized light; but that the relative *intensities* of these portions differ from those of similar portions of unpolarized light, according to certain laws, which it is the business of the philosopher to ascertain.

From the foregoing observations and experiments, the following facts, relative to the nature and properties of light, may be considered as established.

1. Light has never been found collected in separate masses, but variously manifests its existence in several bodies.

2. Light possesses the property of exciting in us the sensation of vision, by moving from an illuminated object to the eye.

3. The motion of light is progressive, being known to occupy about seven and a half minutes in moving from the sun to the earth.

4. Its progress may be stopped by the interposition of an opaque body, and the

shadow or obscuration produced, proves that light, in a uniform medium, moves in straight lines.

4. It enters into, and passes through, certain substances, hence called transparent; and, when it falls obliquely on them, it is bent or refracted at the surface.

6. A large portion of light is reflected at the surfaces of the bodies on which it falls, especially when the surfaces are smooth and polished; the rays being in this case copiously returned with great regularity, the incident and reflected ray making equal angles with the perpendicular to the surface.

7. By means of refraction, or reflexion, at curved surfaces, a multitude of rays can be collected into a small space, or focus, producing there a strong light, and exciting an intense heat in the substances placed in the focus of the rays.

8. Some bodies, on which the light falls, seem to absorb a considerable part of it, so that it disappears.

9. All bodies, more or less, disperse in all directions some part of the light falling on them.

10. When the light falls on a crystallized body, whose primitive form is not a cube, or octahedron, its rays are divided at the surface, and pass through the crystal in two different directions; and the unusually refracted ray acquires peculiar properties.

11. When a ray of light falls on the polished surfaces of transparent bodies, at a certain angle, different for different bodies, the reflected ray acquires properties analogous to the ray unusually refracted by a crystal.

12. When a small beam of light passes through a triangular prism, it is divided into parts by unequal refraction, exhibiting on a screen a figure, or spectrum, containing seven distinct classes of colours: that which is least refracted, occupying the extremity nearest to the direction of the original beam, is red; and the other extremity, or the light most refracted, is violet; the order of the colours being red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet.

13. Each of these colours is permanent; for, any one of them being any how reflected, or refracted, always shews the same colour.

14. Two or more of these colours being mixed, by being refracted to the same place on a screen, give a colour different from the primitive ones.

15. All the colours of the spectrum, being so refracted as to fall on the same place on a screen, give there the appearance of a white speck, like that of the original beam.

16. The different sorts of rays, as separated by the prism, have different degrees of illuminating power; that is, a small object will be more illuminated by a ray of one colour than by that of another.

The effects of light upon vegetation, solar phosphori, and the various chemical changes it effects in bodies, will fall more properly under the head of chemistry, and may be made the subject of another paper.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE, HELD AT YORK, SECOND DAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1831.

NO. II.

(Continued from p. 34.)

ABOUT three hundred gentlemen assembled this morning in the theatre of the Museum. About half-past twelve o'clock, Lord Milton, the president of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, was called to the chair. His lordship, in a very eloquent speech, eulogized the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, on account of its indefatigable industry in promoting the interests of science; and stated his anticipations of the useful results of a national association of scientific men.

The Rev. Wm. Vernon Harcourt then rose, and, with much eloquence, submitted a plan for establishing a system of meetings like the present; and stated the grounds on which it was proposed. This meeting owed its origin to some distinguished cultivators of science; who thought, that great benefits would result to science in Great Britain, if meetings, similar to those on the Continent, were established among us. The council of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society fully concurred in the great importance of the object, and, finding that many persons, eminent for literature and science, entertained the same sentiments, it was agreed to hold the first meeting in the ancient city of York. The council had adjusted regulations and a plan upon which a permanent establishment might be founded; but, before detailing these to the meeting, he should request Mr. Phillips, one of the secretaries, to state what arrangements had been made by the committee, for this meeting, and also to read the letters which had been received, in answer to invitations.

Mr. Phillips then read, from the minutes of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, the proceedings which had been adopted; the first step was, the appointment of a committee, to make arrangements for the reception of strangers coming to the present meeting. The committee also addressed

a circular to the presidents of the various philosophical societies in the united kingdom, to all the members of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, and to other scientific men, informing them of the intended present meeting, and inviting them to attend. To this circular, a great number of answers had been received; several of which he read. The writers of them were all unanimous in anticipating great advantages to result from the meeting. Among the names of these individuals, illustrious in science, were Professors Airy, Christie, Jameson, Lindley, Pavel, Buckland, and Whewell; Rev. W. Coneybeare; Drs. Henry, Hibbert, Roget; Messrs. Babbage, Davies Gilbert, Herschel, Giddy, and Heuland. Though deprived of the pleasure of attending the present meeting, yet they all expressed the hope of enjoying the personal gratification of attending the next.

Mr. Harcourt then read letters from Mr. Chantrey, who had sent one of the most valuable casts ever made in illustration of geology; from Mr. Faraday, Dr. Buckland, and the Duke of Sussex. His royal highness expressed a wish to have been present, but a previous engagement to be at Derby prevented him.

The reverend gentleman, after many appropriate preliminary observations, said, that the plan which the council proposed was in the shape of resolutions, and, in substance, was as follows—That an association be formed, to be called The British Association for the Advancement of Science—That the principal objects of this association shall be, to give a stronger impulse, and a more systematic direction, to scientific inquiry; to promote the intercourse of those who cultivate science in different parts of the British empire; to turn the national attention to objects of science; and to obtain a removal of any disadvantage, of a public kind, which impedes its progress—That all members of philosophical societies be members of the association, on entering their names, and paying a small annual subscription—That the association shall meet at stated places—That a committee shall sit, during the meeting, to be composed of all persons who shall have contributed a paper to any philosophical society, which paper shall have been ordered to be printed—That persons, not members of any philosophical society, must be recommended as members of the association by the committee—That sub-committees be formed, for the direction of the business of the meeting—That the accounts of the association be audited every year.

These resolutions were unanimously car-

ried, with the exception of the third, on which a long discussion ensued; but this, also, was finally adopted.

In the evening, the large suite of rooms was thrown open, and the theatre was filled by a brilliant audience. Many of the ladies were in full-dress. The lecture was delivered by Mr. Abraham, of Sheffield. The Magnet was his subject. After stating that the best magnets were to be found in Sweden, Russia, and Lapland, and giving the general history of the magnetic needle, together with the advantages connected with it, he produced an apparatus, made by himself, for the use of the needle-point grinders. Though these men work but six hours in a day, yet, the dust arising from the grinding-stone, and the steel-filings, being inhaled by them, had such a pernicious effect upon their constitution, as to materially shorten their lives. This apparatus consisted of a mouth-piece, intermixed with small magnets, which, in the course of forty minutes, were studded with steel-filings. Connected with this, he invented a process of ventilation, which kept the room free from dust, and other impurities. He exhibited, also, an invention of his own, for giving more than two poles to a bar of iron; and another, for attracting steel-filings from the eyes of dry-grinders: concluding with some remarks on the connexion between electricity and magnetism. This finished the business of the second day.

Huggate, 1832.

T. R.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE mean temperature of January was $37 \frac{1}{3}$ degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. The maximum, which was 48 degrees, took place on the 10th, when the direction of the wind was westerly; the minimum, which was 27 degrees, occurred on the 5th, with a south-easterly wind. The range of the thermometer, during the month, was 21 degrees; and the prevailing wind south-west. The direction of the wind has been south-westerly, nine days; westerly, six; north-easterly, five; easterly, four; northerly, two; southerly, two; south-easterly, two; and north-westerly, one.

Hoar frost, and icy efflorescences, were very considerable on the 1st, 2d, 4th, 15th, 16th, 24th, and 28th. The following days were more or less foggy: 3d, 4th, and 17th to 21st. The evening of the 12th was rather windy, and a considerable fall of snow took place on the morning of the 27th, which is only the second this season.

The plants observed in flower this month were the China-rose and daisy; the former

was observed on the 4th and 18th, and presented a pleasing appearance, when the branches of the surrounding trees were thickly studded with hoar frost, and the traveller enveloped in fog. The daisy was noticed in blossom on the 18th. On the 28th, the leafing of the alder was observed to be rather advanced.

AN INDIAN SAINT.

JULY 12. Within a few yards of the river, on our left, stood one of those horrid figures called a *yogee*—an Indian saint—a gentleman beggar, who had placed himself in a certain attitude, from which he had vowed never to swerve during the remainder of his life, but spend his existence in mental abstraction. He appeared on a platform of earth, raised about eighteen inches from the ground. At one end of this mound, which might be seven feet long by five broad, were erected two bamboos, seven or eight feet high, and sufficiently apart for him to stand between them. At elbow-height, a broad board was placed across, from the one bamboo to the other; and upon the middle of this, another piece of plank, two feet long by five inches wide, was fixed, sloping upwards from him. He, therefore, standing on the platform, and resting his arms upon the cross-bar, held with his hands on each side of the upright sloping board. He seemed to press equally on either foot, leaning a little forward, with his face turned rather aside, and raised towards the sun. His personal appearance was squalid and miserable. His body was daubed all over with blue mud; his hair long, matted, discoloured to a yellowish brown with exposure, and dangled in all directions. His beard was bushy and black, and the rest of his face was so disfigured with hair, that it might be said to be all beard. Not the slightest motion in one of his limbs, nor in a muscle of his countenance, was perceptible. He was altogether without clothing, except a slip of brown stuff about the loins. He wore the coita, or sacred thread, indicating that he was a Brahmin. Night and day, it is understood, the wretched sufferer (if, indeed, his state can be one of suffering) maintains, without any variation, this paralyzing position. However, at the contrary end of the platform are four upright bamboos, with a mat suspended upon them, forming such a rude canopy as the Hindoos often sleep under; and, at a short distance, there is another shelter of the same kind; so that it is not improbable

the crafty mendicant (like many of that fraternity in all countries, who live by their miseries, but know how to relax from them at due seasons,) occasionally, at least, takes the liberty to slip out of his pillory, and enjoy a restorative nap, under the darkness of night.—*Missionary Voyages and Travels.*

METHOD OF SHEWING THE DEVIL IN FRANCE, IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

A CONTEMPORARY writer makes Cæsar himself (a musician) thus speak—"You would not believe how many young courtiers and young Parisians have importuned me to shew them the devil. Seeing that, I besought myself of the most pleasant invention in the world, to gain money. At a quarter of a league from this city, (towards Gentilly, I think,) I found a quarry very deep, which had long caverns on the right and left. When any person comes to see the devil, I place him therein: but, before entering, he must pay me at least forty-five or fifty pistoles. He must swear never to speak of it; he must promise to have no fear, to invoke neither gods nor demigods, and to pronounce no holy word.

"After that, I first enter the cavern; then, before passing farther, I make circles, fulminations, invocations, and recite some discourses, composed of barbarous words, which I have no sooner pronounced, than the curious fool and I hear great iron chains rattle, and great dogs growl. Then I ask him, if he is not afraid: if he answers yes, as there are some who dare not pass beyond, I lead him back, and, having thus got rid of his impertinent curiosity, retain for myself the money which he has given me.

"If he is not afraid, I advance farther in front, muttering some frightful words. Having arrived at a place which I know, I redouble my invocations, and utter cries, as if I were in a fury. Immediately six men, whom I keep in this cavern, throw flames of resin to the right and left of us. Through the flames I shew to my curious companion a large goat, loaded with huge iron chains painted vermillion, as if they were on fire. To the right and left there are two large mastiffs, the heads of which are placed in long instruments of wood, wide at the top, and very narrow at the other end. In proportion as these men incite them, they howl as much as they are able; and this howling resounds in such a manner, in the instruments in which their heads are placed, that there comes out of them a noise so tremendous into this cavern,

that truly my own hair stands on end with horror, although I very well know what it is. The goat, which I have dressed up for the occasion, acts on his side, rattling his chains, shaking his horns, and plays his part so well, that there is no one who would not believe that he was the devil. My six men, whom I have very well instructed, are also charged with red chains, and dressed like furies. There is no other light in the place than that which they make at intervals with the resin.

"Two of them, after having acted the devil to the utmost, come and torment my curious adventurer with long linen bags filled with sand, with which they beat him in such a manner all over his body, that I am afterwards obliged to drag him out of the cavern half dead. Then, when he has a little recovered his spirits, I tell him that it is a dangerous and useless curiosity to see the devil; and I pray him no longer to have this desire, as I assure you there are none who have, after having been beaten like a devil and a half."—*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library*, vol. vii. p. 9.

POETRY.

LINKS ON REFORM.

REFORM is now the fashion of the times,
Oh! could I but reform my limping rhymes,
I'd celebrate it with a gust as loud
As thunder bursting from a tropic cloud;
Or north wind, roaring on the Baltic wave,
When winter rushes from his polar cave.

Reform is wanted in the Senate-house,
Where oft the mount has groan'd, and, lo, a mouse
Has been the birth. Waves of debate ran high,
"To waft a feather, or to drown a fly."
Place, power, and wealth have been the patriot's
bribe,
Hence general scorn has branded half the tribe.
For peers have sent their cousins, stewards, friends,
To serve their own and not the public ends:
If kind, the minister to help; if sour,
To hurl him from his pedestal of power.
Nor ministry alone, but throne to awe;
The nation's welfare did not weigh a straw,
Nor constitution,—hence the rust of years,
That canker'd *Magna*, was the work of peers.
For Church and State they canvass, rail, or rat;
A brother was in this, a son in that:
The people's welfare—out, you sorry loon!—
Was a Utopian region in the moon.
They boroughs bought, and let them out for hire,
To those who danced as they pull'd the wire;
Pensions were multiplied as golden lures
And useless offices had sinecures:
But now the axe is levell'd at the root
Of dire corruption and its baneful fruit.

The Church, for, now the ship is in a storm,
And lurches terribly, needs some reform;
They say she has not ballast, every puff
Makes those who steer her bear away or luff.
Some hint that tithe and title, ease and gold,
Have started sundry planks within the hold;
Where all the pumps of every bishop's see
Will hardly keep the ship afloat and free
From water-jogging; others boldly show
The barnacles that on her bottom grow,

While strife and schism half divide the crew,
In spite of all the leading pilots do;
That mutiny has torn her *union jack*,
And sect and party thrown her sails *aback*.
Hence thousands wish this stately *heart of oak*
Were on the rocks of *revolution* broke;
Because she *claims* the right to navigate
The British seas by patent from the State.
Some say her compass does not *traverse* right,
Or else her binnacle is dark as night;
That pride inflates her sails to such degree,
She makes all others *scud beneath* her lee:
Hence seers, and saints, and prophets not a few,
(Some *pirates*, some, alas, her *faithless* crew,)
Prognosticate she'll founder in the wave,
Unless the "Galilean Pilot" save;
Or strike and bilge upon some hidden rock,
Except *new rigg'd* in Reformation's Dock;
And every skulking *tubber* sent adrift,
Who cannot reef, and steer, and log-line lift.
Oh may her bishops, every holy seer,
At Mercy's throne in her behalf appear!
Her priests, before the porch and altar kneel,
To God in penitence and prayer appeal.
May all that wish her peace be much in prayer,
That justice, while it purifies, may spare;
Whate'er her faults, and she has many a speck,
I deprecate and should deplore her wreck.

Some think our Morals need reforming too,
Whether we wear the orange, red, or blue;
For now-a-days both flirts and dandies dash on,
As though St. Bellal were the prince of fashion.
All, all, our faults, are carried to excess,
The love of pleasure, equipage, and dress;
Hence selfishness, frivolity, and pride,
A baleful trio, all the land divide:
Our blacker crimes the muse shall here omit,
For christian ears the subject is not fit.

Though we have cast the book of sports away,
We need reforming on the Sabbath-day;
'Tis made a day of pleasure through the land,
From Plymouth Breakwater, to Humber strand:
Though such profane amusements never square
With public worship, or with private prayer;
Gigs, steam-boats, rail-road, party, romp, or rout,
Whirl myriads all the nation round about;
While cabinets, and coteries, and dinners,
And concerts, give the *cue* to nobler sinners.
But will not justice visit with a rod
Such profanation of the day of God?
Though it were Majesty, I speak with awe,
He will not brook the breaking of his law.

Our Laws want reformation, jurists say,
And who, alas, should know as well as they!
Unless their clients, who have sought redress
In darkest mazes of this wilderness;
When briars, thorns, and other legal matters,
Have torn their clothes, perhaps their skin, to
tatters?

Sav'd only like a merchant from the wreck,
By some loose plank that floated from the deck:
Or by the skin of teeth that would not skin,
Escaped safely from the lawyer's gin.
Our penal code, the worst since Noah's flood,
Is, like the rigid Draco's, writ in blood,
With iron pen upon a gallows drop—
Oh let Reform this legal murder stop!
For wilful homicide, and that alone,
Let life for life, and blood for blood, atone

We need Reform in our colonial isles,
Where many an African in bondage toils:
The cries of slaves who never cease to cry
For help, for mercy, have gone up on high.
Ye British senators, their freedom plan,
Respect the rights, redress the wrongs, of man!
Nor let oppression finer feelings steel;
Shall all the nation, save the senate, feel?
Are nature's sacred claims alone withstood,
By reason, riches, learning, rank, and blood;
What! ban a brother for his sable hue,
Which nature's self, the world's great limner,
drew?—

Wash out the blot, and break the negro's chain,
Or all your Reformation is in vain!

J. MARSDEN.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

"I view, as up the hill of life I climb,
Time's desolating progress." *Anon.*

Like some faint traveller who has striv'n
To gain a rugged steep,
And, having gain'd the wish'd-for hav'n,
Turns but to gaze and weep.
To weep o'er wrecks of things below,
Which charm'd in days of yore,—
He turns again—but still in wo,
For all is dark before.

So I, upon my NATAL DAY,
With retrospective ken,
Past times, past things, past joys survey,
Which ne'er can come again.
And while I gaze, sad tears will start,
Against my mind and will;
Yes—gushing from a stricken heart
They flow, and ever will.

The days of halcyon bliss I see,
Which youthful periods knew;
Or those of guileless revelry—
But they were fleet and few.
A blight, a cruel blight came o'er,
My pleasures as they ran;
Falsehood, which smiles of virtue wore,
Met me, and crush'd the man.

Smooth as the fair unruffled lake
My moments seem'd to flow;
But, ah! the rocks, which meet and break,
Lie darkly hid below.
Joys, one by one, like flow'rs which fade
Beneath some sickly blast,
Died! while deceptions hope display'd
Bliss which for aye would last.

Yet there are rills, bright sparkling rills,
From learning's fount which flow;
Cheering as dew, which soft distils
Where scented balsams blow.
At these I drank; but while the stream
My every wish supplied,
I woke, as from a fearful dream
My new-born raptures died!

A sire lov'd, lov'd how much,
Words are not made to say;
A brother, too, and few are such,
Are torn by death away.
One roves, alas! I know not where
My mother's met no more;
Lov'd sisters dwell, who sooth'd my care,
Upon a distant shore.

I had a friend, a kindred soul—
I never had but one;
So dear, her glance could grief control,
Her smile was pleasure's sun.
We thought, we felt, we wish'd the same,
We seem'd for each to live;
And yet, a hand was sent to strike
What mercy seem'd to give.

Oh! never from that painful hour
Has earthly joy been known;
'Midst crowds, and charms, which once had
pow'r,
I live uncharm'd, alone!
A shade of what I might have been,
Is all that is of me;
A thing of grief, where'er I'm seen,
Is all that I can be.

I murmur not, though mourning yet,
Nor Providence arraign;
For mercy's bow my path has lit,
'Midst scenes of gloom and pain.
Yes, many a bright and sunny ray
Have shone around my head;
To light and cheer me on my way,
And have those rays all fled?

Oh no! though darkness now surround,
And, forwards as I turn,
All, all of time is dark, profound;
Yet, even here, I learn

To trust His word, whose light and truth
Have former cares beguill'd;
Which have to manhood, up from youth,
Preserved sorrow's child.

I'll bind my mantle tightly round,
And, with my feet well shod,
I'll haste me o'er this desert ground,
And run to meet my God.
There, there, where sorrows are not known,
Where bliss is full, complete,
"Of earth's gay millions lov'd alone,"
My mourn'd-for friend shall meet.

Jan. 15, 1832.

EUSTACE.

A SCRAP.

THE winds were hushed; the dusky horizon
Obscur'd the slowly travelling sun;
All nature slept, or rather swooned with pain;
Nor voice nor noise was heard, save a distant
Subterrestrial grumbling scarcely audible.
The multitude instinctively were still;
And soldiers, used to prodigies and deaths,
Gazed silently. The heavens grew black;
A sable cloud enveloped all in darkness
Thick and tangible; and made more horrid
By the faltering rays of bloody light,
Proceeding from the city's fires and lamps,
Reflected by the gold-capped towers
Of Zion's hill, aspiring to the skies,
Then, with a voice which rent the gloom, the rocks,
And shook Jerusalem to her lowest base,
And burst the tombs, and raised the slumb'ring
saints,
And made the earth to reel and stagger in her
course,
The expiring God proclaimed—"Tis finished."

Houston.

W. BARNES.

ON THE DECEASE OF MRS. MARGARET
CATHERINE ASHE.

(Ob. 1821, Anno. stat. 63.)

Closed are those eyes, that heav'nly sweetness
wore;
Mute is that tongue which winning softness bore;
Fled is that angel form from human eye,
And sits enthron'd with spotless saints on high.
Blest shade! then deign to cast one glance below,
To me the path of virtue, wisdom show;
And in my bosom carefully implant
A knowledge of those realms for which I pant:
Then will I strive to live with thee above,
And pass eternity in endless love!

ARNOLPHUS.

REVIEW.—*A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature, in a Chronological Arrangement of Authors and their Works, from the Invention of Alphabetical Characters, to the Year of our Lord 1300. Vol. II. By J. B. B. Clarke, M.A., &c. 8vo. pp. 790. W. Baynes. London. 1832.*

TOWARDS the close of 1830, the first volume of this very valuable work fell into our hands, and, in col. 1046, passed under our review. At that time the second was announced as in a state of forwardness, and, from the exalted character of its predecessor, it has been anticipated with very sanguine expectations, which we are fully assured its appearance will not disappoint.

These volumes, as their title imports, were intended to notice, so far as any in-

formation could be obtained, the works of every author, who had employed his pen on subjects of sacred literature, from the invention of alphabetical characters, down to the important period when the printing-press started into existence, and at once improved and astonished the world.

The first volume, traversing the obscure regions of remote antiquity, commenced with the invention of letters, and traced their progress, in the service of religion and morals, to the year of our Lord 395. The second volume begins where the other ended, and pursues the same track down to A. D. 1300, embracing a period of about nine hundred years. The reason assigned by the author, for not pursuing his subject, as originally proposed and intended, we will give in his own words.

"It was my intention, when I commenced this work, to have carried it down to A. D. 1445, the time in which printing was invented; but as I proceeded, it appeared to be such unprofitable labour to myself, and the writings of the last and succeeding centuries being in themselves so utterly valueless, with a few very rare exceptions, that I thought the reader's time as well as money would be mis-spent, either in reading or purchasing more."—p. 770.

It is well known, that about the time when the art of printing was invented, "darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the minds of the people;" and we cannot but think, that, in the order of providence, this powerful engine was brought into birth, to dispel the intellectual clouds which enveloped the moral hemisphere, and to act as an auxiliary in diffusing the light of the Reformation. Viewing the subject through this medium, we have more reason to thank the reverend author for cutting short his labours about one hundred and fifty years, before the time proposed, than we should have to be grateful, if he had amused us with the unmeaning perplexities of "hair-splitting casuists," or the wild reveries of "contemptible enthusiasts."

This volume contains the names of more than one thousand authors, and the titles of their respective works. In many instances brief biographical notices are prefixed, and, when opportunity offers, their writings are analyzed, their nature, character, and tendency pointed out, and sometimes an estimate is formed of their worth, the locality of their application, or their utter inutility. Of some few the accounts given are extended over many pages, but the Rev. Mr. Clarke has always contrived to conclude his narration as soon as the subject ceased to be interesting.

It is somewhat remarkable, that out of these thousand authors, only few compa-

ratively are known in the present day. All besides seem to have been lost on the stream of time; and even in the exhibition before us, they rather appear as curious specimens of ecclesiastical antiquity, than as authors whose works could ever illuminate mankind. This indisputable fact teaches a lesson of humiliation to the present generation of writers. They strut and figure in their local sphere, and imagine that their compositions bear the blossoms of immortality; but when nine hundred years have elapsed, and another Dr. Adam Clarke and his son shall arise to give a continuation of sacred literature, what vast multitudes will be either unknown, or placed on a list whence they can reap nothing but dishonour.

In the department which it occupies, perhaps, a more valuable work than this succession of sacred literature, has never issued from the press. The reading, collecting, arranging, condensing, and characterizing, which these two volumes required, must have imposed on the authors an incalculable weight of labour. They may, however, rejoice in this compensation, that the world will be benefited by their researches, and that they have laid a sure foundation for commanding a tribute of respect from posterity, when future centuries shall beam upon the christian church.

This volume may be considered as a compendious review of the ecclesiastical writers that have appeared on the great theatre of the world for nine hundred years, while its predecessor comprises all the preceding periods of time.

REVIEW.—*The Works of the Rev. Robert Hall, A. M. Under the Superintendence of Olinthus Gregory, L.L. D. F. R. A. S. Vol. IV. 8vo. pp. 504. Holdsworth and Ball. London. 1831.*

It is of very little consequence, whether we view the late Rev. Robert Hall as an essayist, a reviewer, a theologian, a sermonizer, a controversialist, or a writer of miscellaneous articles; the same powerful intellect, the same acuteness of research, and the same superiority of talent, are alike conspicuous in all. In several of the above capacities, we have seen him in the preceding volumes; and in this which is now before us, he appears as a reviewer, and as a miscellaneous writer; and in the whole combined, he may be adduced as an evidence, that "first-rate abilities are of universal application."

His review of Foster's celebrated essays is a masterly production. He enters into an investigation of the subjects with the profundity of a philosopher, and displays the emanations of a mind habituated to the examination of abstruse theories, with a depth of penetration that can anticipate with ease the distant consequences involved in the principles which his author advances. He can accompany him in his most lofty elevation, and descend with him into those depths which human lines and plummet but rarely visit. In every step he follows the nice discriminations which it was the felicity of Mr. Foster to detect and notice, and rivals the brilliancy of his mental powers, in pointing out the sparklings of their coruscations.

In reviewing Custance, on the Constitution of England, the knowledge which he displays of its legitimate principles, detached from the corrosions which it has received from the innovations of time, and the deviations sanctioned by the accommodations of practice, would do honour to the bar, the bench, or the senate. His views are both comprehensive and profound. With the eyes of Argus, he glances in every direction, traces despotism in all its evolutions, and marks it with the brand of infamy. The same acuteness of perception follows rational liberty, both in her advances and retreats; but, under the most cloudy aspects, he never deserts her standard, never betrays her into the enemy's hands, and never recommends a compromise with tyrannical oppression.

While reviewing Zeal without Innovation, he seems perfectly at home. He seizes ecclesiastical assumptions with a giant grasp, and, if he does not strangle the hydra, he squeezes it with such muscular vigour, that it becomes half torpid, and gasps for life. On the general conduct of many among the clergy, his observations are keen and caustic; at the same time they are applied with such propriety and discrimination, as not to involve the innocent with the guilty; and his own conduct furnishes a splendid proof, that he knows how to express zeal without innovation.

On Gisborne's Sermons, Gregory's Letters, Belsham's Memoir of Lindsey, and Birt on Popery, similar observations might be made. These critiques all appeared at different times in the Eclectic Review, and gave to that periodical a degree of respectability which it had never before acquired. They are now transplanted into this volume, and occupy two hundred and thirty-seven of its pages. In this combination they will remain as an imperishable

monument to the enlarged views, diversified talents, and discriminating powers of their author, when the marble which records his name shall weep with mildew from the vault beneath, and its inscription shall become illegible to the organs of vision.

The remaining portion of this volume consists of miscellaneous pieces, including speeches, prefaces, addresses, memoirs, characters, letters, &c., amounting in all to twenty-six in number. Several of these being of local application, much of their original interest is lost, through the lapse of time, and the mutations of human affairs. Such, however, as were appropriated to subjects of frequent occurrence, find a renewal in passing events, to which they may easily be transferred. In this case, we have only to make an exchange of names and dates, and the sentiments expressed, immediately revive in all their freshness.

A memoir of the late Rev. Robert Hall, we are led speedily to expect in the ensuing volume, which we apprehend will complete the series. This memoir will be the production of two celebrated individuals. The sketch of his literary character is expected from the pen of Sir James Mackintosh, L.L.D. M.P.; and that which will survey him as a theologian and a preacher, by the Rev. John Foster. This whole work will be a valuable acquisition to the christian library.

REVIEW.—*The Anatomy of Drunkenness.*
By Robert Macnish. 12mo. pp. 266.
M'Phun. Glasgow. 1832.

THIS is a humorous title given to a very serious book, which we could earnestly wish every drunkard in the united kingdom to read. It consists of eighteen chapters, in which this filthy vice is analyzed in its various departments; and its fatal influence on human life and morals is exhibited in calculations, and an appeal to facts, which no reasonable person can either gainsay or resist. On the causes, phenomena, and modifications of drunkenness, the author has advanced many excellent observations, some of which we shall presently extract from his pages.

In {the pathology} of drunkenness, after professionally examining the state of the liver, of the stomach, of the brain, of the kidneys, blood, breath, perspiration, eyes, skin, and hair of its numerous victims, he proceeds to remark, that it produces gout, tremors, palpitation of the heart, hysteria, epilepsy, sterility, emaciation, corpulency, premature old age, ulcers, melancholy, and madness.

The following section is on the subject of Sterility.

"The children of such persons are in general neither numerous nor healthy. From the general defect of vital power in the parental system, they are apt to be puny and emaciated, and more than ordinarily liable to inherit all the diseases of those from whom they are sprung. On this account the chances of long life are much diminished among the children of such parents. In proof of this, it is only necessary to remark, that, according to the London bills of mortality, one half of the children born in the metropolis die before attaining their third year; while, of the children of the society of Friends, a class remarkable for sobriety and regularity of all kinds, one half actually attain the age of forty-seven years. Much of this difference, doubtless, originates in the superior degree of comfort, and correct general habits, of the Quakers, which incline them to bestow every care in the rearing of their offspring, and put it in their power to obtain the means of combating disease; but the main spring of this superior comfort and regularity, is doubtless temperance,—a virtue which this class of people possess in an eminent degree."—p. 148.

Diminution of Life.

"The effect of intemperance in shortening human life, is strikingly exemplified in the contrast afforded by other classes of society to the Quakers, a set of people of whom I must again speak favourably. It appears from accurate calculation, that in London, only one person in forty attains the age of fourscore; while among the Quakers, whose sobriety is proverbial, and who have long set themselves against the use of ardent spirits, not less than one in ten reaches that age—a most striking difference, and one which carries its own inference along with it."—p. 152.

Madness.

"Drunkenness, according to the reports of Bethlehem Hospital, and other similar institutions for the insane, is one of the most common causes of lunacy. In support of this fact, it may be mentioned, that of two hundred and eighty-six lunatics now in Richmond Asylum, Dublin, one-half owe their madness to drinking; and there are few but must have witnessed the wreck of the most powerful minds, by this destructive habit."—p. 156.

Crime.

"On March 1st, 1830, of forty-five cases brought before the police magistrates, in Glasgow, forty were for drunkenness; and it is correctly ascertained, that, more than nine thousand cases of drunkenness are annually brought before the police from this city and suburbs. In the ingenious introductory essay attached to the Rev. Dr. Beecher's sermons on intemperance, the following passage occurs: "Supposing that one-half of the eighteen hundred licensed houses for the sale of spirits, which are in that city, send forth each a drunken man every day, there are in Glasgow nine hundred drunken men, day after day, spreading around them beggary, and wretchedness, and crime." Had the author given to each licensed house, one drunkard on an average, I do not think he would have overstepped the bounds of truth. As it is, what a picture of demoralization and wretchedness does it not exhibit!"—p. 165.

Experiment.

"An experiment made by Dr. Hunter upon two of his children, illustrates in a striking manner the pernicious effects of even a small portion of intoxicating liquors, in persons of that tender age. To one of the children, he gave every day after dinner, a full glass of sherry: the child was five years of age, and unaccustomed to wine. To the other child, of nearly the same age, and equally unused to wine, he gave an orange. In the course of a week, a very marked difference was percep-

tible in the pulse, &c. of the two children. The pulse of the first child was raised, the urine high coloured, and the evacuations destitute of their usual quantity of bile. In the other child, no change whatever was produced. He then reversed the experiment, giving to the first the orange, and to the second the wine, and the results corresponded: the child who had the orange continued well, and the system of the other got straightway into disorder, as in the first experiment."—p. 239.

Calculation, and Fact.

"One of the first physicians in Ireland has published his conviction, on the result of twenty years' observation.—"That were ten young men, on their twenty-first birth-day, to begin to drink one glass, equal to two ounces, of ardent spirits, or a pint of Port wine or Sherry, and were they to drink this supposed moderate quantity of strong liquor daily, the lives of eight out of the ten would be abridged by twelve or fifteen years." An American clergyman, says Professor Edgar, lately told me, that one of his parishioners was in the habit of sending to his son at school, a daily allowance of brandy and water, before he was twelve years of age. The consequence was, that his son, before the age of seventeen, was a confirmed drunkard, and he is now confined in a public hospital."—p. 249.

Certain Effects.

"No person probably, ever did, or ever will, receive ardent spirits into his system once a day, and fortify his constitution against its deleterious effects, or exercise such discretion and self-government, as that the quantity will not be increased, and bodily infirmities and mental imbecility be the result; and in more than half the instances, inebriation. Nature may hold out long against this sapping and mining of the constitution, which daily tipping is carrying on, but, first or last, this foe of life will bring to the assault enemies of its own formation, before whose power the feeble and the mighty will be alike unable to stand."—p. 251.

A book which can furnish an abundance of extracts like the above, and that has already passed through four editions, wants no other recommendation.

REVIEW.—*Biographical Sketches, and Authentic Anecdotes, of Quadrupeds, illustrated by numerous Engravings. By Captain Thomas Brown, F. L. S., &c. &c. 12mo. p. 590. Simpkin. London. 1832.*

If this book does not please young persons, we shall despair of ever finding one that will; and if it does not enlarge their views of instincts, and of the various peculiarities of animal nature, they must be either very learned or very stupid. Upwards of two hundred of the quadruped tribes are here introduced to the reader's notice. Of these, the generic and specific characters are first given, the peculiarities of each are then illustrated by an appeal to fact, several well-executed plates exhibit specimens of the species described, while a series of animal exploits, tragic, humorous, and eccentric, furnish an ample store of innocent and varied amusement. The follow-

ing extracts will enable the reader to judge for himself.

"Apes possess in an astonishing degree the power of imitation. The ape-catchers knowing this, take a vessel filled with water, and wash their hands and faces in a situation where they are sure to be observed by the apes. After having done so, the water is poured out, and its place supplied by a solution of glue: they then leave the spot, when the apes, prompted by curiosity, come down from the trees, and wash themselves in the same manner as they have seen the men do before them. The consequence is, that they glue their eye-lashes so fast together, that they cannot open their eyes, or see to escape from the enemy.

"The ape is also fond of spirituous liquors, and these are also used for the purpose of entrapping them. A person places in their sight, a number of vessels filled with ardent spirits, pretends to drink, and retires. The apes, ever attentive to the proceedings of man, descend, and imitate what they have seen, become intoxicated, fall asleep, and are thus rendered an easy conquest to their cunning adversaries.

"The Indians make this proneness to imitation useful: for when they wish to collect cocoa-nuts, and other fruits, they go to the woods where these grow, which are generally frequented by apes and monkeys, gather a few heaps, and withdraw. As soon as they are gone, the apes fall to work, imitate every thing they have done, and, when they have gathered together a considerable number of heaps, the Indians approach, the apes flee to the trees, and the harvest is conveyed home.

"M. de Grandpre saw on board of a vessel, a female chimpanzee (ape) which exhibited wonderful proofs of intelligence. She had learned to heat the oven, and took great care not to let any of the coals fall out, which might have done mischief to the ship; and she was very accurate in observing when the oven was heated to a proper degree. This animal performed all the business of a sailor, spliced ropes, handled the sails, and assisted at unfurling them; and she was, in fact, considered by the sailors as one of themselves. The vessel was bound for America; but the poor animal did not live to see that country, having fallen a victim to the brutality of the first mate, who indicted very cruel chastisement upon her, which she had not deserved. She endured it with great patience, only holding out her hands in a suppliant attitude, in order to break the force of the blows she received. But from that moment she steadily refused to take any food, and died on the fifth day from grief and hunger."—p. 20—28.

Of lions, tigers, wolves, and elephants, this volume contains many curious and remarkable incidents. On the size, and strength of lions, we have the following observations.

"This was considered by our party to be a lion of the largest size, and seemed, as I measured him by comparison with the dogs, to be, though less bulky, as large as an ox. He was certainly as long in body, though lower in stature; and his copious mane gave him a truly formidable appearance. * * * After the cattle had been quieted, I missed the sentry from before the tent. We called as loudly as possible, but in vain; nobody answered; from which I concluded that the lion had carried him off. * * * At last, before it came quite light, he walked up the hill with the man in his mouth, when about forty shots were fired without hitting him, although some were very near. Every time this happened, he turned round towards the tent, and came roaring towards us; and I am of opinion, that, if we had hit him, he would have rushed on the people and the tent."—p. 213.

This is one of those scarce books, of which the value cannot be properly esti-

mated, until it has been perused from beginning to end.

REVIEW.—*Britain's Historical Drama, a Series of National Tragedies, calculated to illustrate the Manners, Customs, and Religious Institutions of the early Eras in Britain.* By Pennie. 8vo. p. 563. Maundell & Co. London. 1832.

WE are told by Dr. Johnson, "drama is a poem accommodated to action; a poem in which the action is related, but represented; and in consequence, such rules are to be observed, as make the representation probable. To render this species of composition complete, the author has to keep his eye on the action, character, discovery, and the unity of the subject which he represents."

The Romans first introduced into the drama, and filled up the interspace of time, between the divisions of a chorus, a dance, or a song. In the time of Horace, the five acts were established as a dramatical law. This rule, by the poet, has been thus translated by Francis

"If you would have your play deserve success,
Give it five acts complete, nor more nor less."

It must be obvious from the preceding observations, that there are difficulties in dramatical composition, of no common magnitude; difficulties which few have ever wholly surmounted. So many things claim the author's attention, while he pursues one, another is in danger of being neglected; and with all his care and talents, he can be so successful as to bid defiance to criticism. A fortunate adventure may escape censure, but he must rest content with only a moderate portion of approbation.

Mr. Pennie, the author of this volume, has been long known in the poetical world, nor have the muses surveyed his productions with either indifference or contempt. His "Royal Minstrel, or the Witch of Endor," an epic poem in twelve books; his "Rogvald," an epic poem in cantos; and "Scenes in Palestine," "Dramatic Sketches from the Bible," works of considerable merit, and which they have been duly acknowledged and unequivocally hailed by most of the poetical journals which announce the appearance.

It would, however, appear, from a review of circumstances, that Mr. Pennie has derived from his publications far more fame than sterling profit; though, for himself and family, it is highly probable

the latter would be much more acceptable and advantageous than the former. On the present occasion, he has made a noble effort to deserve pecuniary compensation; and if the remuneration which awaits him bear any proportion to what his historical dramas merit, he will no longer be associated with those flowers that

—“are born to blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness in the desert air.”

This volume contains four national tragedies, namely, “Arixina;” “Edwin and Elgiva;” “The Imperial Pirate;” and “The Dragon King.” To each of these, several pages of well-written notes are appended. These, being founded on historical documents, and incidents preserved in the annals of former periods, are introduced to illustrate passages in the dramas which would otherwise appear either fictitious or obscure. These notes evince both judgment and research, and must have been the result of much patient investigation, ingenuity, and time.

The preface, which follows a neat dedication to the king, and occupies twelve pages, is ably written. It enters somewhat largely into the general character of the work, adverts to the originality of its leading features, and asks from a British public a portion of that attention to the deeds of their heroic ancestors, with which they have readily honoured Pizarro in his conquest of Peru. In a work of this description, the author observes,

“Ages long buried in oblivion pass in review before us, and we behold the world as it was a thousand years ago. Who can contemplate such a picture without deep emotions of pleasure, wonder, gratitude, and triumph—wonder at the past, and gratitude for the present. If there be any one so dead to noble feelings, I envy not his mind, let him be who he may;—he would wander through the venerated ruins of an Herculaneum and a Thebes with indifference; he would cast a look of contempt on the tumulus of Achilles, and contemplate without a sigh the fallen brave, the plains of Marathon, and the pass of Thermopylæ.”
—p. xiv.

Whoever is acquainted with the periods of history in which these dramas are laid, will want no information, that they abound with events and occurrences every way suited to the tragic muse. From these, Mr. Pennie has made a judicious selection, and, as with a magician's wand, called from the dust the sleeping hero, and bade him “tread the stage for our amusement.” Into all his characters he has thrown a considerable portion of interest, and adapted their sentiments, language, and actions to the various parts which they have respectively to sustain.

Without attempting to delineate the author's plots, pursue his episodes in their

various ramifications, or trace the lines which, converging to a point, develop unity, and heighten the general catastrophe, we shall introduce a few passages, which exhibit, in a favourable light, his descriptive powers, his command of expression, the vigour and vivacity of his thoughts, and the harmony of his versification.

In the Imperial Pirate, Caswallon, having fled from pagan persecution, to preserve the life of his daughter Malwina, resides with her in a cavern of the forest, where her beauty, having attracted the attention of the Roman chief, she is told by her father, that

“Carausius the renowned, who reigns supreme
O'er Britain's guarded isle, and is at Rome
Acknowledged emperor, calls thee to his arms.”

This chieftain, Caswallan persuades her to marry, and, among other inducements, thus relates the history of himself and family :

“In Coritania's ancient city stood
The noble palace of my princely sire,
And Roman temples crowned its swelling hills,
That yielded scenes rich as Italian climes.
Thou wert too young its beauties and its pomp
To bear in mind, ere we were driven from thence
To herd with brutes in caves and forest wilds.
When Dioclesian gave his stern commands,
That all should be destroyed who dared refuse
To offer sacrifice with pagan rites,
Britain, which had till then the fiery scourge
Of persecution scaped, became the scene
Of dreadful slaughter. In one day were slain
A thousand holy martyrs, near the walls
Of sad Etocelum, named from that deed,
The blood-red field of death.

“On then the ruthless bands of pagans came,
Like streams of fire, storm-driven along the forest.
I and my Coritanians were of those
Who in this ocean-guarded isle, embraced
The holy faith of Christ, scorning to bow
In homage to the heathen's idol shrines.
Firmly resolved, with unpolluted rites,
To worship Him the true and only God,
I was about, Malwina, forth to go,
And bravely meet these hell-excited hordes,
Whose crimson knives reeked to th' insulted
heavens
With christian blood, protesting by the saints
To fearlessly proclaim my faith, and win
The star-fulgent wreath of martyrdom!

Malwina.

How did you escape?

Caswallon.

Hear me, my child.
Already on the evening winds, up gushed
The redly struggling fires on every side,
From Coritanias smoke-encircled fanes;
While wolfish howlings of those pagan hands,
The roar of ravenous flames, the crash of tower
And falling temples, mingled with the screams
Of maid and matron, youth and hoary age,
Rang through my palace halls, as on I passed,
Nobly to die for God! Ah, then it was
That thou, my child, my only, tender child,
Didst shrieking rush in terror to these arms!
O, at that moment of expressless horror,
I felt my spirit melt—the martyr's strength,
The glorious firmness of unshrinking faith,
Which fills the soul it fires with bliss to meet
Death in its direst form, all, all was quenched
In fond paternal love and fear for thee!

Malwina.

Ah, my dear father!

Caswallon.

O, the utmost vengeance
My bitterest foes could in their malice wreak
On me, I should undauntedly have scorned!
But to behold my child hurled in the flames,
Or tossed on pagan spears; to view her form
Dabbled in blood, and hear her dying cries,
All powerless to avenge or to defend—
O, my Malwina! I for thee gave up
The crown, the martyr's sun-bright crown of glory!
Hid in the garb of serf, with thee concealed
Beneath my vest, I rushed through flames and
blood,
And from destruction's lion fangs escaped.
Hither to these wild unfrequented shades
I fled, to hide my little trembling dove
From the fell eagle's talons, and became
A hunter of the forest. Young Ambrosius,
Prince of the Catyellani, wandering here
With hound and hawk, till lost amid these woods,
'Thou, finding, to our secret cave didst lead:
He gazed on thy mild beauty, gazed and loved:
But the brave youth is fallen; and thou hast paid
Meet tribute to the memory of his virtues.
Now other thoughts should fill thy gentle breast,
For thou it is who canst thy sire restore
To all his wonted rights—and then, to view
Thee seated on this isle's imperial throne,
Will more than recompense his sorrows past,
Making his few days blessed.

Malwina.

Ah, my lord,

This emperor, this Carausius—

Caswallon.

Is a prince
Renowned for warlike deeds throughout the world.
Though not a christian, yet in chains hath he
Fell persecution's raging blood-fiend bound.
When this great chief, his host against the Picts
And northern robbers led, I from these woods
Emerging, met him in bright Lindum's halls,
And boldly claimed the kingdom of our house,
By an usurping pagan now possessed.
Love in the warrior's soul, as with me thou
Didst kneel before him, lit his passion-flame
From the pure radiance of thy dove-like eyes.
The chieftain started at the sudden blaze,
And swore by Jove, when from the field of spears
He came triumphant, if thou wouldst bestow
On him thy hand, the honours to restore
Of our ancestral line—he hath in pomp
To Cæsar's towers returned, with victory crown'd
O'er the wild savage nations of the north,
And claims thee for his bride."—pp. 274, &c.

The preceding passages have not been selected for any superiority they bear to others. Many might be found in each tragedy which far outshine them in pathos, vigour, and imagery. What we have quoted may be considered as a medium specimen of the whole, throughout which there is a noble display of original talent, and much fervency of feeling, with occasional bursts of impassioned eloquence, that the most celebrated of our modern poets might be proud to own.

REVIEW.—*Time's Telescope for 1832, or a Complete Guide to the Almanack, &c. &c.* pp. 388. *Sherwood & Co. London.* 1832.

EIGHTEEN years, it appears, have elapsed since *Time's Telescope* was first pre-

sented to the world. Original in its character, and containing materials that were at once entertaining and instructive, the first volume excited a considerable degree of attention, which all that have appeared in successive years have tended to keep alive. Nor is it probable that its store of materials will ever be exhausted. The mutations of time, and the constant vicissitudes of human concerns, furnish every age with an almost endless variety of events. The days of occurrence will therefore bring them forward in regular succession, and present them, as they pass, to the observant *Telescope of Time*.

This volume consists of three parts: saints' days and holidays; astronomical occurrences; and the notes of a naturalist. Under the first branch many prevailing customs are traced to their source, and others are mentioned and described, that are now become obsolete. Biographical sketches are also given of celebrated individuals, in connexion with the distinguished peculiarities for which they have been rendered remarkable.

In the second department, the astronomical occurrences of every month are distinctly noticed, and the reader's attention is directed to the varied phenomena of the celestial bodies. It is an astronomical compendium, whence much valuable information may be derived, calculated to enlarge the mind, and to lead it "through nature up to nature's God."

The notes of a naturalist are by James Rennie, A.M. professor of natural history in King's College, London. These notes relate chiefly to the animal and vegetable tribes, as they appear, and then give place to others in each succeeding month. In running through the year, many things both curious and wonderful are presented to our view, furnishing an insight into the arcana of nature, from which none but master-spirits would presume to lift the veil. In this portion of *Time's Telescope*, the varieties of animal instinct, presented to the reader's notice, cannot be surveyed without the most pleasing emotions, whether we contemplate the migration of birds, or enter "the ant's republic, or the realm of bees." The kind protection provided by the great Author of nature for the preservation of flowers, plants, trees, and seeds, cannot fail to awaken profound admiration.

In all these delineations, the style is lively and energetic; when occasions allow, the language is humorous; and a decent sparkling of wit illuminates the author's paragraphs. On one topic, in

which every person is deeply interested, we beg to introduce his observations. It is "Spring colds in the month of March."

"There cannot be much fear of the person, who, like Spenser's March (Faerie Queen, vii. 7.) shall bend his brow to the blast, and dig his rood of land, and sow his bushel of seed, whether the bleak north or the biting east wind scatter consumption and death among the feeble inmates of the parlour, or the half-famished tenants of the hut or the garret. Free exposure to every wind that blows, provided always that requisite clothing and active exercise be attended to, will do more to banish coughs and consumptions, than all the fox-glove or Iceland moss that ever grew, all the bleeding, blistering, or *Long* rubbing that were ever tried. Confine yourself to a warm parlour, and you will shudder at every blast, and probably catch a bad cough, or a cold fever, at every slight change of weather, and will find it dangerous to venture out of doors during the cold and chilly days of Winter and Spring: but by free exposure and brisk exercise, you may learn to set the weather at defiance, and put on the vigorous and healthy look of the young Spring, instead of the church-yard cough, and undermining fever, of age and debility."

Several beautiful copper-plates, and well-executed wood engravings adorn this volume. Those which belong to the astronomical department are particularly interesting.

REVIEW.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. I. Polar Seas and Regions.* 12mo. pp. 488. *Simpkin.* London. 1832.

In a former volume of the Imperial Magazine, we reviewed the first edition of this admirable treatise on the polar seas and regions; and we now feel more gratified than surprised, to find that it has reached to a third impression.

Including all that the preceding editions embraced, some important additions, which cannot fail to enhance the interest, that in every form it has been calculated to excite, have been introduced into this, that is now before us. One of these is, a singular monumental inscription, found on a stone in an erect position in Greenland in 1824. The engraving is in Runic characters, and bears the date of 1135.

The fate of a ship named the "John of Greenock," the severe sufferings and preservation of part of her crew, and their wintering in 1830, on a bleak and solitary shore of Baffin's Bay, is another subject of thrilling interest, belonging to the additional matter of this volume.

The departure of Captain Ross, in 1829, is distinctly noticed; but we regret to add, that although nearly three years have elapsed since he ventured into those dangerous regions, no account is given of his subsequent movements. From this silence, we cannot but infer, that no tidings of this intrepid adventurer have been received; his

fate, therefore, being wholly unknown, is calculated to awaken the sympathy and solicitude of all his countrymen.

The summary of the whale-fishery of 1831, will be perused with much lively emotion by all who feel an interest in the commercial prosperity of England; but when, in looking over the list of ships employed in this hazardous undertaking, we find against so many names, "Lost in the ice," so repeatedly written, we cannot but conclude that it was a disastrous year. Other topics of original matter enrich the pages of this edition, and increase that intensity of interest, which this first volume of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, was on its first appearance so calculated to excite, and in which it has been so eminently successful.

REVIEW.—*Bible Illustrations, or a Description of Manners and Customs peculiar to the East.* By the Rev. Bourne Hall Draper. 12mo. pp. 264. *Harris.* London. 1831.

THE author of this little volume has very justly observed in the preface, that "it is not possible for a book of this size to include the whole of those customs to which there are manifold allusions in the sacred writings. It, however, comprehends many of the most interesting and instructive, and such as are amply sufficient to prove that the scriptures are accurate in their representations, and worthy of respect, even where, at first sight, the sense does not immediately appear."

This remark is fully borne out by an appeal to the varied articles comprised in these pages. Between the facts which all travellers notice, and the statements of holy writ, there is a most striking coincidence, although they bear no resemblance to European manners, and modes of life. Where these facts appear, there can be no room for doubt, and from these we are led to infer truth, where, between the record and existing realities, we can trace no relation.

The fragments of history, and results of modern observation, with which this book abounds, will render it very pleasing to the youthful mind, and this pleasure will be considerably heightened by the several neat engravings which are introduced to illustrate the subjects described. To the juvenile library it will be a valuable acquisition, as it is neither dull nor tedious, no subject being continued beyond the interest which keeps attention always alive.

REVIEW.—*Quintus Servinton, a Tale founded upon Incidents of real occurrence. In Three Volumes, 12mo. pp. 364, 357, 345. Smith and Elder. London. 1832.*

WE learn from a brief preface, that the foundation of this tale was laid in a western county of England, but that when the manuscript was nearly ready for the press, the author's business called him to Van Diemen's land, where these volumes were actually printed, and whence copies have been sent to the British metropolis for sale.

Respecting the tale itself, an introductory chapter furnishes the following information. The author, making an excursion into Devonshire, happened to spring from a hedge, by which means he dislocated his ankle. In this condition he was found by an intelligent lad, who procured assistance, and had him carried to the house of Quintus Servinton, which was near where the accident happened. Here he resided about a fortnight; and having been treated with more than common hospitality, the parties soon became familiar, and interested in each other's welfare.

Prior to the author's departure, Mr. Servinton put into his hands a manuscript, containing the history and vicissitudes of his life, and ultimately gave permission to have it printed. This presumed manuscript furnishes the materials of the present tale, the purport of which is to warn youth against indiscretion, to fortify the mind under the most gloomy appearances, and, finally, to guard against despondency under the most adverse circumstances.

The history of Quintus Servinton may be gathered from the predictions of a female gipsy, who thus delineated the principal events of his life, when telling the fortune of his father.

"Your children will be a score less two. He who is now entering the world (Quintus) will give you as much pleasure and as much pain as any of them; thrice will he be in danger of sudden or violent death; thrice will he undergo great reverse of fortune; his thrice tenth year will be the commencing scene of his disasters; when he reaches his fortieth, he will have passed through all dangers, and will attain a happy and peaceful old age: but warn him, from his cradle, of from thirty to forty."—p. 7.

In following this tale through its various windings and evolutions, we discover that the presages of the gipsy received an almost literal fulfilment; and, thus compressed within a narrow compass, her prognostics may be said to embody the essence of the whole story. As a piece of machinery, the appearance of the gipsy may do exceedingly well; but whenever fiction lends its aid to encourage confidence in such divinations, its influence, enlisted

in the service of superstition, is engendered dishonourable employment. We allow that, in language, all belief predictions is decidedly disavowed; this disavowal is generally made when an event appears to confirm what is foretold, and the reader is left to choose between fact and declaration.

The true light in which the author wishes these volumes to be considered, is gathered from the following passage

"First, then, as to the tale itself. All may appear, under this shape, or, as some may call it a novel, it is no fiction, or the imagination, either in its characters or in its events. Not by this, however, is it pretended to be all the occurrences it details happened in their order of narration, nor that it is a recital of the events of a man's life, but it is a graphic, true in its general features, and in its traits of individuals; and all the details, letters, and other papers contained in its transcripts, or nearly so, of originals, copied manuscript, which came into the author's possession in the manner described in the introductory Preface, p. ii.

We have no right to question the truth of the statement thus made, although the work is anonymous. Without all the names given to the individuals who appear, are manufactured for the purpose; nevertheless, we need not travel far, to find characters to which they will most readily apply. In style and expression we find many things objectionable; the language is a blot on an otherwise good subject which makes moral improvement its object and aim.

The tale contains many vicissitudes and incidents, some of which are accompanied with salutary reflections. Yet throughout the whole, hanging about it, and through its events, a certain loose and careless language, which renders it better calculated to amuse than to instruct its readers.

REVIEW.—*The Familiar Astrologer, &c. By Raphael. 8vo. pp. 716. London. 1832.*

IN olden times, full credence was given to the powers of the necromancer and the magician; and the existence of genii, and a long et-cetera of a similar kind, was universally admitted. Man has generally appear now, however, to reject all faith in witchery, and other denials of powers, and view the mystical traditions of other years, and the occult sciences connected with them, as appendages and characteristics only of an unenlightened barbarous age. We concur most cordially in the dismissal from popular belief of those supernatural powers, and magical legends, cherished by our forefathers. We are free to confess, that, as relics of the past, as the opinions once entertained

mankind, they carry with them much to interest the mind.

To trace the rise and progress of the mystical sciences, and to develop the various causes which assisted the human imagination in adding absurdity to absurdity, would be foreign to our purpose; we may, however, advert to the great principle on which the credulity of a long-forgotten race of men was originally founded,—an innate consciousness in the human mind, that there are modes of existence differing widely from mortal life, and the consequent desire which men feel to penetrate into the arcana of a future or unknown state of being.

This large volume lays open the whole secret of the occult sciences, adverts both to principles and facts, which, whether true or false, are marvellous, though shrouded in mystical darkness, and exhibits incidents calculated to beget both astonishment and horror in timid and uncultivated minds.

BRIEF SURVEY OF BOOKS.

1. *Sacred Imagery; or Illustrations of the principal Figures of Speech from the Bible*, by Joseph Fincher, Esq. (Hatchard, London,) is a little book that will be found exceedingly serviceable for children. In pages seven and eight, we have an explanation of Metaphor, Allegory, Comparison, Personification, Apostrophe, Antithesis, Interrogation, Exclamation, Irony, and Climax. The subsequent parts are composed of passages of scripture belonging to some one or other of the above branches of imagery, to which the reader is referred for an explanation. The plan is simple, and the selections have been judiciously chosen.

2. *Divine Breathings, or Spiritual Meditations suited to the Occasion of Breaking Bread*, by John Beart, (Wightman, London,) like many thousands of other publications, is very excellent, but it contains nothing new, and the market is too much overstocked for every one to obtain a general reading.

3. *Thoughts in Affliction*, by the Rev. A. S. Thelwall, A.M. (Seeley, London,) is an excellent little book, deserving the reader's very serious attention. It inculcates lessons of importance, whence both prosperity and adversity may derive much valuable instruction.

4. *Poems, chiefly Occasional*, by Samuel Frederick Green, (Author, London,) are pretty, little, sighing, smelling-bottle

things, spread over a vast expanse of excellent paper, and dedicated to Sir Charles Wetherell.

5. *Eternity realized, or a Guide to the Thoughtful*, by Robert Philip, (Book Society, London,) is a little volume, the contents of which almost instinctively transport us into another world. Its sections exhibit eternity in many serious and commanding lights, in each of which every reader is deeply interested. It is a practical view of this bottomless abyss, into which all generations must successively enter.

6. *Narratives of Two Families exposed to the Great Plague of London, 1665, with Conversations on Religious Preparation for Pestilence*, by John Scott, M.A. (Seeley, London,) could hardly ever have more opportunely re-appeared than at the present time, when the metropolis is menaced, and even visited, with an alarming epidemic, which of late years has ravaged the eastern world. The narratives are awfully interesting, and picture with gloomy vividness the state of London in 1665. The conversations arising from the subject, are well adapted to the occasion which gave them birth, and to the time and circumstances of their being reprinted.

7. *The Christian Pattern, or a Treatise on the Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis, (Longman, London,) is a book which, in point of publicity, may rival John Bunyan's Pilgrim. Its name tells every thing, so that we have only to add, that this is a very neat edition of "The Christian Pattern."

8. *A Practical Exposition of the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, &c.* by Henry Belfrage, D.D. (Nisbet, London,) will be hailed as a charming book by all who are in love with the good old doctrine of election and reprobation.

9. *The Rare Jewel of Christian Contentment*, by Jeremiah Burroughs, (Religious Tract Society, London,) is a reprint from 1645, containing sermons on this Christian virtue. It is a book of sterling worth, and well deserving a place among the Society's publications.

10. *A Practical Grammar of the French Language, being a Concise System of French Accidence and Syntax, &c.* by L. Edward Peithman, L.L.D. (Douglas, Portman-street, London,) will be deemed a valuable book by all who study this almost universally cultivated tongue. It now enters into the essence of a genteel education, and every seminary is thought to be radically defective, in which it is not taught. This work appears to have been composed with care; the author's views are com-

prehensive, and his observations discriminating. An attentive perusal of this grammar will enable the reader to acquire all the principles which books can teach, and nearly all that can be expected from any written source of information.

11. *The Revivalist*, (Simpkin, London,) is a new publication, which has for its object the best interests of mankind. Its arrangement is admirable, yet simple; and if each succeeding number bear inspection equally with those we have before us, no fear need be entertained for its success.

12. *The Biblical Annual for 1832, containing a Fourfold Translation of the Book of Ecclesiastes*, (Hamilton, London,) embraces the common English version, a new translation from the original Hebrew, from the Greek of the Septuagint, and from the Latin Vulgate. The translation from the Hebrew, the author informs us, is by one of his daughters; that from the Vulgate, by a younger sister; and that from the Septuagint, by himself. To the joint talents of this family, these translations are highly creditable. It is an honour to young ladies, to be thus usefully and studiously employed. In some few instances, the passages vary in their import, though in general they are radically the same. In other places, the translations differ more in words than in meaning. It is a work that will afford much critical amusement by the nice discriminations which the translations exhibit.

13. *Arithmetical Tables for the use of Schools, &c.* by James Child, (Simpkin, London,) will be found exceedingly useful to young persons, either at school or at home. It is a little book in which simplicity and utility are happily combined, and in which various rules are laid down with correctness and perspicuity. What the author has advanced on weights and measures, is at once comprehensive and intelligible to any ordinary capacity.

14. *Part I. of the Complete Works of Tobias Crisp*, (Bennet, London,) under the specious title of "Christ exalted," will prove a delicious morsel to the friends of Antinomian principles.

15. *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, Numbers 92-93, continues, as usual, to set the atrocity of this nefarious traffic in its proper light. The iniquities developed are almost too abominable to command belief. We hope the day is near at hand, when slavery will find its termination in the British colonies.

16. *The Substance of Four Discourses on the Signs of the Times, practically considered, &c. &c.*, by Josiah Redford,

(Baynes, London,) contains much to attract attention, and much to gratify an inquiring spirit. The author has surveyed "the signs of the times" under various aspects, some of which display friendly, and others frowning presages. He enters on his subject like a man aware of its importance, and draws from indisputable premises some very interesting and momentous conclusions.

17. *Letters on Education*, by J. P. Mursell, (Whittaker, London,) enter very copiously and luminously into this most important subject. The author includes in a sound education, the cultivation of the mind, the acquisition of select knowledge, and an aptitude to communicate it. In surveying its moral and political aspect, his remarks are forcible and appropriate; and, as the result of his argumentation and reasoning, this conclusion appears in prominent features—education is a blessing, which, under the influence of moral principles, cannot be too extensively diffused.

18. *The Voluntary Nature of Divine Institutions, and the Arbitrary Character of the Church of England, a Discourse, preached at Dudley*, by J. Maurice, (Holdsworth, London,) bears hard upon the establishment of our country, exposes its defects, and descants upon its abuses. Of what, however, may be advanced in its favour, the author takes no notice. He seems to consider it as anti-christian, and would, therefore, rejoice at its overthrow. In the latter part, he appears to be a son of Nimshi, "for he driveth furiously."

19. *Balaam, by the Author of "Fetters Unveiled"*, (Holdsworth, London,) is not exclusively confined to the individual whose name it bears, but makes excursions into the extensive territories of magic, soothsaying, and divination. The character of Balaam is certainly one of the most extraordinary that is recorded in the sacred volume. Its remarkable peculiarities the author has amply illustrated throughout his volume, and the result of his investigation he has thus summed up in his preface. "They who attend to the words which, 'he being dead, yet speaketh,' will bear, at least, an uncompromising testimony to the fact, that extraordinary gifts of THE SPIRIT are not always accompanied by the genuine fruits of THE SPIRIT, on the hearts and lives of their possessors; and that, without charity, the rarest gifts and endowments are nothing worth," p. ix. This is an entertaining and instructive book.

20. *Le Traducteur; or Historical, Dramatic, and Miscellaneous Selections from the best French Writers, &c.*, by P. F. Merlet, (Wilson, London,) is in-

tended to facilitate the acquirement of the French language. For this the plan is admirably adapted; and the notes, idioms, and grammatical peculiarities, will be found of great utility. The selections having been made with care, taste, and judgment, cannot fail to stimulate the pupil in fully understanding, what a transient glance will convince him is at once amusing and replete with interest.

21. *A Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption, its Prevention and Remedy*, by John Murray, F.S.A. F.L.S. F.G.S. &c., (Longman, London,) is professional, rational, and scientific. The dreadful malady to which Mr. Murray calls our attention, destroys annually, in Great Britain alone, about 55,000, or 150 every day; and, what adds greatly to the calamity is, that no adequate remedy has ever yet been discovered for this awful disease. In this treatise, the author directs our attention to prevention and remedy. A neglected cold, improper diet, confined air, sedentary habits, overheated apartments, transition from heat to cold, damp feet, unequal clothing, and chilling currents of air, the author places among the predisposing causes of this fatal malady. These, every reader knows how to avoid; but, when prevention has been neglected, the remedies, such as may be obtained, must be left to gentlemen of the faculty. This volume displays considerable research, and abounds with enlightened observations.

22. *Writings of John Fox, Bale, and Coverdale*, (Religious Tract Society, London,) is a reprint of various works by the above celebrated authors. In useful employment of this nature, the Religious Tract Society have been actively engaged for some years, and their exertions have brought into extensive circulation many valuable publications, that time had half forgotten in its march. Of these works, this is one, entitled to more than common regard.

23. *Universal Instruction; Epitome of Historiæ Sacræ, adapted, by a literal Translation, to Jacotot's Method, &c.*, by Joseph Payne, (Simpkin, London,) is worthy the attention of all who profess to teach languages. His plan, which is universal in its application, is illustrated by its adaptation to the Latin tongue. Whatever tends to facilitate the acquirement of any language, provided the knowledge obtained is neither defective nor superficial, is an important acquisition. This desirable object is promised in the work before us, with the most flattering indications of ultimate success. In the early stages, the pupil may find some difficulties to encounter, but, these sur-

mounted, the path will be plain and luminous. On the continent, we apprehend that Jacotot's method of teaching languages is in very high repute; and in this country nothing more appears necessary, than that the principles of his plan should be understood, to ensure it an equal degree of celebrity.

24. *Indigestion and Costiveness; with Hints to both Sexes on the Use of Lavements, &c.*, by Edward Jukes, Surgeon, Inventor of the Stomach Pump, (Effingham, Wilson, London,) is a treatise which belongs to gentlemen of the faculty, rather than to common readers. It contains, however, many important observations, which all can understand, and gives much wholesome directions, that might be followed with great advantage. The author justly considers, that, to prevent disease, is always better than to apply remedies. With this view, he strongly recommends a strict attention to the state of the bowels, in which most complaints primarily originate. Lavements, or clysters, he prefers to medicine taken in the usual way, and describes an apparatus which may be safely used in cases of indigestion and costiveness.

25. *Practical Remarks on the Inutility of the Hydrostatic Test in the Detection of Infanticide*, by Henry William Dewhurst, Surgeon Accoucher, &c. &c. (Author, London,) is a small treatise, which shews, that the commonly-received proofs of an infant having been born alive, are indecisive and unsatisfactory. His observations appear reasonable; but, while he discards the generally supposed tests of detection, he does not appear to have introduced any thing more conclusive in their stead.

26. *Buchan's Domestic Medicine*, (Washbourne, London,) wants no recommendation beyond its name. Few medical books are better known, more highly valued, or more deserving of perpetual circulation.

27. *A Translation of the Statutes of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, &c. &c.*, by John Frost, F.S.C. Kts. K.S.S. (Gardiner, London,) will be chiefly interesting to those who delight in being "stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings;" and to adepts in the art and mystery of heraldry, it may be a very entertaining book; but beyond these localities, we think that very few will ever celebrate its birth-day. It displays, however, in the translator, an intimate acquaintance with his subject, and encircles the institution with a glittering halo of evanescent glory. A list of the members, in their various distinctive honours, is given at the close.

These, we may presume, want no information; but, to such as anticipate the investiture of this enviable badge, a knowledge of the rules will be essentially valuable.

28. *A Sermon preached at Hull, Nov. 1831, on the Unknown Tongues, by R. M. Beverley, Esq.*, (Westley, London,) begins by furnishing scriptural tests, by which we are directed to try the spirits which at times appear in the church. To these tests the unknown tongues are summoned, and the result is, they are "weighed in the balance, and found wanting." But it is useless to animadvert on what neither speakers nor hearers ever pretend to understand.

29. *Sermons for Children*, (Religious Tract Society, London,) contain wholesome and important truths, delivered in plain and familiar language. Affectionate exhortation is the leading characteristic; and this is so prominent, that it is calculated to captivate the youthful mind, to infuse into it right principles, and to inculcate practical godliness.

30. *The Etymological Spelling-book and Expositor; being an Introduction to the Spelling, Pronunciation, and Derivation, of the Language, &c.*, by Henry Butler, (Simpkin, London,) can hardly fail to be very useful in schools, and to all young persons. It unites, on a small scale, the joint properties of a spelling-book and dictionary; in which, syllable, accent, and meaning, are so combined, as to give extensive information at a single glance.

31. *The Champion of Cyrus, a Drama, in Five Acts, by Luke Booker, LL.D. F.R.S.L. &c.*, (Simpkin, London,) is introduced with some well-written prefatory observations. The characters in the drama are well sustained, but the plot is not intricate, and few momentous events burst upon us unexpectedly. It nevertheless has numerous incidents which are at all times interesting, and the reader's attention is always kept on the alert, until the final catastrophe. It is a composition of considerable merit, but one, we conceive, that is better suited for the closet than the stage.

32. *Legends and Stories of Ireland, by Samuel Lover, R.H.A.*, (Baldwin, London,) are founded on Irish character and manners, of which the island furnishes an almost inexhaustible source. Numerous publications of a similar nature are already before the public; but to an industrious gleaner, the field is still prolific in rich supplies. This volume contains seventeen stories, some of which are of the most wild and romantic description, and all must be traced to their origin in that unlettered

barbarism, which rarely fails to give birth to miracles, fairies, ghosts, and monsters. To such as delight in "legendary lore," this will be found an entertaining volume. It contains several humorous etchings, by the same author. These are highly grotesque, and every way suitable to the legends which they are intended to illustrate.

33. *A Charge addressed to the Rev. James Reid Brown, in the Scots Church, Swallow-street, London, Nov. 1831, by Robert Burns, D.D. F.S.A.*, (Douglas, London,) appears before us only in outline. A short advertisement states, that, during its delivery, notes were taken of the leading topics by Mr. John Leslie, one of the congregation, and that from these notes the present pamphlet emanates. (Of this charge, enough has been preserved to place the ministers of the gospel in a state of awful responsibility, and to convince them that their duties are both numerous and important. Mr. Burns ranges through an ample field, like a traveller well acquainted with its capabilities, and directs his ministerial pupil how to cultivate the soil, to root out the weeds, to sow and cherish the sacred seed, and prepare an immortal crop for an eternal harvest. Mr. Leslie has followed him with commendable industry and success, and engages to devote the produce of his little publication to purposes of Christian benevolence.

34. *The Substance of a Sermon, by J. Peacock, London*, (Wightman, London,) is earnest, energetic, and scriptural, enforcing the doctrine of its text, "that now it is high time to awake out of sleep."

35. *Four Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, in Nov. 1831, by the Rev. Chas. Simeon, M.A.*, (Holdsworth & Co., London,) will obtain a strong recommendation to public notice from the well-known author's name. Mr. Simeon has long stood at the head of the evangelical ecclesiastics in the university, of which he is one of the brightest ornaments, on which account every production of his pen is always received with serious expectation, that is rarely disappointed. These discourses are on the offices of the Holy Spirit in the conversion of sinners. To this he ascribes a divine efficiency which no agency can supersede, and for which nothing can become a substitute. His language is energetic and affectionate; the authority of scripture supports his arguments, and no one can doubt the legitimacy of his positions, who admits the great truths of gospel revelation.

36. *A Sermon preached Nov. 6, 1831, at the St. Pancras Parochial Chapel,*

London, by the Rev. William Harness, A.M., (Longman, London,) glances in no disguised terms at the gift of tongues claimed by certain individuals in a neighbouring Scotch church. Of these strange pretensions, it furnishes a just exposure, and leaves their votaries in a pitiable condition. With all besides those who labour under the delusion, its argumentation and reasoning will be duly appreciated; but it will appeal in vain to a tribunal over which neither the dictates of reason, nor the sanctions of revelation, preside.

MISSIONARY COMMUNICATIONS.

THROUGH hosts of impediments, from evils occurrent, and the opposition of ungodly men, the friends of the Hebrew nation persevere in their efforts to induce the descendants of Abraham to embrace the truths of the gospel, and hail Jesus of Nazareth, whom their fathers crucified, as their true Messiah. Hitherto, although they have much to mourn over, from untoward disciples, and men who were once washed from their filthiness, but have returned to the beggarly elements of this present world, and become gainsayers, they have to rejoice, on beholding many of their children walking in the truth.

The Hebrew institution at Camden Town contains a band of Hebrews, who, for the most part, appear to be earnestly seeking the Lord of life, and to feel a holy brotherhood each with each, and with those who are placed over them, knowing that they care for their souls. To behold these sons of Abraham, who erewhile were vagabondizing from village to village, and from town to town, engaged in a nefarious traffic for their daily bread, seated in the industrious exercise of a manufacture, by which they will in due time be enabled to provide things honest in the sight of all men; and engaged, both morning and evening, in reading the Sacred Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, comparing them with each other, and in holy conversation, with prayer and thanksgiving, exhorting each other to know and hold fast the truth as it is in Jesus Christ, is an exhilarating spectacle to those who feel an interest in their welfare, and who remember the awful blasphemies which erewhile proceeded from their lips.

The Hebrew Institution in Hackney Road, contains Jews who have put on the Lord Jesus Christ, both inwardly, we hope, by the Holy Ghost, as well as outwardly, by an open profession of, and baptism in, His name. Previously to the establish-

ment of this institution, they had no asylum from the wrath of their offended Jewish brethren: who, enraged at what they deemed their apostacy, persecuted them incessantly, and by every means sought their overthrow and destruction. Without the means of support, and without the knowledge of any trade by which they could honestly obtain it, their situation was pitiable in the extreme, being cast upon the wide world, bereft of every relative, every friend, and all the means by which they formerly existed; for all these departed like a shadow, the moment it was known that they had embraced Christianity.

On being gathered together from all quarters, these baptized Hebrews, within the walls of this institution, enjoy peace and rest; and the comforts with which they are surrounded, the instruction they receive, the holy conversation in which they join, and the supplications to the God of all grace, which are duly offered up for themselves, and all their outcast brethren, cheer their souls. The opening prospects of procuring a decent livelihood in the exercise of that industry to which they are for the first time becoming accustomed, and of worshipping God according to their own consciences, also rear up their hearts in grateful aspirations to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath, by His providence and grace, called them out of darkness into marvellous light, and placed their feet in the paths of peace.

Since the departure of those turbulent spirits which introduced anarchy in a charity where harmony ought to reign alone, these institutions have peace within their walls, and unanimity amongst their conductors; and such is become the spirit of inquiry in the Hebrew community, that applications for admission are perpetually made, in such numbers, that the inmates might be multiplied fourfold at any time. But the difficulties attendant on procuring sufficient funds to meet the current demands necessary for the support of these, and all other large establishments, arrest the good which would otherwise flow to this long-afflicted, yet chosen nation.

On Sunday morning, February 5th, the Rev. H. Revell, eldest son of H. Revell, Esq. of Burton Crescent, London, and of Round Oak, Surrey, at the early age of 32 years, left this vale of tears, for a brighter world, to be for ever, we doubt not, with the Lord. His death was awfully sudden. In assisting the Rev. T. J. Judkin, minister of Somer's Church, St. Pancras, where the inmates of the Hebrew institution in Camden Town regularly attend Divine service.

on Sundays, the Rev. H. Revell became acquainted with these Israelites, and, as a Christian minister, volunteered his services to them in their new abode. Often have his ardent lectures, and his feeling exhortations, warmed the souls of both Jews and Gentiles, during his repeated visits; and long will they be remembered with gratitude and affection by all who heard him. His zealous solicitude for the redemption of Israel from their long and awful night of bondage and tribulation, was manifested on all occasions; and the deep regret of all concerned in their welfare, with due submission to Divine Providence, on this sudden bereavement of the little flock, of a minister, who was borne away in the zenith of his useful career, while the promise of long and extensive usefulness bloomed upon his brow, was proportionate to their affection for him.

During nearly the whole of Saturday, February 4th, the Rev. H. Revell, exercised himself in his favourite work of mercy, visiting and relieving the poor and the afflicted, in the Somers-Town district of St. Pancras parish, according to his accustomed benevolence, and in the evening he delivered a most solemn lecture, to the inmates and others, in the Hebrew institution, Camden Town. His impressive manner, while he dwelt upon that passage, "The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness;" will be long remembered by all who heard him. About ten in the evening he reached his habitation, and almost immediately retired to rest, being greatly exhausted by the labours of the day. Not rising from his room at his accustomed hour on Sunday morning, his servant became alarmed, entered his chamber, and found him in the bed a corpse. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

W. COLDWELL.

King Square, February, 1832.

CLEANING.

Sunday schools in Great Britain. There are at least one million and a quarter of scholars belonging to Sunday-schools in the United Kingdom: and taking the population at twenty-one millions, that will give one child to Sunday-school out of every seventeen persons of the population. The average expense in conducting a Sunday-school, of two hundred children is about 8s. per annum for lessons and books, if purchased at the Sunday School Union Depository and about 15s. per annum for rent, the chief part of which sums are, in most cases, contributed by the scholars themselves, in addition to their gratuitous labours. So that the children can be instructed in the Sunday-school for two shillings per annum.

Windsor-street Prison.—Is a prison about to be presented to parliament, on the subject of imprisonment for debt, &c. to stand, that, out of 3000 persons annually discharged from this place of confinement, 1500 are for debts varying from five pence to twenty under five shillings. The above petition has been drawn up by Mr. James Wright and introduced in this prison for debts contracted by his patriotic endeavours to promote the welfare of friendly societies.

Windsor Fund Anniversary.—The Rev. Eastern Carey, late of Calcutta, is expected to preach the annual sermon for the relief of the necessitous widows and children of prominent dissenting ministers, at Wednesday, the 11th of April next, at the Rev. J. F. Allen's, Walter's hall chapel (Common-street) London to begin at twelve o'clock at noon precisely.

Emancipation of Crown Slaves.—Is the house of commons, August 17th. Mr. Burke asked the noble lord secretary for the colonies, whether government had taken proper measures for the regulation and maintenance of the crown slaves who had been emancipated in the West India islands? Lord Howland said, that "government had not issued orders for the emancipation of the crown slaves, until they had taken all necessary precautions to guard against any insurrection." It was, however, gratifying to find that these precautions were unnecessary. He had received a dispatch from the governor of Antigua, which stated that during the five months which had elapsed since the emancipation of the crown slaves, they had been employed industriously in providing for their own support, and that, although the number was 211 no case of crime had occurred among them, nor were there any complaints of poverty there, then, we have irrefragable proof, that large numbers of slaves, who have undergone no previous preparation, may be liberated at once, without detriment either to the public or themselves. After this, it is to be hoped, the Livingston trustees will no longer persist in believing that, in enfranchising their trustees, at once, would be followed by "more suffering and crime than have ever yet been witnessed under the most galling bondage." If, to make the experiment doubly sure, they should wait, before they liberate their 200 captives, to take the same precautions which government took before they emancipated the 25 crown slaves in Antigua, no doubt Lord Howland would be most happy to inform them what those precautions were, though in the mean time, no great necessity. It is hardly to be supposed, that the negroes, under the care of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, are in a more unprepared state for the enjoyment of freedom than were the negroes who were held to belong to the crown. If, before the latter could be enfranchised, they had been in possession of the rights they had long been deprived of, no reasonable man will say that any special precautions could be apprehended from the society's doing the duties of justice to the unhappy negroes whom by the law of the strongest they have held from the hour of their birth to the very day, in miserable bondage. There, his society is, and the non-emancipation of the new born infant slave will be followed by "more suffering and crime than have ever yet been witnessed under the most galling bondage." Are they not at the end of the road, I will be construed by other such doctrines, a violation of that most important principle, that human beings, reduced to a state of slavery by acknowledged force and violence, may yet be retained in bondage.

Attorneys and Debtors.—What is the real history of the change which has so recently taken place, in regard to these two titles and designations? We have now, in reality, no country attorneys, they are all solicitors, and in calling themselves so, they seem to forget their origin. The following is a pretty good account of the office and profession.—"In the time of our Saxon ancestors, the freemen in every shire met twice a year under the presidency of the shire-reeve, or sheriff, and this meeting was called the shire's court. By custom, the freemen declined giving their personal attendance, and a freeman who did attend carried with him the power of each of his friends as could not appear. He who actually went to the sheriff's court, was said, according to the old Saxon, to go at the law and hence came the word attorney which signified one that went to the law for others carrying with him a power to act or vote for those who employed him." I do not remember that the attorney has any right to call himself a solicitor, but where he has business in a court of equity.—*Illustrative Anecdotes.*

Magnificent Oak Tree.—Recently was killed, near Ludlow in Shropshire, a noble oak, the produce of which was 20 tons of timber, 50 cords of wood, 100 perch poles, and five cords of brushwood. A rough broken off before the tree was cut down, which weighed seven tons and a half. Three men were employed a month in stacking it. The whole tree was valued at 1000l.

Natural Curiosity.—There is, in the garden of Mr. Sharpley, of Horwich, a wasp's nest in a gooseberry tree. It is in the shape of a balloon, and has the appearance, at a distance, of being covered with cloth. There is a sentinal wasp constantly on duty at the entrance of the nest, which betrays uneasiness at the approach of intruders. There are three or four other wasps generally on the top of the nest, which regularly take their turn as watchmen. Hundreds of persons have called upon Mr. Sharpley to inspect this curiosity.

Capacity of Blacks. The editor of the *Liberian Herald*, of West Africa, a newspaper edited by a negro, and circulating in a colony of free blacks, in an article intended to refute the opinion that the negroes are inferior in point of intellect to the white race, cites a number of instances of celebrated black men who have distinguished themselves, notwithstanding every disadvantage. Among others, Hannibal, an African who rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, under Peter the Great of Russia. His son, a mulatto, was also a lieutenant-general in the Russian service of artillery. Francis Williams, a black born in America, was educated in the University of Cambridge after his return to Jamaica he taught Latin and the mathematics. Anthony Williams Amo, born at Timboon took the degree of Doctor in Philosophy at the University of Wittenburg, and distinguished himself in mathematics. He was also skilled in the learned languages. Job Ben Samuel, one of the Mahometan kings of Fanda, was taken in 1734, and sold a slave. He found his way to England, and became acquainted with Sir Hans Sloane, for whom he translated Arabic manuscripts. James Elia John Captain an African was carried to a slave in Holland where he acquired several learned languages, and took degrees in theology at the University of Leyden. He was sent out as a Calvinistic minister to Virginia. Ignatius Sancho, who distinguished himself as a literary character in England died in 1780. Thus later an African although unable to read or write performed difficult arithmetical calculations with amazing facility. Balthus after being a slave for many years in Massachusetts addressed, in 1782, an eloquent petition to the legislature of that state, for the freedom of herself and daughter. The petition has been preserved in one of the volumes of the *American Museum*. (Gibello, published, in 1784, at Philadelphia an eloquent essay against the slavery of Africans. (Lear a black of North Carolina wrote several popular pieces of poetry. The newspaper from which we make the extract, is itself an instance of the intellectual capacity of the race. It is conducted with great gentleness, and with a spirit of benevolence which certain of our journals would do well to imitate.—*Frederic Chronicle*.

A Strange Pilgrim.—The "Memorial Artisan" gives us the following description of a pilgrim, at present traversing Europe as a penitence for his sins. He walks on bare feet, is clothed in a brown robe and wears garment, and wears on his head an old hat with brayed hair, and in his hand carries a long staff. His hairs are white, and his gray beard at least six inches in length. He styles himself a pilgrim, and declares that he is bound by a vow to travel through the world. He comes, it is said, from Rome, and is going to St. Iago di Compostella, but being unable to proceed through Bayonne to Spain, he is going to England for the purpose. This is certainly not the shortest way, and there are some who think that religion is not the real motive which actuates this man. Whoever he be it is difficult to believe that he is a secret agent, for his language is not above that of common beggars. His name is Anthony Kechenger, born at Albourne, Moselle, and his age is about 70.

Literary Notices.

Just Published.

Part XXXV. of the National Portrait Gallery.—The Likenesses here presented, are those of Earl Grey de Howick, the prime minister, Admiral Alan Gardner, and Lord Chief Justice Kenyon.

Part XIII. of Balcan's Lancashire.

Part VIII. of Life and times of William the Fourth.

No. II. of Sunday Scholar's Repository, 18mo.

No. I. of the Nautical Magazine, to be continued monthly.

The Mind, and other Poems. By Charles Swain. Illustrations of the Vaudou, in a series of Views. Engraved by Finden.

The Shakespearean Dictionary, forming a general index to the most striking passages in the works of Shakespeare.

Erratum.—Page 58, line 20, for "Farlington" read "Torrington."

The eighth Report of the committee on improvement of Prison Discipline.

Speeches on the Punishment of Death, in of Commons.

The Georgian Era, in 4 vols. vol. I.

Essay on the Rights of the Hindoo over Property. By Rajah Rammohun Roy.

Moral Fables. By Ingram Cobbin, M. A.

The Voice of Humanity No 7.

The History and Topography of the Val of North America, Parts 20 to 30.

The Brutal Tragedy. By I. Cromwell.

The Phenomena of Nature, familiarly From the German.

History of the Jews in all Ages.

Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. XXVII. It publishes

Christian Directions, showing how to God. By I. George.

The Bow in Strength, or the History of J. Charles Larom. Sheffield.

The Writer's and Student's Assistant, or dious Dictionary of English Synonyms.

Herbert's Country Parson, Church Porch A Catechism of Pneumology.

The Watchword of the Reformers. By F. Sanders M. A. from the German.

The Plague and Fire of London. By John Scott M. A.

Sacred Poetry. By a Layman.

A Dictionary of the most important Names and Terms found in the Holy Scriptures. B. Malmc. A. M.

A Treatise on the Authority Ends and Of of the Christian Sabbath. By Duncans Menz.

An Outline of English history. By H. Jas.

The Mythology of Ancient Greece and I Thomas Keightley.

The Classical English Vocabulary. By Cobbin A. M.

Portia's Statutory Bath. By M. La Beau.

The Child's Commentator on the Holy S. By Ingram Cobbin, M. A.

Saturday Evening. By the Author of K. tory of Lanthusiasm.

Elements of Aeronomy. By W. Brew.

Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambrid.

Tales and Conversations for Children of By Mrs. Markham, author of History of 2 Vols. 12mo.

Ten Sermons upon the Nature and Effects delivered in the Chapel of Trinity College, By the Rev James Thomas O'Brien, Fellow 1 Vol. 8vo.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library, Vol. IX (of the Duke of Wellington, Vol. II.) Small.

A Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence Zealand, in 1827, together with a Journal of dence in Tristan d'Acunha, an island situated between South America and the Good Hope. By Augustus Earl, Draught his Majesty's Discovery Ship "the Beagle. trated with Engravings.

Illustrations of the Christian Faith and Virtues, drawn from the Bible. By M. S. Author of "Scenes and Thoughts," &c.

The New Bath Guide in a series of Epistles. By Christopher Astley, Esq. With and Annotations. By I. Britton F.S.A.

Sunday Scholar's Repository, No 1.

The Miracles of the Irving School, show unworthy of serious examination. By I David Thorn.

Letter of Inquiry to the Rev John See Sermon entitled, "Reformation not Sub By Ebenezer Hurley.

A Treatise on the Internal Regulations of Societies. By J. Wright second edition.

An Attempt to render the Art of Short-handing easy to be acquired. By J. Walla.

In the Press.

Richard of York; or the White Rose of E an Historical Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo.

The Adventures of Barney Mahoney. By ten Croker, Esq. 1 vol. 12mo.

Sentarem, or Sketches of Society and Ma the centre of Portugal 2 vols. post 8vo.

A Pocket Diamond Dictionary of the Fre gauge, with English Interpretations, and the clation of all the Doubtful Words, from C 38mo.

A History of the Highlands and Higher of Scotland. By J. Browne, Esq. LL.D. 4 v

By Lady Sandford, of Glasgow; "Stories History of Rome," addressed to a little boy.





W. L. Garrison

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MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

(With a Portrait.)

THE pulpit, the bar, the bench, and the senate of the united kingdom of Great Britain, may be surveyed in the light of distinct and harmonious constellations, which irradiate the hemisphere of our moral, judicial, and legislative world. England has produced many stars of the first magnitude, and the lustre which beams from those of Ireland is not less intense. The rays emitted from these sources of light, in both countries, have done much to illuminate mankind, and, unimpaired and uneclipsed, we can scarcely doubt that their brilliancy will be transmitted to generations yet unborn.

Among those orbs of splendour, which, during the last and present generations, have risen above the horizon in Ireland, we know but few of greater celebrity, or who will present a stronger claim to lasting fame, than the subject of this memoir. Without wealth, patronage, or prospect, but with talents of the highest order, he found means to surmount every obstacle, to obtain an elevation at the head of his profession, and to stand as a lasting monument to posterity, of what intellectual vigour, accompanied with unceasing perseverance, may accomplish.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN was born July 24th, 1748, or 1750, for we have seen each date assigned as the period of his birth, at Newmarket, a small town in the county of Cork. Here his younger years were passed in comparative obscurity, without any incident to demand particular notice. It has been said, that his alertness and decision of character, when at play with some of his companions, attracted the attention of an eccentric individual, who, from this circumstance, predicted his future greatness, and even furnished pecuniary aid to promote his education. As this report, however, rests on tradition, we can only give it as such, without vouching for its authenticity.

But, whatever were the means employed by either Mr. Curran or his friends, it appears, that in 1769 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, in the capacity of a sizer, and, not long afterwards, obtained a scholarship. In this college he pursued his studies with reputation and success, but without being rendered remarkable for any transcendancy of talents, or furnishing any indications of that decided superiority which marked his future career.

It has often been noticed, that talents of the highest order are of tardy growth. Years frequently elapse without affording any presages of masculine development: and even when they first appear, some unexpected occasion, or some singular incident, has occurred, apparently through accident, to call the latent fire into active operation. A precocity of intellectual energy, on the contrary, generally falls short of that splendid maturity which it indicated; and, even where it ripens to perfection, is ephemeral in its duration. Precocious talents may be compared to the early blossoms of

the spring, displaying brilliant colours, and even scattering fragrance on the lingering gales of retiring winter : but, unable to withstand the nipping frosts and piercing blasts which await them, wither at the moment when hope has given strength to expectation, and die without rewarding the cultivator with the anticipated harvest.

It appears that, in conformity to the wishes of his friends, Mr. Curran originally intended to fix his station in the church, and to this object his early studies were almost exclusively directed. To the clerical office he, however, never manifested any personal attachment. For him, the senate and the bar had more powerful charms, and, communicating his predilection to his friends, his destination was rendered conformable to his desires, and the legal profession was adopted for him by the consent of all parties.

Placed thus in a path congenial with his wishes, all his mental powers were absorbed in the ardour of his pursuits, and it was not long before he found himself making rapid advances in the acquirement of knowledge, to which, in his theological studies, he had been an almost entire stranger. It has, however, been observed, that the influence of his clerical pursuits frequently became apparent in the effusions of eloquence which subsequently marked his legal and political career. In the solemnity of his appeals, his habitual recurrence to scriptural imagery, and readiness in quotation from the sacred volume, uniformly evinced that his previous studies had made an indelible impression on his mind.

In 1773, Mr. Curran concluded his college education, and proceeded to London, where he became a student of the Middle Temple. At this period of his life, his situation was dreary and uncomfortable in a painful degree. Solitary, and almost friendless, in a demi-foreign country, dependent for his subsistence upon precarious and scanty supplies, having poverty for his companion, and prospects which presented little but a gloomy blank, he was sometimes reduced to difficulties, which neither his philosophy nor buoyancy of spirits was fully able to withstand. Yet, even at this time, his letters delineate his circumstances and pecuniary embarrassments with a degree of humour, which at once excite our pity and our smiles. These letters furnish the earliest specimens that have been preserved of that fertility of fancy, and exuberance of wit, which, in after life, formed one of the great and leading features of his character.

But, amidst these pecuniary difficulties and attendant evils, his attention to studies connected with his profession was unremitting : and great were the advantages he derived from his residence in the British metropolis. At this time his enunciation and delivery, as a public speaker, were very deficient. Of this he was not insensible, and no small portion of his time and attention was devoted to the remedy of this defect. Happily, success crowned his exertions. By judicious care, and incessant practice, he surmounted this natural disadvantage, and soon acquired a power of utterance correspondent to the luxuriance of his mental resources.

In 1775, Mr. Curran was called to the Irish bar, where he did not long remain unnoticed or unknown. To strenuous exertion, he was stimulated by the combined influence of honourable ambition, a consciousness of his own acquirements and abilities, and, above all, by the pressing necessities of his unprovided wants. Through the opportunities thus afforded him, he soon established a reputation for extensive legal knowledge, strong argumentative powers, and a style of oratory, fluent, commanding, energetic, and ornamental. This character speedily gave publicity to his fame, and rising rapidly in eminence, a few years placed him beyond the reach of

indigence, and saw him occupy an exalted station, for which many of his cotemporaries had toiled and striven in vain.

To the abilities already noticed, Mr. Curran added a degree of firmness and intrepidity, which no talents could intimidate, no authority could shake. At the bar, and before the bench, he never lost sight of his independence; and whenever occasion called upon him to assert it, language always energetic and cutting was ready at his command. Of this peculiar tact the following may be regarded as a specimen.

When Judge Robinson was on the bench, a dispute took place between him and Mr. Curran, on some point connected with a case then before the court. During the altercation, his lordship indulged in some sarcastic remark on the embarrassed circumstances of the young lawyer. The latter feeling indignant at the personality of the allusion, addressed him in the following words.

“My lord, when the person who is invested with the dignity of the judgment-seat, lays it aside for a moment to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is in vain, when he has been worsted in the conflict, that he seeks to resume it; it is in vain that he seeks to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned.”

Judge R. “If you say another word, Sir, I’ll commit you.”

Mr. C. “If your lordship should do so, we shall both of us have the consolation of reflecting, that I am not the worst thing your lordship has committed.” Here this caustic dialogue ended.

As a politician, Mr. Curran, from the commencement of his career, espoused the popular cause, the advocates of which hailed him as an important acquisition to their ranks. On all occasions he seized every opportunity to promote its interest, and when, in 1783, he obtained a seat in the Irish House of Commons, he immediately took his place on the opposition side.

Ireland has at all times been prolific in producing powerful minds, but at this period its parliament exhibited a concentration of talent and patriotic zeal, which has rarely been equalled, and perhaps never surpassed, in any similar public assembly. Into this arena, men of superior talents, whether actuated by private interest, public spirit, or a thirst for fame, speedily found their way; and in the important questions that successively came under discussion, eloquence exerted all its energies, imagination all its fervency; while wit, sarcasm, repartee, and even tempestuous impetuosity, conspired to give an ample development to the Irish character.

On the great questions which were agitated in this august assembly, Mr. Curran took an active part, and was uniformly distinguished by an honest warmth and uncompromising firmness; and although he appeared rather as an auxiliary than a leader in the opposition, he was one on whose assistance much reliance was placed. On these occasions, one of his contemporaries has observed, that “he animated every debate with his powers, was copious, splendid, and full of life, and wit, and ardour.” Few of his speeches, however, have been preserved entire; but, from the volume which was published in 1805, it is evident that the above epithets have not been misapplied, and it is to be regretted that the greater portion of his extemporaneous effusions have been doomed to perish.

In 1787, Mr. Curran visited France, where he was not an inattentive observer of the general decay of its trade, and of the miseries which followed as a natural consequence. Of the prevailing distresses, his letters give a lively but melancholy picture. The causes which speedily issued

in the ever-memorable revolution, were then secretly at work ; but few indications were at that time discoverable, of the approaching explosion, which was so speedily to terrify the civilized world.

About the time of Mr. Curran's return, the affliction of his Majesty, George III, had created a very powerful sensation throughout the country; and both in England and Ireland the regency question was agitated with much eagerness and warmth. Mr. Curran contended for the rights of the heir-apparent, and, after a severe contest, had the gratification of seeing the measures he had espoused crowned with success. Happily, however, the restoration of his Majesty's health neutralized its effect, and perhaps, prevented many unpleasant consequences, to which the decision might have led.

From the sketch already given of Mr. Curran's temperament and sarcastic eloquence, it will not, probably, create much surprise in our readers to learn, that he sometimes gave serious offence to those against whom his javelins were launched. These were occasionally resented, and disagreeable consequences followed. In 1790, a misunderstanding with Major Hobart, the Irish secretary, led to an angry correspondence between him and Mr. Curran, which terminated in a duel, but, happily, neither party received any injury. Many other appeals to weapons were made by Mr. Curran during his career, from all of which he escaped unhurt.—Perhaps, within the whole compass of language, we cannot find a greater prostitution of terms than to call these attempts at deliberate murder, affairs of honour. Pride and passion are the parents of duelling, and all its boasted exploits are founded on a haughty defiance to the laws both of God and man.

In a case involving the elective rights of the citizens of Dublin, Mr. Curran delivered, before the privy council, a brilliant speech, which has been preserved with but very little mutilation. As an oration, it conveys an admirable idea of the speaker's powers, and it may serve as a model for all who attempt to drive their antagonists into the regions of absurdity.

In 1794, Ireland, labouring under a political convulsion, afforded Mr. Curran an opportunity of reaching the summit of his forensic fame. Among the numerous causes in which he was engaged, his defence of Hamilton Rowan, prosecuted for a seditious libel, is one of the most remarkable; and his speech on this occasion, is probably one of the proudest monuments of his genius. During its delivery, he was more than once interrupted by enthusiastic plaudits, which, being of rare occurrence in a court of law, demonstrate the state of the public mind, and the powerful effects which his eloquence produced. The following passage, at its conclusion, will communicate some idea of this overwhelming oration.

“ I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil ; which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot on British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced—no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted on the altar of slavery—the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust ; the soul walks abroad in her own majesty ; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him ; and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation.”

In 1795, on the appointment of Earl Fitzwilliam to the viceroyalty of Ireland, Mr. Curran was led to expect the exalted office of solicitor-general, but the hasty recall of this nobleman defeated his anticipation. To repress the commotions which then prevailed, and the spirit of disaffection that had assumed a formidable aspect, government was about to have recourse to coercive principles, and, for these, the intended solicitor-general was not formed of sufficiently stern materials.

Against measures which Mr. Curran and his party conceived to be fraught with the utmost danger, he continued to exert all his powers; but, finding every effort ineffectual, he resolved to quit the house, in which he could no longer be of any service to his country. Accordingly, on the 15th of May, 1797, he took his leave, with the following remarkable words.

“I agree that unanimity at this time is indispensable; the house seems pretty unanimous for force: I am sorry for it; for I bode the worst from it. I shall retire from a scene where I can do no good, and where I should disturb that unanimity. I cannot, however, go without a parting entreaty, that men would reflect on the awful responsibility in which they stand to their country and to their consciences, before they set an example to the people of abandoning the law, and resorting to the terrible expedient of force.”

The retirement of Mr. Curran, with Mr. Grattan, and many others, from the House of Commons, followed the preceding declaration, and the rebellion, which they had long predicted, speedily ensued. In this conflict, several leading characters of Ireland were deeply involved, and charges of treason were succeeded by state trials, which furnished Mr. Curran with much employment. In defending the accused, he was always ready to exert his talents; and the records of these eventful days demonstrate, that, amidst detraction, obloquy, and legal intimidation, his course was undeviating, fearless, and indefatigable. At this arduous post he remained while the storm of violence continued, and, by his watchfulness, eloquence, and legal knowledge, imposed a salutary restraint on the agents of power, who, at this period, were too frequently disposed to exercise a “vigour beyond the law.”

This tempest in Ireland having subsided, Mr. Curran seized the opportunity of this tranquillity, and of a partial peace with France, to visit the latter country. Here, however, he did not continue long; another insurrection in his native land, 1803, caused him immediately to return, to resume his legal duties, in behalf of the political delinquents whom government had denounced. To them his time and talents were readily devoted, and to his advocacy many were indebted for their escape from the fangs of justice entangled in a net of law.

The period, however, was fast approaching, when political ascendancy was to undergo an entire revolution. On the formation of the Whig ministry in 1806, Mr. Curran came into office, as Master of the Rolls in Ireland, and was appointed a member of the privy council. Here he may be said to have become stationary, as the remaining portion of his life presents but little to interest the reader. Deprived by his promotion of opportunities for exerting his powerful talents in the way to which he had been accustomed, a degree of torpor, correspondent with the monotonous duties of his office, succeeded to his former activity. Dejection, bordering on despondency, arising from the deplorable condition of Ireland, and the stagnation of his spirits, may henceforth be said to have accompanied him to the grave.

In 1810, Mr. Curran visited Scotland, which, on a former occasion, he had characterized as “a nation cast in a happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty, and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth—cool, and ardent—adventurous, and persevering—urging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires—crowned with the spoils of every art, and decked with the wreath of every muse.” Prior to this visit, Mr. Curran had represented Scotland as “a country which he had always valued for its intellectual and moral eminence;” and his letters, written while there, are replete with expressions of the exalted gratification which he had derived from the spirit and intelligence of the Scottish people during his excursion.

Notwithstanding his great depression of spirits, Mr. Curran was induced, by the solicitation of some friends, in 1812, to offer himself as a candidate for Newry. The attempt, however, proved unsuccessful; but his speech, on retiring from the contest, evinced, that neither disease nor despondency had made any inroad on his mental powers. In this his last great effort, the welfare of Ireland engrossed much of his attention; and he lamented its disunion and distractions in language expressive of hope bordering on despair.

In the year 1813, Mr. Curran’s health was evidently in a precarious state, and, so deeply sensible was he of its decline, that he entertained serious thoughts of resigning his situation. Recovering, however, in some degree from the violence of the attack, he was enabled to resume his judicial functions, and continue them for some time longer; but, again relapsing, his constitution was unable to sustain the shock, and, in 1814, he retired from the bench.

It was during this malady, that Mr. Curran went to consult the no less celebrated Mr. Abernethy, whose impatience, when hearing complaints, has become almost proverbial. Of this interview, the following particulars can hardly fail to amuse the reader.

Mr. Curran, it appears, being personally unknown to Mr. Abernethy, had visited him several times, without having had an opportunity of fully explaining the nature of his disorder. At length, he went with a full determination to obtain a hearing, and began his tale accordingly. Scarcely had he commenced, before he was interrupted as usual; but instead of being intimidated, he fixed his dark piercing eye on the doctor, and thus addressed him:

“Mr. Abernethy, I have been here on eight different days, and I have paid you eight different guineas; but you have never yet listened to the symptoms of my complaint. I am resolved, sir, not to leave this room until you satisfy me by doing so.”

Struck by his manner and intrepidity, Mr. Abernethy threw himself back in his chair, and, assuming the posture of a most indefatigable listener, exclaimed in a tone of half surprise and half humour,—“Oh, very well, sir, I am ready to hear you out. Go on, give me the whole, your birth, parentage, and education. I wait your pleasure; go on.” On hearing this, Mr. Curran, not in the least disconcerted, assumed a grave countenance, and proceeded as follows:

“My name is John Philpot Curran. My parents were poor, but I believe honest people, of the province of Munster, where also I was born, being a native of Newmarket, County of Cork, in the year 1750. My father being employed to collect the rents of a Protestant gentleman of small fortune, in that neighbourhood, obtained my entrance into one of the

Protestant Free Schools, where I obtained the first rudiments of my education. I was next enabled to enter Trinity College, Dublin, in the humble sphere of a sizer."

In this manner, Mr. Curran continued for several minutes, giving to his astonished hearer a true, but irresistibly laughable account of his "birth, parentage, and education," as desired, until he came to his illness and sufferings, the detail of which was not again interrupted. It is scarcely necessary to add, that Mr. Abernethy's attention to his gifted patient, was, from that hour to the close of his life, assiduous, unremitting, and devoted.

Not long after Mr. Curran's retirement from office, in 1814, he again visited France, not so much from any hope of being restored to health, as to divert the melancholy with which he was continually oppressed. Every effort, however, proved in vain. His constitution rapidly gave way, and the paralytic symptoms with which he was occasionally visited, united to the deplorable state of his spirits, furnished indications of his approaching dissolution. On returning to England, he took up his abode at lodgings in Brompton, about a mile from Hyde Park Corner. Here he languished until the 8th of October 1817, when he was seized with apoplexy, and expired, in the 68th year of his age.

The engraving prefixed to this memoir, is from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and, by those who knew him, is considered an excellent likeness. Its homely appearance is faithful to nature. It has been said, that Curran's exterior was neither remarkable nor prepossessing; his stature was low, his person insignificant, and his countenance unattractive. The only feature emblematic of the man was the eye, which was dark, full, penetrating, and expressive, and in moments of excitement flashed with intensity and animation. His title to fame must rest chiefly on his reputation for wit and eloquence, to which his claim is indisputable. His oratory possessed little of the deliberative solemnity of Grattan, or the majestic copiousness of Burke. It sprang from an intellect of vast comprehension and originality, and exhibited characteristics peculiarly its own.

About the time that Mr. Curran resigned his judicial seat, he became acquainted with Lord Byron, who, in one of his letters, writes as follows: "Curran is the man who struck me most. Such imagination! there never was any thing like it, that I ever saw or heard of. I have heard that man speak more poetry than I have ever written, though I saw him but seldom." From the celebrated Horne Tooke, we have also the following comparative testimony: "Sheridan's wit is like steel highly polished and sharpened for display and use; Curran's, like a mine of virgin gold, incessantly crumbling away from its own richness."

Mr. Curran was married when young, and had several children. His eldest son having been bred to the sea, has obtained the rank of Post Captain in the Navy. To another son we are indebted for the political life of his father, a work which has been characterized as being "interesting from its variety, and admirable from the merits of its composition." Of the other branches, we know but little, and that little is devoid of interest to the reader; here therefore our narrative of this extraordinary man finds its termination.

For a considerable portion of the materials which form this memoir, the editor acknowledges himself indebted to an elegant work, now in the course of publication, by Fisher, Son, and Jackson, entitled "National Portrait Gallery," under the especial patronage of the King. This work contains highly finished engravings, and interesting memoirs of "illustrious and eminent personages," chiefly "of the nineteenth century."

ON THE OBSERVANCE OF THE FOURTH
COMMANDMENT.

By John Wilson.

(SECOND ESSAY.)

"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day."

IN a former paper upon this important subject, (see *Imperial Magazine*, for July, 1831,) I took into consideration the conduct of those persons who, disregarding the law of God, continue to follow their usual avocations on the day set apart for His service; and it now remains for me briefly to comment upon those who seem to consider it as one solely to be devoted to amusement.

The power of habit and example, in repressing reflection and judgment, is enormous; and it is curious to observe how many pursue a certain line of conduct, merely because others have done the same, without pausing to reflect on its propriety or impropriety, and without using the powers of judgment with which nature has gifted them. When we consider that man is a creature of reason, and is endowed with full freedom to exercise that faculty, it appears the more strange that he should become so much the creature of imitation: but the merits of a custom which has received the sanction of ages, are seldom canvassed by individuals; and they pursue the beaten track in the train of others, without a thought on the wisdom or folly of the course they are taking. By this servile adherence to example, numberless absurdities and inconsistencies have crept, and still do creep, into the social system; the simplicity of former times has become obscured by the mass of extraneous matter with which it has been clothed, through successive centuries, by custom and civilization; and the undisguised colours in which man was wont to show, are now lost in the excess of *polish* with which modern times have invested them. Habit, however, is invariably defended by prejudice, and the man who ventures to argue against the over-refinement of the present age, or to shew that it is in any way attended by disadvantage to the moral condition of the human race, would, in all probability, be stigmatized as a savage, only fit to inhabit the unexplored regions of Africa.

A marked exemplification of the want of due consideration being awarded to many subjects by man, and that the tyrant custom has even power sufficient to abrogate a decree of the Almighty himself, may be found in the awful but undoubted fact, that the 'sacred ten' are in an alarming degree falling into disuse with a great portion

of the inhabitants of this christian country. The 'march' of intelligence, of learning, and science, is rapid to an unparalleled degree, but grievous is it to observe, that the gigantic strides of crime and infidelity keep pace with, if they do not outstrip it.

In pursuing the subject before me, I shall, in the first place, quote a few of the prevailing customs by which the fourth of these commandments is profaned.

1. Amongst the higher and middling classes of society, Sunday is a favourite day for visiting; and music and cards are not unfrequently called into requisition, to relieve the tedium of a conversation, which, for want of intellect, subject, or spirit, becomes vapid and uninteresting. Alas! what an excuse is thus placed in the mouths of the poor, who, when reprehended for negligence, reply, "My superiors set the example, and surely their education should teach them what is right."

2. The premier gives cabinet dinners on that day; but, as these may be considered rather as meetings of business than of conviviality, they properly belong to the former essay. Is the minister, however, less culpable than a tradesman who finishes a piece of work on the Sabbath? God is no respecter of persons.

3. Many merchants, attorneys, tradesmen, clerks, mechanics, &c., who are confined closely to their respective employments during the week, look forward to the Lord's-day as the time of release from their hebdomadal toil, and devote it exclusively to pleasure.

4. Numbers of artisans, and tradesmen of a lower grade, often spend the whole day drinking and smoking in public-houses, and, to the disgrace of landlords of such places be it recorded, persons frequently remain there during the hours of divine service, and, though the door be closed, to obey the letter of the act of parliament, yet carousals are carried on in the house, in opposition to its intention, and in direct contrariety to the sacred law. This practice is, I am informed, especially carried on in suburban districts.

5. Respectable and orderly persons, on their way to and from a place of worship, on the Sabbath, are shamed and annoyed by the sight of men and women reeling along the street in a state of filthy inebriation.

6. The fields and by-places, on the outskirts of London, are frequented on the Sabbath morning by idle and dissolute persons of both sexes, who meet there for the purpose of tossing with pence, playing at ball, gambling, and other objects of a still worse nature. These fields are often the

rendezvous of thieves, where they arrange their plans of rapine, and the meeting-places of men who appoint the Lord's-day to settle disputes by fighting. Cocking-matches and dog-fights may also frequently be seen. For the truth of this assertion, I need only mention the meadows in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen-house, and Maiden-lane, Bethnal Green, the fields and plots of ground about Hoxton and the City-road, &c. These unlawful and unholy congregations do not appear to be often interrupted by parochial or police authority.

7. Very many persons, especially of the lower classes, anticipate the Sabbath merely as the day when they are to be released for a while from their labour, and to put on a clean shirt. They pass the time in a weary listlessness, and lamentable vacuity of mind, and wish for the close of a day, only remarkable to them for its dulness; for there are persons who feel a sufficient moral restraint to prevent them from plunging into any decidedly loose habits on the Sunday, but yet have not sufficient sense of christian duties to pass it in a becoming manner.

8. Every resident in or near town has, of course, observed the acquisition of passengers which the short stages gain on Sunday, especially in the summer, and that the roads leading to all villages, within a moderate distance of London, are lined with equestrians, pedestrians, and wayfarers of every description, who are eagerly emerging from an unwholesome atmosphere to breezes of a purer nature. The river is also covered with pleasure-boats.

9. The indecorous absence of many individuals, of all classes, from places of public worship on various pretences.

The instances thus adduced, of the manner in which the Lord's-day is neglected or profaned, by various grades of society, added to those mentioned in the former essay on the same subject, create an alarming conviction in the mind of a reflecting Christian, that there is a manifest deterioration in the morals of our dense metropolitan population; but we cannot wonder, when crimes, hitherto unknown to humanity, stalk abroad, when the ingenuity of man seems directed to the invention and refinement of wickedness, rather than virtue, and when *sin*, as well as learning, seems advancing to the acme of *perfection*, that a due observance of religious duties should retrograde in proportion.

All good men should join heart and hand in endeavouring to stop the tremendous progress of evil, and this is to be effected

more by moral than physical means. Let local clergymen labour unceasingly to instil right principles into the minds of their parishioners, by plain and comprehensive sermons upon the broad and general maxims of religion, rather than by sectarian doctrine or learned dissertations upon the more recondite parts of theology. Let them strive to reach the hearts as well as the heads of their hearers; and, whilst they essay to convince the understanding, let their discourses be calculated to touch the feelings. Let the MORAL education of the rising generation receive more particular attention, and let not worldly vanities be suffered to usurp that place in the youthful mind which ought to be occupied by more sterling and meritorious acquirements. Let the 'trumpet voice' of warning be upraised on high throughout the land. Shew unto the people of England the manifestations of the power of God; shew them the desolating and terror-marked course of pestilence through kingdoms and empires, until its giant strides have reached our own shores; shew them the political convulsions of nations; shew them the iron hand of oppression triumphant for a time over a prostrate and bleeding, but gallant people, who *have* fought with the exhilaration of hope, and *still* fight with the reckless fury of despair, to preserve their birthrights and liberties from the grasp of their colossal antagonist. Shew unto Englishmen their corn destroyed by the flames of incendiarism; point out the progress of rapine and murder in their native land, and the internal turbulence and commotion of the kingdom. Shew them these things, and bid them banish all false philosophy, in tracing them to their proper source; and let them not, in the shortsightedness of worldly wisdom, ascribe to mere abstract or political causes, what, in reality, must emanate from the Great First Cause of all; or apply the theory of chances to the workings of Providence.

In scripture history, read we not numberless instances of the signal effects of Divine displeasure at the wickedness of individuals, of tribes, and of nations? Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead by the hand of the Lord. He also "rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire out of heaven." Egypt was afflicted by plagues, and the chosen people of God were severely punished at various times for their relapses into sin and idolatry. All these, with many others, are allowed to be marks of the justice and vengeance of an offended Deity upon a sinful people; and why do we hesitate to ascribe the calamities of the present period to the same source? "For by

fire and by his sword will the Lord plead with all flesh, and the slain of the Lord shall be many," Isa. lxvi. 16.

It is true, that actual communion with the Almighty is now no longer permitted, nor does he make himself personally or visibly manifest in the affairs of men; but is he one jot less the primary Creator of all things? Is there any the less a ruling Providence? If the great Jehovah no longer displays miraculous and superhuman instances of his power, are the bolts of his vengeance the less unerring? No. He makes man himself the instrument of His judgments upon man, and launches His arrows through the medium of human vices. Vices are their own scourge, and end in their own discomfiture; and the reign of general immorality and impiety is, in itself, its own punishment, from the calamities which, in the prescribed order of causes and effects, it must necessarily heap upon nations and individuals.

Although, in respect to the appalling increase of crime, we have observed that spiritual means are more calculated to arrest its baneful progress than mere temporal ones, yet, in so Herculean a labour as the reformation of the moral state of a whole nation, the clergy absolutely require the active co-operation and assistance of the secular authorities. The haunts of iniquity must be rooted out, and pursued from place to place with unrelenting vigour by the strong arm of the law. Public-houses, the bane of the lower orders, ought to be put under more severe restrictions, and not allowed to open their doors on Sundays at all for the purpose of disseminating intoxicating liquors amongst those weak-minded persons who have not fortitude sufficient to resist their allurements; and if the details of human institutes were, as they ought to be, formed according to the spirit of Divine law, this measure would have been long ago adopted.

Thus far have we diverged from the immediate subject before us, for the purpose of noticing crimes of a blacker dye than that at present occupying our attention, and repeat the assertion, that the declension of Sabbath observances, and religious duties of *comparatively* minor importance, can scarcely be marvelled at, when sins of such fearful nature lord it supremely over so great a portion of mankind. At the same time we would observe, that, while such a general laxity in the performance of these smaller, as they are termed, Christian duties, is prevalent and permitted, such laxity cannot fail of paving the way for the entrance into the human heart of crime far

greater in magnitude. "One crime leads on to another," and few men plunge into the darkest and deepest recesses of iniquity at one leap. The mind must become hardened by degrees, as it grows familiar with the successive strata which line the dark abyss of guilt, until it gradually arrives at a callosity which fits it for the perpetration of those deeds which disgrace our nature.

With regard, however, to the observance of the Lord's day in particular, I have before mentioned some of the imperfect justifications which have been offered by persons in business for following their avocations, and shall now proceed to lay before the reader the thesis which has been laid down by individuals, in palliation of Sabbath-breaking for objects of pleasure, namely,

That the evident intention of the Almighty, in commanding a respite from labour on the seventh day was, to give his people an opportunity of enjoying all those pleasures from which they have been debarred during the other six by their indispensable occupations!

A single moment's clear and unprejudiced reflection, will shew this purpose-serving theory to be at once paltry, ungrounded, short-sighted, and wicked: for, were there no particular and express day set apart for the service of God, the natural consequence must necessarily be a decline, and ultimately a disuse, of religious exercises altogether, as the general duty of a people; the further consequence of which would evidently be anarchy, confusion, confirmed atheism, the total annihilation of every moral and good feeling amongst men, and finally *perdition!* Thus may the most terrible effects spring from causes, we are too apt to regard as trifling and unimportant; but let us remember, that the moral organization of man is vast, complicated, and wonderful, and its laws are connected by essential, but perhaps invisible links, which render them relative to, and dependent upon, each other, and that the derangement of the minuter parts of the system will endanger the safety of the whole.

To argue, therefore, that the non-observance of the Sabbath can be in any way excused is fallacious, and grounded in a moral error, to which nothing but prejudice, and humanly constituted custom and convenience could render us blind. In fact, that men should even attempt to palliate the breach of a divine law, so express as the present one, the tenor of which is so remarkably explicit, for venal or sensual motives, is a lamentable perversion of the powers of reasoning

with which God has gifted us, and of the best and noblest attributes of humanity.

The desire of enjoyment and recreation, on the day set apart from labour, is reasonable and natural enough, and the only difficulty is, to choose and arrange pleasures which are compatible with moral duty, and yet answer the desired purpose. The good man's inclination at once points out the proper course, and he cheerfully follows it. Does it consist in a formal morning call upon one's acquaintance, or an empty conversation, uninformative to the head and uninteresting to the heart, where the goodness of God is unthought and unspoken of, where the grand subject of religion is never broached, unless for the purpose of disputation on points of doctrine?—does it consist in feasting and conviviality, or in any sensual gratification?—does it consist in gambling and vice?—does it consist in yawning through the day in a state of both mental and bodily idleness, without perhaps committing any active sin, but, in neglect of duty, a decidedly passive one?—does it consist in framing excuses for absence from church, or, if worship be attended for the sake of preserving appearance, in inattention to the service, and impatiently counting the weary moments, to its conclusion? Or does it consist in pursuing earthly pleasure unremittingly, during the whole Sabbath, with no *ultimatum* but the temporary enjoyment of the fleeting hours, and with thoughts entirely abstracted from the bountiful Giver of those very blessings of which we are at the time partaking? To all these the reply of the Christian must be an unqualified and decided negative. Man entertains strange, false notions of that too often misnamed thing, *pleasure*; but can any action be truly so called, of which the effects are painful, or which leaves the sting of remorse and self-reproach behind?

That the Sabbath duty is not fulfilled by either neglect of duty, or commission of sin, there of course needs no argument to prove; but to those persons (and they are not few) who seem to conceive that all required is performed by a mere compliance with outward forms, and a decent abstinence from glaring impropriety, I would address a few brief sentences. Remember, that God will be served in sincerity, and that when christian observances are accorded with reluctance and toil, and when the words uttered by the lips are not prompted by the devout feelings of the heart, they cannot be actuated by the spirit of piety, and are loathsome in his sight. Remember also the words of Solomon,

“He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination,” Prov. xxviii. 9. He who attends the temple of his Maker from merely the impulse of habit and custom, or from any worldly motive, commits a greater sin than he who, conscious of his deficiency in religious spirit, abstains from it altogether; for to enter into the sacred place with a corrupt heart, is a mockery and an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

Is it too much to assert, that in the present age, the warm feelings of the heart have in a great measure given place to apathy, and that the glorious enthusiasm of religion, which prompted the “noble army of martyrs” to bleed for the church of Christ, even unto the death, has fled for ever, or degenerated (as in a present instance) into the grossest and wildest fanaticism? Indeed, few, very few, seem now to be possessed by that heart-felt spirit of piety, that devoted and reverent love of God, which inspired the psalmist, when he broke into the sublime and impassioned expression—“Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee,” Psal. lxxiii. 23.

There is little doubt that an outcry will be raised by many, against the sentiments expressed in this paper, and the writer will be decried, either as an Utopian dreamer, or as an harsh disciplinarian, who would abridge the comforts of man, especially of the poorer classes. Both charges, however, I at once deny, and I take my ground for the verity of what I advance, on the law of God, and the confirmation of it by Jesus Christ. To all arguments on the inconvenience or difficulty, of adapting the law strictly to the existing manners of society, I reply, that such inconvenience and difficulty, together with these existing manners, are of human origin and human formation; and, as was before observed, no mortal reasons can possibly preponderate the scale against an ordinance of the Eternal One.

The desire of Sunday recreation to those who are closely confined to business, has been allowed to be natural, and, with proper restriction, the gratification may doubtless be considered as lawful. We will suppose a man to be chained to some sedentary, and perhaps unwholesome, employment, with but little intermission during six days. By such a one, Sunday morning is hailed with joy, as bringing him a temporary cessation from work; and, by the advantage of early rising, he gains several hours, which he can employ in wholesome exercise for the body. Let him then attend the public worship of his God, and

offer up thanksgiving for all his terrestrial blessings, prayers for their continuance, and hear the word of the Lord expounded by his ministers. After service, he may again resume his walk, and perhaps take the opportunity of visiting his friends, but let not the subject of his thoughts and words be worldly vanity—let his conversation be adapted to the sacred character of the day; for it is impossible to descant upon the excellent goodness of the Deity, without feeling an elevation of the soul into prayer and thankfulness; and thus we involuntarily render up an acceptable service to Him. The church ought then to be again attended, and the remainder of the evening spent in meditation, self-examination, and the perusal of the Holy Scriptures.

With regard to those persons whose hebdomadal occupation, being laborious, renders them rather inclined to repose than to bodily exertion on the Sabbath, I would suggest that the intervals between divine service might be well employed in the study of the Bible, the perusal of sound theological works, or in profitable and instructive discourse on serious subjects, with their families. If the individual be a father, what occupation can be more delightful than training up his children in the “way of the Lord,” and instilling into their tender minds the “knowledge and love of God.” That is a Sunday employment at once pleasurable to the paternal heart, and acceptable in the sight of Omnipotence.

I have met with persons so extremely rigid in their ideas of the proper observance of the Sabbath, that they consider it a breach of divine law, even to walk out into the country, and imagine that the whole day should be passed in seclusion from the world, except when in attendance at church or chapel. I cannot however, carry my sentiments so far. Bodily exercise, and the enjoyment of pure air, are necessarily conducive to health, and self-preservation is a moral duty. I humbly conceive, therefore, that when the *sincere* worship of God is the first and grand object, these blessings may be enjoyed without impiety. The service of the Lord is delight, and not slavery: a forced self-restraint is not religion: the forced observance of a self-imposed rule, to the injury of health, or perhaps endangering it, cannot be required by a beneficent Creator; besides, whilst walking amidst the beauties of nature, and contemplating the wonderful works of Providence, additional matter for reflection and thankfulness is afforded to the Christian; and whether the outpourings of a grateful

spirit are offered up in a closet or a field, they are equally heard by the Being to whom they are addressed. So far, therefore, from considering close confinement to be the indispensable obligation of the day, I affirm, that when exercise is necessary for the health, it not only is allowable, but actually borders upon a duty. At the same time, we would again deeply impress upon all men, the necessity of forbearance from worldly or immoral pleasures, and insist, that outward forms are mockery when the heart is uninterested. “Rend your hearts, and not your garments.” “The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a broken and contrite heart,” God will not despise.

If you require pleasure and relaxation on the Sabbath of the Lord, be mindful that in no sensual or creature enjoyment is to be found the sublime and exalted consolations of religion. Walk then, I would say, abroad; refresh your wearied and depressed physical powers with the balmy breezes which the Almighty dispenses for your benefit; but give not up yourself to mere human enjoyment. “Keep *holy* the Sabbath day.” Meditate upon the infinite goodness and mercy of your Creator—pour forth your soul in mental prayer and thanksgiving to Him who breathed into your nostrils the breath of life, and keep your heart and mind in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ: then will you be gladdened by the approval of conscience, which is the voice of God himself speaking within you; then may you pass through the ordeal of self-examination unreprieved by that terrible monitor, and enjoy the sweet repose produced by a consciousness of having cheerfully and pleasurably fulfilled your duty.

London, January 1832.

CONCILIATION, CHRISTIANITY, AND CIVILIZATION IN CEYLON.

IN page 115, &c. of our preceding number, an article was introduced under the above comprehensive title, from which we learn the judicious methods adopted by Sir Alexander Johnston, to promote these desirable objects, and the friendly manner in which his endeavours were received by the natives. When about to leave Ceylon, on his return to England in 1817, an address was presented to him by the Bramins and other inhabitants, professing the Hindoo religion. To this the following answer was returned; and, from a perusal of its contents, we may perceive in miniature, those liberal and enlightened plans, which,

into effect, have been found so con-
to their peace and welfare.

It affords me pleasure to learn, by the
which I have received from you,
measures which I have adopted in
different offices I have held since I have
this island, have met with your ap-
proval. As I am convinced that it is
impossible for any person to administer
with proper effect, amongst the
inhabitants of any country in India, unless
possesses a thorough knowledge of their
customs, laws, habits, manners, and reli-
gion, I felt it to be an essential part of my
duty from the moment I landed on this
island to endeavour, by all means in my
power, to become intimately acquainted,
not only with your laws and your customs,
but with every circumstance that was
in any way connected with the security
and prosperity of your province. The
collection of laws and usages to which you
allude contains the most useful and the
most interesting information which can be
obtained respecting the inhabitants of
the province.

At the first session I held for
the province in 1806, a translation into
English of this collection was, as you may
have been made by my direction; copies
were then printed and circulated, both
in English and Tamul, on olah, and on
palm-leaf, for your use, and for the information
of the inferior courts and magistrates;
on my advice, a regulation was passed
by the Government, enacting, that the provi-
sions of this code should be strictly ob-
served in all cases, in which either the
interests of any Hindoo inha-
bitants of Jaffna might hereafter be con-
cerned. In order to clear up such doubts
as occurred to me relative to the au-
thority of some of those laws and usages,
I took the opportunity that offered while I
was on the peninsula of India, of visit-
ing the different provinces from which
these laws and usages are supposed to be
derived; and I conceive myself peculiarly
qualified in having been able to trace, with
certainty, the origin of the Bramins of Ramisse-
ladura, Tanjore, Combeconum, and
Mylapore, in a satisfactory manner,
not only of the different casts
which prevail, but also of the different laws,
customs, duties, ranks and privileges, which
have been immemorially observed amongst
the Hindoo inhabitants of the province of

though the right of sitting upon juries
has never extended to the Hindoo inha-
bitants of any other part of India, a long
and careful consideration of the manners

and feelings of the Hindoo inhabitants of
the province of Jaffna, convinced me that
there was nothing in their character which
could prevent the Trial by Jury from be-
coming amongst them what it is amongst
all the European inhabitants of Great Bri-
tain, the best mode of trial that ever was
invented by human wisdom—it is one
which is so congenial to the constitution of
all human beings, of whatever cast they
may be, that the establishment of it, in any
country, must inevitably improve the state
of civilization, and the moral feelings of the
people. I therefore recommended to his
Majesty's Government, to extend the right
of sitting upon juries to all the Hindoo, as
well as to all the other native inhabitants
of this island. It is now six years since
you have enjoyed that right; and it is from
my own experience of your conduct, that I
take upon myself to declare, that it is im-
possible for any class of people to execute
the duty of jurymen with more propriety
than you do; and it may, perhaps, be
flattering to your feelings to know, not
only that you are the first Hindoo inha-
bitants that have ever had the right of sitting
upon juries, but also that the admirable
manner in which you have discharged the
duties of jurymen, affords the strongest
proof that can be given how well the native
inhabitants of India deserve to be placed,
as to that right, upon the very same footing
as every European in the country.

"The interest which I have always felt
in studying the nature of those laws, cus-
toms, and religious principles which pre-
vail in the province of Jaffna, and the
facility which the intimate knowledge I
possess of your language, has fortunately
afforded me in obtaining information upon
the subject, have, as you may easily be-
lieve, considering the frequent circuits I
have gone through that province, made
me thoroughly acquainted with the state of
your country and the interests of its inha-
bitants; and I assure you that I shall
always consider it to be, not only a plea-
sure, but my duty, to forward, in every
way I can, the views and interests of so
deserving and so numerous a body of his
Majesty's subjects."

Much about the same time, another
address was presented to Sir Alexander
Johnston, by all the priests of other insti-
tutions, professing the religion of Buddho;
and in the following reply, the same spirit
of friendly conciliation, is everywhere ap-
parent.

"Gentlemen,

"I feel highly gratified by the respect
and esteem which you have shewn for

me, in coming, notwithstanding the very advanced period of your lives, from so great a distance as you have done, to take leave of me and my family, and to present to me, in your own name, and in that of all the priests of your order, and all the Buddhists within your jurisdiction, an address that cannot be otherwise than gratifying to my feelings.

“The number of the priests of Budhoo, and the influence which they exercise over the minds of their followers, from being the ministers of their religion and instructors of their youth, have, for many years, made their religion, their books, their laws, and their institutions, a subject of my serious inquiry. In arranging the Code of Laws which, in obedience to His Majesty’s commands, I have compiled for the use of the native inhabitants of Ceylon, it became my duty to compare such of the codes as are the most approved in Europe and Asia, with such of the usages and customs as are the best authenticated on this island; and to adopt such parts only of those codes as are clearly applicable to the state of the country, and as may, therefore, be expected to attain the ends of justice, without militating against the habits and prejudices of the people.

“In performing this duty, I have had frequent communications with you, and with the other learned men of your order, and it is with pleasure I take the present opportunity to return you and them my public thanks for the alacrity with which you have at all times afforded me the information required, and for the unlimited freedom with which you have permitted me to consult the books in your temples, to which I have had occasion to refer; the translations into English which you have enabled me to procure of the three most celebrated histories of your country and your religion, the Mahawanscie, Ragawalle, and the Rajaratnakarre, and the numerous extracts which you have made for me from all your other Sanscrit, Palee, and Cingalese books, together with the different works I have since obtained from the Bramins of Jaffna, and those of the southern peninsula of India, form a most valuable collection of materials for any person who may have the desire and the leisure to write a general history of your country, and to explain, at length, the origin and peculiarities of the several casts, customs, and usages which prevail amongst you, and which are so intimately connected with your prosperity and comfort, as to render an accurate knowledge of them not only desirable as a matter of literary curiosity, but absolutely

necessary as a matter of duty to every one who may be intrusted with the administration of justice among you, or with the superintendence of the government of your country.

“The rules which the intended code contains, are so short and so clear, that the inhabitants will have little or no difficulty, either in understanding or applying them. I have, as you know, spared neither pains nor expense for the last sixteen years of my life, in acquiring the most intimate knowledge of the wants and interests of every class of people in Ceylon; it was solely with a view of ascertaining, in a way more satisfactory than I otherwise could have done, the degree of caution and impartiality with which the natives of the island, if admitted to the right of sitting upon juries, would discharge the duties of jurymen, in cases in which their own countrymen are concerned, that I advised the colonial government, in 1806, to refer a certain description of cases for trial, to that committee of priests at Matura, of which you were the principal members. The very judicious manner in which that committee investigated those cases, and the soundness of the principles on which the members of it relied in framing their decisions, satisfied me not only as to the policy but as to the perfect safety of intrusting the natives of Ceylon with the right of sitting upon juries. After this experiment had been tried with success, but not before, I felt myself authorized to proceed to England, and to propose to his Majesty’s Government, the unlimited introduction of trial by jury into Ceylon, and the formation of a simple code of laws for the use of its inhabitants. The care and attention with which all the worshippers of Budhoo, as well as all the natives of other religious persuasions, have discharged the duties of jurymen, shew that they not only understand the nature of that mode of trial, but also that they are fully competent to enjoy the privileges which it gives them, with credit to themselves, and with advantage to their countrymen. The experience which you have had for seven years, of the practical effects of that establishment, and the information you have derived from the supreme court, as well as from the book upon trial by jury, which I have caused to be translated into Cingalese and Tamul, have naturally impressed you with the highest respect for that simple and much admired mode of trial. My observations, aided by that of some persons who are the best qualified to form an opinion upon the subject, have suggested to my mind several improvements in the present system of ad-

ring justice amongst the natives of ; should his Majesty's Government, I am in England, be pleased to send me to submit to them my opinion upon the subject, I shall be happy to put for their consideration, such alterations as I am aware, from my communications with you, are desired by the inhabitants, and will be highly beneficial to the good of the island.

The ultimate effect which any system is calculated to produce in a country, depends, in a great degree, upon the constitution of society, and upon the systems of laws and morals which prevail in that country. As it has always been my wish to see the same effect produced in this country as is produced invariably in England independent and well-administered of justice, it has been my endeavour always to approximate, as much as circumstances would permit, the state of laws and the systems of religion and morals which prevail in Ceylon, to those which prevail in England: with a view to the improvement of society in Ceylon, I have, since I left no means untried to encourage proprietors of domestic slaves, to adopt the same resolution as they at my suggestion have unanimously adopted in July 1816; and it is an object of sincere congratulation to all friends of humanity in Ceylon, whether they profess the faith of Budhoo, or that of Jesus Christ or Brahma, that the unanimity which that resolution was passed, was calculated to leave no doubt of its being the sense of the people on this island, that the system of domestic slavery is equally injurious to the morals of the slave, as it is to the master and his children. With a view to the different systems of laws and morals in Ceylon, I, twelve months ago, after much consultation upon the subject with some of the most enlightened of the Budhists, caused the summary evidences of Christianity which was set up by one of the ablest of our prelates, the late Bishop of London, to be translated into Cingalese, in order that you might have a fair opportunity of examining the evidence upon which we rest our belief in Christianity, with that which you form your belief in Budhism from the conversations which many of us have frequently had with me upon these points, as well as upon the beneficial effects which may finally be expected from the moral extension of Christianity, both in the present and the rising generation of the people, have afforded me an ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with the moral sentiments which you entertain,

when properly treated, upon all questions of religion; and I reflect with satisfaction on the ready assistance which I received from many of the most rigid of the worshippers of Budhoo in the translation to which I have alluded. The zeal with which the two priests of Dodanduwa have insisted upon accompanying me to England, under circumstances which to most men would have been discouraging, is at once a mark of the confidence which your body repose in me, and of the spirit of inquiry and of the desire of information which has arisen amongst them. These young men will, no doubt, from the knowledge which they possess of your literature and religion, and the variety of their other acquirements, be of considerable use to me in translating into Cingalese the code which I am about to submit to His Majesty's Government in England, and will have the best opportunity, that could have occurred to them, of becoming acquainted with the real effect which the principles of our religion unquestionably have had in enlightening the understanding, and improving the morals of the inhabitants of that most celebrated country.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"ALEX. JOHNSTON."

It is scarcely possible for any one to peruse these official documents, without being convinced that the prejudices of the natives are not invincible, and that the obstacles to the diffusion of Christianity are by no means insurmountable. By a judicious management, they have been given to understand, that the laws introduced for their government, and the liberality displayed in every department, are intimately connected with the principles of the christian religion; and hence they are taught, without coercion, to estimate its worth by the effects it has already produced. If such methods were adopted by all the exalted officers of the British government throughout continental India, and such fostering care were extended to the missionaries, as the bright example of Sir Alexander Johnston exhibits, they would speedily have less reason than at present to complain, that "all day long they have stretched forth their hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people."

REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

DEATH is an object at all times painful to contemplate, even when it approaches a fellow-being to whom we are unallied by the ties of blood, and unconnected even by the slighter obligations of life. The very associations that are inseparable from its

idea ; the solemn appendages of the funeral procession ; the suppressed, but yet almost vocal grief of the attendant mourners ; the cold and dismal appearance of the receptacle prepared for the body, surrounded on all sides by innumerable green hillocks, the sole vestiges of the departed of other times ; the audible and sonorous voice of the minister, performing the last rites of religion ; together with the falling soil promiscuously thrown in, producing a startling sound, as it suddenly rebounds on the coffin-lid, are gloomy and appalling to the mind ; from which it gladly makes its escape to gay occupations, and livelier realities. But how much more so, how inexpressibly heightened, how immeasurably aggravated, are these melancholy sensations, when the object of our solicitude is endeared by the closer bonds of love and affection, that have insensibly entwined themselves around the tenderest fibres of the heart, and are absolutely necessary to give a zest to the enjoyment of life. Then it is we feel a vacuity which sublunary comforts cannot replace, the complete desolateness of an existence, deprived of that solace which was wont to animate our hopes, and infuse fresh vigour into our souls, as we came into contact with the being on whom we delighted to gaze ; then indeed it is, to use the language of scripture, that "the heart knoweth its own bitterness."

It has been often remarked, but perhaps not so often remembered, that we know not the intrinsic value of what we possess, till we are deprived of its aid, for then only can we clearly ascertain its adaptation to our exact circumstances and present condition. When the conviction strikes the mind with its full force and dreary certainty, that we are perpetually secluded from the pleasure of their society, the advantages of unembarrassed intercourse, and their accumulated stores of experimental wisdom ; then it is, that we learn more properly how to estimate the loss we have sustained, to appreciate the solid and genuine ore of their intellectual or moral qualities, which enwrapped them as in an appropriate robe, chaste with purity, and resplendent with light, that raised them at once to an eminence of dignity and of grandeur ; and are conscious of the little benefit we have derived, to what we might have secured, from the precepts they delivered, the maxims they uttered, and the virtuous example they presented.

The weakness of human nature, at such a crisis, appears in its true colours, exhibiting the poverty of its resources, and the

perfect nudity of its social condition, being divested of its wonted support, the tender sympathy, the consoling influence of affectionate advice, and the radiant smile which true and unfeigned attachment, to one whom we have loved with all the enthusiasm sincere passion diffuses ; when that which mitigated our pangs, solaced our cares, and calmed our perturbations, is sunk like some refulgent star below the horizon of time, to rise in the vista of eternity. The recollection that those whom we loved with the tenderest and most ardent affection, who were once the companions of our walks, the friends of our bosom, and the centre of our daily delights, are snatched away from our fond embrace, are separated by an awful boundary from the region where we dwell, and have passed "that bourne from whence no traveller ever yet returned," is calculated almost to overwhelm us with unutterable mental anguish. When we have formed a connexion with a pleasing object, in whom our affections are concentrated, during the ingenuous season of youth, they are invested with a tenderness and warmth, which flames kindled at a later period of life never equal in intensity and force ; and when divided, the wound produces the most painful feeling, the most pungent sorrow, and is the severest infliction to which the heart can be exposed while in this sublunary state.

To take a retrospect of past days, that were once spent in happiness, and the hilarity of social converse, and to feel a silent presentiment in the breast, that they are gone, irretrievably gone, that none like them will ever return, so vivid and so exquisite, is productive of a species of melancholy, it must be allowed sombre in its hue, but salutary in its effect. We feel convinced, that they are the true types of all pleasure that is earthly in its origin, which invariably resembles the meteor's flash, that irradiates surrounding objects for a little while, and then retires, leaving a gloom more profound, and a darkness more intense.

Man, while here below, is exposed to innumerable evils ; varied are his sorrows, and diversified his trials ; and all these ills in view of an event so solemn as death, are strengthened by the pangs of remorse, arising from reflections that we have not fulfilled our utmost duty to the dear friends, who are suddenly removed from the present and inferior stage of being, to a future and a higher state of existence. There is a consolation to be derived in the thought, that we have attended them on their death-

with all that assiduity of kindness affection could dictate, sympathy, or love suggest. There is a meagre, yet assuasively tender satisfaction, derived from knowing that we offered alleviation in our power, and that we stood by their side with eyes bedimmed with tears, and a countenance pallid with midnight watchings, and that we were present in the last and greatest exigency of the human condition.

Far different are their feelings on the part, to whom it has come unexpected and who were unavoidably absent at so important, at a crisis so momentous; their regrets at such an event, under such circumstances, will be deep, though they may be profitless, and their sorrow will be severe, though it is useless. In performing the last offices of human sympathy to a valued friend, even the most trivial are calculated to leave an indelible impression on the memory for who does not remember having been employed in wiping away with cautious cold dew-drops of expiring nature, smoothing the bed of affliction, in discharging the medicine, or offering the command having been anxious to prevent any sudden noise that might disturb their slumber, or molest their slumbers; until the feeble life feebly glimmered in its socket, and the vital spark had vacated its earthly tenement, and escaped from the thralldom of flesh.

The death of a friend, besides forming a useful epoch in the private history of the individual, is intended to answer many purposes; to shew us the instability of human enjoyments, to arrest previous folly in its career, to restrain our course of immoderate ambition in its progress, and for the great end of warning the habitually prepared for that awful day which awaits us, (we know not when,) where we must act the same part as the wished part, and other spectators around our couch, to watch the dying lip, to witness the last struggle, and hear the final groan.

What at such afflictive dispensations of providence, the weakness of our nature compels us to feel, when the sluices of the heart are opened; and a moderate flood of anguish, the great Author of our existence does not condemn. For he who has our infirmities, and who wept at the death of Lazarus, surely would not in his children, at such seasons, from want to their grief, and prevent them from weeping, as some have done, the luxury of anxious tears. But the difficulty con-

sists in keeping it within proper bounds, and in refraining from an undue excess, so as not to interfere with the duties of our station, or intercept the enjoyment of health. Then it should be regarded, not with a pusillanimous dejection, or a superstitious awe, but with a humble resignation, a pious reverence, and a serious recollection, that—

“Smitten friends

Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die:
And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent soft address,
Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer?”

Young.

O death! how rich are thy spoils, how numerous are thy conquests, and how wide is thy domain! no age, nor sex, nor rank, is secure from thy inroads. Thou deprivest us of the most essential supports that once imparted strength, to enable us with fortitude to bear the burden of existence, within a few revolving cycles, and it is thou that quenchest the last light which formerly guided our prospects, and brightened our path. But still we discern, in thy dark territories, one gleam of consolation shot athwart the gloom of being; it is “the day-star of hope,” which directs the bereaved to the sanctuary of religion, and penetrates even the dark valley where thy shadows obscure the meridian sun. It is true, thou art the conclusion of the first drama of human life, but thou art also the gate which opens into the trackless and boundless regions of eternity. It is in this view that thy approach has often been attended with forms of terror to serious and reflecting minds in every age, who consider themselves as accountable beings, and that, after thy awful mandate has passed, their final account is to be given.

But to those who have died in the faith of Christ, trusting in his mediation, and all-prevailing intercession, in him, who has secured for them an inheritance, even a celestial mansion, thy aspect, O death! retains no longer the tyrant’s frown, but thou art changed into the benign messenger, who comest on an errand of grace and clemency, of love and mercy. They are enabled to triumph over thee, by the bright and cheering prospect of eternal felicity; by that delightful thought, and blissful certainty which good men have, of a re-union of kindred spirits and congenial natures in the heavenly fruition; when they have emerged from the ruins of the tomb, and the deeper ruins of the fall, not only uninjured, but refined and perfected; with every tear wiped from their eyes;” through Him who conquered the fierce adversary

of man, and hath now suspended from his girdle the great emblems of authority, "the keys of hell and of death." Hence, through the right which their exalted Redeemer purchased by his own sacred blood, they will ultimately vanquish thee, and finally succeed in resisting thy ineffectual attacks. To such thou hast no terrors, thy sting is extracted, thy dreaded waters are unruffled, and they may with strict propriety exclaim, in the language of the enraptured apostle, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Leicester, Feb. 21, 1832.

THOS. ROYCE.

CREATION—NO. III.

Second Series.

(Continued from p. 128.)

HAVING noted, in the two preceding essays, the first part, in the order of creation, during the third day, we proceed to the second.

"And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so. And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the third day," Gen. i. 11—13. Or, as it may be rendered, Elohim pronounced, Let the earth germinate in tender grass, the herb yielding seed, and the tree of fruit yielding fruit according to their varieties, containing seed within themselves, upon the earth. And it was established. The earth germinated in tender grass, the herb yielding seed, and the tree yielding fruit according to their varieties, containing seed within themselves. And Elohim surveyed the whole; and, behold, it was beautifully perfect. The evening was, and the morning was, the third day.

In the first part of this day's labour, we were introduced to moist and dry — seas and land. A review of the stratification and consequent drainage of this sphere, so as to clear the surface of the earth from the overflowing of its waters, and the several substances of it, with the order in which they are placed in the crust of the earth, resulted from the consideration of this part. The second part is now before us; and it contains a narrative of the formation of vegetable earth or prolific mould, the parent of vegetation; and of vegetation itself, upon the most extensive scale; with

a classification of the vegetables formed, and the mode of their propagation. To each of these we must now attend.

We proceed to the consideration of "vegetable earth, or prolific mould, the parent of vegetation," in the first instance; for without the formation of this mould, vegetables could not flourish upon the earth. "Elohim pronounced, Let the earth germinate. And it was established."

The stratification of the crust of this sphere brings out to the surface, in succession, all the varieties of creation. The inclined planes of strata, each of which consists of dissimilar substances, appear upon the surface at their elevated ends, or escarpments, and also at their adjoining planes. These portions of each strata present, in succession, the contents of the strata themselves, for the use of man, and the nourishment of vegetation. And as the line of surface which each of these occupies upon its appearance is short, therefore, in passing over a few miles of any given district, we pass over several of these strata, and frequently even in one mile. Thus we pass on and pass over every substance of this sphere.

The incessant action of the atmosphere during wet and dry, cold and hot, frost and sunshine, dissevers certain portions of these strata from their exposed ends and elevated planes, and, impregnating them with the active vapours and gases of the atmosphere, dissolves them into minute particles, and thus forms them into a mould calculated to receive the seed, and, by giving out its substance, vegetate it to maturity, even to this day; because, as vegetation wastes this mould perpetually, by appropriating to plants its very substance, there exists a continual necessity for a repletion in vegetable mould during every age of time. Hence, amidst all agricultural processes, unceasing attention must be paid to pulverization and manure. But if these created agents of Elohim can and do reproduce and renovate vegetable earth or prolific mould, and impregnate it with active gases and vapours from age to age, we can conceive it to be quite a work of course with the Omnipotent, by His created agents, at once to cover the ends and planes of these strata, in the first instance, with gaseous products of their own debris, on the announcement of His will. This He performed; and, as vegetables are different in their natures, and require different food, these strata would and did provide vegetable mould or food genial to every variety which He created. Thus was the foundation of vegetable food laid before the

les themselves were called into ex-
tation itself now claims our attention.
k, what is the principle or moving
of vegetation? We can only answer,
is one of the invisible agents created
him, through which He governs,
the ages of time, certain portions of
matter, and induces certain motions,
produce certain forms from com-
ns of atoms, similar each to each in
ion. The forms of vegetables by
ncy, in every age, are preserved so
ly, that the product of the seed
as it distinctly to be the legitimate
or of the parent stock. Elohim
need, Let the earth germinate! It
y germinated; and, in perpetuity,
germinated to this hour, hale and
, it gives out note of germination
a long futurity. The principle, or
cause of vegetation, has been by
phers denominated the vegetative
But as the great Creator, by omni-
power, raised each vegetable perfect
third day, the processes of vegetation
considered under the head of seeds.
classification of vegetables must now
sidered. First, we have tender
secondly, grass; thirdly, fruit-trees;
, forest-trees; and, fifthly, seeds.
vident, that by vegetables is here

vegetable world—each plant and tree,
n the fair cedar on the craggy brow
reeping moss.”

behold these vegetables, the handy-
of Him whose omnificent Word
into being worlds, and, while yet
clothed them with the fairest forms
mind could fancy, or the eye of man
to dwell upon; and, lo, on scanning
odies duly organized, with vessels
rise around us, live their hour, and
t, midst their death, uprise and live
blooming their fragrance to the
breeze, and hue to hue, in verdant
urs rearing; endless in variety of
l form, we

See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again.”

ler grass is the first vegetable, ac-
to the classification of the inspired
; and to this we must attend in the
stance. Grass is literally a tender
le; its vessels and its shoots are of
exture, being highly succulent. These
stances richly qualify it for its
l uses: for, in ver. 30 of this
, Elohim bestowed these vegetables
e animals for food. Being tender,
th of grazing animals bite off the

shoots of grass with ease; with equal ease
masticate them, and thus with delight fill
their maws with nutritive matter, easy of
digestion, and genial to the animal frame.
The abundance of grass upon rich and well-
watered soils is proverbial; for, although
minute as a single plant, it spreads over the
surface of a meadow so completely, that no
portion of the soil beneath it can be dis-
cerned. The varieties of grass are numerous;
and the rich verdures of the meads below,
form a beautiful parallel with the grand
azure of the towering firmament on high.
The varieties of the grasses correspond with
the varieties of the soil on which they
prosper; hence, on one soil are fed the
fattest sheep and beeves; on another, the
choicest venison; here is produced the
finest butter, and there the richest cheese;
while every other grade in animation finds
a place where the grasses are most genial to
its frame; and, delighting in the bounty of
Divine Providence, it feeds and gambols,
fraught with joy. Even amidst the arid
sands and the barren rocks, we behold, ever
and anon, the germinating grass, and hail its
presence in these solitudes with rapture.

We must next consider the herbs. It is
difficult to draw the line between what is
here intended by the grasses and the herbs;
wheat, rye, barley, oats, &c., rank with the
grasses, having, like them, simple leaves
and other conformities thereto, while even
clover and other similar plants, although
often called by the name of grasses, belong
properly to another class, according to
Linnæus and others. But Linnæus is out
of the question in this classification; and it
is probable that herbaceous plants of every
description were here intended, from the
mint and cummin to the browsed shrub
varieties, too numerous for the narrow
limits of these essays to dwell upon in
detail. They were given to animals for
food; and while the sheep and beeves
eagerly crop the grasses, the goats and
deer, as well as other animals, with equal
zest browse the succulent leaves of shrubs
and plants more hardy than the tender
grass.

Fruit-trees now claim our attention. Nu-
merous, indeed, are the varieties of fruit-
bearing plants, which the great Creator
called into existence on this day of creation.
From the small bilberry shrub to the tower-
ing pear-tree, and from the creeping straw-
berry to the vine and fig-tree, exuberant
clusters of rich and luscious fruits invite
the palates of men and animals, luxuriantly
regaling the eye as they bloom, as they
bear, as they ripen amidst the solar rays, and
as they are ranged in stores for the coming

seasons of frost and barrenness. We behold these on every hand, we class them under distinguishing heads, and we cannot but admire the wisdom which called them forth, and the power which, having sustained their vegetation through the ages of all-corroding time, gives them to us the boon of Providence, fresh as on the day of creation, every season. "All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Jehovah; and Thy saints shall bless Thee. They shall speak of the glory of Thy kingdom, and talk of Thy power; to make known to the sons of men His mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of His kingdom. Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion throughout all ages."

We have at length arrived at forest trees; and these, with every propriety, may be deemed the vast of vegetation. To behold a forest stored with trees, towering in close continuity, fraught with foliaged grandeur, like the crowning domes of massive temples, stretching league to league, from vales beneath, up to the mountain-top, one mass of life, vigorous, and blooming in tints of verdant hue; who can refrain from wondering awe, at this sublime? Yea, who can fail to praise Him who these ordained? To classify and enumerate the grasses, herbs, and trees, on this day formed, would be to multiply and fill our papers with titles and names of art, well for the scientific ear, but, for the multitude, dry in the extreme; from this, therefore, we must refrain, and pass on to seeds.

At every step in the progression of creation we approach something new; and, to this moment, nothing has appeared of deeper interest than the reproduction of a vegetable from its own seed; which seed, in comparison with the vegetable it reproduces, is so minute, that it becomes matter of wonder, how the rudiments of its future product can, by any possibility, be crowded into so small a compass without total destruction to vegetable life. But so He ordained who created and formed the universe and all things contained therein; and to this day, as at the beginning, amidst our wonder, it stands fast. The structure of plants is admirably calculated for every purpose intended by the great Creator in calling them into existence. We behold roots, furnished with fibres, to penetrate, and receive, and secrete the aqueous products of the soil on the earth's surface; we view stems, knotted glands and branches, fitted to receive these secretions, concoct and convey them forward to the interior and extremities of the plant, in order at once to increase its volume and replenish the

waste of its substance; while leaves, waving to every breeze, aloft, around, spread out their fibrous organs to the atmosphere, courting its gases and vapours, and ever in motion, like gills or lungs, circulate these throughout the branches and the trunk, and concocting them with and in aid of the secretions from beneath. Around the stem we behold the bark, outward, to shield the plant, strong and ligneous; and inward, moist and succulent, to retain the sap, and prevent it from exuding into waste; within this appear the sap-vessels, conveying up those concoctions, while air-vessels (in small plants, mere capillary tubes) lend their aid; and the whole process of vegetation, unimpeded, vegetates the plant into the fulness of its growth.

A seed is a plant folded up. We perceive this with the naked eye, on examining the kernel of a walnut; and, by the help of a microscope, we discern this in smaller seeds. The vegetation of a plant, therefore, from a seed, is the enlargement of all its parts, in a manner similar to that already dwelt upon. Amidst the changing seasons of this sphere, the efforts of vegetation are incessantly directed to the attainment of this one object—the production of the seed; and no sooner is this effected, than the same efforts, running a similar round, are directed to the production of seed again. This is the case in mature plants from year to year; and, but for the torpor of winter, would, without cessation, be the case throughout vegetation continually; but when the bud is projected from the plant, the chilling winter arrests its progress, and the projected bud serves for winter-quarters to the foliaged beauty of the ensuing summer, ready to burst forth amidst the genial warmth of spring, instead of its coming forth at the moment. In annual plants, the efforts of vegetation, from the moment the seed is sown, are directed to reproduce seed; and the moment the seed is ripe, the effort ceases, and these plants decay, and ultimately die. The bud, the blossom, the flower, the fruit, and all the splendid paraphernalia of vegetable grandeur, are about the seed, as if to adorn its bed, and minister to its birth, crowning it the heir and lord of vegetation.

The vital principle in vegetation maintains therein a temperature higher than the atmosphere which surrounds it in winter, and lower in summer. This has been proved by repeated experiments. This equilibrium of temperature is ministered unto by the peculiar fermentation of the vegetable mould in which the roots are planted, by the gases and vapours of the

ere, and the rays of the sun ; for elight in light, and their health is l by absence therefrom. The rich predominate in vegetables are oxygen, and hydrogen ; and from it specific gravity of carbon in with oxygen, compared with other f the atmosphere, these gases are and in abundance within and upon h's surface, and there they come cessant contact with vegetation. he temperature of a vegetable is or raised beyond a certain point, takes place, and a continuance of circumstance produces death. This y true of seeds as of plants. That stable temperature exists in seeds, the effect of latent heat, is evinced circumstance of their becoming by contact with each other, more an other substances ; for, if wheat, r other grain or seed, laid in heaps, frequently thrown about, heat and tion take place, and the whole comes putrid.

mmense number of acorns, or seeds d by a single oak, during its vege- istence, is beyond calculation ; and of other plants and trees. And t millions of these seeds to perish, vegetating at all, the whole sur- the earth would, in a few suc- , be unequal to the task of sustaining out, in their decay and death, they , like other manures, to the living

ables are not only produced by ut frequently reproduced by off- from their roots, by cuttings or by om their substances ; and it is ing to behold how vigorously they w, and by shoots from stools, on is being detached therefrom. Yet e the prolific medium which pre- es, to a degree beyond all com- with all the rest. How astonishing minute a substance as a seed vegetate into a large tree, producing of similar seeds ; and that each s should produce its millions in on, from age to age ; and that, on e of six thousand years, the vitality tation, unimpaired, should produce, roduce, from seed to seed, with the rergy which actuated it during the s of the world ! But Elohim pro- l, " Let the earth germinate " on l day of creation ; and, on smelling savour, or a savour of rest, after the stration of this sphere, he again pro- l, " While the earth remaineth, seed- d harvest, and cold and heat, and

summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease ; " and the Word of Jehovah remains sure ; and thus seed succeeds to seed in perpetuity, and will, even unto the end of time.

Of this day of creation it is added, Elohim surveyed the whole, and, behold, it was beautifully perfect. The evening was, and the morning was, the third day.

King Square, November 26, 1831.

WM. COLDWELL.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES IN HUMAN FOOD.

[From a Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption, &c.
By John Murray, F. S. A., &c.]

OUR real wants are few, but luxury has made them innumerable, and almost every thing that moves on earth, in the sea, or air, has been put in requisition, and devoured by that omnivorous animal, MAN ; and though animal and vegetable life chiefly contributes to his support, we are informed by Humboldt that he discovered a tribe in South America, the Ottomaques, who subsisted partially on a species of magnesian and aluminous earth ; and we find, according to Spix and Martius, that the natives of the river St. Francisco also eat earth : the soil there contains nitre ; and boys and girls may be seen to eat the whitewash of the walls, and sometimes wood, cloth, and charcoal.

In South America, indeed, according to the same authorities, nothing in the shape of life comes wrong to them, for they eat serpents, lizards, and ounces ; and Humboldt has seen children drag enormous centipedes out of their holes, and cranch them up. The negro children are as fond of a bit of rock-salt as those of England are of sugar-candy. The mere *catalogue raisonné* of substances used as articles of food or luxuries would occupy a volume.

Cannibals, or anthropophagi, devour human flesh. At Esmeraldi their delicate morceau is a roasted monkey. Puppies, on the Missouri and Mississippi, are choice food. Horse flesh in Arabia ; elephant's flesh in India ; camel's flesh in Egypt. The pariahs of Hindostan, attracted by the smell of putrid carrion, rush in crowds to dispute the mass of corruption with the dogs, vultures, and kites. The wild Bushmen generally devour their food raw. The natives of the Kurulean islands are very partial to bear's liver. The Chinese are not scrupulous in their choice ; cats, dogs, rats, serpents, all are pressed into their *cuisine*.

Mr. Dobell, in his Travels in Siberia and China, says, " the Chinese eat frogs, cats, dogs, and rats : they are washed and pre-

pared, as if they were the most delicate food; and their rice is always washed a dozen times, before it is boiled." The Kamtschadales use the fat of seals for oil and butter, and are often compelled to live on fish-oil, but they form it into a paste with saw-dust, or rasped fibres of indigenous plants. When the Indians of Asia or America take long journeys, and are likely to be destitute of provisions, they mix the juice of tobacco with powdered shells in the form of small balls; and this dissolving in the mouth allays the sensation of hunger. The negroes in the interior of Africa often subsist entirely on gum arabic; and we are informed by Hasselquist, that a caravan of Abyssinians, on their journey to Cairo, subsisted for two months on gum arabic. The crew of a vessel, also, destitute of provisions, were supported on gum senegal, of which article the cargo consisted.

The Calmucks subsist on *raw* flesh, and they are *ugly*: this is rather alarming to those who follow their example, and eat their meat *rare*, as it is termed, or half cooked, a few degrees removed from *brind*. An Esquimeaux dines on a whale or a walrus: and occasionally their dinner consists of an *old sack*, made of fish skins. We were told that, some years ago, when gas was unknown as a source of illumination, Russian sailors, at Leith, made no scruple to dip their sop, or morsel, into the train oil of the lamps. The Solan goose or gannet is sometimes cooked in Scotland, notwithstanding its effluvium is so overpowering that the process cannot be risked in an ordinary kitchen, but must be conducted either in an outhouse, or in the open air. Veal must be *blanched*.

The following is rather an odd bill of fare: one of the outposts of the French army, engaged in the taking of Algiers, killed two snakes and a lion, which were duly sent to the floating *Restaurant*, on the following day. The *Carte du Jour* presents the following items, in consequence of this supply: "filet de lion, sauté dans sa glace, matelotte de serpens, boa a la tartare, fraise de lion a la poulette, pieds de lion farcis, lion fraisé aux petits pois, &c." "We defy any one," says the author of *Transalpine Memoirs*, "to ascertain the real state of the Italian or French composées of the cuisine. At an inn, on the route from Sienna to Acquapendente, a *turkey*, whose neck was wrung towards evening, was served up, disguised as *bouilli*, boiled beef, as a stew of turkey, and as a quarter of roast lamb." Verry, of the Palais Royal, a celebrated Restaurateur, sports, if we remember right, upwards of

300 dishes on his *Carte du Jour*; a carte of this kind, containing 150 dishes, being put into the hands of a Londoner, he immediately returned it, saying, it must be a mistake, it was a *bill of lading*.

The natives of Tonquin, according to Dampier, give their friends arrack, in which snakes and scorpions have been infused. The Lotophagi lived on the lotus, while the Ophisophagi, and the Troglodites lived on serpents. The Kalmuc Tartars also feed on snakes, &c.; and the Syrians eat crocodiles. In the annals of Tacitus, we read of a man at Colonia Agrippina, whose favourite dish, like that of De la Lande, was spiders. Bear's paws, birds' nests, and sea-slug, are dainty bits; raw is esteemed superior to roast mutton, by the natives of Thibet. The inhabitants of Cochin-China prefer rotten eggs to fresh, so much so, that putrid eggs are rated thirty per cent. higher than fresh ones. Dampier tells us, that "the Indians of the Bashee Islands eat the bodies of locusts," and he, too, relished this species of food. The Tonquizeze also feed on locusts, which are either fresh or pickled; sometimes broiled on coals. The inhabitants of Madagascar not only eat them, but prefer them to the finest fish. Rein-deer, and a kind of meal formed of pounded fish, are used in Lapland and Iceland; brind, still quivering with life, in Abyssinia; in Australia a good fat grub would be preferred to every thing else; and in the West Indies a large caterpillar, found on the palm, is esteemed a luxury; while the edible nest of the Java swallow (*hirundo edulis*) is so rich a dainty, that the auxiliary ingredients of the dish will cost about 15*l*. In the Levant, the locust (*gryllus cristata*) is sold in the market as a chief article of diet.

In all these things the continent of Europe is not a whit behind the rest of the world, and displays feats which may well excite our "special wonder." Passing over such dainties as *sawer craut*, *olla podrida*, *caviar*, &c., France dresses up frogs and snails, con amore. *Frogeries*, and even *Viperics*, are necessary adjuncts to the mansions of the noblesse. The quantities of frogs we have seen in some of the markets on the continent have excited in us the utmost surprise: in the market of Auxerre we had the curiosity to inquire the price of snails (*helix promatia*), and found them rated at three francs (2*s*. 6*d*.) per 100; not long ago, indeed, seven snails were charged a franc at an inn in Germany. In Italy we have been served up the *pholas*, *echinus*, *sepia*, &c., while "mine host" at Terracina asks his guest whether he prefers the eel of

the hedge or that of the river. The astronomer de la Lande was remarkably fond of spiders, and would chuckle them up *sans cérémonie* whenever they came in his way; and a young lady, too, had a particular predilection in that way.

We conceive, however, that Great Britain in these excellencies far transcends her continental neighbours: not to mention the 'braxy' of Scotland, which is putrid mutton, the sheep having died of the rot, it is notorious that game and venison are seldom relished till it is "high," or, in honest and faithful language, till it is a mass of putrefaction, and disengaging in abundance one of the most septic poisons the chemist knows of; in numerous cases it is a mass of life and motion, the offspring of putridity. Mr. Hunter, however, says that "boiled and roasted, and even *putrid* meat, is easier of digestion than raw;" so that these would-be epicures, who take their food after the manner of Abyssinians, do violence to this precept, while they who take *putrid* (in common parlance *high*) game, as *intenerated* (as it is called) meat, *i. e.* on the verge of putrefaction, are but a step removed. It is truly astonishing what the respiratory organs of some individuals can withstand. We remember having been once at an inn in Derbyshire, in what is commonly termed the "commercial room," when a dinner was brought in for a "traveller" about four hours later than we should select for that meal; *game* was one of the dishes, and so horrid was its putrescence, that, had we not thrown up the window and made our escape, we should certainly have fallen a victim—at least temporarily; but the experiments of Dupuytren, Chausier, and Thenard, are quite conclusive.

Though we know not that the monstrous-sized liver of the goose, an effect of disease, has yet found its way into the English *cuisine*; all the rack and the ingenuity of cruelty and torture have been exhausted, to supply the cravings of a depraved and degraded appetite, and one which human nature might well be ashamed of: the bull may be no longer "baited" for this purpose, but pigs are still whipped to death; lobsters are boiled alive; cod are crimped; and eels are skinned, writhing in agony; not to mention geese, which are duly nailed to the floor by their webbed feet, that they may repose and fatten; turkeys are crammed, and finally bled to death under the tongue; hares are hunted, and die in fevered inflammation, or, it may be, duly inoculated with the poison of hydrophobia, from dogs excited to madness by the chase. Now all these practised cruelties,

though they may blanch the cod-fish, or tinge the lobster with ruby, excite inflammatory action in the animal suffering them, and inflamed surfaces evolve morbid or poisonous matter.

PRETENDED MIRACLE AT CALAIS.

(Strype's Life of Cranmer, Vol: i. p. 125. A.D, 1536.)

THE following curious circumstance is recorded of Sir John Butler, who was the King's Commissary in Calais, A.D. 1536.

This man was apprehended, and bound by sureties not to pass the gates of the town, upon the accusation of two soldiers, that he should say, in contempt of the corporal presence, that "if the sacrament of the altar be flesh, blood, and bone, then there is good aqua vitæ at John Spice's:" where probably it was very bad. This Butler, and one Smith, were soon after brought by pursuivants into England; and there brought before the privy council in the star-chamber, for sedition and heresy, (which were charges ordinarily laid against the professors of the gospel in those times,) and thence sent to the Fleet; and brought soon after to Bath Place: there sitting, Clark, bishop of Bath, Sampson, bishop of Chichester, and Reps, bishop of Norwich, the king's commissioners.

And no wonder he met with these troubles; for he had raised up the hatred of the friars of Calais against him, by being a discoverer and destroyer of one of their gross religious cheats. There had been great talk of a miracle in St. Nicholas' church, for the conviction of men; that the wafer, after consecration, was indeed turned into the body, flesh, and bones of Christ. For in a tomb in that church, representing the sepulchre, there were lying upon a marble stone three hosts sprinkled with blood, and a bone representing some miracle. This miracle was in writing, with a pope's bull of pardon annexed to those, I suppose, who should visit that church. There was also a picture of the resurrection, bearing some relation to this miracle.

This picture and story, Damplin, (a good and pious preacher there,) freely spoke against in one of his sermons, saying, that "it was but an illusion of the French before Calais was English." Upon this sermon, (the king also having ordered the taking away all superstitious shrines,) there came a commission to the lord deputy of Calais, to this, Sir John Butler, the archbishop's commissary, and one or two more, that they should search whether this were true, and, if they found it not so, that immediately the shrine should be plucked

down : and so it was. For, breaking up a stone in the corner of the tomb, instead of the three hosts, the blood and the bone, they found, soldered in the cross of the marble lying under the sepulchre, three plain white counters, which they had painted like unto hosts, and a bone that is in the tip of a sheep's tail. This Damplin shewed the next day, being Sunday, unto the people ; and after that, they were sent to the king by the lord deputy. But this so angered the friars and their creatures, that it cost Damplin his life, and commissary Butler much trouble, and the loss of his office.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF CRANMER'S BIBLE.

(Strype's Life of Cranmer, Vol. i. p. 91. A. D. 1538.)

THIS translation of the Bible being published in 1538, was received with great joy by the people. All classes read it, or had it read to them. One William Maldon, happening to be in the company of John Fox, in the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and Fox being very inquisitive after those that suffered for religion in the former reign, asked him, if he knew any that were persecuted for the gospel of Jesus Christ, that he might add it to his book of martyrs ; he told him, he knew one that was whipped by his own father, in king Henry's reign for it. And when Fox was very inquisitive who he was, and what was his name, he confessed it was himself : and upon his desire he wrote out all the circumstances ; namely, that when the king had allowed the Bible to be set forth to be read in all churches, immediately several poor men in the town of Chelmsford, in Essex, where his father lived, and he was born, bought a New Testament, and on the Sundays sat reading of it in the lower end of the church : many would flock about them to hear their reading ; and he among the rest, being then but fifteen years old, came every Sunday to hear the glad and sweet tidings of the gospel. But his father observing it once, angrily fetched him away, and would have him to say the Latin matins with him, which grieved him much. And as he returned at other times to hear the Scripture read, his father still would fetch him away. This put him upon the thoughts of learning to read English, so that he might read the New Testament himself, which, when he had by diligence effected, he and his father's apprentice bought a New Testament, joining their stocks together ; and to conceal it, laid it under the bed-straw, and read it at convenient times.

One night, his father being asleep, he and his mother chanced to discourse concerning the crucifix, and, kneeling down to it, and knocking on the breast, then used, and holding up the hands to it, when it came by in procession : this he told his mother was plain idolatry, and against the commandment of God, where he saith, "Thou shalt not make any graven image, nor bow down to it, nor worship it." His mother, enraged at him for this, said, "Wilt thou not worship the cross, which was about thee when thou wert christened, and must be laid on thee when thou art dead ?" In this heat the mother and son departed, and went to their beds. The sum of this evening's conference she presently repeated to her husband, who, having heard with astonishment, and boiling in fury against his son, for denying worship to be due to the cross, arose up forthwith, and going into his son's chamber, like a mad zealot, taking him by the hair of his head with both his hands, pulled him out of the bed, and whipped him unmercifully. And when the young man bore this beating, as he related, with a kind of joy, considering it was for Christ's sake, and shed not a tear ; his father seeing that, was more enraged, and ran down and fetched an halter, and put it about his neck, saying he would hang him. At length, with much entreaty and bother, he was left almost dead.—*I extract this from the account in Fox's MSS.*

MIRACULOUS CRUCIFIX, TEMP. ELIZABETH, A. D. 1559.

(Strype's Life of Archbishop Parker, vol. i. p. 90.)

AT the coming of the earl of Sussex into Ireland, who was lately sent over by the queen as her lieutenant there, the litany was sung in English at Christ's church, in Dublin. This gave great offence to some of the popish zealots, reckoning aright, that the use of the mass was in danger of being laid aside in that cathedral. Something, therefore, was to be done, now or never, to keep up the reputation of the old superstition ; and a miracle was to be shewn in the said church the next Sunday, when the lord-lieutenant, the archbishop, and the rest of the privy council were there at service.

There was in that cathedral an image of Christ in marble, standing with a reed in his hand, and the crown of thorns on his head. And while service was saying before this great assembly, blood was seen to run through the crevices of the crown of thorns, trickling down the face of the crucifix : the people did not perceive it at the first ;

therefore, some who were in the fraud, cried out to one another, and bade them see how our Saviour's image sweat blood ! Whereat, several of the common people fell down, with their beads in their hands, and prayed to the image. Vast numbers flocked to the sight ; and one person present (who, indeed, was the contriver, and formerly belonged to the priory of this cathedral) told the people the cause ; viz. that *he could not choose but sweat blood, whilst heresy was then come into the church.* The confusion hereupon was so great, that the assembly broke up ; but the people still fell upon their knees, thumping their breasts ; and, particularly, one of the aldermen, and mayor of the city, whose name was Sedgrave, and who had been at the English service, drew forth his beads, and prayed with the rest before the image. The lord Sussex, and those of the privy council, hastened out of the choir, fearing some harm.

But the archbishop of Dublin being displeased, caused a form to be brought out of the choir, and bade the sexton of the church to stand thereon, and to search and wash the image, and see if it would bleed afresh. The man soon perceived the cheat, observing a sponge within the hollow of the image's head. This sponge one Leigh, some time a monk of this cathedral, had soaked in a bowl of blood ; and, early on the Sunday morning, watching his opportunity, placed the said sponge, so swollen and heavy with blood, over the image's head, within the crown ; and so, by little and little, the blood soaked through upon the face. The sponge was presently brought down, and shewn to these worshippers, who began to be ashamed ; and some of them cursed father Leigh, who was soon discovered, and three or four others that had been the contrivers with him.

The archbishop the next Sunday preached in the same church, before the lord-lieutenant, and the council, upon 2 Thess. ii. 11 : " God shall send them strong delusions, that they should believe a lie ; " exposing the cheats, who openly stood there, with father Leigh, upon a table before the pulpit, with their hands and legs tied, and their crime written on their breasts ; this punishment they suffered three Sundays, were imprisoned for some time, and banished the realm. This converted above one hundred persons, who swore they would never hear mass more. The image was shortly after removed, to the very great joy of all parties ; and little was afterwards heard of this miracle, except as a bye word, or an object of contempt.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE, HELD AT YORK, THIRD DAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1831.

NO. III.

(Continued from p. 34.)

LORD Milton took the chair on this day about one o'clock, and a considerable time was occupied in examining propositions and settling arrangements. Mr. Robison then proceeded to read Dr. Brewster's paper, in which a general view was taken of the progress of the science of mineralogy ; and, to the four systems now received by mineralogists, he proposed to add a fifth, viz. the Composite system, as combining a species of crystalline structures not included under the other heads.—A scientific description was given of all the orders into which the system would be divided.

Mr. Phillips next read a paper by Dr. Henry, of Manchester, on the philosophical character of Dr. Priestley. In this paper a view of the state of chemistry, at the period when Dr. Priestley began his labours, was given ; also, the origin and progress of his chemical studies were traced. His discoveries and investigations, in the field of chemistry, were shewn to have outstripped all others in the same pursuit. That his mind was gifted with powers far above the average of common individuals ; and, though some of his analogies were unfounded and visionary, yet he was eminently qualified to advance chemical knowledge in the age in which he lived. It was mentioned, that though Dr. Henry is an admirer of Dr. Priestley, he freely pointed out the defects in his philosophical character ; and shewed that many of them arose from his warmth of temperament, which, though unfit for strict and severe analysis, was the mainspring of his eager pursuit of science. In no one instance had he been guilty of misstating, or even colouring, a fact, to support an hypothesis, and was never guilty of neglecting the truth. Dr. Henry vindicated the claim of Dr. Priestley, as an original discoverer, against some insinuations and charges of M. Victor Cousin, who had ascribed some of his principal discoveries to a French origin.

In the evening, at the appointed time, the rooms of the museum were thrown open. No ladies' tickets were issued, on account of Dr. Camidge's concert ; but a number of gentlemen, who preferred philosophy to music, assembled in the theatre, when a very interesting lecture on the Microscope, illustrated by experiments, was read by Mr. R. Potter, jun. ; Mr. Phillips also read a paper from the pen of Dr. Brewster, upon the means of ascertaining the nature

of minerals, by their colours being reflected in oil, through a prism. Dr. Brewster assisted in the elucidation of this lecture; but we were sorry to find him still labouring under indisposition.

Huggate, Feb. 1832.

T. R.

A BATTLE.

ALL the avenues leading to the town of Fuentes de Onore were filled with French troops; it was occupied by our 71st and 79th Highlanders, the 83d, the light companies of the first and third division, and some German and Portuguese battalions, supported by the 24th, 45th, 74th, and 88th British regiments, and the 9th and 21st Portuguese. The ninth corps, which formed the centre of the French army, advanced with the characteristic impetuosity of their nation, and, forcing down the barriers, which we had hastily constructed as a temporary defence, came rushing on, and, torrent-like, threatened to overwhelm all that opposed them. Every street, and every angle of a street, were the different theatres of the combatants; inch by inch was gained and lost in turn. Whenever the enemy were forced back, fresh troops, and fresh energy on the part of their officers, impelled them on again, and, towards mid-day, the town presented a shocking sight: our Highlanders lay dead in heaps, while the other regiments, though less remarkable in dress, were scarcely so in the number of their slain. The French grenadiers, with their immense caps and gaudy plumes, lay in piles of twenty and thirty together—some dead, others wounded, with barely strength sufficient to move; their exhausted state, and the weight of their cumbrous appointments, making it impossible for them to crawl out of the range of the dreadful fire of grape and round shot which the enemy poured into the town: great numbers perished in this way, and many were pressed to death in the streets.

It was now half-past twelve o'clock, and although the French troops which formed this attack had been several times reinforced, ours never had; nevertheless, the town was still in dispute. Massena, aware of its importance, and mortified at the pertinacity with which it was defended, ordered a fresh column of the ninth corps to reinforce those already engaged. Such a series of attacks, constantly supported by fresh troops, required exertions more than human to withstand; every effort was made to sustain the post, but efforts, no matter how great, must have their limits. Our soldiers had been engaged in this unequal

contest for upwards of eight hours, the heat was moreover excessive, and their ammunition was nearly expended. The Highlanders were driven to the churchyard at the top of the village, and were fighting with the French grenadiers across the tombstones and graves; while the 9th French light infantry had penetrated as far as the chapel, distant but a few yards from our line, and were preparing to *debouche* upon our centre.

Lord Wellington was on the spot, and surveyed what was passing with that immovable coolness for which he was remarkable. The troops engaged in the town were nearly worn out in the contest, and were about to retire, when the 88th regiment, commanded by Colonel Alexander Wallace, and directed by General Mackinnon, changed the face of affairs. This battalion, was ordered to advance with fixed bayonets and force back the enemy from the advantageous ground of which they had possessed themselves; it advanced in column of sections, left in front, in double quick time, their fire-locks at the trail. As it passed down the road leading to the chapel, it was warmly cheered by the troops that lay at each side of the wall, but the soldiers made no reply to this greeting—they were placed in a situation of great distinction, and they felt it; they were going to fight, not only under the eye of their own army and general, but also in the view of every soldier in the French army; but, although their feelings were wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, not one hurrah responded to the shouts that welcomed their advance,—there was no noise or talking in the ranks, the men stepped together at a smart trot, as if on a parade, headed by their brave colonel. It so happened, that the command of the company which led this attack devolved upon me.

When we came within sight of the French 9th regiment, which were drawn up at the corner of the chapel, waiting for us, I turned round to look at the men of my company; they gave me a cheer that a lapse of eighteen years has not made me forget, and I thought that that moment was the proudest of my life. The soldiers did not look as men usually do going into close fight—pale; the trot down the road had brightened their complexions, and they were the picture of every thing that a chosen body of troops ought to be. The enemy were not idle spectators of this movement; they witnessed its commencement, and the regularity with which the advance was conducted, made them fearful of the result. A battery of eight-pounders advanced at a

gallop to an olive-grove on the opposite bank of the river, hoping, by the effects of its fire, to annihilate the 88th regiment, or, at all events, embarrass its movements as much as possible; but this battalion continued to press on, joined by its exhausted comrades, and the battery did little execution.

On reaching the head of the village, this battalion was vigorously opposed by the 9th regiment, supported by some hundred of the Imperial Guard, but it soon closed in with them, and, aided by the brave fellows that had so gallantly fought in the town all the morning, drove the enemy through the different streets at the point of the bayonet, and at length forced them into the river that separated the two armies. Several of our men fell on the French side of the water. About one hundred and fifty of the grenadiers of the Veteran Guard, in their flight, ran down a street that had been barricaded by us the day before, and which was one of the few that escaped the fury of the morning's assault; but their disappointment was great, upon arriving at the bottom, to find themselves *shut in*;—mistakes of this kind will sometimes occur, and when they do, the result is easily imagined,—troops advancing to assault a town, uncertain of success, or flushed with victory, have no great time to deliberate as to what they will do; the thing is generally done in half the time the deliberation would occupy. In the present instance, every man was put to death.—*Reminiscences of a Subaltern.*

MASSACRE OF THE MAMELUKES, RELATED
BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

IN Vol. XI. of the Imperial Magazine, col. 246, we gave an account of this horrid tragedy from Carne's Letters from the East. But the following being more circumstantial, and related by an eye-witness, we make no apology for inserting it.

The chief of the Mamelukes, with their adherents, being assembled, by invitation from the Pasha of Egypt, within the citadel of Cairo, after a time, according to Eastern custom, coffee was brought, and, last of all, the pipes; but at the moment when these were presented, as if from etiquette, or to leave his guests more at their ease, Mahomet Ali rose and withdrew, and, sending privately for the captain of his guard, gave orders that the gates of the citadel should be closed; adding, that as soon as Saim Bey and his two associates should come out for the purpose of mounting, they should be fired upon till they dropped, and that at the same signal the

troops, posted throughout the fortress, should take aim at every Mameluke within their reach; while a corresponding order was sent down at the same time to those in the town, and to such even as were encamped without, round the foot of the fortress, to pursue the work of extermination on all stragglers that they should find, so that not one of the proscribed body might escape.

Saim Bey, and his two brothers in command, finding that the Pasha did not return to them, and being informed by the attendants that he was gone into his harem, (an answer that precluded all further inquiry,) judged it to be time to take their departure. But no sooner did they make their appearance without, and were mounting their horses, than they were suddenly fired upon from every quarter, and all became at once a scene of confusion, and dismay, and horror, similar volleys being directed at all the rest who were collected round and preparing to return with them, so that the victims dropped by hundreds. Saim himself had time to gain his saddle, and even to penetrate to one of the gates of the citadel; but all to no purpose, for he found it closed like the rest, and fell there, pierced with innumerable bullets. Another chief, Amim Bey, who was the brother of Elfi, urged the noble animal which he rode to an act of greater desperation, for he spurred him till he made him clamber upon the ramparts, and, preferring rather to be dashed to pieces than to be slaughtered in cold blood, drove him to leap down the precipice, a height that has been estimated at from thirty to forty feet, or even more; yet fortune so favoured him, that though the horse was killed in the fall, the rider escaped. An Albanian camp was below, and an officer's tent very near the spot on which he alighted: instead of shunning it, he went in, and throwing himself on the rights of hospitality, implored that no advantage might be taken of him; which was not only granted, but the officer offered him protection, even at his own peril, and kept him concealed so long as the popular fury and the excesses of the soldiery continued.

Of the rest of that devoted number, thus shut up and surrounded, not one went out alive; and even of those who had quietly remained in the town, but very few found means to elude the active and greedy search that was made after them, a high price being set upon every Mameluke's head that should be brought. All Cairo was filled with wailings and lamentations; and, in truth, the confusion and horrors of

that day are indescribable, for not the Mamelukes alone, but others also, in many instances, wholly unconnected with them, either from mistake, or from malice, or for plunder, were indiscriminately seized on, and put to death; so that, great as the number was that perished of that ill-fated body, it yet did not comprehend the whole of the victims.

For myself, I have reason to be thankful, that, though I was one of the soldiers stationed in the citadel that morning, I shed none of the blood of those unhappy men, having had the good fortune to be posted at an avenue where none of them attempted to pass, or came near me, so that my pistols and muskets were never fired. The strange fact of the leap and escape of Amim Bey, and of his asylum in the officer's tent, reached at last the Pasha's ears, who sent instantly to demand him; and when the generous Albanian found that it would be impossible any longer to shelter or screen his fugitive, he gave him a horse, and recommended him to fly with all speed into Asia; where I afterwards saw him living in the palace of Suleyman Pasha, at Acre, at the time of my first visit there with Mr. Banks.—*Adventures of Giovanni Finati.*

MAHRATTA WARFARE.

SINGURH is situated on the eastern side of the great Syhadree range, not far from the point at which the Poornudhur hills branch off into the Deccan; with these hills it communicates only on the east and west by ridges of a prodigious height, and extremely narrow; on the south and north it presents the appearance of a huge rugged mountain, with an ascent of half a mile, in many parts perpendicular. After arriving at this ledge, there is an immense craggy precipice of black rock, upwards of forty feet high, which is again surmounted by a massy stone wall, flanked and defended by towers. The fort itself is of a triangular shape, its interior measuring upwards of two miles in circumference; and, as its exterior presents on all sides the stupendous barrier just described, ingress, except through the gates, seems absolutely impracticable. From the summit, when the atmosphere is clear, is seen to the east the narrow and beautiful valley of the Neera; to the north a great plain, with Poona in the foreground; whilst to the south and west appear boundless masses of rolling mountains, lost in the blue clouds, or mingled by distance with the sky. In that quarter lies Raigurh, from which place the

thousand Mawulees, selected by Tannajee Maloosray, the bravest of Sivajee's generals, set out in small parties by paths known only to themselves, and 'on the ninth night of the dark half of the moon in the month of Mhag (February),' the whole were united under the fortress.

Tannajee immediately divided his men into two bands, one of which he directed to remain till called upon, at a little distance, while the others lodged themselves, undiscovered, at the foot of the rocks. One man now advanced towards the point particularly difficult of access; and, finding it unguarded, he mounted the precipice, and made fast a ladder of ropes. His comrades followed singly, and in profound silence; but scarce three hundred had entered, when an alarm spread, and the attention of the garrison was drawn towards the quarter threatened. A sentinel challenged, and was answered by an arrow that stretched him lifeless; but as a noise was still heard of voices and people running to arms, Tannajee gave the word to push forward. The bowmen accordingly plied their arrows at random, though, as far as might be, in the direction of the sound; till a blaze of blue lights and torches, kindled by the garrison, shewed the Rajpoots armed or arming, and exhibited their assailants. A close and desperate conflict then ensued, in which the Mawulees, though fearfully outnumbered, gained ground, when the brave Tannajee, as he cheered them on, was shot dead. The soldiers now lost all confidence; they turned round, and fled towards the spot where they had escalated, when the reserve, headed by their late commander's brother, arrived. He rallied the fugitives, exclaiming aloud, "Who among you will leave his father's remains to be tossed into a pit by the Mahrs?" He assured them that the ropes were cut away, and that nothing remained except to prove themselves worthy of being called Sivajee's Mawulees. His manner and speeches were not thrown away. The fugitives rallied, and, with loud shouts, renewed the charge. Finally, after a sanguinary action, in which five hundred of the garrison fell, and which cost Sivajee full three hundred of his choicest soldiers, this important fortress was carried. But the conquest, desirable as it was, produced no feeling of exultation in Sivajee's bosom. When told that his friends had fallen, he turned mournfully away from such as offered their congratulations on his victory. "The den* is taken," said he, "but the lion is slain; we have gained a fort, but, alas! I have

* The word Singurh means a Lion's den.

lost Tannajee Maloomay."—*Family Library, No. XV., Gleig's History of India.*

LONGEVITY.

In the History of the County of Down, printed in 1744, are some curious notices of the aged persons of that county. We here present our readers with the following list, as a kind of memorandum of some very old persons who have died since that period.

Year of Death.	Person's Name.	Age.	District where they died.
1749	Alexander Bennett	125	Downpatrick
1749	Jane M'Afee	115	Rathfriland
1752	Isabel Laughlin	118	Rathfriland
1754	Alexander M'Kandria	120	Saintfield
1763	James Martin	112	Ballynahinch
1775	John Smith	101	Castlegford
1777	David Moorehead	104	Killybegh
1784	Widow Petticrew	111	Warringtontown
1784	Jane Davis	97	Killybegh
1785	Mary M'Donnell	118	Ballynahinch
1788	John Bryson	103	Holywood
1791	James Cree	107	Donaghadee
1794	James M'Donnagh	109	Longabrickland
1794	Mrs. Montgomery	103	Donaghadee
1795	Margaret M'Ilveen	106	Purdy's-burn
1795	James M'Adam	98	Dromore
1796	Robert M'Kee	110	Saintfield
1796	Elizabeth Carson	100	Warringtontown
1796	Janet Thompson	131	Ballynahinch
1797	John Reid	103	Saintfield
1798	Alexander Brown	105	Comber
1798	Hugh Stevens	100	Dromore
1799	Margaret Sloan	104	Comber
1800	James Quart	110	Saintfield
1800	Samuel Turner	92	Strangford
1800	Nancy Keery	94	Strangford
1801	Alice Kearney	110	Portaferry
1802	John Crele	112	Saintfield
1804	David Jamison	102	Saintfield
1803	Charles Forrest	100	Rathfriland
1803	William Wade	102	Saintfield
1804	Jane Fitzgibbon	102	Donaghmore
1805	Eliza Dickson	93	Portaferry
1807	Mr Corbally	100	Broadstone
1807	Martha Adams	105	Dromore
1808	Robert Smith	95	Drumbo
1808	Hercules M'Dowall	98	Ballywater
1809	Robert Gibson	99	Holywood
1811	Thomas Torney	100	Inah
1812	Owen Maghery	100	Downpatrick
1812	— M'Dowall	108	Donaghadee
1815	James Magee	104	Saintfield
1816	Patrick Fitzgerald	107	Donaghmore
1816	James Riddel	102	Comber
1816	Charles Haveran	113	Newry
1818	John Manson	105	Bangor
1818	Ann M'Callagh	100	Newry
1819	Isabella White	107	Newry
1821	James Walker	91	Dromore
1822	Agnes Beck	104	Greyabbey
1822	Jane Gibson	105	Monlough
1824	William Gibson	104	Monlough
1826	Samuel Cumming	112	Castlewellan
1826	John Blackwood	94	Killybegh
1827	William Johnston	100	Saintfield
1828	Ann Anderson	94	Banbridge
1828	William Rainey	107	Killybegh
1828	William Irwin	98	Ballynahinch
1828	Thomas Taylor	95	Killybegh
1829	Jane Sitt	98	Ballynahinch
1829	Elizabeth Jackson	92	Newtownards
1830	Mary Lygget	107	Gilford
1830	Rhoda Steen	105	Mayville
1830	Margaret Henry	102	Warrenspoint
1830	Juggy Lavery	107	Moira

DEATH OF CARDINAL MAZARIN.

THE pecuniary wealth, the valuables and pictures of Mazarin, were immense. He was fond of hoarding,—a passion that seized him when he first found himself banished and destitute. His love of pictures was as strong as his love of power—

stronger, since it survived. A fatal malady had seized on the Cardinal, whilst engaged in the conferences of the treaty, and worn by mental fatigue: He brought it home with him to the Louvre. He consulted Guenaud, the great physician, who told him that he had two months to live. Some days after receiving this dread mandate, Brienne perceived the Cardinal, in a night-cap and dressing gown, tottering along his gallery, pointing to his pictures, and exclaiming, "Must I quit all these?" He saw Brienne, and seized him: "Look," exclaimed he, "look at that Correggio! this Venus of Titian! that incomparable Deluge of Caracci! Ah! my friend, I must quit all these. Farewell, dear pictures, that I loved so dearly, and that cost me so much!" His friend surprised him slumbering in his chair at another time, and murmuring, "Guenaud has said it! Guenaud has said it!" A few days before his death, he caused himself to be dressed, shaved, rouged, and painted, "so that he never looked so fresh and vermilion," in his life. In this state he was carried in his chair to the promenade, where the envious courtiers cruelly rallied, and paid him ironical compliments on his appearance. Cards were the amusement of his death-bed, his hand being held by others; and they were only interrupted by the visit of the papal nuncio, who came to give the Cardinal that plenary indulgence to which the prelates of the sacred college are officially entitled. Mazarin expired on the 9th of March, 1661.—*Lardner's Cyclopaedia.*

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE mean temperature of February was $37\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. The maximum, which was 54 degrees, took place on the 5th, when the direction of the wind was south-westerly; the minimum, which was 29 degrees, occurred on the 15th, with a north-easterly wind. The range of the thermometer was 25 degrees; and the prevailing wind north-east. The direction of the wind has been north-easterly, nine days; south-westerly, five; easterly, four; westerly, four; northerly, three; north-westerly, two; southerly one; and south-easterly, one.

The mean temperature of the air, during the days that the wind was observed from the south, since the commencement of the year, was $42\frac{1}{2}$ degrees; from the south-west, $40\frac{1}{2}$; from the west, $39\frac{1}{2}$; from the north-west, $38\frac{1}{2}$; from the east, $36\frac{1}{2}$; from the north, 35; from the north-east, $34\frac{1}{2}$; and from the south-east, $31\frac{1}{2}$.

Hoar frost, and icy efflorescences, were noticed on the following days: 8th, 10th, 15th, 16th, and 20th; the frost continued on the herbage during the whole of the 15th. The mornings of the 22d to the 25th were foggy, and also the evenings of the three former days, when the fog was very dense. The evening of the 11th, the whole of the 12th, and the afternoon of the 13th, was accompanied with wind. On the 19th, a few hail-stones fell in the forenoon. Rain has fallen more or less on the 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 9th, 12th, 17th, and 18th.

During the former part of this month, the vegetable kingdom began to feel the effect of the solar influence: the buds began to swell; they also exhibited a tint of lively green; and a few of the earlier species were unfolding their leaves; but when the chilling frosts took place, and the dense damp fogs enveloped the tender shoots, they shrank from the inclement atmosphere to await the arrival of a more genial season. Flora, however, scattered a few of her gems over the earth. On the 8th, several crocuses and primroses were observed in flower, and soon became abundant, together with the snow-drop. A few polyanthus were seen on the 11th, and two or three wall-flowers. A daisy, here and there, has also been noticed.

POETRY.

THE SHELL-GATHERER.

FAR from my home, as once I stroll'd
By ocean's marge at eve's calm hour,
Where the retiring billows roll'd
And foam'd and bellow'd with a voice of power.

Gay was the scene, for numbers there,
In search of peace, or health, or joy,
Met on the shore the breezy air,
While sparkling pleasure beam'd in every eye.

Here glittering cars, and horsemen there,
Indent the yellow sand-beds o'er;
And scatter'd wide, full many a pair
Pace arm-in-arm along the level shore.

But there was one that caught my glance,
A lonely one, that seem'd to be
Unmov'd by that gay fairy dance,
Upon the margin of the dark green sea.

A lovely girl she was, and one
Of tender years, and she was fair
As e'er was seen by circling sun,
In all his spacious and his bright career.

Upon a fragment lately wash'd,
And wet by the retiring billow,
She sat, while wild waves near her dash'd,—
Her head hung down—her hand became its pillow.

The rock on which she sat I gain'd—
Her light blue frock, tuck'd up before,
A rare but hard-earn'd prize contain'd
Of shells fresh gather'd from the pebbly shore.

What ails thee, little child? I said,
Why sitt'st thou here, forlorn and wan?
The infant slowly rais'd her head,
And thus, with sorrow's voice, her tale began—

No one will buy these shells of me,
Although for hours and hours I've striven
To pick the finest which the sea
Has on each sand-bed, rock, and shallow driven
To sell them I have tried in vain,
And roam'd about the sandy shore;
Not one of all yon numerous train
Will give me aught for this my shelly store.

Pray, sir, she said, with angel-smile,
The tear-drop glistening in her eye;
Hope trembling in her breast the while,—
Do buy these shells!—she waited my reply.

Where is thy home, my little maid,
And wherefore seem'st thou so distrest?
Where do thy parents dwell? I said;—
She sigh'd, look'd down, and thus herself expres

In yonder cot beside the hill,
Its casement with green ivy deck'd,
I and my mother live, but still
No tender father have I—to protect.

My mother, too, lies ill at home,
The neighbours say that she will die—
To pick these shells I've hither come;
She sent me, for no other work had I.

No breakfast has my mother had,
To give it me she did prefer;
She weeps whene'er I cry for bread,—
She weeps, now there is none for me or her.

Do buy these shells of me!—now do!
She said, and ope'd her apron wide,
Expos'd her painted gems to view,
Whilst hope and doubt were in her face descried.

Ah! when an artless child implor'd
In tones from simple nature learn'd,
How could my heart remain unstirr'd—
For her, poor suppliant, how my bosom yearn'd!

Poor child! I thought, is there not one,
In all yon proud and giddy throng,
Whose heart by sorrow's tale is won—
Can hear thy plaint, and heedless pass along?

And is that bliss reserv'd for me,
To place the pittance in thy hand,
And set thy little sorrows free—
I tripled ('twas a trifle) her demand.

Her gratitude consisted not
In empty words and art's address,
Which please, but which are soon forgot—
Her looks alone bespoke her thankfulness.

A shining tint of rosy dye
Did then her beauteous cheek adorn;
Tears trembled in her azure eye,
Which sparkled like the dewy star of morn!

The infant would have fain exprest,
And pour'd in nature's genuine glow
The raptures struggling in her breast,—
Go, child, I said, thou'rt truly welcome, go!

She curtsied low, then off she flew,
Like the young doe at morn's fresh hour;
I watch'd her motions till she drew
Nigh to her threshold 'neath the ivy bower.

In pensive thought I left the beach
Where Charity could thus refrain,
Nor to that child her bounty stretch,
Though struggling to relieve a parent's pain.

Long shall her shells adorn my cot,
And kind remembrancers shall be
Of feelings ne'er to be forgot,
Upon the margin of the dark green sea.

Near Halifax.

THOS. CROSSLEY

THE GHOST OF LONDON BRIDGE; OR, THE OLD BRIDGE'S LAMENTATION.

'TWAS on a chill November morn,
I pass'd Old London Bridge forlorn;
The wind sighed with a mournful dirge,
Nor could the sun, then hid, emerge,

Or pierce the gloom that spread around,
 So misty was the morning found.
 'Twas from its proud compeer I gazed,
 A modern structure, newly raised,
 With arch and buttress, huge and strong,
 Praised and admired by passing throng.
 As looking through the murky gloom,
 I guess'd "Old Bridge" had met its doom;
 Pickaxe and shovel seem'd arrayed,
 In pulling down its balustrade;
 I list'ning thought, each loosen'd stone
 Utter'd a sad and dismal moan;
 Certes, a sound, not chanticler,
 Came from the old and central pier,
 While on my dim uncertain sight,
 Methought there perched some restless spright;
 Yet vague it was, dark, undefined,
 Its form has vanished from my mind.
 Yet, be it lubber-fiend or ghost,
 It stirred not, but maintained its post,
 And, in a voice sepulchral, shrill,
 Thus mutter'd forth its thought and will—
 "Why is my long dark sleep thus broke,
 By noisy din of hammer's stroke?
 Have not these ancient arches stood,
 Time out of mind, the angry flood?
 What busy crowds have paced my length,
 Safe in my firm and long-tried strength,
 Which, even now, resists the might
 Of mason's working, day and night,
 To raze my firm foundation-stone;
 The thought draws forth my deepest groan.
 What vestige is there of decay
 To cause this hubbub, fear, dismay?
 So far from signs of wasting strength,
 I hear combustion used at length;
 At least I know it by the shake,
 And thund'ring noise, that make one quake.

"Am I to be supplanted by
 Yon upstart younker flaunting high,
 Rearing its head in proud disdain,
 As if it were a Saxon, Dane,
 Boasting deeds of former glory,
 Chronicled in ancient story?
 One would think, from banners waving,
 (Scarce could I resist from raving,)
 When the bellowing cannon's tongue,
 Joined with the eager shouting throng,
 That then thy triumph was complete,
 Fixed at thy firm unshaken seat.
 But, ah! 'tis known, thou proud compeer,
 I own I speak it with a sneer,
 That thou a weakening crack hast shown,
 Which all thy boasting can't disown.
 True, thou art of modern structure,
 And, not less true, thou hast a fracture;
 Nor do I feel the least surprise,
 Nor open wide my ears, my eyes,
 In startling wonder at the cause;
 Art *old* and *young*, hath equal laws.
 Moderns have now the happy skill,
 Of raising, at a thought, or will,
 As with magician's fairy wand,
 What once took years to raise by hand;
 Bridges, and palaces, and tow'rs,
 Now rise by such strange quick'ning pow'rs,
 That we, who come of ancient race,
 Must travel with a slower pace.

"But here is where the difference lies,
 The present build for modern eyes,
 Our ancestors had other aim,
 And, like Apelles, built for fame.
 I, who have strode for ages past
 Old Father Thames, am doom'd at last
 To fall a victim to the age;
 I speak, as would a seer or sage,
 For ever since that hackney'd theme,
 That haunts my day, and nightly dream,
 That cuckoo note, 'the march of mind,'
 Whose airy flight outstrips the wind,
 For here the canker first took root,
 From this I date my fall'n repute.
 Moderns despise the works of yore,
 They deem them objects to deplore,
 And look upon a building old,
 However strong, majestic, bold,

In all its parts, as obsolete;
 A change would make it quite complete.
 Sweep this, or that, then all is clear.
 Builders they have, who soon will rear
 A stately structure, to the view,
 More sightly than their fathers knew;
 Though they boast not its duration,
 Yet 'twill gratify the nation.
 Wren, if alive, might sneer about them,
 And Inigo might gibe, and scout them,
 Yet wiser than these *masters* were,
 The modern taste they much prefer,
 And if you doubt, or say a word,
 'The schoolmaster's abroad,' is heard.
 This is the cant-word of the day,
 Which none, they fancy, can gainsay.

"Age of refinement, age of boast,
 Hear the last words of my poor ghost;
 I speak it, mid a cloud of dust,
 That now surrounds my ghostly bust;
 You must a little wiser grow,
 Although your movements should be slow;
 Art to endure, in every age,
 Must time and labour long engage;
 I point to works of Greece and Rome,
 Go, imitate such works at home;
 Reverse not, then, 'Augustus' pride,
 His boast, and few could boast beside,
 Who found a city built of mud,
 Yet, ere he left, there stately stood
 One built of marble, whose display
 Was for all ages, not a day.
 More could I speak, but that I feel
 My head grow dizzy, and I reel;
 This cloud of dust, with noisy din,
 Pains me, yet draws a ghastly grin,
 To think that yonder bridge of stone,
 Like me, shall heave a parting groan,
 Ere half my span of years has fled,
 Or half the storms around me shed.
 'Tis thus I close my parting sigh,
 Mock not my words of prophecy."

Here ceased the voice, nor could I see
 Aught that had raised my phantasy;
 The spectre form fled from my view,
 If form it were, or vision true;
 The tide regurgled as before,
 With rushing sound and sullen roar,
 Whose flood hath mingled with past time,
 And swept its course with mournful chime,
 Like that which through yon arch of stone
 Smote on my ear with dismal moan,
 Whose careless tide, soon, soon shall swell
 O'er thy lost site—"Old Bridge"—farewell! *

Shadwell, Jan. 9, 1832. I. S. H.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

"Elohi, Elohi, lama sabacthani."

WHAT rending shout was that, which echoed long
 and loud,
 With yells of hatred mingled, from yonder hurrying
 crowd?
 Who bend their course, in haste, from the Jewish
 judgment-hall,
 With a fated culprit in their midst, the mockery of all?
 The din of business ceases, and the numbers, who
 can tell,
 Of those who join the cavalcade, and the bitter
 curses swell.

* "It is well known that Peter of Colchurch, the founder of Old London Bridge, did not live to witness the completion of the structure, but died in 1205, and was buried in a crypt within the centre pier of the bridge, over which a chapel was erected, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket.

"Mr. Brayley, in his 'Londiniana,' written about five years since, observes, that, "if due care be taken when the old bridge is pulled down, the bones and ashes of its venerable architect may still be found;" and true enough, the bones of old Peter were found, on removing the pier, about a fortnight since."—*Mirror*, copied in the *Times*, Jan. 14, 1832.

Even children aid the lawless cry, and on the sufferer's name
The lip of hate and tongue of scorn, pour forth a flood of shame.

Yet, why that wild expressive glance from many a flashing eye,
And why such hatred on the cheek, such tauntings in the cry?
So meek and lowly seems the man on whom they vent their spite,
His look so mild, my spirit melts in pity at the sight!
Alas! their cruel hands and hearts have wreathed his brow around
With a thorny crown, and drops of blood fast fall upon the ground.
And he wears a tattered robe—they have stripped him of his own—
A purple robe of infamy about his body thrown!

They reach at length the place of death, and to the cursed tree
His hands and feet are nailed, the uplifted cross I see.
The shouts, again renewed, in tenfold horror rise;
Why should they thus revile and scorn, when a guiltless victim dies?
But see! the sky is overcast, and the glory-beaming sun
Withdraws his wonted shining, ere his daily course is run.
Strange tremblings seize the earth, and the temple's veil is rent,
While thunders roll, and lightnings flash, across the firmament!

It is a spirit-stirring sight! three blood-stained crosses stand,
(Two malefactors die with him, one placed on either hand.)
The pondrous thunder-clouds are edged with red volcanic light,
And serve as funeral flambeaus midst supernatural night.
Creation pays her homage to the Lord of earth and heaven,
And, though the hard heart melteth not, the solid rocks are riven!
Oh, miracle of mercy! what must the anguish be,
That wrung the cry, "Oh why, my God, hast thou forsaken me!"

The ghastly shriek of terror, and the quivering lip appear,
The clinging grasp of wife and child, whose looks bespeak their fear.
The eager question, "Why is this?"—the chill of dark despair,
The conscience loud accusing—O! what a scene was there!
Three weary hours the darkness reigned, and many of the dead
Burst from their shrowded cerements, and through the city sped.
And one, who at a distance gazed as he pressed the heaving sod,
Smote on his breast, looked up, and cried, "This was the Son of God!"

'Tis done! the deed is over now—the quenchless spirit fled,
The lately gushing torrent stemmed, and bowed the thorn-crowned head.
The sable darkness disappears, and to the view displays
The wondering crowd, who whisper as they hurry on their ways.
Some say, "He was a just man," and others still revile,
Daring to curse the Nazarene, but trembling all the while!
And thousands to the temple rush at the hour of evening prayer.
But the door is closed against them all, and not a priest is there.

No, not a priest is there! for more precious blood is spilt,
Than the blood of "bulls or heifers slain," to cleanse a sinner's guilt.

The law and prophets long foretold the great Messiah slain,
Nor earth nor heaven shall ever see a day like this again.

Write on thy temple, "Ichabod!" for soon the cry of woe
Shall rise more loud than on this day, and the spoiler overthrow.
Thy "gorgeous palaces" shall fall, encircled in flame,
And the ploughshare of God's wrath shall plough thy streets, Jerusalem!

Yet, what a paragon of love! that God should send His Son

To expiate upon the cross the crimes which men have done!

Too huge a task for angel mind, stupendous, weighty, vast,
The *only* sacrifice for sin, the mightiest and the last!

The azure glow of crystal light that lingers on the road,
That leads the toiling pilgrim up to glory's bright abode,
And wafts the soul in ecstasy, when she spurns the mortal clay,

To the sunshine of paradise, and everlasting day!

March 5, 1832.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

REVIEW.—*The Village Blacksmith; or, Piety and Usefulness exemplified, in a Memoir of the Life of Samuel Hick. By James Everett. pp. 278. 12mo. Published by Hamilton, Adams, and Co., London.*

"MAN is an animal fond of novelty," was the language of a heathen sage; and if man is now, what he was when the sentiment first found utterance, we have no doubt, on issuing our card of invitation, of being able to regale the mental palate of our readers with "some new thing." Perhaps few men, besides Mr. Everett himself, could have constructed, had they been so disposed, such a goodly fabric, or, to pursue our metaphor, have produced such a dish, out of such materials; for in the crudity of those very materials is to be seen the skill of the artificer,—who makes light shine out of darkness, speaks confusion into order, and throws a charm around what else had been repulsive to both sight and taste. Yet amid innumerable disadvantages, there was one advantage in the subject alone, which the writer appears to have had prophecy of soul sufficient to foresee, would arrest the attention of the reader, like the fiery brilliancy of a comet, exclusive of its erratic course. With the exception of the Vulcan of the heathen, and the knot-tier of Gretna Green, we know of no "artificer in brass and iron," not even Tubal-cain himself, the secrets of whose history would be more interesting than those of "The Village Blacksmith;" and in the life of no one of them will be found such an "instructor."

Mr. Everett appears to have felt the difficulty of his subject, in its connexion with

; and, like a general who has care-
 owed his position, and perceives
 oint of attack, proceeds to fortify
 and his cause where he is most
 ble. Thus, in delineating the cha-
 and attempting to analyze the mind
 hero, he observes, in reference to
 ng remarks,

might appear to some, and may not im-
 be subjected to the charge, as partaking a
 much of the pencil and colouring of the
 s permitting, in the real character of ro-
 the imagination to be let loose upon a
 which ought to command the graver ex-
 reason. The fact is—for not anything
 permitted to operate to the suppression of
 id the Christianity of the case has nothing
 the way of consequence—the fact is, that
 an and such a life might—and it is penned
 erence—might, without the aid of ima-
 without any art or exaggeration, form the
 work of a lighter exhibition, say—a *farce*,
 wfully solemn and splendid representation
 hristian religion. But then, religion had
 to do in the construction of the man's
 mind more nearly allied to the comic than
 ic in its operations, and whose effects,
 perfectly *undesigned* on the part of the actor,
 re powerful hold upon the lighter than the
 eelings. Christianity took the man as it
 im, and performed upon him its grand
 icht is not to change the *construction* of the
 much as its *nature*; to affect, in other
 s *illumination* and *renovation*: nor is it
 , to compare temporal things with spiritual,
 sing a building, to change the position of
 door or a window."

urther remarks.

is not a subject slightly to be dismissed.
 Hick was untaught in the *school* of this
 irt would have been lost upon him; he
 upon whom education and polished so-
 ild never have had their full effect; he
 formed by nature, as well as designed by
 ice, for the forge; and not anything short
 race of God appears to have been capable
 ucting more than a blacksmith out of the
 s of which he was formed. It was never
 that the hand of a Phidias should work
 m. Such was the peculiar *vein*, though
 in itself, that it would never have paid
 bour."—pp. 63, 64, 108.

uel Hick, the subject of the present memoir,
 ie moral world, what some of the precious
 re in the mineral kingdom, a portion of
 e scattered along the eastern coast of the
 and particularly of Yorkshire, his own
 —a man that might have escaped the
 f a multitude of watering-place visitors,
 pebbles immediately under their eye;—
 , to pursue the simile, was likely to be
 p by the curious, in actual pursuit of such
 rs, and thus,—though slighted and trodden
 ot, like the encrusted gem, by persons
 ite taste, to be preserved from being for-
 led in the dust, as a thing of nought in the
 ber the opportunities of knowing his real
 hen above the surface, had been permitted
 noberved and unimproved;—one of those
 rs, in short, that could only be discovered
 ight after, or forced upon the senses by his
 sonal appearance, in the peculiarities by
 s was distinguished—who was ever secure
 rice when found—but who would, never-
 be placed by a virtuoso, rather among the
 rious and singularly formed, than among
 r and rarer specimens in his collection."—

never credit Mr. Everett might wish
 to himself for acuteness of discovery
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in this passage, and we are willing to
 concede to him no small share, we cannot
 but consider it as highly descriptive of
 the character so admirably introduced,
 supported, and delineated throughout the
 volume.

It may be briefly observed, that Samuel
 Hick was born at Micklefield, in Yorkshire,
 of poor parents—was apprenticed to a
 blacksmith—united himself to the followers
 of the Rev. John Wesley—became a useful
 local preacher—and died in the full triumph
 of the faith of Christ. A few specimen
 extracts will exemplify, not only the cha-
 racter of the subject of the memoir, but of
 the memorialist as a writer. Previous to
 his union with the Methodists, when in the
 eighteenth year of his age, he heard a
 Mr. Burdsall preach out of doors at York,
 on which occasion he was rather helpful
 to the good man.

"Samuel's attention was soon gained, and his
 affection won, which, to Mr. B., was of no small
 importance; for as he was proceeding with the
 service, a clergyman advanced towards him, de-
 claring, that he 'should not preach there,—not if
 the Lord Mayor himself,' threatening to 'pull him
 down from the block.' Just as he was preparing
 to carry his designs into execution, Samuel, whose
 love to the preacher was such, that he felt, as he
 observed, as if he 'could lose the last drop of blood'
 in his defence, stepped up to the clergyman,
 clenched his hands, and, holding them in a menacing
 form to his face, accosted him in the abrupt and
 measured terms of the ring, upon which he had but
 a few minutes before been gazing,—'Sir, if you
 disturb that man of God, I will drop you as sure as
 ever you were born.' There was too much emphasis
 in the expression, and too much fire in the eye,
 to admit a doubt that he was in earnest. The
 reverend gentleman felt the force of it—his coun-
 tenance changed—the storm which was up in
 Samuel had allayed the tempest in him, and he
 looked with no small concern for an opening in the
 crowd, by which he might make his escape. Samuel,
 though unchanged by Divine grace, had
 too much nobleness of soul in him to trample upon
 an opponent who was thus in a state of humiliation
 before him, and therefore generously took him
 under his protection, made a passage for him
 through the audience, and conducted him to the
 outskirts without molestation, when he quickly
 disappeared. The manner in which this was done,
 the despatch employed, and the sudden calm after
 the commotion, must have produced a kind of
 dramatic effect on the minds of religious persons,
 who, nevertheless, in the midst of their surprise,
 gratitude, and even harmless mirth at the pre-
 cipitate flight of their disturber, who was con-
 verted in an instant, by a mere stripling, from the
 lion to the timid hare, would be no more disposed
 to justify the clenched fist—the *earth helping the*
woman in this way—than they could be brought to
 approve of the zeal of Peter, when, by a single
 stroke, he cut off the right ear of the high priest's
 servant. Samuel instantly resumed the attitude
 of an attentive hearer, without any apparent
 emotions from what had transpired. In the launch-
 ing forth his hand, he gave as little warning as the
 bolt of heaven; the flash of his eye was like the
 lightning's glare—a sudden burst of passion,
 withering for the moment—seen—and gone."—
 pp. 11, 12.

Speaking of his religious character, in its
 beginnings, Mr. Everett observes,

"This case was one which would lead to the
 conclusion, that his religion commenced in *heat*

rather than *light*, that he continued for some time, even after this period, more the subject of *impression* than of *instruction*; felt, in short, what he was unable to express to others, and for which he could not account to himself. He had been touched by the wand of Moses at Horeb, which had unlocked some of the secret springs of his heart, and put them in motion, rather than been in the tabernacle with Aaron the priest, illuminated and perfected by the Urim and Thummim. His heart was much more assailable than his head; and, as will afterwards appear, was much more at work through life, and had a more commanding influence over his conduct."—pp. 12, 13.

There is a touching and graphic account of the change which took place in his views and feelings, when the grace of God took full possession of his soul—the length of which forbids quotation; and to give only a part would be to destroy its effect.

Some rather humorous scenes turn up occasionally. Mr. E. remarks, that Hick

"Was pretty generally known by the sportsmen of the neighbourhood; and few of them, though partly dependent upon them for employment, remained unimproved by him. Earl C—th—t was one, among others, who had felt the force of some of his sayings, and who enjoyed their effects upon others. The earl had an opportunity of this kind furnished, when several gentlemen were waiting one morning for the hounds. 'They met *anent* (opposite) my shop,' says Samuel, 'and stopped till the hounds came.' Among the party were the Hon. C. C—, Vicar of K—, the earl's brother; the Rev. W—, Rector of G—; the late Rev. C—, Vicar of A—, and Dr. E—, who followed the medical profession at K—. 'It came to my mind,' continues Samuel, 'that the three clergymen had no business there.' His movements generally corresponding with the rapidity of his thoughts, he instantly 'threw down the hammer and the tongs,' darted out of the shop-door, like an animal from a thicket of underwood, and appeared in the midst of them with his shirt sleeves turned up, his apron on, his face and hands partaking of the hue of his employment—as fine game, in the estimation of some of them, to occupy the lingering moments, till other game should be started, as any that could present itself in human shape. 'Most of them,' says he, 'knew me. I said to them, Gentlemen, this is one of the finest hunts in the district. You are favoured with two particular privileges; and they are privileges which other districts have not.' This excited curiosity, which was as quickly gratified; for the inquiry relative to '*privileges*' was no sooner proposed, than the answer was given—'If any of you should happen to slip the saddle, and get a fall, you have a *doctor* to bleed you; and three *parsons* to pray for you: and what are these but privileges? THREE PARSONS! O yes, there they are.' The odd association produced in the minds of some of the gentlemen, between *hunting* and *devotion*, the *hunter's shout*, and the *clergyman's prayer*—the inconsistency of which, not a few had light sufficient to perceive; and of which, by the way, we are furnished with a somewhat similar ridiculous appearance in some of our cathedrals and churches, where some of the ancient knights—not very remarkable for prayer during life—are represented as praying in marble, booted and spurred, clad in armour, with uplifted hands, about to rise to the victor's heaven, of which—abstractedly considered—the Bible knows as much as that of the hunters: this odd association operated powerfully on the risible faculties, and turned the laugh upon the clergymen, who, in the language of Samuel, 'lowered their heads, and never spoke a word in their own defence.'"—pp. 81, 82.

His naturally humane heart was greatly improved by his Christianity; and instances of benevolence occur, which would do

credit to the wealthy squire of a country village.

"He was an utter stranger to the feeling of giving 'grudgingly.' His was, in poetic language, a 'burning charity;' like concealed fire, constantly enlarging, till it actually tears away the surface of the earth, to let loose the imprisoned flame. It only wanted an object upon which to expend itself; and, as he rarely gave with discretion, the first applicant generally fared the most bountifully. He was returning from the pit one day with a load of coals: a little girl seeing him pass the door, ran towards him, and asked him for a piece of coal, stating that her mother was confined, and the family without fire. He stopped the horse, went into the house, made inquiry into their circumstances, found the tale of the child correct, brought the cart to the door, and poured down the whole of the load, free of cost. Having no money upon him to pay for an additional load, and being apprehensive of a lecture at home for the *abundance* of his charity, he returned to the coal-pit, where he knew he had credit for twenty times the quantity, re-filled his cart, and returned home with his soul humming its way up to heaven, like the lark breasting the morning breeze, and gladdening the inhabitants below with its first song.

"To him it was of no importance what was the nature of the want; if it *were* a want, it was sure to be met by him with the first object calculated to supply it, to which he had any legal claim; and met too with the freedom and sudden gush of a fountain breaking from the side of a hill, giving forth its streams till its sources are exhausted by its impetuosity. Of this, his conduct to some soldiers on a march, during the late war, affords, perhaps, as fine a specimen as can be selected. It was what is termed a 'forced march,' and in the height of summer. The regiment being on its way to the south, a party halted at Micklefield early in the morning; the village inn could but accommodate a small portion of them, and the remainder took their seats on the heaps of stones by the side of the road. Samuel, as usual, was up early; and, sallying out of the house, he had presented to his view these veterans in arms. A thrill of loyalty was felt in his bosom, as every thing connected with his king, to whom he was passionately attached, was calculated to produce. He instantly returned to the house, placed before the men the whole contents of the buttery, pantry, and cellar—bread, cheese, milk, butter, meat, and beer went, and he himself in the midst of the men, as happy as a king living in the hearts of his subjects. Though in the very hey-day of enjoyment, he looked with tenderness upon the men, who were about to take the field, and dismissed them with his blessing. But he had part of the reckoning still to pay with his partner. Martha came down stairs, and, after engaging in other domestic concerns, proceeded to the buttery, to skim the milk for breakfast. All had disappeared. Inquiry was made: and when she found how the things had been disposed of, she chided him, saying, 'You might have taken the cream off before you gave it to them.' Samuel replied, 'Bless thee, *barn*, (child) it would do them more good with the cream on.'"—pp. 105, 107.

Though Hick received occasional lectures from his good wife on account of his charities, yet, Mr. Everett observes, "it was not owing to a want of generous feeling in her, but to a greater share of prudence; and it was a fortunate circumstance for him that he had such a *curb* at hand, otherwise he would have been often seriously involved in his circumstances; and, through charity alone, might either have enlarged the lists of bankrupts in the gazette, or been led to the work-house, to subsist on the charity of others."

Extracts of interest might be multiplied

from this volume, which affords one of the finest specimens of CHEERFUL PIETY, of either ancient or modern times; but we wish our readers to have a perusal of the whole.

His death was triumphant and happy. As the solemn moment drew near, a heavenly smile played upon his countenance, and the joy he experienced gave a vivacity to his eye, which scarcely comported with the general debility of his system. His last words were, "I am going." He died on Monday night, November 9th, 1829, in the seventy-first year of his age.

We are not surprised to find this volume entering upon its third edition, during the first year of its publication; and cordially wish it the increasing success it deserves.

REVIEW.—Saturday Evening. By the Author of *Natural History of Enthusiasm*. 8vo. pp. 490. Holdsworth and Bell. London. 1832.

THE contents of this volume may be considered as an assemblage of essays, discourses, or dissertations, on a variety of sacred topics, that are held forth in the book of revelation. They are twenty-nine in number—each of which bears a distinct title, indicating the subject discussed; and with each is associated a short scriptural passage, corresponding in character, but which rather serves as a motto to the essay, than a text for illustration. Of these articles, the following titles will assist the reader in forming some idea:—"the Expectation of Christians—the Courage peculiar to Times and Places—Laziness and Decision—the Means of Mercy—the Church and the World—the State of Sacred Science—the Limits of Revelation—the Vastness of the Material Universe," &c. &c.

To the investigation of these important subjects, the author has brought a powerful mind, strongly imbued with principles that are at once scriptural and rational; and, from an attentive perusal of what he has written, much useful information may be derived. On some occasions, his range of thought seems rather too comprehensive for common minds; but his discussions are never complicated in themselves, or so blended with foreign matter as to become perplexed.

On "the Means of Mercy," the author introduces his subject with the following paragraph:—

"To what extent the sacrifice once offered for the sins of mankind has actually taken effect, we neither know, nor have the means to any degree of knowing. The world of spirits is veiled. The inspired writers are silent, and theological rigidity, together with bold

conjecture, should be checked on such a theme. Meanwhile it is certain, as certain as the gospel, that the mercy of God has had no other channel, and, that to each of us, severally, there is a hope in Christ, and no other hope."—p. 37.

In the eleventh essay, on "the Vastness of the Material Universe," the author combats, with considerable success, the objection founded upon the comparative insignificance of the globe we inhabit. After devoting a page to the full statement of this objection, he proceeds with a reply—the strength and rationality of which can hardly fail to carry conviction to every attentive mind. The following extracts will show the manner and conclusiveness of his argumentation.

"On which side never we turn, we may find a direct confutation of this false modesty. It is quite evident that the whole great as it may be must be annihilated or made unimportant, when we annihilate, or reduce to nothing, the whole of its several constituent parts. And the reason which would lead nations to scorn one as I might to have the same effect in relation to another and a other. The whole is disposed of. The never a universe consists throughout of portions, superior or inferior to those which our system are placed in, without any world however diminutive in comparison with the universe, immensely diminutive in comparison with other worlds. The greatness of the universe is nothing else than the greatness of accumulation. The visible system is indeed immeasurably wide and deep, and it is stretched with innumerable worlds. But so far as science gives its evidence, the ponderous structure is reared throughout of the same material, and consists of parts which bear a relation of symmetry one to the other.

"If in imagination we stretch the wing to distant quarters of the regions of nature, what shall we find? nothing more than a sphere of measurable diameter, and fraught, like our own, with organization and intelligence. Let us indulge as freely as we choose still we must keep within certain bounds. There are but some planets, our planets. The vastness of the system therefore which when thought of collectively overpowers the mind, reduces itself, when reduced to a point to what we have already stated, namely the greatness of accumulation. The multitude of grains on the sea shore makes not each grain either more or less important than it would be if the number of the whole were much fewer than it is.

"And, certainly if our earth may retain its individuality, it may be a world, and the circulation of matter among which it moves, it may do so notwithstanding its diminutiveness. True, its size is scarcely perceptible from planets which by the breadth of the sun, baffle our sight. But to each rule of valuation can ever be associated, for it is favoured by no analogy. If the earth is to be deemed insignificant, there is because it is smaller than Jupiter or Saturn we ought to judge of Jupiter, Italy, and England merit no attention in comparison with Africa and Asia, and yet in fact, it is these petty regions, and the continents adjoining them that have concentrated successively the intelligence of the world.

"But, in looking more narrowly to this prejudice, and in tracing it to its elements, it resolves itself altogether into a natural infirmity of our limited faculty. What then is this conception of vastness, and what is the emotion of sublimity that attends it? It is nothing more than the struggle or agony of the mind under the consciousness of its ignorance and of its inability to grasp the object of its contemplation. Now, the notion of insignificance, or diminutiveness, though it may seem independent of any other, is in fact a correlative of the notion of magnitude. And a mind that had no idea of greatness or sublimity would never form one of minuteness.

"But can we for a moment suppose that the supreme intelligence looks abroad upon his works in this manner, as vast in the whole, and petty in the parts? Does he know them as we do—a portion perfectly, and the rest vaguely? Any such supposition as this were most egregious. On the contrary, we may boldly affirm that as the Divine knowledge is absolute, and extends itself equally and invariably over the entire surface, and through all the members of the universe, so it utterly excludes the notion of any part being insignificant and unimportant, in consequence of its disproportion to the immensity of the whole."—pp. 177 to 181.

In a strain similar to the above, the author proceeds through the whole of this essay; and, as the final result, clearly demonstrates, that if our world may be deemed too insignificant for the attention and care of God, there is no orb in all the universe of matter that can be exempted from the same general charge. It will, therefore, follow, that if each sun and planet, individually taken, is too insignificant to be an object of providential regard, the whole, which is formed of these parts, must be equally unworthy the Divine jurisdiction.

The same reasonings will apply to man, with as much propriety as to the orb which he inhabits. How vast soever the multitude of intelligent beings that are scattered throughout the universe, and how exalted soever their mental and moral endowments may be, all are the objects of the Divine paternal care. In the universe of matter, not one atom can be lost; and, in that of mind, not one spirit can be disregarded. In both cases, the whole is precisely the same with all its parts; and, if these are deemed too insignificant for notice, a regard for the whole, which is but an aggregate of them, is but a mere chimera.

From other essays, in this volume, it would be easy to make selections equally forcible, and equally interesting; but our scanty limits warn us to desist. No extract, however, can do justice to the author, and to this production of his pen. The reader who wishes to know the real value of this work, must peruse the whole; and we feel decidedly persuaded that he will find in it an ample remuneration for his time and expense.

Why the writer should have called his book "Saturday Evening," we cannot conjecture. Monday Morning would have been equally appropriate; for, in fact, we perceive no meaning in either. We care, indeed, little or nothing about the name, and of the author we know nothing, but by mere report; we are assured, however, that he has produced an excellent volume, in which the investigations of philosophy shine with steady lustre, in accordance with the dictates of revelation; and, in which, acute reasoning and forcible argumentation are combined, to subserve the best interests of mankind.

REVIEW.—*History of the Jews in all Ages.*

By the Author of History in all Ages.

12mo. pp. 590. Hamilton. London. 1832.

How degraded soever, and apparently contemptible, the Jews may appear at present, in the eyes of those among whom

they are scattered, it cannot be denied, that throughout the aggregate of their history, they have been more remarkable for vicissitude, incident, obstinacy, and suffering, than any other nation upon earth. There is scarcely any intermediate condition between the highest pinnacle of elevation, and the most abject state of degradation, which they have not experienced. Yet amidst all the changes through which they have passed, their national character has been uniformly preserved. To the customs of their distant ancestors they rigorously adhere. On their manners and modes of life, the nations among whom they reside appear to have had no influence; and, though inhabiting climates, zones, and countries that have no affinity with each other, they remain as much a distinct people, at this time, as they did in the days of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

To the Jews, under their various circumstances, a considerable portion of the Bible refers. Its history records the past and passing occurrences in their career; and its prophecies delineate their future destiny. In every respect, events correspond with these predictions; and they stand as solemn memorials, to prove the authenticity of the sacred writings. On these prophecies, many able dissertations have been written, but a living Jew furnishes the best commentary that was ever presented to the world.

Into all the general outlines of history, respecting these descendants of Abraham, this volume fully enters; and, in some of its branches, the details are given with discriminating minuteness. Commencing with their great progenitor, the author traces them through the pages of sacred and profane history, follows them in their captivities, wanderings, and dispersions, so far as their movements are known, and gives a summary of their present condition.

It is impossible for us to peruse any chapter in this volume, without being roused to attention by the numerous incidents which it contains. In every part, we find facts bordering on the marvellous; and, in the extraordinary events which meet us in every stage, we can hardly avoid acknowledging the power of God over-ruling secondary causes, and leading to results which mere rational calculation would scarcely have anticipated.

Connected as the Jews have been, during the long period of their descent, with almost every other nation, we are introduced to an epitome of what may be termed foreign history, and directed briefly to contemplate the laws and customs of those among whom they were called to sojourn. Hence, the

manners and dispositions of various nations rise, and pass before us; and, surveying the same people, in different ages, we have an opportunity of observing the changes which time, intercourse, philosophy, and religion, have wrought.

A chronology, towards the close, marks the specific period of each great event; and a copious index refers to the pages in which the incidents and occurrences are presented to the reader's view. These denote that this must have been a work of great research; but the author may congratulate himself that he has not laboured in vain.

To the reader who wishes for an acquaintance with Jewish history, this is just such a book as his wants require. It appears to contain every thing needful, to give ample information respecting this very extraordinary people, without being stretched to an immoderate length. The incidents, indeed, are too numerous in themselves to allow temptation for wandering into regions of irrelevant matter, any room to operate. The author, by adhering closely to his subject, has produced a book highly creditable to his industry and talents, and one that promises fair to prove both entertaining and useful to his readers.

REVIEW.—*Divines of the Church of England, with a Life of each Author; a Summary of each Discourse, with Notes.* By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B. D. Vol. XIX. *Hall's Contemplations, Vol. II.* 8vo. p. 526. Valpy. London. 1831.

THE Contemplations of Bishop Hall have long ranked among the standard works of our English divines; and such is their intrinsic excellence, that they are in no danger of losing their exalted station. They are chiefly founded on individuals, characters, and incidents, recorded in the sacred volume. These are assumed as data; and the circumstances which the facts include, the Contemplations steadily pursue.

A remarkable degree of reverence is diffused throughout the author's sentences; and, in all his elucidations, his mind always appears under the influence of an awful solemnity. Every hint which the occasion supplies, he converts into a topic of serious reflection; and extracts from the incident, or narrative, some useful lesson that is applicable to practical life. This, indeed, appears to have been the great object which the pious prelate invariably kept in view. It is not merely for its own sake that he analyzes the historical event, but for the sake of those inferences obviously deducible from it, a reference to ourselves, that an

amplification is given. In most of these inferences there is a vigour of thought, and a terseness of expression, that give them the character of aphorisms; and from these Contemplations a valuable compilation might be extracted.

In the nineteen volumes of this work already published, we have some of the best compositions of the periods over which they range. In his selection of authors, Mr. Valpy has displayed much discretion, as well as taste. To every friend of the established church, this reprint of the most sterling compositions which have sprung up under her auspices, must be a gratifying sight; and to any Christian library, it will be an honour to have these volumes exhibited on its shelves.

REVIEW.—*The Sunday Library, &c. being a Selection of Sermons from eminent Divines of the Church of England, chiefly within the last half Century.* By the Rev. T. F. Dibdin, D.D. Vols. V. VI. 12mo. pp. 370—378. Longman. London. 1831.

MOST, if not all of the preceding volumes of this series, we have had occasion to notice as they issued from the press, and if some apparent delay may seem attached to those now before us, it has not arisen from any suspicion of their inferior merit, but from the superabundance of works which press for notice in our pages.

For the character of these sermons, the names of their authors will furnish sufficient vouchers. Among these, in Vol. V. we find Newton, Blair, Chalmers, Allison, Hall, Irvine, Dean Chandler, and others; and the discourses in Vol. VI. are associated with the names of Secker, Huntingford, Blomfield, Maltby, Pott, Mant, Heber, and Porteus, all dignitaries of the established church; to which may be added several others, less exalted indeed in station, but not less deserving of having their works transmitted to posterity.

Several of the discourses in the fifth volume are on occasional subjects, which none but master-spirits can fairly examine, and fully elucidate. Here, however, they have fallen into able hands, and on many obscure topics we find darkness dissipated by a flood of light. The sermons in the sixth volume are of a more practical character, mingling rather with the common experience and duties of life, than with theories which are frequently more splendid in their appearance than stable in their foundations.

In glancing over the index at the

clusion of this work, we find, among the authors with whose labours it is enriched, some of the brightest ornaments of our national establishment; and among the subjects of their discourses, most of the great and important doctrines and precepts of the gospel. These interesting topics are treated in a calm, a luminous, yet spirited and decisive manner; and the series, now complete in six volumes, is not rendered tedious by an immoderate length.

REVIEW.—*The History and Topography of the United States of North America.* By John Howard Hinton. Parts 26—30. Hinton. London. 1832.

If every publication that issues from the press, could present so fair a claim to honourable notice as Hinton's America, we should but seldom hear author's complaining that critics were severe, or reviewers lamenting that they could find nothing in their works to praise. We must however, be content to "catch the manners, living as they rise," and, under the guidance of justice, to award praise or censure with an impartial hand.

Of the former portions of this work, we have had several occasions to speak favourably, and respecting those now before us, it is no mean compliment to say, that they are worthy of their predecessors, that they sustain the exalted character which this publication has commanded and obtained, and furnish decided indications that the author will not suffer his future plates and numbers to diminish the reputation of those already before the world.

The leading subjects which occupy the pages of the parts now under inspection are, Zoology, Ornithology, Agriculture, Manufacture, and Commerce. On each of these we have many interesting details and enlightened observations, all of which tend to prove, that, so far as the ingenuity and industry of man are concerned, the whole country is hastening towards a state of maturity, more gigantic in its strength and proportions, than any other on which the sun has hitherto thrown its enlivening beams.

In animated nature, however, a very different scene presents itself to our view. Many tribes of animals and birds have become extinct; and of those which survive, most have been driven from their accustomed haunts, while some are so scarce as to indicate that the day of their extermination is near at hand.

With the extraordinary ingenuity and sagacity of the beaver, most of our readers,

we presume, are well acquainted; but it is perhaps, less generally known, that as the habitations of man approach their territories, their instinct seems to undergo a surprising change, the nature of which may be gathered from the following extract:—

"The beaver has, at a former period, inhabited the territory of the United States much more extensively than at present. In various parts of the western country, where they are at present entirely unknown, except by tradition, the dams constructed by their labours are still standing securely, and in many instances serve instead of bridges to the streams they obstruct. There are few states in the Union in which some remembrance of this animal is not preserved by such names, as Beaver-dam, Beaver-lake, Beaver-falls, &c. In situations where it is frequently disturbed, all its singular habits are relinquished, and its mode of living changed to suit the nature of circumstances. Instead of building dams and houses, its only residence is then in the banks of the stream, where it is forced to make an extensive excavation, and to be content to adopt the manners of a musk-rat. More sagacity is displayed by the beaver in thus accommodating itself to circumstances, than in any other action it performs. Such is the caution which it exercises to guard against detection, that were it not for the removal of small trees, the stumps of which indicate the sort of animal by which they have been cut down, the presence of the beaver would not be suspected in the vicinity. All excursions for the sake of procuring food, are made late at night; and if it pass from one hole to another during the day-time, it swims so far under water, as not to excite the least suspicion of the presence of such a voyager. On many parts of the Mississippi and Missouri, where the beaver formerly built houses according to the usual mode, no such works are at present to be found, although beavers are still to be trapped in those localities. These circumstances throw light on the character of the European beaver, which has been thought to belong to another species, because it does not build. The value of the fur of these animals is well known. The capture or trapping of them, is a large part of the business, both of the Indians and the whites. It is a subject of regret, that an animal so valuable and so prolific, should be hunted in a manner tending to the extermination of the species, when a little care and management on the part of those interested, might prevent unnecessary destruction, and preserve the sources of their revenue. In the Hudson's Bay possessions they are becoming annually more scarce, and the race will eventually be extinguished throughout the whole continent; though a few individuals may, for a time, elude the immediate violence of persecution."—p. 140.

Of the Lynx, the Bear, the Wolf, the Raccoon, the Ermine, the Opossum, and others of the animal race, the habits and character are luminously, but briefly described; and many anecdotes are recorded, illustrative of their natural propensities, but for these we must refer to the work itself. Similar remarks may be applied to the feathered tribes, respecting which we can only repeat our recommendations.

According to the original announcement, about five parts more will complete this work; but we feel persuaded that much interesting matter might be found, to carry it to a far greater extent than the limits prescribed will allow. Two quarto volumes will, however, contain a goodly portion of

and the numerous and well-executed maps with which they are ornamented will happily give decoration to and render the whole a work of considerable interest and value.

v.—*American Stories for Little and Girls. Selected by Miss Ford. Three Volumes, 12mo. pp. 278, 298. Whittaker. London.*

is an art, if such it may be termed, telling of a story, which many of great learning and superior never can attain. Every one, on it well told, perceives its excellence and feels an interest in the issue; it is difficult to point out what constitutes its superiority. Narrative is a matter of composition, for which both young and old feel a strong partiality. All love with the marvellous, provided it is within the bounds of truth; and places, names, and dates, can be added, they impart a freshness to the tale, which cannot be derived from any other source.

allowance, however, must be made for the authenticity of tales which are drawn from foreign habits, and arise in remote portions of the globe. A tale of the regions can hardly be expected to bear resemblance to one that dates its origin from the torrid zone. Both may be true, although they bear no similitude to each other; and each may seem incredible when related or perused in that country which is the reverse of its own. The remarks will apply to ourselves. In an English tale, we expect to find certain features; but when we draw from remote climates, though manners and customs essentially vary, we have no more reason in this account to deem the narrative true or fictitious, than other nations would call those fabulous which are imported from our shores.

These tales, in three volumes, the first is laid in America, where nature is in gigantic forms. Her lakes are the eyes of Europeans. Sea-serpents are said to visit her oceans; remnants of Mammoth are still found in various places; and her continent is an inhabitant of the ice zone. Under such circumstances, it is not to be astonished at an occasional expression that may seem to partake of the marvellous. No traveller should set out without the magnitude of a waterfall, has seen the phenomenon of Nia-

It must not, however, be understood that the preceding remarks are intended to operate as an apology for any extravagances which these volumes contain. Independently of local peculiarities, we find nothing startling to credibility; nothing that puts credulity on the rack. In some measure their general character may be inferred from the following titles which they bear, "Sketches of a Sea Voyage—the Talisman—Life and Poems of Lucretia—Maria Davidson—Robert Woodard—Traditions of the Mammoth—and Self Conquest," fill the first volume. The second contains "The Canadian Travellers—the Blind Boy—Life of Wilson, the American Ornithologist—the New England Farm House—Grape Island—the Storm—and Adventures of a Nine-pence." The third presents to the reader "Evenings at Boston—the New England Parsonage—the Young Provincial—the Way to have Friends—the Log-bridge—the Valley of the Furnace—and the Garden of Roses."

In the first story, "Sketches of a Sea Voyage," a description is given of the ship, its tackling, capacity, arrangement, and accommodations. Her weighing anchor, spreading her sails, encountering storms, calms, exposure to an enemy, escape from disasters, and safe arrival in port, are all incorporated in the tale. The condition of the passengers on board, the unavoidable inconveniences of their situation, the variety of character among them, and the numerous objects which attract the attention in a voyage from America to England, are all interwoven with much ingenuity. The tale will teach a sailor his duty; and a passenger, what may reasonably be expected in crossing the Atlantic.

The tale which relates to the Mammoth is as prodigious as that unwieldy animal. Not having ever been seen alive, no accurate estimate can be formed of its real dimensions. From the bones that have been found, it appears to have far exceeded in magnitude any of the animal tribes now in existence; but, beyond this, nothing with absolute certainty can be affirmed. The story is founded upon Indian traditions, which surpass all bounds of probability. The authority, however, is given, on which the exaggerated statement rests; and the author does not vouch for its authenticity. In one page, we are informed, that "the Megalonyx was precisely sixty feet in length, and twenty-five feet in height. On this subject, we beg to add the following passage, from a celebrated commentator still living. "The Mammoth; or, Megalonyx, is a carnivorous animal, as the ~~struc-~~

ture of the teeth proves, and of an immense size. From a considerable part of the skeleton which I have seen, it is computed that the animal to which it belonged must have been nearly *twenty-five feet high*, and *sixty in length*. The bones of one toe are entire; and the toe upwards of three feet in length.” — *Dr. Adam Clarke's Commentary on Genesis i. 24.*

The history of “Robert Woodard; or, the Heedless Boy,” teaches an important lesson, which all should learn. The life of “Wilson” is rendered particularly interesting by unquestionable facts. “Grape Island” is truly American in all its parts. “The New England Farm House is also quite transatlantic in every feature. “Evenings in Boston” contain many very amusing narratives and incidents; but they would have been equally as entertaining, if Boston had given place to any town, city, or country on the European continent, or in the islands of the sea.

We have neither time nor room to characterize each individual tale. The principle upon which all are founded, is decidedly excellent; and practical utility is uniformly kept in view. These volumes happily blend instruction and entertainment with so much ingenuity, that, while the reader pursues nothing but amusement, he insensibly falls in with fragments of history, and accidental delineations, which will probably be remembered when the tale itself is half obliterated from the memory. We have perused these tales with much gratification; and think that the handsome volumes which contain them, will be a valuable acquisition to the juvenile library, on each side of the Atlantic.

REVIEW.—*The Annual Biography and Obituary. 1832. Vol. XVI. 8vo. pp. 476. Longman. London.*

THIS volume contains memoirs of celebrated persons who have died within the years 1830 and 1831. These are thirty-one in number, and are variously extended, as the career of the individual has been more or less diversified with incidents, while pursuing his journey through life.

This annual biography has no connexion with sect or party. Statesmen, judges, counsellors, divines, philosophers, and heroes, are alike eligible to its pages; and it is pleasing to observe, that, how much soever they might have differed in sentiment from each other, when living, their names and distinguishing characteristics now associate in these pages, in as much peace as their mortal remains moulder with

undisturbed repose, in the house appointed for all living.

A work that has been so long before the world as the *Annual Biography*, of which this is the sixteenth volume, must be too well known to require any particular description. The memoirs are written with much spirited simplicity; and several among them furnish narratives of remarkable events, that are particularly interesting. The life of Mrs. Siddons, the biographical sketch of Mr. Roscoe, and the shipwreck of Sir Murray Maxwell, may be adduced, among many others, as specimens of the able manner in which this work is executed.

To the impartiality which distinguishes these memoirs, justice directs us to bear an unequivocal testimony. No doubtful expressions are suffered to interweave themselves with the general tenor of the narrative, to neutralize its effects, and place the individual in a questionable light. What is intended is expressed without duplicity, and nothing appears in the character of artful concealment.

Of literary men, some account is given in reference to their works, but this relates more to the list of their publications than to their particular character, or the merits which they possess. Yet, even in this respect, as a book of consultation its records will be found exceedingly valuable.

With a degree of candour highly creditable to the compiler, the sources whence his information has been derived are very generally acknowledged. This tribute of respect was due, both to himself and to the works which have afforded the supplies: to himself, that he may not be accountable for the errors of others, nor reap laurels to which they have an exclusive claim; and to others, that they may not have occasion to complain that their compositions have been pirated without being honoured with a suitable acknowledgment.

The *Annual Biography and Obituary* is a national work, in the welfare of which all the respectable classes of the community are deeply interested; and we doubt not that it is supported by the patronage which it so justly merits.

REVIEW.—*The Cabinet Annual Register, and Historical, Political, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Chronicle, for the Year 1831. To be continued annually. 12mo. pp. 464. Washbourne. London. 1832.*

THIS book bears a comprehensive title, which is calculated to excite very sanguine

tions. We do not, however, think they are greater than its contents are likely to gratify, as the subjects are both useful and interesting, and the author's acquaintance with them is at once intimate and extensive.

Glancing over the contents, we find the compiler pays his visits to nearly all countries in Europe; and, crossing the Atlantic, traverses the United States, and extends his researches into the regions of America. From each of these he collects materials for this "historical, political, geographical, and miscellaneous chronicle," which, richly freighted with foreign and domestic intelligence, he now presents to the public in the character of "the Annual Register."

In this work, about one half is devoted to occurrences which, during the past year, have taken place in Great Britain and Europe. Among these, the proceedings of the Convention, popular tumults, and the state of the public mind, form the more prominent features. The nations on the continent are in a succession; so that a few glances introduce us to the principal transactions of the European and American

world. In several respects, the year has been productive of many remarkable events. The revolutions in France, the affairs of Belgium and Holland, the efforts of Poland to shake off the Russian yoke, and the state of Italy, still remaining in suspense, arrest our attention when we look abroad; while the Corn Law bill, at home, swallows almost every other consideration. Into each of these the work before us enters; and, although the author's observations are common to all, they appear luminous, and command respect by their impartiality.

In the Annual Biography we do not think we have any new. The memoirs are very brief, consist chiefly of common-place observations, unenriched by original matter, and embellished by incident and anecdote, and are not distinguished by those nice discriminations of style that might be expected. It is an obituary, a little more extended than that which bears this name; and no doubt, perhaps, have detected an error which both had been covered by the latter.

The "Chronicle of Events," on the contrary, we consider as a highly valuable

It includes nearly every incident of importance that has occurred in the British dominions throughout the year. This portion is worth the price of the whole book.

Four of the public documents, lists, &c., we readily bear our most desiderata.

REVIEWS, NO. 16.—VOL. II.

decided testimony. To every lover of his country, and to all who have the welfare of their neighbours and families at heart, whether of patrician or plebeian blood, these tables and documents must be highly interesting and valuable. They may be considered as a map, on which is delineated the income and disbursements of the British nation, with all its leading characters sitting at the helm of public affairs. These are tables and documents, which, in some form or other, no person should be without; and we scarcely know one in which, on a succinct, yet moderately extended scale, they may be inspected to greater advantage.

REVIEW.—*Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-book, with Poetical Illustrations, by L. E. L. 4to. Fisher & Co. London.*

FROM the number and variety of splendid annuals which of late years have presented themselves to our notice, we were inclined to think that the resources of ingenuity were so impoverished, that no powerful attraction in any rival publication could be reasonably expected. We had also imagined, that public taste, satiated with literary and graphic splendour, would pause for a season, until the cravings of returning hunger should demand a fresh supply. In both of these respects we have, however, found ourselves greatly mistaken.

The Drawing-room Scrap-book is a splendid quarto, elegantly bound, and ornamented with thirty-six beautiful engravings, so that it exceeds, both in dimensions and in the number of its embellishments, all its predecessors and contemporaries, and thus holds out a new attraction to the admirers of art, in the number, diversity, and concentration of its charms.

Nor have these attractive influences been permitted to operate in vain. The sale of this superb production has, we understand, been very considerable. To this, perhaps, the time of its appearance greatly contributed. It was reserved until the conclusion of the year, when the novelty of others, prematurely sent into the market, had subsided; and, as a Christmas and New Year's Gift among annuals unseen before, it found no competitor.

But, in addition to the splendid exterior and graphic elegance of this volume, the poetic pen of L. E. L. lent a portion of its well-known fame, to augment its lustre and enhance its value. The productions of this lady are well known to all who have any regard for the muses, or have ever visited the Aonian mount. Nearly all the descriptions are her own; and, in conjunction

with her other compositions, they will bear their part in transmitting her name to posterity.

By special permission, this Drawing-room Scrap-book is dedicated to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and the first plate is a lovely portrait of her daughter the Princess Victoria. In this portrait, youth, beauty, innocence, and simplicity, are happily combined. It was engraved by Woolnoth from a painting by Anthony Stewart. Her illustrious mother, the Duchess of Kent, engraved by the same artist, also appears in the volume, and likewise His Highness Prince George-Frederick-Alexander-Charles-Earnest-Augustus of Cumberland.

Descending from royal lineage, some other portraits of celebrated individuals adorn this volume, but, in general, the plates exhibit views of varied scenery and character, taken from England, Ireland, India, and the antipodes of the globe.

Amidst this magnificent assemblage, we scarcely know to which we should attach our strongest marks of admiration. Those that are of foreign extraction being new, in architecture and nature, to the English eye, will most probably put forth an attractive power, that will be felt with the greatest efficacy. Novelty, however, is an evanescent charm, and when this has subsided, intrinsic worth will resume and retain its permanent character. On superlative excellence, where all has so strong a claim to approbation, we presume not to decide; this must be consigned to the taste and judgment of every connoisseur.

We have only to add, that the Drawing-room Scrap-book is a work in which art and genius have happily united their energies; and we rejoice to find it honoured with that extensive patronage which the publishers had successfully exerted themselves to deserve.



REVIEW.—*Living Poets and Poetesses, a Biographical and Critical Poem.* By Nicholas Michell, Author of the *Siege of Constantinople*. 12mo. pp. 150. Kidd, London, 1832.

THIS is a bold title, and, when we consider that the author is a very young man, who has but just begun to make his appearance before the public, we cannot but view his undertaking as still bolder than the name he has given to his book. Age, experience, superiority of talent, and established reputation, should all concentrate, in the writer who presumes to take his seat in the

chair of infallibility, and to assume the censorship over the poetical genius of the era and country in which he lives. We cannot, therefore, but think, that Mr. Michell has taken a hasty and premature step, and that, in a few years, he will regret he had not acted with more prudence, caution, and deliberate circumspection.

Within the narrow compass of one hundred pages, throughout which many notes are scattered, Mr. Mitchell has cited before his tribunal, arraigned, tried, acquitted, or condemned, fifty-four votaries of the muse. Many of these are her particular favourites, and have long since had their names inscribed on a conspicuous tablet in the temple of fame; while others are travelling hard to gain the steep ascent, and catch, if but a transient, smile from the Parnasian goddess. In short, Mr. Michell has spread his net so widely, that in one general sweep he has enclosed nearly all the poetical talents of the country, and dragged them on shore, to undergo the rigours of his own examination.

But while we thus most decidedly condemn Mr. Michell's presumption and temerity, for the daring step he has taken, we do not mean to insinuate that his production is destitute of merit. Many of his lines are admirably constructed, and his sentiments are nervously expressed. We perceive, also, some nice discriminations of character, applied to the works which he analyzes, both in his poem and in the notes; but his muse not being fully fledged, exposes many unseemly parts, which time might have covered with beautiful feathers. He might then have given to his critical awards a degree of symmetry of which they now are destitute.

It is equally fair also to observe, that, on some occasions, Mr. Michell is nearly as lavish in his praises, as, on others, he is liberal in his censures; and even the same individual, whom, in some respects, he at times applauds, he condemns and ridicules in others. Few, indeed, have been so fortunate as to merit approbation without any alloy; but several are brought forth with "all their imperfections on their heads;" and, for their redeeming qualities, to mitigate the severity of censure, we are compelled to search in vain.

From the pen of Lord Byron, a survey of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers might be very acceptable to the public; but on the subject of satire, imitation is rarely successful. None but Ulysses could bend his own bow, and Wallace alone could properly manage his own sword. In weak or unskilful hands, a ponderous

will sometimes inflict a wound deeper than was intended, and in at an enemy, perhaps slay a friend; ably but slightly scarify those who its severest strokes.

Michell is certainly a young man of ng talent, but on the present occasion step is premature, and one that calculated to create enemies, than friends. Precipitancy in appearing the public, and an ill-chosen sub- ve brought many a child of genius untimely literary grave. We hope, e, that this author will devote his energies, which are highly deserving ration and exercise, to some perma- bject, on which the fluctuations of cannot divide and weaken public n; nor consign to oblivion or neg- mature emanations of mental and vigour, because, in youth, they ed, on one occasion, to be ill-direct- unfortunately applied.

1.—*The Easter Gift; a Religious ing. By L. E. L. Fisher, Son, Co. London. 1832.*

s new publication, we have been l with an inspection, before it can fairly to have issued from the As an Easter Gift, Easter is the time for its appearance; and, for this hal- season, both its engravings and poe- mpositions are peculiarly adapted. e "Drawing-Room Scrap-Book," has been reviewed in a preceding e poetical illustrations in this volume E. L., to whose talents, tributes of re now nearly superfluous.

e Easter Gift" will contain fourteen from originals, painted by some of t eminent artists, both ancient and , in this nation, and in foreign parts; rgraved by individuals, who rank lly high in the graphic departments hey respectively fill. The subjects plates are chiefly from the New nt; and the greater portion have an ate bearing on the character which sustained, when he became "the f. God, who taketh away the sin of d."

onstruction and arrangement, this Gift" is reared on the model of the ing-Room Scrap-Book," only it is on lendid, and less extended scale; and refore be rendered at a proportion- er price. We feel, however, fully , that the numerous admirers of the ing-Room Scrap-Book," will find ally congenial to their taste; and, as a

handsome present from one friend to another, adapted to the season of the year, we know not one more elegant or more appropriate.

As a specimen of the poetry, we give the following:—

JUDAS RETURNING THE THIRTY PIECES.

"The thirty pieces down he flung, for which his Lord he sold,
And turned away his murderer's face from that accursed gold.
He cannot sleep, he dares not watch; that weight is on his heart,
For which, nor earth nor heaven have hope, which never can depart.

"A curse is on his memory, we shudder at his name;
At once we loathe and scorn his guilt, and yet we do the same:
Alas! the sinfulness of man, how oft in deed and word
We act the traitor's part again, and do betray our Lord.

"We bend the knee, record the vow, and breathe the fervent prayer:
How soon are prayer and vow forgot, amid life's crime and care!
The Saviour's passion, cross, and blood, of what avail are they,
If first that Saviour we forget, and next we disobey!

"For pleasures, vanities, and hates, the compact we renew,
And Judas rises in our hearts—we sell our Saviour too.
How for some moments' vain delight we will im- bitter years,
And in our youth lay up for age, only remorse and tears.

"Ah! sanctify and strengthen, Lord, the souls that turn to thee;
And from the devil and the world our guard and solace be.
And as the mariners at sea still watch some guiding star,
So fix our hearts and hopes on thee, until thine own they are."—pp. 21, 22.

BRIEF SURVEY OF BOOKS.

1. *The Child's Commentator on the Holy Scriptures, by Ingram Cobbin, A. M. Vol. IV.,* (Westley, London,) introduces to our notice a great number of scenes and incidents from the Old Testament, on which the author has made many very judicious remarks. It is a book designed for children, to whom it will communicate much useful information, on several interesting subjects of sacred history.

2. *A Dictionary of the most important Names, Objects, and Terms, found in the Holy Scriptures, by Howard Malcolm, A. M.,* (Seeley, London,) derives a considerable portion of its value from the changes which time has made in the use and appropriation of language. The terms and objects found in the sacred writings, the author considers in their primitive import and application; and, without this branch of useful knowledge, many things will be misunderstood. This book is small in size, but valuable in its contents.

3. *The Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy, for the Use of Schools*, by Thomas Keightley, (Whittaker, London,) is intended to set aside Tom Thumb, Jack the Giant-killer, and other nursery books of a similar character, and to furnish a brief account of those heroes and demi-gods which supply our poets with machinery, and our classical writers with allusions and illustrations. In these views, this is a valuable book, the contents of which will be found amusing, as well as instructive.

4. *Moral Fables and Parables*, by Ingram Cobbin, M.A. (Westley, London,) are very pretty, very short, very amusing, and very interesting. We think it is a book with which children will be innocently diverted, and taught many wholesome moral lessons by the little tales with which they are gratified. Several wood-cuts serve to illustrate the subject of the fables, and to ornament the pages.

5. *Christian Directions, Showing how to walk with God all the Day long*, by Thomas Gouge, (Religious Tract Society, London,) is a reprint from the above author of 1660. It enters with tolerable minuteness into most of the concerns of life, and gives wholesome advice under a great variety of circumstances. From the Religious Tract Society, we do not expect a bad book. All are excellent, and this is one that will claim a niche among the higher grade.

6. *The Christian Pastor visiting his Flock; and the Flock reciprocating their Shepherd's Care*, by John Morison, D. D., (Westley, London,) opens before us a large field both for labour and usefulness. The minister, who, having the welfare of his flock at heart, is anxious for the salvation of their souls, cannot eat the bread of idleness, because he will not neglect his duty. Its various branches, Dr. Morison has distinctly unfolded in this little volume; and if all who fill the pastoral office were conscientiously to observe the rules laid down, the enemies of religion would have but little occasion to charge them with disregarding every thing besides the fleece.

7. *The Writer's and Student's Assistant, being a choice Selection of English Synonyms, &c.*, (Whittaker, London,) is certainly much too diminutive for the task the author has undertaken. In some notes and observations, he has with much precision discriminated between the import of terms that are generally, though erroneously, used as synonymous. In many cases, there can be no doubt that this book will be found beneficial, but the limits are too dis-

proportionate to the subjects, to answer the reader's expectation.

8. *Sacred Poetry, by a Layman*, (Seeley, London,) consists of many articles, short, and unconnected with each other. These contain some decent lines, but nothing beyond what may be found in many a volume that is born but to be forgotten.

9. *The Sunday Scholar's Repository*, No. 1, (Depository, London,) contains a brief memoir of Mr. Raikes, and also of Wickliffe, with some other articles, but it is too early to form an estimate of its merits.

10. *The Bow in Strength, or a Practical Dissertation on the History of Joseph, as recorded in the Book of Genesis*, by Charles Larom, (Hamilton, London,) follows this remarkable individual through all the strange vicissitudes of his fortune. Few memoirs can furnish a greater variety of incidents, or suggest more topics for moral reflections, than the history of Joseph. Of these Mr. Larom has availed himself, and produced a book that teaches many important lessons, which will be perused with much interest, because they place truth in an attractive light.

11. "*The Lord Our Righteousness*," &c., by the Rev. Frederic Sanders, M.A. (Religious Tract Society,) is said to have been the watchword of the reformers, and we do not know that they could have found any one more appropriate. It has been translated from the German, and now promises fair to prove beneficial to the reader in an English dress.

12. *The Poor Man's Sabbath; a Poem*, by John Struthers, (Gallie, Glasgow,) is recommended by seven editions. It expatiates, with much animation, on the nature, advantages, and sanctity of this holy day, which extends its benign protection over the labouring cattle; and its influence, in modern times, to the islands of the Pacific. As a poetical composition, the lines are very respectable.

13. *A Discourse on the Church's Stability, &c.*, by the Rev. Stephen Charnock, D. D., 1641, (Religious Tract Society, London,) is distinguished by that earnestness of appeal, and vigour of sentiment, for which writers, of the author's time, were particularly remarkable. Their writings are like old coin—the inscriptions may be quaint and obsolete, but the metal is sterling, and will bear the crucible.

14. *The Journeys of the Children of Israel, and their Settlement in the Promised Land*, (Tract Society, London,) traces the wanderings of this remarkable people, from their bondage in Egypt, to the death of Joshua. The events recorded are

ed by many wood engravings. To persons, it will be a pleasing epitome of this branch of Jewish history.

The Discipline of the Church of England defended against the Objections of William Tiptaft, by Thomas Grose, (Southern, London,) is not an elaborate production, that is ever likely to convert an author to a bishopric. The four objections of Mr. Tiptaft must have very weak, if they are fully answered in a few pages.

On the Portable Sudatory; or, the Bath: its Medical Powers, and its Utility in Cholera Morbus, &c., by A. Beaume, (Highley, London.) is a tract that makes its appeal to medical men, and, by them, the utility of what it recommends must be decided. As a frontispiece to the Sudatory Bath appears in various forms; and a considerable portion of the author has written is, to explain its utility, and to expatiate on its merits.

Second Annual Report of the Scotch Temperance Society, (Whittaker, London,) furnishes a frightful picture of the prevalence, and baneful effects, of intemperance; with which are contrasted the successful results of temperance societies, since they have been established. Scepticism may ridicule these societies, as an impracticable scheme to reform the world, but let us look at the following facts:—the number of societies, now in Scotland, is 1,000, containing 44,044 members. On the consumption of spirits in 1831, compared with 1830, the decrease has been 1,000,000 gallons.

The Saint's Everlasting Rest, by J. C. Crowder, abridged by I. Crewdson, eighth edition, (Fisher & Co. London,) has already had an impression of 30,000 copies. It has been purchased for gratuitous distribution, and we scarcely know a book more likely to be useful when extensively distributed. For this purpose, the price is very low:—in sheets, only eight-pence, if one dozen be taken; and, if in larger quantities, though amounting to 212 pages.

The Miracles of the Irving School proved to be unworthy of Serious Examination, by the Rev. David Thom, (Longman, London,) is a pamphlet to which the public will attach some degree of interest, but, like the miracles it denies, it will pass its day, and be forgotten. As a matter of curiosity, it may excite some attention; but few, we believe, want to be convinced of a fact which is so obvious by its own absurdity.

20. *Village Rhymes*, (Seeley, London,) contains rather more prose than verse; and with this we think the reader will not be displeased, as it consists of narrative, dialogue, and description. The whole, however, is only a nursery book; but in this sphere it will be found both attractive and useful.

21. *The Nautical Magazine, &c. No. I.* (Fisher & Co., London,) is a register of maritime discoveries in various parts of the world, with a variety of miscellaneous matter relating to affairs, facts, and incidents connected with nautical science. This number, in fifty-six pages, on a type like our own, contains several interesting articles, some of which are of high importance to mariners. Light-houses, buoys, and improvements in harbours, are always momentous subjects to those who traverse the stormy deep. A curious frontispiece arrests the eye; and the account of its use will be perused with much sympathy and solicitude.

22. *The Class Book, with Exercises*, (Sunday-school Depository, London,) has passages of scripture for its basis, and questions founded on them, to exercise the pupil's understanding and memory, for its superstructure. It is a neat and useful Sunday-school book.

23. *The Voice of Humanity, published quarterly, No. VII.*, (Nisbet, London,) continues, with much argument, feeling, and sympathy, to inculcate humanity towards the brute creation. In the parts already published, this work has been of essential service, in awakening public attention to the detestable evils which it exposes, if not in exciting remorse in those whose barbarous conduct towards animals has rendered this publication necessary. What will the reader think of sausages, after perusing the two following facts? "In glancing at the police report for January 30, at Queen Square, we find, that a master butcher and his journeyman had dressed a poor old cow, which had died of a diseased udder, and sold it for thirty-five shillings to a sausage-maker in Cow-Cross, Smithfield? The journeyman also affirmed, that he had been employed by a butcher in Little Chelsea, to dig up some pigs which had died of disease, and been buried, and that having dressed them, they were also sold to the same sausage-maker." —p. 90.

24. *Morning Manna, or Verse Book for 1832*, (Gallie, Glasgow,) is a neat little thing containing a passage of Scripture for every day in the year, which the reader is requested to commit to memory.

25. *A Letter of Inquiries addressed to the Rev. John Scott, A. M. occasioned by the perusal of a Sermon recently published by him, entitled, "Reformation not Subversion," purporting to be an Appeal to the People of England, on behalf of their National Church, by Ebenezer Morley, Hull,* (Simpkin, London,) is a controversial article, written on the dissenting side of the question, against the ecclesiastical establishment. It passes through paths in which multitudes had travelled before the author was born, but he seems well acquainted with its turns and windings, and knows how to handle the weapons provided for his use. It is a pamphlet calculated to mitigate the tone of censorious and supercilious authority, in those who think the national church to be infallible, and that heresy attaches itself to all who presume to doubt the fact.

26. *The Nias Boy, or some Account of Afoofoo, a Malay Youth, by the Rev. N. Moren, A. M.,* (Westley, London,) is a pathetic narrative, which we think no one can read without feeling an interest in his fate. Brought from an island in the Indian ocean, when about ten or twelve years old, he fell into the hands of a pious family in Scotland, who took much pains to improve his mind, and instruct him in the principles of the christian religion. His improvement was great in both respects, but venturing on a log in the water, it overturned, and he was drowned. The simplicity of this tale is truly affecting.

27. *The Deaf, Dumb, and Blind, or the Scotch Pedlar's Tale,* (Gallie, Glasgow,) will please children, and furnish employment for the philosophical mind. It carries us into the region of providential dispensations, and partially discloses a wise economy in operation, lying behind a cloud that we cannot fully pierce.

28. *The Classical English Vocabulary, &c. &c., by Ingram Cobbin, A. M.,* (Westley, London,) evinces at once the industry, the taste, and the acquirements of its author. It embraces a selection of words used by reputable writers, and gives their pronunciation, meaning, and derivation. Among the higher classes of pupils, and others who have retired from seminaries of learning, this book will be deservedly held in high repute. Mr. Cobbin seems to devote a considerable portion of his time and talents to the benefit of youth; and by his unremitting assiduity, he has laid those of both sexes under lasting obligations. This is a book that must be examined throughout by all who wish duly to appreciate its value.

29. *A Treatise on the Authority, Ends, and Observance of the Christian Sabbath, by the Rev. Duncan Macfarlan,* (Whittaker, London,) not only swells the list of books already in circulation on this important subject, but adds considerably to the aggregate stock of argument, by which the observance of the Lord's day is enforced. The Mosaic Sabbath he assumes as of divine appointment, and argues that a change of day cannot abrogate the moral obligation which is involved in its institution. The necessity of this change he argues from the superiority of the Christian over the Mosaic dispensation, from the conduct of the apostles and early Christians, and the edicts of the church in succeeding ages. The abuse of this day is awfully exemplified by an appeal to facts of which no person can be ignorant. To the remedying of this deplorable profanation, he directs all his force, and brings to bear upon it a goodly portion of all that argument and language can be expected to supply.

30. *Essay on the Rights of Hindoos over Ancestral Property, according to the Law of Bengal, by Rajah Rammohun Roy,* (Smith and Elder, London,) is a pamphlet which carries us to India, and introduces us to foreign manners, customs, and laws, that, in most respects, have little or no affinity with our own. On the subjects, therefore, discussed by the learned author, as they stand connected with the rules of legislation and conquest, we find ourselves utterly incompetent to give any decided opinion. Viewing them, however, in their relation to the immutable principles of justice, we feel no hesitation in saying, that the writer has made out a strong case, which demands a serious examination. He appears to be intimately acquainted with the rights for which he contends, and with the laws on which his claims are founded. He is evidently a man of extensive learning and superior talents, and we hope that he will not be suffered to remain unheard, or to plead in vain.

31. *The Harmonicon for January 1832, No. XLIX.,* (Longman, London,) sustains its part in the series to which it belongs, in a manner highly creditable to the conductor. This work takes a general survey of musical science throughout the world, noticing improvements, inventions, development of individual genius, and national superiority, and contrasting these with the fluctuations to which it has been exposed. It is a publication enlivened with many anecdotes of musical enthusiasts, with which the reader cannot fail to be amused, even though unable to play the organ.

CLEANINGS.

Spelling.—Barwell relates, that having boasted of his spelling ability, Johnson took up a book, and read a while, and then called upon Barwell to re-read from his notes. The result was, that Barwell was ashamed of his work. Were the persons who complain of the newspapers put upon the same trial, they would undoubtedly have the same signal failure.

Struck by Fire.—There have been only three instances of self-destruction by fire: that of the philosopher Empedocles, who threw himself into the crater of Mount Etna; that of a Frenchman, who, in imitation of the farmer, precipitated himself, in 1830, into the crater of Vesuvius; and that of an Englishman, who, about twenty years back, jumped into the furnace of a forge.

Snuff.—A woman asked a doctor whether taking snuff was hurtful to the brain. "No," said the doctor, "for he that has any brains will not take snuff."

Horrible Traffic.—The "Sydney Gazette," of the 15th of April, 1851, contains a government order, the object of which is to put an end to a most singular kind of traffic carried on by the masters and crews of vessels trading between this colony and New Zealand. The trade consists in the purchase of "human heads," preserved in a manner peculiar to that country. The opinion, as the governor truly states, "has a tendency to increase the sacrifice of human life among savages, whose disregard of it is notorious." But which party are we to consider the evildoers in this case—the New Zealanders, who prepare the commodity, or the Europeans who make the purchase?

A Fort connected with Whitecross-street Prison.—A street-sweeper, (who is now, I believe, removed from his office,) in New Bond street, was in the habit of sending the prisoner, who was, a crossing in that street, on messages, and never paid him any thing for his trouble, but the prisoner occasionally borrowed a few pence of him which he thinks might amount to a shilling. Not contenting himself with this, the prisoner decided going on any further errands for him. The plaintiff then brought a woman to put on his crossing, which prisoner refused, and the former applied to one of the inhabitants to remove the prisoner, which they declined, saying he had always conducted himself with propriety. In consequence of which the street sweeper took the plaintiff's method of revenging himself, and summoned the prisoner for 1s 6d which, with the costs the prisoner offered to pay at 2s per month. As the street sweeper had influence enough to persuade the commissioners he could pay the whole at once they therefore made an order that he should pay the same and 2s 6d costs on the Wednesday next after the 3d day of October, 1851, which he being able to comply with he is now incarcerated in Whitecross street for 140 days.

March 17, 1852. A PRISONER.
(When will the subject of Imprisonment for debt be brought before parliament.)

British and Foreign Temperance Society.—It is proposed to hold the Annual Meeting of this Society at Finsbury Hall, on Tuesday the 2nd of May, at 11 o'clock, the Right Hon. and Right Rev the Lord Bishop of London in the chair.

A Word to Washer-women.—In washing printed muslin, put a table-spoonful of common salt into the tub, and the colours will remain as bright as before.

Arrest for Debt.—It appears, from the affidavits which are officially filed, that, in two years and a half, 70,000 persons have been arrested for debt in and about London, the law expenses of which have amounted to upwards of half a million, in addition to which, probably, quite as many more actions have been brought on uncollectible writs, for debts under 50s, the costs on which must have been little less than another half million.

Imprisonment for Debt.—The North American Review informs us "that the number of persons imprisoned in the debtor's apartment in Philadelphia, from June 6, 1849, to Feb. 24, 1850, was 817, of whom there were—30 whose debts were below 1 dollar, 233 above 1 and below 5 dollars, 174 above 5 and below 10 dollars, 160 above 10 and below 20 dollars, 147 above 20 and below 100, 98 above 100 dollars.—Of 828 of these unfortunate people, the debts were 8565 dollars and the costs 8544 and of 84 the debts were 808 and the costs 8,192 dollars"—*Advertiser*.

On being struck with Chloro.—On the first attack, bleeding, or hot water and vapour baths, are to be resorted to. The former is a surgical operation, and dangerous in its performance without proper anatomical knowledge with regard to the latter, we have lately heard of a novel mode of exhibiting the vapour bath by means of a tea bottle, the patient is reclined in a blanket, and the neck of the bottle introduced between the folds; the water in it is kept boiling, and a most efficient vapour bath is produced.

Stork's Runners.—The perennial kidney-bean, exhibited by Mr. Lindsey Lundy, at the horticultural meeting in Norwich, was the well-known scarlet runner *Phaseolus multiflorus* Johnson, in his edition of "Gardens," 1833, says it was introduced into this country by John Tradescant, but from whence it does not appear. It was figured by Cornutus, in his "Cucurbit. Plant," p. 184 t. 183, printed in 1633. The plants exhibited were some from seeds sown in April 1850. These were taken up in November, and preserved in some dry mould in the cellar through the winter, and planted out again the 7th of April last. The roots were then perfectly sound, as well as the stems, from both of which at the time of their exhibition, they had pushed vigorous young shoots, of from six to nine inches in length. Others, of which there formed a part, are now growing luxuriantly, throwing round their stalks, and will soon produce a second year's crop. It is not a little remarkable, that this useful and valuable inhabitant of our gardens, for at least two centuries, should not have been discovered to be perennial by any of our English writers on horticulture. The first drop of our scarlet runners from year-old roots, of which we have any knowledge, was grown under the superintendence of the exhibitor in 1847.

Language in Parliament. James I issued a proclamation, in which the voters for members of parliament were directed "not to choose curious and wrangling lawyers, who seek reputation by stirring needless questions."

Engraver.—Some of our fair collectors of shreds, song-stanzas, and the like, may not be aware that the very engraver of lawyers is, *de jure*.

A Chinese Bride.—The greatest rarity, however, after this kind, was the sight of a Chinese bride. The son of our host having been married a few days before, we were honoured (according to the usage of the country during the honey-moon) with permission to look at his wife, as she stood at the door of her apartment, while we were passing out. The lady was surrounded by several old women, who held fans and lamps above and about her that we might have a more complete view of her figure and attire. She was a young person, perhaps 17 years of age, of middle stature, with very agreeable features and a light complexion, though she seemed to us to have some paint. She wore a scarlet robe, superbly trimmed with gold, which completely covered her from the shoulders to the ground. The sleeves were very full and along the bottom ran a beautiful fringe of small bells. Her head dress sparkled with jewels, and was most elegantly beaded with rows of pearls, encircling the coronet from the front of which a brilliant angular ornament hung over her forehead and between her eyebrows. She stood in a modest and graceful attitude, having her eyes fixed on the floor though she occasionally raised them, with a glance of timid civility towards the spectators. Her hands joined together but folded in her robe, she lifted several times towards her face and then lowered them very slowly. Her attendant, presuming that the guests would be gratified with a peep at that consummation of Chinese beauty the lady's feet, raised the hem of the mantle from her for a moment or two. They were of the most diminutive kind, and reduced to a mere point at the toe. Her shoes, like the rest of her bridal apparel, were scarlet, embroidered with gold, in pattern to the poor creature, during this torturing exhibition, (as we imagine it must have been to her,) her demeanour was natural and becoming and once or twice something like half a smile, for an instant, showed that she was not entirely unconscious of the admiration which her appearance excited, nor much displeased by it.—*Thames and Brunel's Travels*.

Extract of a Letter from Thomas Jefferson to Major Cartwright, in the Year 1824.—"Your age of 84, and time of 81 years, leaves us a speedy meeting. We may then converse at leisure and more fully, on the good and evil which, in the course of our long lives, we have both witnessed, and, in the mean time, I pray you to accept assurances of my high veneration and esteem for your person and character." *Thomas Jefferson*.

Murder of William IV.—On a late occasion, his present Majesty, while viewing the royal collection, was observed to pause before a splendid portrait by Vandyke, of that ill-fated monarch Charles I standing by the side of his horse. When one of the noblemen of the court, approaching him, said, "Is not that, Sir, a fine painting?" his Majesty replied, "Yes, and how finely it tells his history." His face was melancholy, but he mortified himself to supply the just wishes and privileges of his people.—*Literary of the Fine Arts*.

Early Remedy.—If ink would keep away the chafers, surely it has done its part, there having been no less than two hundred and twenty six works upon the subject published within the last few months.

Chloro Motor.—An eminent surgeon, Mr Hope, who has had thirty years' practice, in which he has treated cases of cholera morbus very successfully, has made public the means which he used, for the general good. He says—"The remedy I gave was one drachm of nitrous acid (not nitric—that has failed me,) one ounce of peppermint-water, or camphor mixture, and forty drops of tincture of opium. A fourth part every three or four hours in a cupful of thin gruel. The belly should be covered with a succession of hot cloths (dry) bottles of hot water to the feet, if they can be obtained, constant and small sippings of finely strained gruel, or sage, or infusion; no spirit—no wine—no fermented liquors, till quite restored."

Ardent Spirits.—From a calculation made at Exeter Hall, London, it appears that not less than 15,000,000. are expended annually for distilled spirits.

Pilgrims to the Black Forest.—"I must not forget an interesting party of five pilgrims making a tour of the ecclesiastical, and now on their way to Liebsthal. The leader is a patriarch of seventy-five years or upwards, snowy locks over his shoulders, an almoner, and cheating at he goes. The next is a stout lady, of repulsive countenance, coarse features, but with a fine harmonious voice. The other three following in a string, are "flowers of the forest" with gipsy eyes and faces, varying in age from fifteen to twenty-one. What can they have done? Not much yet, but perhaps they wish to do something more, and are in quest of abolition per advances. They ask no charity,—and this being out of character, their pious gains credit by it. It is the performance of a family vow, and it is to be noticed with respect and silence. It is not uncommon, in cases of domestic calamity, or on the occasion of unexpected happiness, to carry their thanksgivings to some favourite shrine, in the same family order as exhibited by the party now passing."—*Dr. Beecher's German Coast.*

Patent Bread. A discovery has recently been made in the baking of bread, which promises important consequences. The process, for which Mr Hicks, of Wimpole-street, has obtained a patent, may be briefly described as follows. His oven is made of iron, of a cylindrical form, so constructed as to be hermetically sealed. The fuel is placed on a plate, which is kept revolving in a circle, under the oven, by which means, the heat is supplied at the smallest expense of fuel. The temperature within the oven is indicated by a thermometer according to which the application of the fuel is regulated. When the thermometer has reached about 331 degrees, the oven is charged, and then, by a simple process, the door is closed, and made air tight. In a quarter of an hour, the vapour which is evolved from the dough, passes through a small aperture in the top of the oven which communicates with a *stack*, and thus undergoes the process of distillation. The only care required is, not to raise the temperature much above 331 degrees. When the alcohol ceases to drop, it is a sure sign that the bread is sufficiently baked. The time to complete a batch is about an hour and three quarters. Each quarter loaf produces about an ounce of proof spirit. The advantages of this invention are many and obvious. The bread is purified, and rendered of superior quality by the escape of vapour, of all the matter which, when allowed to remain, renders it mold and unwholesome, and this very matter is converted into alcohol in such quantity as to be an object of importance. Bread baked in this way after being kept a week, is more moist and fresher, than bread baked by the present process on two days old. We are informed that a company, for the baking of bread under Mr Hicks's patent, is to be immediately established, and to be called the Metropolitan Genuine Bread Company.

Literary Notices.

Just Published.

Part XXXVI of the National Portrait Gallery, which completes the third volume of this popular work, contains Likenesses of the Rt. Hon. Lord Holland, Rt. Hon. Robert Dundas, and the Rt. Hon. J. Wilson Croker, with Memoirs.

Part I of Biographical Sketches of the present Reform Ministers. By W. Jones Esq.

The Life and Times of William the Fourth. By John Watkins, F.R.S. now complete in One Volume, and ready for delivery.

On Political Economy, in Connection with the Moral State and Moral Prospects of Society. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D. Professor of Theology in the University of Edinburgh Esq.

No. III Sunday Scholar's Repository, for April.

No. II Nautical Magazine, for April.

A Letter to the Royal Commissioners for the Union of Colleges in Scotland. T. Chalmers.

A Lecture on the Authority, Fada, and G of the Christian Sabbath. By the Rev. Dan Burton, Minister of Newfrew 12mo.

Channel on the Ganges. With an Int Essay by the Rev. D. Wilson, London. 8V

Hail on the Faith and Influence of the with an Introductory Essay, by Thomas (D.D.) Edinburgh.

Clark's Scripture Promises; with an Int Essay, by Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. Glasgow.

Flavel's Saint Indeed, and Teachings of with an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. Young, Perth.

The Temperance Society Record, Vol. II ing the Second Annual Report of the Temperance Society, &c.

Living Poets and Poetesses, a Biograp Critical Poem. By Nicholas Mitchell.

A Treatise on the Goodness of French No Parts. By Christopher Thorpe.

Nights of the Round Table, or Stories Jane and her Friends. By the Author of some of Holycot.

Divines of the Church of England, V. O'Brien's Sermons.

Family Classical Library, No. XXVII.

Vol. V.

The Truth of Revelation Demonstrated b seal to Existing Monuments, Sculptures, Coins, &c. By " " "

My Old Portfolio, or, Tales and Skets Henry Glamford Bell.

Anti Slavery Reporter, No. XCIV.

Art in Nature and Science Antiqua Charles Williams.

The Spiritual Cleanser, or, Select Passages Day in the Year.

Ordinances of Religion Practically Illu Applied. By John Davies, B.D.

Analysis of the Seven Parts of Speech of th Language. By the Rev. C. J. Lyon, M.A.

Lardner's Cabinet Library, Vol. VIII; Reign of George IV.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. XXV tish Commanders, Vol. II.

History and Character of American Re Religion. By the Rev. Calvin Colton, of A.

Hermitsm of the Rev. Robert Hall, h of Bristol. By John Greene.

A Solemn Appeal on Church Commu Evangelical Ordinances. By an ordained M the Church of Scotland.

History of the Seven Churches of Asia. Rev. J. Milner.

A Lecture illustrative of the Architectu Human Body. By H. W. Dewhurst, Esq.

In the Press.

In two closely printed volumes, Deity Greek Testament, accompanied with English Critical, Philological and Historical.

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General Analytical Index to the Edinburgh from Vol. XXI to I.

By Lardner's Cabinet Library Vol. IX, of the Duke of Wellington, Second and as Volume, small 8vo.

Instructions for preparing Abstracts of Th the most improved System of Linocut Case.

Instructions on the Preparation of Printing I Black and Coloured. By W. Savage Esq.

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THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1832.

PROFESSOR PLAYFAIR, OF EDINBURGH.

(With an Engraving of his Monument.)

SCOTLAND has long been famed for its production of great men, who have rendered themselves conspicuous by their talents, not only in the senate and the field, but also in divinity, literature, metaphysics, and in almost every department of philosophy and science. It would be vain to inquire to the causes of this distinguishing characteristic. It is sufficient that we are furnished with the facts, which few will be disposed to question, and which no one can successfully gainsay. This acknowledgment of national greatness is willingly conceded to meritorious fame; and when renowned individuals have sunk beneath the horizon of life, the monuments erected to their memory, record at once the gratitude of survivors, and the worth of the deceased.

Among the remarkable individuals from whom Scotland has derived fading honours, PROFESSOR PLAYFAIR is one of the most distinguished. We should have found no difficulty in procuring a portrait of this celebrated man, but, in compliance with the wishes of many subscribers to diversify our embellishments, we have turned from the living to the dead, and drawn from his sepulchre a likeness of the silent memorial which guards his mouldering remains. The monument, however, is of much less importance to mankind than the individual whose ashes it covers; to him, therefore, our attention will be chiefly directed; and, in adverting to the productions of his powerful mind, we shall discover a monument formed of far more imperishable materials than marble can supply—a monument that will remain, when,

“ Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.”

JOHN PLAYFAIR, the subject of this sepulchral record, was the eldest son of the Rev. James Playfair, a respectable clergyman of the church of Scotland. He was born in 1749, at the *manse*, or parsonage-house, of *Perrie*, a small and obscure village near Dundee, of which place his father was minister. By the instruction received from his parent, who was an excellent scholar, he became qualified for the university, and was accordingly sent to St. Andrew's, where, at the early age of fourteen, he obtained a bursary, or an exhibition. Making rapid advances in his studies, his acquirements in several departments were very considerable, yet the bent of his genius generally inclined him towards the exact sciences.

The first gentleman by whom he appears to have been noticed, was Dr. Wilkie, the author of the “*Epigoniad*,” then professor of mathematics, and distinguished for his unaffected candour, and affability of manners. This learned

teacher first became his friend, and shortly afterwards his general companion. At this time, the benevolent Earl of Kinnoul, who was chancellor of the university, having heard of young Playfair's talents, took him under his more immediate patronage, and invited him to his mansion at Dupin. Here he became a constant and welcome guest, was introduced to exalted company, and, during the vacations, Dupin was his general home.

At the age of nineteen, he obtained his first *honorarium*, in consequence of his accurate and numerous calculations for the Edinburgh Almanack. This circumstance speedily increased, as well as gave circulation to his fame; and, such was the exalted opinion entertained of his talents, that, when surveyors of land differed in opinion, as to the exact measurement, an appeal was made to Mr. Playfair, whose decision, as an arbitrator, very few were found to dispute.

But neither patronage nor fame could induce him to relax in his arduous pursuit of knowledge. The study of divinity engrossed much of his attention, and, having for some considerable time belonged to this class of students, he obtained a license to preach. Thus qualified, he frequently assisted his father, who, through infirmity and affliction, rather than age, was glad to receive this auxiliary aid.

Edinburgh, at this time, presented most powerful attractions to men of inquiring minds. Philosophy and science were studied and cultivated with ability and ardour, and Mr. Playfair was one among the many who resorted thither for improvement and society. Here, on these occasions, he formed many valuable friendships, and rendered himself conspicuous, by the part which he sustained in several institutions of which he became a member. Among these, was one named the "Speculative Society," which speedily rose into great reputation.

In 1772, Mr. Playfair's father died, leaving a widow and seven children, five of whom were under fifteen years of age, with but scanty means for their support. Of this family, the chief care now devolved on himself; and, succeeding to his father's living, he became their general parent, and declined entering into the marriage state, that he might be the better enabled to discharge the duties of the station in which Divine Providence had placed him.

After having settled for some time in this obscure country parish, as a minister of the established church of Scotland, an advantageous offer was made him by Mr. Ferguson, of Raith, a gentleman of considerable landed property, and of great influence, to undertake the education of his two sons. This liberal offer was accepted; in consequence of which, he resigned his living, and removed to Edinburgh. Here his talents became more generally known, and so highly appreciated, that, when Professor Ferguson resigned the chair of moral philosophy to the late celebrated Dugald Stewart, he was selected by the magistrates, who are the patrons, to preside over the mathematical class of the University. Soon after this, the Royal Society was established, by charter from the king, and he was nominated to be secretary. To the transactions of this northern institution he contributed many valuable papers; and, in 1796, published his "Elements of Geometry," which was speedily followed by a new edition of Euclid.

In 1812, his "Outlines of Natural Philosophy" appeared, and, shortly afterwards, he had the pleasure of beholding a nephew, whom he had adopted, obtain a prize for, and carrying into execution, a plan for building the New College at Edinburgh.

When the Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica was first con-

templated at Edinburgh, the most eminent men in that city were selected, to compose the various articles of which the volumes consisted. Accordingly, on the appearance of the first, it was preceded by a masterly dissertation from the pen of Dugald Stewart, "On the Progress of Metaphysical, Ethical, and Political Philosophy, since the Revival of Letters in Europe." To another portion of this work was appended, "A General View of the Progress of Mathematical and Physical Science, since the Revival of Letters in Europe," by John Playfair, Professor of Natural Philosophy," &c.

Soon after the commencement of the present century, the subject of geology engrossed a considerable share of scientific attention, and numerous disputes were carried on by the various theorists. Into these investigations, Mr. Playfair very warmly entered, and soon became a disciple of Dr. Hutton. Not being satisfied, however, with speculative reasonings, he formed a resolution of paying a visit to nature in her more retired and elevated retreats. Accordingly, in the year 1816, when approaching his 68th year, he repaired on a scientific mission to Italy, and spent much time in examining the geological structure of the Alps; and from his investigations, obtained a confirmation of the opinion he had previously embraced.

It was not long, however, after his return to Edinburgh, before his health began to decline; yet while able, he pursued his studies with unremitting ardour, and even at this advanced period of life he made some scientific discoveries respecting the solar rays. But these exertions could not be long continued. A malady had seized upon the vitals of his constitution, which no medicine could subdue. This was a *suppression* with which he had been previously afflicted; but it now returned with increased violence, and he was speedily convinced that there was no remedy.

On finding his end draw near, on the evening of July 19th he assembled his sisters and nephews around his bed, and, after giving them his kind advice, and laying before them a statement of his affairs, he took his leave with much affection, although his agonies were exceedingly great. About two o'clock the next morning his pain wholly ceased; but this was only a presage of the approaching crisis. The event corresponded with the anticipation. He expired in a very short time, in the presence of his afflicted relatives, on the 20th of July, 1819, in the 70th year of his age.

The funeral of this justly celebrated man took place in the Calton burying-ground, Edinburgh, on the 26th of July, amidst a vast concourse of persons, who assembled to witness the mournful occasion, and express their unfeigned regard. Among these were many of the highest respectability, both in the City and the University.

At half-past two, the mournful procession began to move towards the place of interment in regular order, advancing four abreast; and it is presumed that not less than five hundred persons honoured the obsequies with their presence. All the windows in the streets through which the funeral passed, were filled with ladies, seemingly anxious to view the power of sympathy in so large an assemblage of talent and learning, and to participate in the general sorrow. On reaching the burying-ground, the gentlemen who preceded the corpse, took off their hats, and opened their ranks two and two, that it might pass on between them to the place of interment.

Immediately after the funeral, a meeting of the pupils of the deceased, who had been attending it, was held in the college, when it was unanimously resolved, that they should testify the high admiration which they entertained of his genius and worth, by some tribute of respect to

memory, and the deep regret which they felt for an event that had deprived not only the University, but the nation to which he belonged, of one of its brightest ornaments. They accordingly appointed a committee to, consult with others, who might have the same object in view, to take such steps as should enable a future meeting, when more of the students should be in town, to come to a particular and final resolution. We have scarcely need to add, that the Monument which our engraving represents, will stand as a lasting memorial of the high esteem in which the professor was held, to whose memory it has been erected.

But superb and honourable as this marble edifice may appear, the name of Professor Playfair will be inscribed in more durable characters in the following list of his works. 1. "Elements of Geometry. 2. Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory of the Earth. 3. A Letter to the Author of the Examination of Professor Stewart's Statement. 4. An edition of Euclid. 5. System of Geography, 5 vols. quatro. 6. Outlines of "Philosophy." To these may be added many valuable papers, which he contributed to the Transactions of the Royal Society. His account of De Laplace—articles in the Edinburgh Review—and his Introductory Discourse in the Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica.

In composition, his style was rather clear than splendid; it rarely exhibited much energy, and but few of those ornaments which gain orators applause. It had no impetuosity, no hurry, no vehemence; no bursts, or sudden turns or abrupts, like that of Burke; and though eminently smooth and melodious, it was not modulated to any uniform system of declamation, like that of Johnson, nor spread out into the richer and more voluminous elocution of Stewart. It was the style of a useful, rather than of an ornamental writer. It was that of a man absorbed in deliberation, thought, and learning, always more solicitous for the sentiment delivered, than for the mere expression which became its vehicle.

For a considerable portion of the materials comprised in this sketch, we acknowledge ourselves indebted to the Annual Biography and Obituary for 1820.

ON THE OBSERVANCE OF THE THIRD COMMANDMENT.

By John Philip Wilson.

(THIRD ESSAY.)

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

THAT sin should be committed without a definite object, the attainment of which can be assigned as a reason for the act, shews an extraordinary perversion of the moral and intellectual powers of man; nevertheless, it is undeniable that immoral customs are often persisted in, either unthinkingly or obstinately, without even the wretched excuse of temporal gratification, or the accomplishment of any particular desire. Amongst these we may reckon profane swearing, and the habitual use of blasphemous and improper discourse.

Beyond this fact, but little illustration is necessary, to shew either the intent or

utility of this Divine precept, as both become sufficiently obvious on reflection. It may, however, be well to set forth a few reasons why the observance of it is at once wholesome and necessary, both for the temporal and eternal benefit of mankind.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." The word "vain" is of varied and comprehensive signification; and, in most of its meanings, is so applicable to the sense of the commandment, that no other word could easily have been selected, equally well adapted for conveying its intention.

1. It signifies *false, not true*. Viewed in this light, the prohibition evidently applies to the sacred name being coupled with a falsehood, or in any way used as a ratification of a feigned asseveration. It is also confirmed as to this meaning by the Lord himself, speaking to Moses: "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely; neither

ofane the name of thy God : I ,” Levit. xix. 12.

er signification of the word is *gant, ostentatious*, which cer- s to the mention of the Omni- ut that humility of mind, and nanner, so justly and so neces- to the Grand Creator of all

frivolous, useless, foolish, un-

Very little explanation can be shew the application of the as thus defined, to the intent of dment before us. *In 'vain*, we told by the lexicographer, sig- *purpose, to no end*; and the considered in either import, as he *unnecessary* use of the ap- the Deity; or rather, as for- mention of His awful name nless with some moral view or

us traced the expression made the Divine lawgiver, through s which are most applicable to . intention, I shall proceed to his mandate operates, in con- the others, in forwarding the most important interests of the for whose benefit it was framed.

sense in which I have under- ord (i. e. *false, not true*,) is a e of the forethought and inef- n, as well as the care and he Almighty for his creatures. not be conceived or uttered with t, (or even if it be, the object is on of the action) some defence necessary against deceit and r the security of men in their ransactions with each other, and r ordering of the social state. ly name of God is made the al of truth, by which it is to be l on solemn occasions from its iality. It is to be hoped that portion to the countless number eings, are so totally abandoned er as to prostitute his name to a he abhors and forbids, and to in which we comprehend all t, 'holy, and immaculate, the base and deliberate lie.

e, however, have been so totally good and moral feeling as to hing that is not,—calling the e same time to witness their pulsive annals of perjury shew ; se, 'the wisdom of human in- ng upon the spirit of the Divine ; provided a temporal punish- ld in check the increase of the

crime, and deter unholy persons from the commission of so odious an act.

In this sense, also, there is an analogy between the present commandment, and the ninth : “Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour ;” and the subject shall hereafter be more fully noticed under its proper head.

The habitual or occasional mention of the Great and Holy One in an *arrogant* manner, whether oral or written, as if we were not indebted to His providence for the breath of life, and the daily bread for which our lips move in daily prayer, betrays a lamentable want of religious feeling, and of veneration for the Most High. Were the mind well regulated, and properly imbued with a sense of God's goodness and majesty, it is impossible that it could prompt the outward organs to utter aught, that either in import or tone is expressive of any thing but the most profound reverence and respect.

The proud and haughty in spirit—the Atheist who would tear himself away from his Maker, and render himself independent of a God, to become the creature of chance, and the slave of brutal impulse; or the Deist, who denies the blessed Christ, and rashly spurns from him the divine consolations of the gospel, may indeed speak of God in light or disrespectful terms; and, by some strange or forced action of the disordered machinery of their minds, divest themselves of that reverential awe, and prostration of spirit, which ever should attend an utterance of His name. But to such be it confined; and let not the fear and love of God, on which depends so materially the proper effect of religion, depart from the christian soul.

We have ample proof on record, that God must be approached with humility and lowliness of heart. The altar of Cain was destroyed; for he was a proud and discontented man, and his offering was not acceptable to the Lord. The self-debasement of the publican was grateful to the Eternal; whilst the proud confidence of the pharisee reached not the throne of the Almighty. Confirmatory of this, we have the words of our blessed Redeemer: “Who-soever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven,” Matt. xviii. 4. Also, “And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted,” chap. xxii. 12.

With regard to the third meaning we have assigned the word *vain*. We will merely observe, as in the preceding paragraph, that the *frivolous* or *unnecessary* mention of the name of God, argues a ~~state~~

of mind far from being consistent with that which ought to be the endeavour of a Christian to attain; such mention being only called for, or justifiable, (as before hinted) on the most solemn occasions, where, under peculiar circumstances, an asseveration, confirmed by an appeal to Heaven, becomes necessary to forward the ends of justice, &c.

As from minute causes, effects the most gigantic may spring; so the slight deviation, or occasional deviation from this ordinance of Almighty God, which some persons have been pleased to term comparatively unimportant, may sow the seeds of crime far greater in magnitude, which, like a noxious weed, springs up in the mind, choking, by its strength and poisonous nature, the growth of the fair sapling virtue, planted by the hand of God himself, and, by the overshadowing breadth of its leaves, obscuring from the tender nursling the bright and generative rays of religion's Sun, so indispensably necessary for bringing it to the perfection and beauty of its maturity. The occasional slight mention of the Deity, by degrees becomes habitual; thence, the transition into less equivocal language is easy and natural; and thus, step by step, sin advances, her road being prepared and marked out at first by petty precursors, and at last hardened and smoothened by a series of successive and methodical procedure in the same track.

But in whatever manner the subject is considered, we must necessarily arrive at the same positive inference, namely, that in transgressing this holy maxim, we commit blasphemy! Many of the unthinking will, in all probability, be startled at so severe a conclusion from the premises, and be inclined to think it overstrained, and too highly coloured; but let them calmly and maturely weigh the question, and determine whether sophistry, however subtle and finely spun, can, in the end, maintain its ground against solid, though plain, ratiocination.

By the word *blasphemy*, we comprehend the offering of an indignity to God, and, in either of the senses in which we have understood the word *vain*, as particularly applicable to the commandment, the indignity to the Majesty of the Holy One is plainly visible, and the analogy, in a scriptural sense, betwixt the two words *vain* and *blasphemous*, is sufficiently shewn. We do not, I think, find that there is any modification of signification assigned to the latter phrase, although, perhaps, one might be allowable, as he who hastily mentions the Name of his Creator in a moment of heat, and without the intention of transgressing

the commandment, or of insulting the Omnipotent, cannot, in justice, be classed with the determined and habitual swearer; nor the man who applies the sacred name to mere frivolous matters, be considered equally black with the wretch who systematically curseth his God.

It is also evident that, in addition to the culpability of the act itself, abstractedly considered, a rapid decline of true piety must be another inevitable consequence of dereliction, even of the lighter kind, from this duty; for is it probable, or consistent with our nature, that at periodical times we can humble ourselves before the footstool of *One*, whom we habituate ourselves to speak of disregardingly in common? and, above all, can we pray for blessings and benefits from the Being whom we deride, neglect, or hold as nothing? Nay, can we even ask a favour of a fellow-man with a clear conscience and an open brow, if we have wronged or insulted him? How much less then dare we petition the God of all—the great Jehovah—when we have broken His statutes, offended His Majesty, and provoked His anger! Hence it follows, that a deterioration of morals in general, and a neglect of religious duty, must necessarily result from a non-observance of the Divine edict in its most comprehensive sense.

Indeed, the anomaly would be too glaring to allow us to suppose for a moment the possibility of a blasphemer being a good man; and for this assertion we have the authority of our Maker himself in the explicit words, *the Lord will not hold him GUILTLESS that taketh his name in vain*. Needs there a more abundant proof? or is a more awful denunciation necessary than that we shall not be *guiltless* in His eyes, if we offend this sacred law? When we reflect on the lost state of the guilty on earth, and the punishment which awaits him hereafter, it is enough to cause us to shrink with dismay from the commission of any act which has even only an indirect tendency to make us sinners.

So far, however, from the awful name of God being held in that reverence, which pious feeling, and the commandment, combine in teaching us it ought to be regarded, it is unhappily as lightly and as frequently uttered by numberless individuals, as is the most common word in our language, and, to render the profanation yet more flagitious, is too often coupled with lies, grossness, and disgusting obscenity. That solemn asseveration, (*So help me God*), which no man ought to utter without due previous reflection on the nature of the

is speaking of, and subjecting attitude and completeness of the his meditated assertion to the examination, as to its ability of the confirmation of so tremendous and then uttered only with reluctant reverence the most sacred, is in the mouths of the lower and orders of society—the scum and rot of humanity—and is used by them either ridiculously frivolous, or gross and bestial, assertions.

Would ask such persons, and, with who accustom themselves to the use of the forbidden name, (and also earnestly entreat a reply upon reflection, and principles of common sense, to my question?) visible, ideal, or tangible good, or benefit of any kind or description, fleeting and unsubstantial—what the emotions, either mental or corporeal, by any means result from the habit, and (in many cases, from unconscious indulgence of this

to imagine a pleasure, or an experience, however evanescent and improper it may be, to proceed temporarily from it, and indeed most crimes, as drunkards, the free indulgence of the passion, cause in those cases either a sense of satisfaction, a desire is fulfilled, or an object is obtained; but it appears utterly impossible to find a reason for the perpetration and continuance in this moral crime, commonly called swearing, but more correctly cursing, unless we admit the cheerless and despicable one, that “men love evil for evil’s sake,” which is so thoroughly inconsistent with the grand construction of the universe, and so complete a perversion of the magnificent ends for which the world was created, that we are loath to do so.

Profane language in general, the third commandment may, without any aid of the imagination, be made to apply. “The Lord’s commandment is broad,” — and although the wording of the law applies only to the “name” of the Lord our God in heaven, let us remember, that it is the duty of the Christian to draw rules for his conduct from the scriptures, by natural interpretation, and that he should be guided by the spirit and obvious intent, as well as by the letter of the law; for what is more ridiculous, hypocritical, and contemptible than to see a man, even in a worldly light alone,) of the character of a man who outwardly professes piety, but secretly evades, who sub-

scribes to the truth of an axiom, but who libels himself by its neglect.

The pure and beautiful principles which form the basis of Christianity, the example of its great Founder, and the instinctive, unforced, and pleasurable forbearance from it by all good men, together with the disgust with which it inspires them when used in their hearing, are sufficient evidences that immoral discourse cannot be acceptable in the sight of the Lord. He has given forth a commandment to the world, expressly forbidding the “vain” use of His *name*; and thence the inference is fair, that the freely or irreverently discoursing upon His *attributes*, with the abortive view of penetrating the awful and unfathomable nature of His being, or other vast and incomprehensible subjects, the immensity of which extends so far beyond the limited compass of mortal ken, must be equally displeasing to Him. The futile effort of endeavouring to lift the veil is, in itself, an impious act, from the disregard which it displays to the Almighty will, and the wish to proceed beyond those barriers which, in His infinite wisdom, He has been pleased to fix as the limits of human understanding.

Nor does it require much logical power to shew that the derisive mention of that awful place of punishment,—that abode of utter darkness, where naught is heard but wailing and gnashing of teeth,—that

“Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension; where length, breadth, and height,

And time, and place, are lost.”

which Elohim has provided for the habitation of rebellious spirits, and the souls of the damned, cannot be expressive of reverence for the Deity, or fear of his vengeance; or that the cursing our fellow-creatures, and on every light,—or, indeed, on any occasion condemning them in our hearts, or by our words, to the most dreadful of all dooms,—eternal perdition, cannot be a pleasing sacrifice to the Lord.

Yet the noun “damnation,” and its corresponding verb, are as frequently used by multitudes of individuals, as, we have before observed, is the name of God; and, with a vindictive minuteness, and particularly disgusting and repulsive to the feelings and senses, they mercilessly damn the souls, bodies, and members of those who offend them. To specify the manner of this, would be to enter uselessly into revolting and disgraceful detail; I shall, therefore content myself with observing, that the vicious habits of swearing, blasphemy, and impious language have, I blush to say, gained for the English a notoriety, more widely spread than creditable.

It may not be irrelative here to dwell for a moment upon the impropriety of disputations upon abstruse religious subjects, when such disputations are carried on with no other view than to display learning, or talent in argument, or to gratify a natural passion for polemical discourse. Such discussions can hardly be carried on without a breach of the sacred edict before us, unintentional perhaps, but not the less so. Moreover, the controversy is seldom carried on with that calmness of temper, and humility of heart, befitting a religious topic; and the theologian is not unlikely to be hurried by the warmth of his disposition of mind, irritated by opposition, into a forgetfulness of the respect due to the thesis he is handling, and, by the same cause, is, mayhap, driven into a course of conduct exactly in contrariety to the very tenets he has been so stoutly defending in his wordy war,—such as entertaining an animosity against his opponent, which is often the effect of a hotly contested argument.

On this subject, David has expressed himself with considerable severity; and he forbids the prying eye of curiosity to search out the hidden ways of God, a precept which he carefully obeyed himself; and, on one occasion, after speaking of the all-seeing providence of God, he exclaims, with holy humility, “Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it,” *Psa. cxxxix. 6.*

At the same time, a calm and healthy discourse on theological topics, held with a view to the conversion of a sinner from the evil of his ways, with the object of mutual improvement, or for the purpose of descending upon the wonderful works and infinite goodness of God, is beneficial to all who engage in it, and gratifying to the feelings of those who are competent to instruct and expound.

It may, perhaps, be, and indeed has been advanced, that the breach of this commandment is, in its nature, nothing more than a venial error, or slight deviation from a strict rule of conduct, inasmuch as actual practical harm does not result from it to our neighbours! I deny the position altogether, as being alike false in principle, detail, and conclusion, as being founded in rottenness, and uncemented by truth. It is a moral crime, simply, because, in the first instance, we are in express words forbidden from it by the Almighty; and disobedience to His will is, in itself, sin.

We might, with equal justice, assert that our first progenitors committed no crime when they partook of the tree of knowledge in the garden of Eden, contrary to the

express command of their Maker, because eating fruit is not, in its own nature, iniquity. The fault in their case did not consist in the act, but the disobedience: but, in the breach of the third precept of the decalogue, the act and the disobedience are, each separately, and combined, *sin*; the violation of the command is, in itself, wickedness, and the act resulting from such violation is blasphemy.

Secondly. It is the effect of a diseased and sinful soul; because, were the mind in that healthy state which only can be attained by an unbroken course of moral conduct, and a due observance of religious duties, an innate reverence of God must be the evident consequence, which would infallibly act as a prevention of His name being used in a light or impious manner, even were there no express mandate from heaven to that effect.

Thirdly. It is a crime in another sense, besides that of blasphemy, because an evil *does* result from it towards others, from the force of example, which ever will be more powerful than precept. The conduct of one man, especially if he be a father, generally exercises considerable influence over his family, and the circle of his friends and acquaintance, from many reasons: over the former, from the ascendant or directing power with which, from moral and physical causes, the head of a family is vested over the other branches; and over the latter, from adventitious circumstances, such as the being possessed of a more marked and decided character, of superior talents or learning, &c. Is he not, therefore, responsible for the evil effects which his irreligion, and laxity of principle and conduct, may produce upon those over whom he owns such influence, and which almost every individual possesses in a greater or less degree, according to his station in society, or other grounds?

Thus have I briefly investigated this subject, which, with the other portions of the decalogue, call particularly for the consideration of Christians; and I will now conclude, by entreating my readers to banish from their minds that false principle which, I have reason to fear, too generally prevails, that the observance of any of the commandments of the Lord which, on a cursory view, may appear of less absolute importance to a social community as rules of action, can, in consequence, be dispensed with; or that, by the lapse of thousands of years, or by any changes, however radical or numerous, in the great family of man, they can in any degree become obsolete.

MY NOTE-BOOK.—NO. II.

SIMPPLICITY OF SPEECH IN THE PULPIT.

As a man gets into the pulpit, he should not expect to utter fine things; but to exhibit his in a plain manner." *Old Writer.*

into a place of worship, some period was astonished, and deeply grieved, hearing the minister utter the following expressions—"The feculence of morbidness;" "converging towards a total;" "the inexplicable meshes of metaphysical subtlety and abstraction;" and other phrases and sentences, equally inappropriate, and unwarrantable. I sat around me, and narrowly surveyed the congregation assembled. It was comparatively plain, and apparently unadorned, and the utmost mortification, and disgust, seemed to be depicted on the countenances of several estimable individuals.

I felt so much hurt, and felt so indignant with the character of the discourse, that I could scarcely refrain from weeping, to think that the souls of men would be so shamelessly trifled with, and unquestionably were by this pulpit.

A short period after, I took up my note-book," and inserted in it the following unpretending observations. Cowardness, very justly,

"I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine;"

must uniformly appear to every just man, to every man who desires the happiness and salvation of his brethren, that, in every individual be plain in his mode of expression, simple and luminous in his thinking, any where, or under any circumstances, this beautiful and transparent simplicity ought to be discovered in every minister.

The great business of a minister of the gospel, or, at least, should be, to preach so that all may understand what he says, and be sensible of the force and exclusiveness of the principles which he sets down, of the affirmations he makes, the illustrations he furnishes, and of the conclusions he wishes to establish. The object of an estimable and devoted minister of the gospel is, not to be admired as a finished gentleman, as the man of polished and classic taste, as an orator of native beauty and power, or as a bold and vigorous thinker; the object of his devout and unceasing solicitude is, to be a stream of radiance on the doctrine, the principles, the precepts, the promises, the invitations, the encouragements, NO. 17.—VOL. II.

agements, of the inspired volume, in order that his auditory may perceive the matchless beauty, properly appreciate the value, and sensibly feel the commanding importance of that, which is finely designated, "the truth as it is in Jesus."

Every thing associated with the ministry of the gospel is of such ineffable magnitude and moment, that the utmost plainness and simplicity are absolutely requisite. It is not merely desirable that a man should speak plainly to the people, it is essential, for his own justification, and their permanent and immortal happiness. The slightest mistakes or errors may prove so hazardous and pernicious; the period of man's continuance and probation here is so fleeting and evanescent; the heedlessness discovered in relation to "the greatest of all great things," is so general; and numbers of mankind are involved in ignorance so profound and entire, with regard to some of the most interesting, sublime, and awful subjects; that, unless a minister be plain in the pulpit, he is chargeable with a gross dereliction of duty, he is acting quite inappropriately and unwisely, and is most wantonly and criminally trifling with the dearest interests of man; thus he dishonours his Master, prostitutes his sacred office, opens a wide door for remark, castigation, as well as ridicule, and fails in accomplishing those momentous ends, to secure which the gospel ministry has been instituted.

Plain sermons are what we all most obviously require; not elaborate, showy, "gaudy nothings." Intelligence, taste, classical research, vigorous fancy, elaborate argument, superior and splendid intellect, are all very well in their place; but let a minister shew the people intrusted to his care, in the first instance, that it is not his supreme desire to exhibit his attainments, or his mind, but to "make all things plain." This is the reason why I estimate so highly the discourses of the Rev. Wm. Jay; they are so unaffected and beautiful in "their own simplicity." Fine, useful, scriptural thoughts, not finely, but plainly and energetically expressed, characterize his pulpit efforts and his published sermons; and this, unquestionably, is the great secret of his popularity and usefulness. If ministers wish to produce a powerful and indelible impression on the minds and hearts of their auditory, they must form the habit of speaking plainly to the people. Let language be unaffected, obvious, and, sometimes, even colloquial, in a certain degree, so that a congregation may more sensibly feel what the minister delivers; and let great

simplicity and artlessness of thought be rigidly studied ; else, sermons, however accurate, philosophical, and excellent, will not tell energetically on the heart and conscience.

"I never heard my minister to greater advantage," said a good woman to the writer, a few months since, "than when he was obliged to preach unexpectedly. He had little opportunity for preparation, no time for elaborate study, and I never enjoyed a sermon more in my life, it was so plain and unaffected. It made me feel, because I knew that what the minister said was expressed as he felt it." Thus I have frequently heard it remarked, that ministers are never liked so well by their own people, especially among the dissenters, as on the week-day evenings, when their discourses are generally more simple and unpretending, and less laboured ; all this shews the necessity of aiming at simplicity and plainness, in order that ministerial efforts may not prove nugatory or useless. It is affecting, indeed overwhelming, to think, that the poorest or the most unlettered person in our respective congregations, should depart from the house of God, observing, that, "the minister was quite beyond her comprehension."

The common people, those who enjoyed few literary and intellectual advantages, as well as secular resources, heard Jesus Christ gladly, because he spoke plainly to the people. There was a sweet and winning simplicity in his discourses, which powerfully and resistlessly attracted them, and made them sensibly feel the announcements which he made to them. Why should ministers consider it a mark of folly, or of degradation, to imitate Him who spake as never man spake ? My views perfectly harmonize with the sentiments embodied in the following passage. "Were I called upon to express, in one word, the most important requisite in those discourses designed to produce a powerful effect, equally on the judgment and the passions, I would say, that word is *simplicity* ; without it nothing can be distinctly perceived ; nothing can be deeply felt. The thoughts presented are encompassed by a mist. Their real shape, and magnitude, and colouring, and other properties, are not known and understood ; it is, therefore, absurd to expect that the view of them should make any, either correct, or strong impressions." Elegant simplicity in an oration, on any subject, is one of its most fascinating charms ; and this is the case pre-eminently with all pulpit compositions. They never shine out so clearly, appear so

attractive, or produce so powerful an impression, as when a chaste, manly, and dignified simplicity pervades and beautifies them.

Ministers, as well as private individuals, should, then, uniformly remember, that nothing is lost by preserving, at all times, unstudied and unborrowed simplicity ; it will impart a grace and loveliness, which nothing else can communicate. On this subject, the exquisite lines of Collins must not be forgotten.

"O Sister meek of truth !
To my admiring youth,
Thy sober aid, and native charms infuse !
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though Beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to raise their order'd hues."

London.

T. W.

CANNIBALISM IN NEW ZEALAND, STATE OF THE COUNTRY, AND GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE NATIVES.

THE following horrible story is extracted from the Tasmanian, a paper, published in Hobart Town, of the 28th of Jan. 1831.

"At the northern part of New Zealand are two chiefs, Hecho, and Robulloh. Hecho is the son of a chief who is spoken of as 'the Payie,' who was taken to England some years ago, where, having received great attention, upon his return he declared himself the enemy of all those of his country who should attack any English vessel, or injure any Englishman—of course, beyond the mere practice of thieving, which is the vocation of these islanders. A few years since, a chieftain of the south-eastern coast had killed and eaten Captain Downie and the crew of the brig Samuel. The same people had succeeded in taking a midshipman and a boat's crew of his Majesty's ship Warspite, commanded by the late Sir J. Brisbane, who were killed, and afterwards eaten, as mere matter of course.

"To avenge these atrocities, the Payie and the Robulloh, went in 1822, with a strong body of their people, and, taking the former by surprise, they killed and ate all they could find, destroying all before them of the unfortunate clan, who, in their turn, furnished food for their cannibal appetite. Glutted with blood, but still hankering for more, they landed upon Banks's Island with the same horrible intent. But there they met with a check. The chieftain, who was called the Marinewie, was prepared for their reception ; a battle ensued, in which the invaders were defeated, with the loss of the Payie, who being taken by the Marinewie, was by that chief killed and eaten, as was also an Englishman named

who had joined the allies in their excursion. The Robulloh escaped, his return to his native place, united Hecho, the son of the Payie, who succeeded to his eaten father's throne, determination to avenge the former's.

These matters stood until about the end of last year, when Captain Briggs, of the *Dragon*, arrived at the territory of the allied chieftains. Their first attempt was an endeavour to induce him to accompany them in an expedition which they had been some time preparing, against the *Marinewie*. They did not, however, succeed. Captain Briggs peremptorily refused to be associated in the horrid enterprise.

However, the commander of another vessel, which happened just then to be upon a trading voyage. The two agreed with this person, that his ship should convey them and their people to the coast of the *Marinewie*, where the war should be carried on to utter extermination. On the 29th of October, of the last year, the expedition sailed; there was a fleet of war canoes, and the two chiefs, about one hundred picked warriors, on board the English brig. Captain Briggs remained at the anchorage. On the 1st of November the expedition returned, and had been entirely successful: the *Marinewie* had been taken by surprise, his people destroyed, except such as fled to the interior beyond the reach of pursuit. He himself, his wife, and his daughter, a beautiful girl of fifteen, taken prisoner.

The captain of the English vessel, on their arrival at Banks's harbour, the *Payie* and the *Robulloh* had ordered all their people to conceal themselves below; that the *Marinewie* sent immediately on board to negotiate for the return of the Englishman's arrival. He demanded two double guns, by way of tribute to himself, for permission to open the war.

This was granted. The trade commenced, and the *Marinewie*, not suspecting the war which awaited him, confiding fully in the Englishman's honour, went himself on board to visit him. After he had been in the cabin a short time, the *Hecho* and *Robulloh* jumped upon him, from their place of concealment, as did their people upon all those who had attended on board, and, seizing him by the hair, showed him his situation. The scene which followed is too dreadful to be described.

Under the cover of night, the *Robulloh*, the *Payie*, and their men, landed from the

ship, and having succeeded in capturing the wife and daughter of the *Marinewie*, they sent them on board, and a work of death ensued, utterly indescribable, for the horrible cruelties which were perpetrated. The whole population of the place who did not escape, were killed, except about fifty reserved to be taken back to be sacrificed at the bloody feast of triumph which awaited their return. At day-light in the morning, the victors were seen actively employed in cutting up and preparing for the steam-kettle the dead bodies of the slaughtered victims of the night. The crew of the vessel described the horrors which they witnessed as beyond every thing dreadful. The whole of the day was occupied in salting and packing in baskets, heads and bodies to be conveyed back. Amongst the victims was a fine young woman, near her accouchement, whose head and part of her body were salted, and the remainder, in the presence of the captain, officers, and the whole crew of the British ship, given to the pigs!

"On the 11th of November, in the morning, the brig having arrived with her cargo of human flesh, living and dead, at about 11 A.M. preparations were made for the triumphal landing. And here a peculiar feature in the character of the New Zealanders was exhibited. Ferocious as appears to be the male character, that of the female appears in strong contrast thereto. Not a single woman was on the beach to receive either husband or lover, not a child to welcome its parent, not a father to welcome his son. All was silence, and—except as respected the cannibal warriors, and the dead mutilated remains of their slaughtered victims—solitude. The prisoners were landed and ranged, seated on the beach; the conquerors having brought on shore the salted bodies of the victims of their ferocity. Each basket is of sufficient size to hold a human body cut up into pieces: of these there were, according to Captain Briggs' calculation, about one hundred. The war dance then commenced, the warriors being naked—their long black hair, although matted with gore, yet flowing partially in the wind, in the left hand, a human head; in the right, a bayoneted musket, held by the middle of the barrel. Thus, with a song, the terrible expression of which can only be imagined by being heard, did they dance round their wretched victims, every now and again approaching them with gestures threatening death under its most horrid form of lingering torture! But they did not inflict it. None of them were killed. All were apportioned amongst

the conquering warriors as slaves, one old man and a little boy excepted, who were sentenced to be sacrificed to their demon of vengeance.

"The feast was then prepared, at which these two victims were to be killed and eaten. It consisted of about one hundred baskets of potatoes, and a sort of green vegetable of delicious flavour, and equal quantities of whale blubber and human flesh. Every thing being arranged, the poor old man was brought forth horribly accoutred for death, having affixed round his neck the head of his son, whose body formed part of the infernal banquet then exhibited. Here, for the first time, a few women appeared. Some few, wives or mothers, whose husbands or whose sons had been in their turn killed and eaten, approached the poor old man, and, plucking the hair off his head and beard, pricking him with the teeth of some fish or other animal, inflicted upon him every possible bodily torture, while the inventions of their demoniacal countrymen were doing their utmost to agonize his mind! Captain Briggs, who witnessed all this, determined to save this poor man's life, and that of the boy, who was also to be sacrificed, if such could be done by either force or price. The boy was brought forth to die. A man had the axe extended over his head, and was about to cleave it in twain, when Captain Briggs, at a hazard which may be easily understood, seized him, and by threats and entreaties, the risk of which, at such a time, he cannot now contemplate without shuddering, obtained the life of the boy altogether, and that of the old man for a time! The next day he was taken to another place, where his doom was sealed with every circumstance of horror and atrocity. The boy still lives. Captain Briggs paid the ransom of his life in muskets and gunpowder.

"New Zealand consists of two islands, lying westward of all the groups in the great Pacific Ocean, and nearly in the track of shipping from the Friendly and Society Islands to the British settlements in New Holland. From their original discovery by Tasman, in 1642, even to the present day, the character of the inhabitants has exhibited the most hostile features towards the occasional visitors of their coasts; and all the intercourse hitherto held with them, presents, in great boldness of relief, most of the vices and the virtues of savage life. From the time of Captain Cook's visits in 1769, and 1777, the shores of these islands have, with increasing frequency, been resorted to, for the purposes of trade, by the

ships of the maritime nations of Europe and of America: local agents have been placed in convenient situations; grounds have been purchased, and settlements formed, and much casual trade carried on with the people on various parts of the coasts, but principally at the Bay of Islands and in the immediate vicinity of East Cape, which has already produced a sort of regular industry, not to be found elsewhere—from 150 to 200 acres of land being in a state of good cultivation in the Bay. In fact, the interior of these Islands, notwithstanding the long residence of various Europeans, is as perfectly unknown to the civilized world as the interior of Africa. The whole country appears to be in the possession of numberless petty tribes; every one wearing the front of war and defiance against all the rest. They drink in the spirit of revenge and war from their earliest infancy. "Sudden and quick in quarrel," they know nothing of forgiveness without a recompense: even after a quarrel is made up, the injured party will calmly pursue the principles of the *lex talionis*, a fence for a fence, a pig for a pig; a life for a life, the pacification only implying it should stop there. Can it be matter of surprise that such a people should meet the aggressions of Europeans blow for blow?

"If some of their retaliatory exploits astound us by their atrocity, and excite our horror and disgust, the little patches of New Zealand history exhibit abundant provocations to a people who do not choose to stand still and be knocked on the head! A New Zealander possesses an absolute passion for war; his slaughtered enemy he *eats*, that he may indulge in the full gluttony of revenge, while he gratifies to the utmost his voracious appetite; he is a cannibal from principle as well as taste, believing that as the blood of his adversary becomes incorporated with his own, all the estimable qualities, and all the good fortune that belonged to the conquered, will be thus transferred to the victor!* So long as their *lex talionis* principles prevail, their wars must prove interminable: they bequeath their quarrels from one generation to another; and the latest conquerors or their progeny have only to wait till the numbers and strength of their enemy shall

* With all the horror and disgust we feel at cannibalism, it is but fair to mention, that it is not confined to New Zealand. Sir Stamford Raffles relates, respecting the Battas, an extensive and populous nation of Sumatra, that they have a regular government and deliberative assemblies, possess a written character, and have a talent for eloquence, acknowledge a God, are fair and honourable in their dealings, crimes amongst them are few, and their country is highly cultivated; yet this people are cannibals upon principle and system!

uited, to be certain that retribution
nd. Should no old quarrel be ripe
for retaliation, such is the universal
cessant passion for the excitement
n war and bloodshed, that an assem-
f *five hundred* fighting men has been
to set out on an excursion of killing,
and plundering, and pursue their
with a merciless and resistless ra-
which made their progress resemble
ndering rush of an avalanche, or the
forth of a mighty river, bursting its
bounds, destroying at one fell swoop
nhabitant of a district equal in ex-
one of our smaller counties. Acting
mong themselves, we may be assured
r carrying the same principles into
ansactions with foreigners; of which,
les, in a series, have already com-
l, without prospect of a termi-
We will mention only one of

son of one of their chiefs was flogged
rd an English ship; the Zealander
in his memory; and, on arriving at
ce of his tribe, he planned and exe-
a scheme of daring and horrible re-
with so much art, address, cunning,
ocity, that the ship was destroyed,
e whole crew, with a trifling ex-
, massacred and eaten. Some time
another English ship arrived upon
part of the coast, inhabited by a
it tribe, and the captain and men on
as if they had inhaled a New Zea-
pirit, by breathing the air of the
destroyed every man, woman, and
hey could lay hands on, by way of
1. The survivors of the families who
l on that occasion have probably
an opportunity of returning the blow;
great passion of savage life is revenge.
tensity and permanence of this un-
able thirst for ample and special
ion is somewhat illustrated by a cir-
nce connected with the death of the
nal we have just referred to, as in-
such horrible vengeance upon the
f the ship in which he had suffered
ignity of a flogging.

in he came to die, he was visited with
eep compunctious relentings, not for
had done on that occasion, but that
l made no adequate satisfaction to
nes of his father, who was killed in
nflct, by some audacious act of
and bloodshed, worthy of his
and particularly designed and per-
d for that especial purpose. He
re gave directions to his friends, that
y after his decease they should kill
nionaries and seize their property,

that his father's death might not remain un-
revenged. If we often stand aghast with
horror at the character of their vengeance,
we should take into the account the number
and nature of its provocations. The mem-
bers of civilized communities (so called!)
have never been remarkable for any very
strict regard to propriety, right, or justice,
in their treatment of those whom they are
pleased to call savages. It is even on
record, that above *a hundred* of the natives
of New Zealand have been slain by Euro-
peans, in the vicinity of the Bay of Islands
only. This sort of retaliating war, sus-
tained and accompanied by incessant wrongs
and injustice of every description, of which
these islanders are extremely sensible, had
long since extended itself so widely, and
with such diffused mischiefs, that a Society
was formed at Port Jackson "for the Pro-
tection of the Native Inhabitants of New
Zealand."

"The chiefs of these islands, who are pretty
numerous, exercise a pure despotism over
the *cookees* or slaves of their respective
tribes, being restricted only by their peculiar
customs, not very explicitly understood, and
seldom regarded in times of passionate ex-
citement. Provisions form a common stock,
under the care of the *rangatiras*, and at
the disposal of the chief. Theft from a chief
is punished with instant death; though when
one *cookee* steals from another, it is little
noticed, except by a laugh, if dexterously
performed. Indeed, private property, of
which, however, the possessors are extremely
jealous, is held only by strength; and even
the life of any of the lower class is sacrificed
on the slightest pretences. For example,
should a chief take a journey which detains
him from home a few weeks, a grand feast
is held in honour of his return; pigs and
potatoes are provided for such Europeans
as happen to be present; but a slave girl,
among the attendants, is suddenly killed by
a blow on the head, without a moment's
previous notice, and cooked in a pit made
in the ground, amid the general uproarious
joy of the occasion, which is indulged and
increased by devouring the victim. Between
the chiefs and the lower order, the *ranga-
tiras* are a numerous class, whose attendance
on the chief forms the basis of his power;
and, as the men of this class do no work,
they may be termed the *gentlemen* of the
community; a title which they are ready
enough to assume, with all the imagined
importance belonging to it.

"The climate of New Zealand is a happy
medium between the torrid and frigid
zones, the healthiness whereof is testified
by the size, the sturdy vigour and strength,

of the natives, although dwelling in huts little better than sheds, and always taking their food out of doors; and by the thriving prolific increase of animals conveyed thither by Europeans. A sow and pigs, introduced by Captain Cook, have multiplied into an unknown number, both wild and tame. The same navigator favoured the Zealanders with potatoes and turnips, which are now universally cultivated with abundant success, to the full extent of our knowledge of New Zealand cultivation. The list of fruits and vegetables, successfully transferred to the fields and gardens of these islands, would occupy some pages of a *Hortus Botanicus* of Australasia. The natural productions of the country are chiefly a singular kind of flax, of a silky fineness, used for making cordage, ropes, and mats, of extraordinary strength and durability, and a sort of wood, of the pine genus, highly valued for spars, of which there are immense forests, interspersed with trees of a growth sufficient for the main and fore-top masts of the largest three-deckers, as they rise from eighty to a hundred feet, straight and without a branch, crowned with umbrageous foliage. Such is the beauty and grandeur of these forests, that they are described as flourishing with a vigour almost superior to any thing that imagination can conceive among the wildest and most picturesque walks of pure nature; the sublime and majestic character they present, challenging the admiration of every traveller. The coasts abound with fish and tortoise, the shells of which offer, in the opinion of a resident, a promising object of British trade.

“Such is the country, containing about 95,000 square English miles, and such the character of the inhabitants, which early attracted the notice of the justly celebrated Dr. Franklin to such an extent, that he studied and organized a plan for civilizing and improving the people, and subscriptions were actually commenced towards carrying it into effect; but the quarrel of England with her American colonies, put a stop to these proceedings of enterprising benevolence. Of later years, the various Missionary Societies have always had their eyes upon this inglorious spot, earnestly desirous of conveying to it the blessings of revealed religion, as the surest means of imparting the principles of civil order and social peace to its terrific inhabitants. But missionary attempts were for a long time deferred, on account of the ferocious character of the people rendering an unresisting and peaceful residence among them scarcely to be contemplated as possible.

Several endeavours at a permanent residence of a missionary character were nevertheless made, whenever any circumstance produced an opening that might be regarded as barely insuring the safety of the missionaries. These, however promising for a season, ultimately failed, from the want of sufficient protection against surrounding cupidity coveting their little property; or were given up on account of the whole expense of supporting the individuals separated and located in these little communities for instruction and civilization, as well as of the children of the schools being wholly and necessarily sustained by the missions, while the realizing of any property by cultivation or otherwise on the spot, inevitably invited the cupidity of every one to whom its existence was known. Some of the South Sea missionaries having visited New Zealand, and ascertained the inaccessible character of the people through any medium at the command of the Society, reluctantly quitted the islands for more hospitable shores.

“Shortly after, an enterprise was planned with considerable judgment and care, with the view of forming a purely commercial establishment, and diffusing the benefits of civilization and instruction among the people. A great mass of property was adventured and expended in this attempt; but the difficulties of the situation, the jealousy of the natives, and the absence of any very powerful incentive to perseverance, in the face of the depressing influence of want of success, accompanied by constant danger and incessant alarm, brought this enterprise to nothing, without accomplishing the slightest benefit, either to the adventurers or to the islanders; some of whom, however, frequently found their way to Port Jackson, and even to England: and these form the next link in the chain of attempted improvement.

“Several of these visitors, at different times, being chiefs, were received in England with the greatest kindness, and were attended with unceasing assiduity. The arts, conveniences, and comforts of civilized society were explained to their wondering and applauding comprehension, and they were finally dismissed with presents and counsels adapted to their characters and circumstances. This medium, also, utterly failed of producing any beneficial effect. A New Zealand chief contemplated the wonders of England principally with the eye and heart of a warrior. Having brought hither, and carried away with him, the spirit of his countrymen unbroken and entire, guns, swords, ammunition, and iron;

principal objects of interest with
le here, and formed the main
his regret on leaving them be-
. On returning to his native land,
quisition he had made in the way
ledge, skill, and possession, was
o immediate account in the fa-
ursuits of war, devastation, and
ercises of unbridled licentious

behalf of this interesting people,
istory is full of instances of the
ching affection, lively gratitude,
friendship, and persevering exer-
ained by a spirit of independence
ight put many of their accusers to
, our hopes, under God, rest upon
stian missionary, and the patrons
ds whose countenance and contri-
support him in his course. *He*,
only, we are bold to affirm, pos-
:*animus* that will sustain the con-
come off conqueror, when brought
upon the profound ignorance, the
stitutions, and viler passions, and
and degraded habits even of can-
bes. But his weapons, though
are neither noisy, punitive, nor
ey make their silent way effectually
even in the meal, and reduplicate
ciples like corn upon the mountain-
is to the honour of the Church
ry Society, and the indefatigable
of that excellent minister, the
. Marsden, chaplain to the colony
y, that the commencement of im-
it in the character and prospects
ew Zealanders is principally to be
l. After a series of exertions, pri-
disappointments, and sufferings,
mourable to the parties encounter-
nduring them, Christian mission-
re been established, and stations
n the Bay of Islands, the most
e spot that could be found for the
either of trade or missionary

such as two years ago, Mr. Marsden
is:—"New Zealand is now open,
part, for the introduction of the
and the arts of civilization"—
can be no doubt that New Zealand
me a civilized nation." The cor-
of this representation is sustained
ct, that the Wesleyan mission has
umed on the side of the island
to its former situation, in the
a population of 4000 natives, and
by a friendly chief. Indeed,
the chiefs, witnessing the advan-
being near the mission settlements,
us to obtain missionaries, as the

precursors of the arts of civilization and
peace.

"The labours of the press have also
reached that land of darkness. After some
elementary books, in which their language
is printed as expressed by English letters,
which many of the natives and their chil-
dren were taught to read, parts of Genesis,
the xxth of Exodus, parts of the Gospels,
and the Lord's Prayer, have been printed
in their language; and the natives are de-
lighted with their books, and the new at-
tainment of reading them, which stimulates
others also to acquire the same ability.

"As to civilization, English blankets are
become a valuable article of barter, and
have happily superseded the anxious re-
quisitions for muskets and powder. Blan-
kets promised in payment for wheat have
extended its cultivation; their horned cattle
have increased to ninety-five head, supply-
ing the settlement with milk and animal
food. We have before us the testimony of
ten persons, occupied at different stations,
all rejoicing in the most pleasing prospects
as to the people's docility, attention, and
eagerness to be instructed; and all uniting
in observing, "It is very evident that a
considerable change has been effected
among the natives;" formerly they were like
wild men, but now they are civil, converse
sensibly, and, before retiring to rest, pray
to God, without being taught a form, in
language which shews they understand
scripture truth. The schools also, (every-
where the germ of civilization and improve-
ment,) in which several hundred native
children are daily instructed, are going on
well.

"Those of our readers who are friendly to
missionary efforts, on contemplating the
character of these islanders, existing but a
few years ago, *without a solitary exception*,
as sketched in the preceding paragraphs,
have indeed "*read with astonishment*"
and gratitude, in their respective docu-
ments, the details of a change so auspicious
to the future character and well-being of
these objects of their Christian charity and
daily prayers. From the whole, it may be
pronounced without hesitation, that *the era
of civilization has commenced with the
people of these islands, under circumstances
of peculiarly fair and auspicious promise*.
"A mild and moral sway is at this moment
exercised among these rude but noble bar-
barians," which cannot fail in ultimately
subduing their destructive animosities, and
abolishing their sanguinary habits. Chris-
tianity, emphatically the religion of civili-
zation, accompanied by literature and
science, is going forth among them, and it

is not possible for us to conceive that her triumph over ignorance, prejudice, and ferocity, will be less than complete. The New Zealanders have, indeed, to learn and appreciate the difference between Christian missionaries, and Englishmen escaping from transportation, deserters from our navy, or captains like the hero of the preceding horrible narrative; but the quick sensibility of these islanders, improved and guided by the scriptures, will not be long in making the necessary distinctions."

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

AMONG the curiosities of this part of the Cornish coast, the Eddystone light-house is not one of the least. About three leagues beyond Plymouth-sound, in a line nearly between Start-point and the Lizard, lie a number of low rocks, exceedingly dangerous at all times, but especially when the tides are high, which render them invisible. On these rocks it had long been thought necessary to place some monitory signal. But the difficulty of constructing a light-house was great. One of the rocks, indeed, which compose this reef, is considerably larger than the rest; yet its dimensions are still narrow: it is often covered with water, and frequently, even in the calmest weather, surrounded by a swelling sea, which makes it difficult to land upon it; and much more so to carry on any work of time and labour. The uncommon tumult of the sea in this place is occasioned by a peculiarity in the rocks. As they all slope and point to the north-east, they spread their inclined sides, of course, to the swelling tides and storms of the Atlantic. And as they continue in this shelving direction many fathoms below the surface of the sea, they occasion that violent working of the water which the seamen call a *ground swell*. So that, after a storm, when the surface of the sea around is perfectly smooth, the swells and agitation about these rocks are dangerous. From these continual eddies, the Eddystone derives its name.

The first light-house of any consequence, erected on this rock, was undertaken by a person of the name of Winstanley, in the reign of king William. Mr. Winstanley does not appear to have been a man of solidity and judgment sufficient to erect an edifice of this kind. He had never been noted for any capital work; but much celebrated for a variety of trifling and ridiculous contrivances. If you set your foot on a certain board in one of his rooms, a ghost would start up; or if you sat down in

an elbow-chair, its arms would clasp around you. His light-house, which was built of wood, partook of his whimsical genius. It was finished with galleries and other ornaments, which encumbered it, without being of any use. It was, however, on the whole, much admired as a very ingenious edifice, and Winstanley certainly deserved the credit of being the first projector of a very difficult work. He had fixed it to the rock by twelve massy bars of iron, which were let down deep into the body of the stone. It was generally, indeed, thought well founded; and the architect himself was so convinced of its stability, that he would often say, he wished for nothing more than to be shut up in it during a violent storm. He at length had his wish; for he happened to be in it, at the time of that memorable storm on the 26th of November, 1703. As the violence, however, of the tempest came on, the terrified architect began to doubt the firmness of his work; it trembled in the blast, and shook in every joint. In vain he made what signals of distress he could invent, to bring a boat from the shore. The terrors of the storm were such, that the boldest vessel durst not face it. How long he continued in this melancholy distress is unknown; but in the morning no appearance of the light-house was left. It and all its contents, during that terrible night, were swept into the sea. This catastrophe furnished Mr. Gay with the following simile in his *Trivia*, which was written a few years after the event—

"So when fam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray,
That led the sailor through the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne,
Fleets bulged their sides against the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand."

A light-house was again constructed on this rock before the conclusion of Queen Anne's reign. It was undertaken by one Rudyard, who built it also of wood, but having seen his predecessor's errors, avoided them. He followed Winstanley's idea in the mode of fixing his structure to the rock; but he chose a plain circular form, without any gallery, or useless projecting parts for the storm to fasten on. To give stability also to his work, he judiciously introduced, as ballast at the bottom, 270 tons of stone. In short, every precaution was taken to secure it against the fury of the two elements of wind and water, which had destroyed the last; but it fell by a third.

Late one night, in the year 1755, it was observed from the shore to be on fire. Its upper works having been constructed of light timber, probably could not bear the heat. It happened fortunately that admiral

ode with a fleet at that time in the ; and, being so near the spot, he immediately manned two or three swift boats. boats put off from the shore ; but it was not stormy, it was impossible . In the mean time, the fire having fled to the lower parts of the building, even the poor inhabitants upon the of the rock, where they were sitting solate, when assistance arrived. They : mortification, however, to find that its, through fear of being dashed to were obliged to keep aloof. At it was contrived to throw coils of pon the rock, which the men tied them, and were dragged on board i the sea.

case of one of these poor fellows, as above ninety years of age, was r. As he had been endeavouring quish the fire in the cupola, where raged, and was looking up, the lead from the roof came trickling pon his face and shoulders. At Ply- he was put into a surgeon's hands ; ough much hurt, he appeared to be danger. He constantly, however, l, that some of the melted lead had lown his throat. This was not be- as it was thought he could not have l such a circumstance. In twelve e died ; and Mr. Smeaton says, he : lead, after it had been taken out of mach ; and that it weighed seven *

next light-house, which is the pre- ie, was built by Mr. Smeaton, in und is constructed on a plan, which ped will secure it against every dan- t is built entirely of stone, in a cir- um. Its foundations are let into a h the rock on which it stands, and ch it almost makes a part ; for the are all united with the rock, and ch other, by massy dove-tails. The used in this curious masonry is the Watchet, from whence Mr. Smeaton ed to bring it barrelled up in cider- for the proprietors will not suffer it rported in its crude state. The door ngenious piece of architecture is only of a ship's gun-port ; and the win- e mere loop-holes—denying light, to : wind. When the tide swells above ndation of the building, the light- makes the odd appearance of a e emerging from the waves. But nes a wave rises above the very top nd, circling round, the whole looks olumn of water, till it breaks into nd subsides.

Mr. Smeaton's Account of the Eddystone.
ERIES, NO. 17.—VOL. II.

The care of this important beacon is committed to four men ; two of whom take the charge of it by turns, and are relieved every six weeks. But as it often happens, especially in stormy weather, that boats cannot touch at the Eddystone for many months, a proper quantity of salt provision is always laid up, as in a ship victualled for a long voyage. In high winds, such a briny atmosphere surrounds this gloomy solitude, from the dashing of the waves, that a man exposed to it could not draw his breath. At these dreadful intervals, the two forlorn inhabitants keep close quarters, and are obliged to live in darkness and stench ; listening to the howling storm, excluded in every emergency from the least hope of assistance, and without any earthly comfort, but what is administered from their confidence in the strength of the building in which they are immured. Once, on relieving this forlorn guard, one of the men was found dead, his companion choosing rather to shut himself up with a putrifying carcase, than, by throwing it into the sea, to incur the suspicion of murder. In fine weather, these wretched beings just scramble a little about the edge of the rock, when the tide ebbs, and amuse themselves with fishing ; which is the only employment they have, except that of trimming their nightly fires.

Such total inaction and entire seclusion from all the joys and aids of society, can only be endured by great religious philosophy, which we cannot imagine they feel ; or by great stupidity, which in pity we must suppose they possess.

Yet, though this wretched community is so small, we are assured it has sometimes been a scene of misanthropy. Instead of suffering the recollection of those distresses and dangers in which each is deserted by all but one, to endear that one to him, we were informed the humours of each were so soured, that they preyed both on themselves, and on each other. If one sat above, the other was commonly found below. Their meals, too, were solitary ; each, like a brute, growling over his food alone.

We are sorry to acknowledge a picture like this to be a likeness of human nature. In some gentle minds, we see the kind affections *rejoice* in being beckoned even from scenes of innocence, mirth, and gaiety, to mingle the sympathetic tear with affliction and distress. But experience shows us, that the heart of man is equally susceptible of the malevolent passions ; and religion joins in confirming the melancholy truth. The picturesque eye, in the mean time, surveys natural and moral evil under characters entirely different. Darken the

storm; let loose the winds; let the waves overwhelm all that is fair and good; the storm will be sublime, and the catastrophe pathetic: while the moral tempest is dreary, without grandeur, and the catastrophe afflicting, without one picturesque idea.

The emolument of this arduous post is twenty pounds a year, and provisions while on duty. The house to live in may be fairly thrown into the bargain. The whole together is, perhaps, one of the least eligible pieces of preferment in Britain; and yet, from a story, which Mr. Smeaton relates, it appears there are stations still more ineligible. A fellow, who got a good livelihood by making leathern pipes for engines, grew tired of sitting constantly at work, and solicited a light-house man's place, which, as competitors are not numerous, he obtained. As the Eddystone boat was carrying him to take possession of his new habitation, one of the boatman asked him, what could tempt him to give up a profitable business, to be shut up for months together in a pillar? "Why," said the man, "because I did not like confinement!"

TALE OF A SKULL.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

Gray.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!
Youth, and the opening rose,
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee; but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey?

Hemans.

I FIRST entered the world, in the possession of an infant, of a very noble family in the north of England, just four hundred years ago. His birth was greeted with the utmost festivity; the old hall of the castle was filled from end to end with the feudal retainers of the baron, the father of the little boy, who was brought into the hall every day of the feast, dressed in a little scarlet silk robe. The vassals were allowed to kiss his hand; and all seemed to vie with each other in flattering him, in order to gain the favour of the baron and his lady. It was, however, of little importance, for the object of their praises was quite unconscious of them. After these revels had passed away, I remember little of the life of my possessor; he was clothed, I recollect, in the most costly manner, and the baron would sometimes visit the turret in which the nursery was situated, and bestow an affectionate kiss upon his infant son. This was, how-

ever, of rare occurrence: for the baron being chiefly at court, was seen but seldom at the northern castle, where his little son was born; and for the first ten years of his life, I found my situation sufficiently monotonous.

When Albert de B——, was seven years old, his mother died; the baron returned to the castle just in time to bid her farewell, and, after her funeral in the chapel, continued there some months, to attend to his infant son, who was the more beloved, as he was the only child, and the very image of his departed parent. At nine years of age, Albert was a lad of the most noble manners, and attractive appearance. Being near the post of observation, I had frequent opportunity of ascertaining this: and in my many wanderings, among all the persons who have fallen under my notice, I never met with a countenance that struck me as more intelligently beautiful.

At this time he was put under the care of the priest, who instructed him every day in Latin, and such of the sciences as the young nobles of that period were taught. He learned also to ride, till he could sit the most fiery horse with perfect safety; he was likewise taught to swim, and to shoot with the long bow: and at the age of fourteen he used the cross-bow; and soon after began to practise in a full suit of knightly armour, which was presented to him by a noble relative: and in a few years he was, without doubt, one of the most accomplished knights that England could boast. As all the share I took in his concerns was only personal, I knew nothing beyond. I well recollect a passage of arms, in which Albert had overcome five knights of great celebrity; in the contest with the sixth, the adversary's spear was shivered, and one of the splinters struck the youthful Albert over the eye, and left a very dangerous wound. Both fell; and as neither rose to demand the surrender of the other, the heralds interfered, and, on lifting them up, the adversary was no more, and Albert was insensible. In course of time, however, he recovered, the wound healed, and left no scar; but the indentation formed in myself I retain to this very day.

Some years after, he was called to accompany his father into the field against his monarch, Henry VI., in behalf of the Duke of York. Many of the opposite party did I behold crouch beneath his lance; at length, in one of the most desperate contests, the bloody Clifford, with eye of fire, attacked the baron, who was fighting in the front of the battle, with his

son by his side. Just at this moment, a retainer of de Clifford's called off Albert from the assistance of his father, to defend himself against him. A very short time sufficed to lay in the dust the faithful vassal, and Albert turned eagerly to assist his parent. Alas! he reached him just in time to receive his last word:—"Revenge my death on bloody Clifford," he said, and expired. Albert raged round the field, like a lioness robbed of her whelps; and soon found Clifford engaged with a host of enemies. "Base murderer," he cried, "thou hast made me an orphan; come and take thy reward from this dutiful hand." "Fly, young man," said de Clifford, "return home, and tempt not this hand to cut off in one day the father and the son."

The eyes of Albert flashed fire at these words: he answered not, but waved his sword, and aimed a deadly blow at the insulting warrior. It descended upon his casque, but the faithless steel broke short off at his hand, and the glittering fragments fell at his feet. The next moment, Clifford's never-failing blade pierced his side, and with one groan he fell upon the field, and expired. When the battle was over, the corpse remained for some days upon the field, and was at length buried on the spot where he fell. For twenty years I lay undisturbed about a foot below the surface; at the end of that time, a labourer, guiding a plough, drove against the collar-bone, and, upturning the earth, brought me to light. I was perfectly bare. For the first six months after the decease of the young and beautiful Albert, the worms had revelled in my halls, but they had long since perished, and I was then in much the same condition that I am now. The labourer carried me home to his wife, and, as he placed me upon the table, observed, "Shouldn't wonder, wife, if this belonged to Jack's father, down at the mill, that died, you know, in the battle there, twenty years ago, it may be, or more." "That may be, or that may'nt be, William," answered the good wife. I would have corrected their error if I could, but it was twenty long years since that eloquent tongue had uttered its loved sounds in my arches, and I was wholly unable to give expression to my feelings.

"Well, be that or not," answered he; "it may e'en remain there till its owner chooses to ask for it:" and, with a sort of chuckle at his wit, he set me upon a small bright oak table, that stood in one corner of the little hut. Often did his "wee things" put their little fingers into my eye-

holes, and laugh, and ask what those holes were for; and as often did the good wife their mother answer, "To see through, my dears," till I really grew tired of the monotony of a labourer's cottage.

At last, a young gentleman, about fifteen years of age, happening to step in, saw me, and inquired where I came from; offered a groat for me, which was thankfully accepted, and thus, twenty-five years after my master's death, I migrated again into the family of a nobleman.

Soon after my introduction, my eyes, or rather my eye-holes, were filled with bees-wax, a mast was stuck in the hollow of the throat, a sail hoisted upon it, and I performed a voyage across his lordship's lake, much to the satisfaction of my purchaser. It would be useless to relate all the indignities I suffered here. In fifteen years, my owner succeeded to the titles and estates; and in arranging his library, he happened to fall upon me; and, to give his study a greater air of sanctity, I was set upon a pedestal of marble, four feet high, in one corner, and in that place I continued with few interruptions for sixty years. In that time, however, I had become in some parts highly polished, by handling; the lower jaw had been united to the upper by a spring; so that, until opened by the hand, the teeth remained firmly clutched.

At the end of that time I was left, in the division of sundry articles, by the will of the possessor, to an old maiden lady, together with the pedestal. She professed to have a very great veneration for me, and laid an inscribed card upon the pedestal, which, though upside-down, having lain there for no less than seventy years, I have long since got by memory! Judge of my astonishment, when I first deciphered the following: "This is y^e sculle of Harolde, kinge of England, quho felle at y^e battel of Hays-tengs; y^e endenture over y^e lefte eye being ye marke of y^e arrow by quhich he felle. Presearvede in my fammily for y^e laste 300 years, E. B. C."

It may readily be supposed, that with this inscription I attracted some notice, and that many doubts were raised concerning the authenticity of the account: nothing, however, offended the old lady more than any thing of the sort. "Have you seen my skull?" was her favourite question to her visitors: and I was compelled passively to hear the same falsehoods told over and over again, at least twenty times in a year. She loved to hold disputations on the antiquity of her skull; and when she wished to express displeasure at some monstrous absurdity, she would say, "I suppose next

you would deny the authenticity of my skull?" Poor thing! She laid her own in the dust, after I had stood there twenty years, but left an injunction in her will, that should the heir to her property presume to remove or have removed "my skull," the whole of the property should revert to the next heir. Under the provisions of this will, I remained in a dark room, locked up for fifty years; and never during that time saw the face of any human being.

At the end of that half century, the master of the mansion died; his successor, in searching over the house, found the dark room, and, opening the shutters, discovered me; he read the card, smiled with an incredulous air, took me up, conveyed me into another room, and placed me at the bottom of an old chest. He then threw some tapestry upon me, and I saw him no more.

Soon after, I found, by the directions I over-heard, that I was removed to the garret at the very top of the house. Here I remained, will the reader believe it, one hundred and twenty years! For the first ten, all was as still as when I lay with kindred bones on the plain where my dear master fell: about that time I heard a gnawing in the side of the chest, next to me, and, having heard the same noise repeated for some months together, a mouse at length made his appearance.

He entered by my throat, and five others followed: they sat down in a circle, and held a consultation together: at last four of them departed, and the other two began to make a nest in my mouth: for several years things went on very quietly; numerous colonies sprung up, and migrated from thence, and new ones rose to supply their place; at last three enterprising mice succeeded by main strength in forcing my jaws open; a nail in the side of the chest retained it in that position, and I gaped very wide indeed for three years. Another door-way was bored in the chest just before it; so that it seemed the gate of the castle, with a magnificent portcullis over it. At length an ill-starred mouse loosened the lower jaw, while in the act of crossing the threshold: the teeth gnashed together, and held the unlucky wight fast, his head protruding through the gateway. In due time, he became a prey to worms, rotted, fell away, and left only his skeleton, which I continued to grasp until I was removed from the chest, when the discovery afforded much mirth, and an epigram was made on it, which sailed quietly down the stream of oblivion, about eighty years ago.

When I was brought out, I found things

strangely altered: the tapestry fell to pieces as soon as it was touched: the dress, the manners of the people, were so different, that I was astonished. I now again entered the busy world. My owner, who disturbed my long repose, gave me to his children for a plaything, and sometimes I was placed in the garden on the top of a pole about six feet high, the pole clothed in the fashion of the day, a hat stuck upon me, and myself a butt for the arrows of the young marksmen. Fortunately, they were poor hands at the sport; my hat was once pierced through, but I escaped altogether, and was for a time discarded.

I lay then for some months in a dark corner of the stable; at length the elder of the two boys walked slyly in, drew me forth, and, with some little trouble, placed me on the top of a thick post that stood over the manger, and, introducing a small piece of lighted candle behind each eye-hole, retired. Presently came the groom, to put up his horses for the night: when, on catching a glimpse of me, he ran roaring into the house, saying that he had seen either Death or the Devil standing in the manger. Soon after, some of the other servants came out, but none of them could be induced to enter the stable. I could have laughed to hear their foolish fears and exclamations, but since the death of my beloved master I have never smiled. In a short time, the candles burnt out, and one of the most courageous approaching the door, looked in, and, seeing nothing, advanced a step further, the rest following with a light, and I was soon discovered, and, with a great many expressions of surprise, deposited in my old corner.

In a few days my facetious young master removed me thence, and took it into his head to polish me all over, which with a great deal of labour he accomplished. I was then considered sufficiently ornamental for a place in the library; accordingly, I ascended to the top of an elegant book-case, between the busts of Homer and Virgil, and remained there seventeen years. It is true, I was sometimes brought down, when the curiosity of a friend desired it, but, being soon replaced, I do not consider that equivalent to a removal. I was surprised to find myself in so perfect a condition at the end of so many years; the springs to my lower jaw had been several times renewed, but the only wound I had, was the "endenture" over the left eye, which I had when my dear master was living.

In the year 1770, the whole of the effects and estate of my owner were brought to

mer. The sale took place on the
es : a little ticket was placed upon
thead, and I remained undisturbed
place till my turn came. While
I heard much conversation between
endants who stood just below me,
d up the things. At last I became
bject of conversation. "That old
here too, Jack, I always said the old
was a body-snatcher." "I hopes it's
; worse?" answered his companion.
e," said the other, "what can be
?" Just then a deep voice vocife-

"Bill, bring forward that most
and valuable skull, for the gentle-
see." I was instantly dismounted,
and myself immediately in a very
company.

"This skull, gentlemen," said the auc-
tioneer, "is one of the prettiest remains of
Roman history, that has been brought to the
market these last three hundred years.
Gentlemen, I am informed, on the very best
authority, that this is the skull of Julius
Cæsar!" I was astonished; my teeth lite-
rally rattled; the audience laughed out-
loud, but the auctioneer proceeded, no-
twithstanding: "You may doubt the
authenticity, gentlemen, but I can prove it beyond
all manner of contradiction. We find that
Plutarch, according to the account
of Homer gives of him." "Homer!"
said the gentleman, near his elbow! "you mis-
take, Mr. Jenyns." "Sir," said the
auctioneer, in a doubtful tone.

"What must mean, Suetonius!" said the
gentleman, not unwilling to display his learning.
"Sir, Homer, or Suetonius, I don't
know which just now, but both lived
about the same time,—Suetonius,
however, asserts, that the great Julius received
his death from a wound over his left eye.
Gentlemen, here is the very mark of
the finger of Brutus, brute as he was, in
the skull: and, to put the matter beyond
doubt, it was brought from Rome by a
Roman who was very fond of antikities,
and was worth no less than five hundred pounds
in possession of this inestimable treasure!
What shall I say for it, gentlemen: £200,
or more with?" All were silent. At length
a young boy in one corner bid all his wealth,
for nothing! "Thank you, sir," said the
gentleman; "a shilling bid for the skull of
Julius Cæsar: I assure you, gentle-
men, you will not find a duplicate of it in
three kingdoms." "You don't say
that, Mr. Jenyns," said a young lady near
him. At length, no one offering
the lot was knocked down to the
gentleman for a shilling! "Take it away,"
said Mr. J——, very much discon-

certed at the total failure of his scheme.
I was put into a basket, and, when again
emancipated, I found myself in a neat par-
lour, with my purchaser and his mamma.
But I must not be too long.

One day the young gentleman, who was
very ingenious, covered me with a piece of
waxed cloth, in the manner of a skin,
placed an old wig of his father's upon me,
stuck a pair of leather ears upon me,
inserted a cork nose under the cloth, and
put in a pair of glass eyes: and having
painted the face the proper colour, I looked
really like a living head. Finding he had
succeeded so far, he thought of adding
other requisites, and making additional
improvements, when he was taken suddenly
ill, and, as I understood, died soon after.
His mother now abhorred the sight of me,
and I was given away to two brothers, who
soon quarrelling about me, the elder, who
was about twelve years of age, ran with
me into the garden, and secreted me at the
bottom of a hole six feet deep, which was
filled up the same day. Here I remained,
as far as I could judge, thirty-nine years.
In 1810 I was found by the gardener, who
carried me into the house again; here, from
the first remarks that were made upon me,
I learned that, the day after my burial, the
elder brother had been run over by a
chaise, and killed on the spot; hence no
one knew where I had been placed.

My polish was now gone; the enamel of
my teeth was no more; and I felt that this
second inhumation had shaken my consti-
tution more than the whole course of my
adventures above ground. The younger
brother, was so affected by the circumstance
of my being discovered, that he wrapped
me up in silver paper, and afterwards in
brown paper; and placed me on the top
shelf of a cupboard in his bed-room. He
lived sixteen years after this. On his death,
I again saw the light, and was placed in
the parlour on the chimney-piece, the room
being hung round with black: the old servant
saying, as she placed me there, that it was
as well to remind the persons who came to
the funeral, that they were mortal. I thought
that if the situation of their "dear brother
departed this life," did not remind them
of this, no warning that I could give them
would have any effect.

At length the mourners dropped in, to
the number of fifteen; and sat round the
room, some with white handkerchiefs to
their eyes, others with rueful long coun-
tenances. The late owner of the property
had left no immediate heirs: as soon, there-
fore, as decency would permit, they began
to whisper condolence to each other, inter-

spersing inquiries about the value of the property, and the likelihood of finding a will. Upon this point, they agreed but little: all affirmed, however, that the deceased was a most eccentric character. They were summoned soon after to attend the funeral; and in about three hours they returned, the windows were opened, wine and refreshments distributed, and all sat down to hear the will, which had been found in the lawyer's pocket, read.

"Take away that dirty skull; the very smell of it makes me quite nervous," said one of the party. However, no one caring to trouble himself, I remained undisturbed on the mantel-piece. At length the will was opened: after many pages had been discussed, of which I understood but little, I heard my own name mentioned. "The skull," said the lawyer; "we come now, gentlemen, to a very interesting clause." He gave a gentle giggle. "I bequeath this skull,"—here the lawyer cleared his throat: "I bequeath this,"—here his cough became quite ungovernable.—"I bequeath this skull," he continued again; "Well, sir, does he bequeath it to the bone-house or the dogs?" said the gentleman who had before spoken. "You shall hear, sir," said the gentleman of the quill, with the most unperturbed gravity. "I bequeath this skull,—get out, Paragraph," said he, kicking a dog which began to whine piteously.—Once more, "I bequeath this skull,—together with ten thousand pounds, to any one of my relations who shall attend my funeral, and who will engage, under the most solemn affidavit, guaranteed in such manner as my executors shall see fit, to drink his breakfast out of it every morning for one year, from the time of possession: if there shall be more than one competitor for it, they shall draw lots."

He ceased, and looked up. Dismay sat on every countenance. "Ten thousand pounds!" said one. "A whole year!" said another. "And an affidavit," mumbled a third! "Stay," said the lawyer, "there is a clause in the codicil I had almost forgot; the skull shall not be lined with any substance whatever, and the liquor shall be sassafras tea."

At length seven of them drew lots: when the lot fell upon that gentleman who had protested so loudly against my offensive smell. I was removed soon after, and for twelve months was I the breakfast cup of this worshipper of mammon: on the three hundred and sixty-fifth day, I was sent to the parish bone-house.

I did not, however, remain there long: for a collector of curiosities having applied

to the sexton for a perfect skull, he selected me. Ever since that time, I have remained on a cheffonier, together with many large and beautiful shells: I am not *now*, however, left wholly at peace; for my owner's favourite dog never comes into the room without barking at me; and the cat, too, has several times spit in my face. However, I have ceased to mind trifles, and am well content to have so peaceful a repose as I now enjoy. I have often thought, if men could but know the vicissitudes of life, how little room there would be for vanity or pride!

With what astonishment would my beloved Albert, were he capable, now read this account of my peregrinations, and how shocked would he be at all the indignities that have been put upon his head! All is vanity!—I was once the receptacle of a mind, so noble, so generous; I was once covered by a form almost angelic; I have since been the football of the world, the plaything of children, the tea-cup of a miser;—surely, surely, I have little cause for vanity!

Moralizing on my own changes, I have been led to do so on those of others. I looked back into old time: The labourer turned me up from my silent bed; it reminded him not that his head must one day lie as low: the young nobleman set me afloat upon the lake; he remembered not the sea upon which he was sailing, nor the shore to which he must soon come: every day, for twenty years, the maiden lady cast her eyes upon me, but never once did it remind her of the long home to which she was hastening: the children who shot their arrows at me, thought not of that sure archer, who soon sent unerring shafts into their bosoms: the ingenious youth who put a covering of false skin upon me, was totally unmindful that in a year's time his would be as bare as myself: the poor little boy, who put me in a hole six feet below the surface of the ground, little thought that in one week he would lie as low, and as unconcerned, as myself: the poor worshipper of mammon remembered not that he could carry nothing with him in his final retreat over that bourn from which no traveller returns: the collector of curiosities regarded me as a token of man's faded glory, yet acted as though his own had been unchangeable: in short, I have passed through almost every stage of life, the emblem of death, and have, I fear, never excited one proper feeling upon the subject.

Oh! how callous is the heart of man! He needs, indeed, to be reminded with line upon line, and precept upon precept, if by

any means he will arise and consider his latter end. His stony heart needs to be broken with a hammer in pieces, ere it will see its real interests.

I have seen all things that are under the sun, and behold all are vanity and vexation of spirit. Favoured as I have been with so long a view of the things of this world, I would give my last word unto the sons of men. You are all now living; I can assure you, and my own situation will be my warrant, that you must all die. There is nothing common-place in this; oh! no: it is its very importance that makes it so little attended to; all are gone astray: they fix their minds on trifles, and neglect the weightier matters: and that which of all is the most weighty, most certain, and most irrevocable, is, as if by common consent, never mentioned at all. Would not a stranger to our orb, and species, exclaim, "Surely they are all mad!"—when he saw them toiling for bubbles, and neglecting realities; catching at shadows, and spurning the substance.

My own experience will shew how little it avails that men lay up riches, make great works, build houses, plant vineyards;—there is no remembrance of the wise man more than of the fool for ever. And how dieth the wise man? As the fool.

There is one point of consequence: eternity is in the question. Then grant me one word more, and I will address it to the youth: would that my beloved master could now hear, and profit by my warning! Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them! Very shortly shall your dust return to the earth as it was, and your spirit shall return to God who gave it.

This is the warning, silent warning, that I have given all along. I called, but they refused to hear: and now for them I speak in vain for ever. To you then that live yet; or ever the silver cord be loosed, attend to my last parting words: "Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

March 22, 1832.

W. G. B.

ON CHURCH ESTABLISHMENTS.

J. TUCKER'S rejoinder to ARGUS.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—Presuming upon the equity and impartiality which ought to characterize every

periodical work, the columns of which are open to the discussion of interesting and important subjects, I beg leave to request the insertion in the Imperial, of a rejoinder to the reply of Argus to my former essay, which a friend has just handed to me, as contained in your Number for December, 1831, p. 556. The importance of the subject at the present eventful crisis, will, I trust, plead successfully with both yourself and your readers, as an apology for my present intrusion on their attention; and which, I assure you, shall finally terminate the controversy on my part.

If the main question at issue be, as I presume it is, the abstract one, *whether, or not, a national church is necessarily a national evil, in reference to the religion of the country in which it exists*,—I think there can be no doubt whatever, of its negative decision against all the hostile arguments of your sharp-sighted correspondent: for the highest possible authority in the universe has not only sanctioned, but, in the only theocracy that ever existed, *instituted* a "church establishment," to the full extent of the definition thereof, which this watchful guardian of British piety has given us. It is true, sir, *that* establishment, being imperfect and typical in its institutions, in due time yielded up its ceremonious appendages, to make way for the introduction of a more simple, yet efficacious mode of worship, "established" by the same authority, and consequently, equally binding upon all its subjects; while the latter, possessing the imperative command of its divine Author for its *universal* acceptance, that mandate extends the moral obligation of its reception and observance from Judea to the whole habitable globe, and to *every individual*, and consequently to *every nation, and every political state* also, therein—which are necessarily composed of individuals.

The fact, therefore, of God having himself instituted an "established national church," and saddled the country in which it was erected with its support, proves, beyond the possibility of refutation, that such an establishment can have no natural or necessary tendency to injure the interests of religion.

But there is another important question affecting the basis of your correspondent's conclusions, viz. *whether, or not, the political state, which embraces the religion of such a church, and, admitting that religion to correspond in all its principles with the rules laid down in the divine oracles, as the accredited guide of both its faith and practice,—whether that state has, or has*

not, the right to defend, vindicate, protect, and support, at the public expense, the religion of that church?

This question is also decided in the affirmative, by the example and authority of the same paramount power. The Jewish church was fortified with a multitude of ecclesiastical laws, enacted by God himself for its government; protected by the secular power, and its priesthood amply provided for, by contributions, rendered "compulsory" by divine authority, upon the whole body of the nation. And after the theocracy of Judaism was exchanged for a human monarchy in the same nation, the administration of the ecclesiastical laws, both penal and salutary, devolved upon the civil authorities; who were required to carry them into execution, and which continued until the Babylonish captivity.

During that period, the Jewish national priesthood existed in the plenitude of its glory; yet, though incorporated with the state, it acted in subordination to the monarchical power. But after the return from Babylon, the chief authority, *both in church and state*, appears to have been vested in the HIGH PRIEST, and, subsequently, to the princes of the Asmonean race, and the SANHEDRIM, or great council of the nation. This arrangement was also evidently in the order of Providence, and thus the union of the church with the state, in that highly favoured but rebellious nation, was clearly sanctioned by divine authority, until its final subjugation by the Roman power.

Thus we see, sir, that both the erection of a "national church establishment," and its conservation and support, as well as a national provision for its priesthood, having been once enacted, and providentially preserved for many ages by divine authority, it is morally impossible that such institutions can have any inherent tendency to destroy, depreciate, or counteract the religion they are intended to cherish and support. And I believe the establishment of these facts overthrows the main pillars of the theory advocated by your correspondent "Argus;" who, with his "hundred eyes," does not appear to have any clearer views of his subject than a man of common sense, blessed with only two! The main pillars of his structure thus demolished, the whole fabric erected upon them falls of course along with them. I shall, however, with your permission, proceed to gather up a few of its mutilated fragments, for the purpose of exposing the fragile materials of which they are composed.

The world, sir, has now done with Judaism, as a divinely established system of

ceremonial types and shadows; and Christianity, under the auspices of its glorious Author, has happily succeeded it, as the *ultimatum* of divine revelation, and the great antitype of all the sacrificial and ritual institutions of that *initiatory* scheme of salvation: and it is unquestionably true, that the kingdom of God, that is, the kingdom of grace upon earth, and of glory in heaven, "is not of this world;" it sprang not from a terrestrial source, nor does it associate with either the maxims or the practices by which the affairs of this world are usually conducted. All this is readily granted; but I challenge ARGUS, or any other advocate of the same cause, to prove from this concession, that any state upon earth has not an indefeasible "right" to embrace the christian religion, to establish, and associate itself with, a christian church, and to exert the power with which God hath invested it, in the vindication, defence, and support of that religion. Nay, I go farther, and challenge him to prove that all this is not well-pleasing and acceptable in the sight of God. He neither has done, nor can do any such thing; and yet, until he does it, all his arguments are futile and nugatory; those being the only principles upon which his assertions of the injurious effects of church establishments can possibly rest.

The great and fundamental defect of your correspondent's hypothesis is, that it is founded on fallacious principles; *he argues from the abuse of a thing against its legitimate use*; and erroneously concludes, that because corruptions have crept into church establishments, therefore they are pernicious nuisances, and ought not to be tolerated in a christian country! With equal truth and reason might he have said—"The human heart is often found to be the seat of moral corruption, therefore it never can associate with the religion of the Son of God, nor become the temple of the Holy Ghost! and, consequently, *the Gospel can never reassert its primitive power, till so unnatural an alliance be dissevered, wherever it exists*," and that religion be for ever separated from that sink of corruption, the human heart! what, I ask, are the *fifty pairs of eyes* which your correspondent professes to possess, good for, if they cannot discover the obvious absurdity of such conclusions?

In attempting to evade the force of some of my former observations,* ARGUS *qualifies* the broad assertion, marked with an *italic* letter, in the preceding paragraph, by the

* *Vide Imperial Magazine for April, 1831, p. 170, &c.*

; paraphrase, which he flatters himself now command my concurrent approval; viz. "that Christianity can never fully and fully evangelize a community oppressed by the *incubus* of a church, as where its energies are paralyzed by the withering and paralyzing influence of secular policy." Every man sees, sir, that this is a mere *petitio*; it is a congeries of assumptions, the shadow of a proof, or even an argument, to support them. As an observation, it is good for nothing; it is perfectly possible that a church in union with, and supported by, the state, as free from "the withering paralyzing influence of secular policy,"

the pure and undefiled religion, heaven-inspired souls, of Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, in the court of Nebuchadnezzar! Only ministers of Christ feel and exhibit the power of the religion they profess; let them faithfully discharge the important duties of their sacred function; let them be illustrious examples of those brilliant spirits of the Jewish politico-ecclesiastical establishment," Samuel, Elijah, Nathan, Micaiah, Ahijah, and so on, instead of sinking themselves in the vortex of corruption, they would be examples, as those ancient worthies were, and of the great Head of the church, and of the state itself, and the hearts of men also, from that corruption which would correspondent appears to think that there is no match for both the grace and the power of the living God! Surely the honest heart of this man cannot believe

"the kingdoms of this world shall be the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ," or he would never counsel the church thus to run away from the state, and leave it exposed to all the wiles and artifices of its adversary.

The correspondent, sir, quotes the case of Constantine's unnatural coalition of the civil and ecclesiastical power," as having been the foundation of those corruptions introduced in the assumption of the papal power; and, as a proof that every union of church and state must be productive of bad effects. With equal truth and right he have asserted, that, because the reign of our late sovereign, George the Third, was an unhappy one, therefore the king ought never to enter into the same state! To show the fallacy of this reasoning, I need only to re-state the fact, that the union of church and state in England, that very union which, under the reigns of Henry VIII., and Edward VI., and Elizabeth, enabled the British nation and church to get rid of that accursed *incubus* upon all true religion, "the papal power."

That the providence of God uniformly superintends the affairs of his church; that, in reference to its interests, he "worketh all things after the counsel of his own will;" that all the dispensations of his providence are directed by a combination of consummate wisdom, with unbounded benevolence, and infinite power; that, after all, "his judgments are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out," will perhaps be admitted even by ARGUS himself! And that, in spite of even his criticisms thereon, "all things are working together for good to them who love God." These, sir, are positions which I presume few of your readers will be disposed to deny. Hence the impossibility of proving, as ARGUS is bound to do, that it was *unwise* in that Providence to permit even the deprecated union which, he asserts "issued in the assumption of the papal power."

But, sir, in thus permitting the religion of the Bible to become, at least nominally, that of the Roman empire, it obtained a footing in Europe, which it could not have obtained by any other means. And although the churches, both of Rome and Constantinople, were ultimately overwhelmed with a torrent of corruption, yet both the records and the principles of genuine Christianity have been preserved by that Providence in inviolable purity, amidst all the clouds of ignorance, the ravings of superstition, and the fires of persecution, which the papacy inflicted upon the sacred cause of Christ, and upon his faithful followers. It was, sir, from amongst those clouds, and out of those very fires, that emerged "the noble army of martyrs," who, though brought forth and nurtured in the very hot-bed of corruption, sealed the truth of that religion, which they rescued from the flames, with their own blood. Thus popery itself became the *scaffolding*, in and by which, the great Master-builder of Christianity erected his true church; and surely in this respect the Church of England is entitled to at least equal honour with the Church of Rome; and the permission of their existence, in the order of Providence, demands our acknowledgment that the interests of true religion could not have been so well secured by any other arrangement.

Sir, accurate definition is the life of sound argument; and, as your correspondent, although he has called in Dr. Paley to his assistance, is evidently lame upon this

point, I shall, before I proceed, endeavour to correct his error. I believe, sir, all accurate definitions must be founded upon the proper, natural, and generally accepted construction of words and sentences, and not upon any improper meaning, arbitrarily imposed or forced upon [them, *pro re nata*. It is according to the *latter* mode of definition that ARGUS asserts, upon Dr. P's authority, that "the *sine qua non* of a 'religious establishment' is, that it should be *exclusively* preferred by the state to every other sect, and be supported by compulsory provision for its maintenance." Hence, both the Dr. and his pupil are wrong; for it wants the word *national* prefixed to "religious establishment" to constitute the construction for which they contend; but, according to the *former* mode of definition, *which is the true one*, every sectarian institution in the kingdom which has a place of worship, a stated ministry, whether stationary or itinerant, and a provision for that ministry, whether voluntary or compulsory, is, beyond all controversy, "a church;" i. e., "an ecclesiastical or religious establishment."

Now, sir, what is it that I contend for? Why, first, that every nation, *as such*, ought to have a religion; secondly, that *that* religion ought to be Christianity; thirdly, as Christianity cannot be supported without a ministry, nor that ministry without a temporal provision, it is an imperative duty, incumbent upon every christian nation, both to appoint a ministry and to provide for it. All these obligations are, as I apprehend, enjoined by the command of Jesus Christ, recorded in Matthew xxviii. 19, and Mark xvi. 15. "Go ye into ALL THE WORLD, and teach ALL NATIONS, baptizing them," &c.; and, by the corresponding declaration of the apostle Paul, Rom. i. 5. "By whom (viz. the Spirit of holiness,) we have received grace and apostleship, for obedience to the faith among ALL NATIONS." Hence it is plain, that Christianity ought to be the *national religion* of every nation under heaven; a proposition thus clearly founded in divine authority; and it is equally certain, from the testimony of the Holy Ghost, by St. Paul, 1 Cor. ix. 3—14, that every body of Christians ought to support its ministry. Now, sir, as all civil authority and political power are derived from, and dependent upon, God;* *and as these are given by him, for the sole purpose of promoting the interests of Christianity*, both in time and eternity, so it would be a hopeless, as well as an *atheistical* task, for any man to attempt to prove that there are no obli-

gations laid upon christian magistrates, and christian governments, to use the power, thus entrusted to them, for the conservation of that religion they have embraced. The affirmative assertion of that principle must be conceded by every man who has himself any pretensions to the christian character; but it may be more difficult to define the legitimate extent, and the proper limitations, of that interference. As this question embraces the most important points at issue between my opponent and myself, I shall beg the favour of explicitly, yet briefly, stating my present views upon it.

And, first, it is certain that a properly defined and well-regulated *liberty of conscience* is the unalienable right of every individual upon earth; and, therefore, no magisterial or political power can have any authority to interfere with that privilege.* On the contrary, it is the imperative duty of every christian government to secure that inestimable birthright inheritance to *all* its subjects; and, upon this basis, I fearlessly assert, that the spiritual tyranny and despotism of popery, which ever did, and ever will deprive its enslaved and wretched votaries of that glorious privilege, ought not to be suffered to operate on British ground. Hence the British government owes to its God, to its religion, and to its country, the liberation of its subjects from that atrocious

* This hackneyed phrase, "liberty of conscience," when made a leading feature in such a discussion as the present, must be accurately defined, its boundaries fixed, and its privileges ascertained. In the vocabulary of ARGUS, it appears to mean, when applied to individuals, the most unbounded and the most licentious antinomianism in principle, and irresponsibility in practice; but, with him, it has no kind of existence, in reference to either nations, states, or governments. None of these must presume to *possess*, and much less to *exercise* it! In the annals of popery, it signifies liberty to overthrow and exterminate, with fire and sword, both the profession and the professors of every other religion except its own, and to practise idolatry with impunity. None of these are its true meaning. Before any one can exercise "liberty of conscience," he must *have* a conscience; and, before the laws of God can sanction its liberty, it must be both an enlightened and a good conscience. Moreover, both its judgments, and the acts which flow from its dictation, should correspond with the testimony of divine revelation, before it can or ought to be respected by any legitimate authority under heaven. It was no kind of apology for the Irish papists, in 1798, who burned 200 or 300 helpless and harmless men, women, and children, in the barn of Scullabogue, that their consciences told them—"it was their duty to God and the church thus to massacre protestants, for no other crime but the profession of that religion. And hence the British government, not then possessing the benefit of ARGUS's principles, very properly "coerced" and restrained this "liberty of conscience," for the preservation of true religion, and the extermination of such diabolically conscientious zeal. And so should all the powers which are ordained of God, for the preservation of his worship, and the tranquillity of the nations over which they preside, uniformly exterminate all similar principles.

* Romans xiii. 1, 8.

of bondage" and scourge of the
ace. A debt, the obligations of
ve been accumulating, with terrific
le and most awful results, from its
nent, for at least two centuries last

ly. It is the duty of every chris-
-nment both to prohibit and pre-
-practice of idolatry, or the worship
false god, within its dominions.
; principle also brings the British
ent, as *christian*, into hostile col-
th the Church of Rome, which, in
fice of the mass, is downright pal-
latry. The practice of popery,
ought not to be tolerated in any
country. If it be said that this is
orized interference with liberty of
e, I reply, *It is not*; for true
conscience, in a christian country,
in allowing every man to read,
lge, and believe for himself; and
e true piety, as he is directed by
pts of the bible; but it cannot law-
nd to the violation of those pre-
the corruption of the national
and the consequent injury of the
and morals of the country. For
nd religion cannot produce sound
; and, surely, it is the duty of
vernment to protect the moral
of its subjects.

y. I apprehend no secular govern-
ht to possess the right of nominat-
-pointing ministers to any church,
be to one, or more, exclusively
is its own place of worship. Nor
state, king, or government, ever
uthority to dictate any peculiar
prayer to their subjects; nor, of
enforce uniformity over the king-
reference to such form; nor to fix
e the titles and rank of the clergy
hurch except their own. But all
es of worship, as well as all others,
questionably be gratuitously open
one choosing to attend the service
erein.

ly. After securing the worship of
true God, by and through the
of his Son Jesus Christ, in all
assemblies tolerated in the country,
e state nor its church should have

any kind of control over the other "reli-
gious establishments" of the kingdom,
either in the appointment of their ministers,
the mode of conducting their worship, the
regulation of their discipline, or the dicta-
tion of their theological creeds, upon spe-
culative points of doctrine. With perfect
freedom of conscience, all these particulars
should be left to the regulation of each
church, on its own behalf; but, for the
reasons I have formerly assigned, I am
decidedly of opinion, that all christian mi-
nisters should be paid by the state; yet,
with an understanding that their congrega-
tions would always be at full liberty to
increase their stipends, if they pleased so to
do, according to existing circumstances. All
places of worship should, also, in my
humble opinion, under proper regulations,
be erected, or purchased, and kept in re-
pair, at the expense of the government;
and, of course, be the property of the
nation, and let off by lease, at a fair rent,
to the respective occupiers.†

Fifthly. As *uniformity* is one great cha-
racteristic of truth, and although it may be
impossible, as well as improper, to *coerce*
the human mind into its possession, yet,
with a theological system of uncorrupted
truth, supported by divine authority, in our
hands, a man of common sense would be
almost tempted to think, that if wisdom,
sincerity, candour, genuine piety, and in-
tegrity, were to preside at a general as-
sembly of British ministers of the gospel,
of every existing denomination, convened
by delegation, something might be done,
under the auspices and at the expense of the
government, towards producing such a cor-
respondence of principle, and co-operation
of exertion, among the different 'sectarian
parties which now divide the religious
world, as would have a happy tendency to
promote the general interests of true re-
ligion, far beyond what appears to be pos-
sible in the present divided and distracted
state of that world.

Indeed, it is impossible to calculate the
advantages which might, and probably

the British government, and especially the
narchs, as, during their several reigns,
of the church," and the "defenders of
will exonerate themselves from the re-
incurred in this behalf, and particularly
ouragement and support given by them
luring even the last half century, is not
determine; but this I well know, that
vernment and the hierarchy will here-
an awful account to give for their re-
res in that encouragement.

† That some of these proposed regulations might
be open to objections, I do not pretend to deny; as
the imperfections of human nature, and the disor-
dered state of all human affairs, render it morally
impossible for any system of church government, or
ecclesiastical institutions, to meet and obviate the
exigencies of every case, or to evade every difficulty
that may occur therein. And it is often the case,
that, after all our efforts to obtain perfection, we
have nothing left but a selection of the least of the
evils which are unavoidably placed in our way. By
the adoption of the measures suggested above, all
the evils arising from a *monopoly of chapel pro-
perty by ministers*, and all the interminable diffi-
culties attending *trusteeship*, would be effectually
removed.

would, accrue, to the knowledge and practice of genuine religion, if such a coalition could be carried into effect; and I incline to think, that an effort to effect it would be well worthy of the enlightened and liberal age and country in which we live. At any rate, in such a conference, the foundation might be laid of an *union society*, agreeing in all the essential and fundamental truths of Divine revelation, and bearing a suitable and appropriate designation, descriptive of its truly *catholic*, christian, and philanthropic character, the salutary influence of which might spread, and extend over the habitable globe, and to the latest posterity. And, sir, I am bold to affirm, that it must be under the influence of some such institution, that, by the blessing of God, the religious world will, if ever it does, live to see

“Names, and sects, and parties fall,
And CHRIST alone be all in all!”

It is not, sir, as a mere idle, speculative theory, that I throw out the preceding suggestions; but as, in all human probability, this nation is on the eve of, at least, an *ecclesiastical revolution*, both in principle and in practice, I conceive it to be the duty, as well as the privilege, of every one who wishes well to his country, to endeavour to promote its spiritual as well as temporal happiness and prosperity. And this is my sole object in thus writing.

I have, in my former essay, fully admitted, and deeply lamented, the awful extent of corruption existing in the present state of the British church; nor do I pretend to deny its pernicious influence upon practical piety, and experimental religion, among the members of that church: but surely, common sense tells us that it is not the *existence*, but the *abuses* which have crept into the “national church,” and its *illegitimate* subjugation to “the withering and paralyzing influence of secular policy,” that has issued in those disastrous effects; which, counteracting and frustrating the gracious designs of God in the institution of that church, now call for the correcting hand of reformation, to check their farther progress, and remove their destructive operation; yet I can by no means ascribe so extensive a range to that influence, as would be requisite to support the theory of your correspondent.

For, as it is a perfectly gratuitous assumption, on his part, that the very existence of a national church is necessarily inimical to the interests of true religion, so the conclusion by him founded thereon, viz. that *Christianity would uniformly flourish better without such a church*, is palpably fallacious. This is clear, from the

unquestionable fact, that *some, yea, and much genuine piety*, is, and ever has been, found in the established church of England; instead, therefore, of *diminishing* the general stock of piety in the nation, it is evident that the national church, with all its faults, *increases* it; and, hence, the *onus probandi* still lies upon ARGUS, of his assumed fact, “that more true religion would, at this day, have existed in the nation, than is actually found therein, had it never possessed a national church establishment.” Here, sir, is the *fulcrum* of the argument, the *pivot* on which the whole controversy turns. If ARGUS cannot prove this point, (*and prove it, I am certain, he never can,*) all he has said, or ever can say, against the utility of a national church, as such, goes for *just nothing*!

The case of America, which ARGUS adduces in support of his hypothesis, is a mere *petitio principii*, defective in all the points necessary to give it any weight whatever in the scale of argument. What, in the name of common sense, are the *hundred eyes* of this man good for, if they cannot reveal to him the fact, that to give his comparison the weight of a single feather in this discussion, he should prove, 1st, that there is actually more genuine religion, and less impiety, in America than in England; and 2nd, that this difference in favour of the former is owing, *exclusively*, to its want of a national church?—Of these assumed facts, he has not advanced even the shadow of a proof; and yet he affects to treat *my logic* with scornful contempt! I ask him, where is his own? Is this the best specimen he can afford of its paramount excellence? Meantime, my argument in favour of the *utility* of the British national church establishment, founded upon the best possible evidence, namely, its many excellent fruits, remains not only untouched by my opponent, but for ever invulnerable, supported as it is by the impregnable facts, that as popery fell before its triumphant power, so at least nine-tenths of all the genuine piety now in the nation is its offspring.

For, sir, it is not Methodism only, but almost every other species of soundly christian Dissenterism, in this kingdom, that has derived its theological principles, its speculative divinity, and its practical piety, under God, from the Church of England, as the immediate parent of them all; and in every such instance, (I believe without exception,) it was the form of church government, the too rigorous enforcement of discipline, the defalcation in zeal and piety in the clergy of the establishment, or some other non-essential appendage to the church,

that caused the separation. . But in no case, that I am aware of, was it the mere circumstance, so obnoxious in the estimation of ARGUS, of its being a "national church," that produced the secession of its members. Now, sir, a spiritual parent which has, by her salutary influence and evangelical operations, not only produced in herself so many noble and illustrious champions of Christianity, as adorn the pages of her history, but has transmitted to a teeming posterity *almost all the genuine piety that now graces and distinguishes the British nation*, surely cannot be so vile a character, as to require to be scouted with horror and detestation from the face of the earth, as being not only incurably corrupt, but leagued with the prince of darkness, for the destruction of all true religion !

But it appears that ARGUS condemns my mode of proving the utility of the British church establishment, by a reference to its fruits, as "illogical" and nugatory, and appears persuaded that this sentence, pronounced upon it by so high an authority, will at once induce me to abandon it ! He appears disposed to sink every instance of such utility into the vortex of its corruptions ; and to argue that, because the Church of Rome has also produced here and there a star of genuine Christianity, shining through the gloom of her corruptions, therefore the Church of England ought to be annihilated ! If this is a fair specimen of your correspondent's best logic, I certainly do not envy him either his dexterity or his success in using it.* But, sir, in my humble opinion, the character of a church ought to be estimated by the soundness of its principles, and not by the practices of its degenerate ministers, or corrupt members ; by the purity of its doctrines, the excellence of its canonical institutes, and the salutary design and tendency of its articles, its liturgy, and its mode of worship ; and not by the negligence or abuse of all these by its faithless professors. The

Argus eyes of your sharp-sighted correspondent cannot behold any one of the real excellencies of the British church, but through the sickening medium of corruption ; like the buzzing fly, he alights and feeds upon the putrifying sores of the ecclesiastical body, while he totally disregards the sound and healthy parts as unworthy of his notice !

In this exemplary "labour of love," your pious correspondent has the temerity to deny that "Methodism is the offspring of the national church of this country ;" or, "that the latter is the offspring of the Church of Rome : and the *logical* proof he adduces in support of his negation is, that "both the alleged parents did their utmost to strangle their respective progeny in the birth ! A very simple simile will illustrate the accuracy and force of this admirable argument, and decisive conclusion : Suppose its luminous author was impanelled on a jury, to try one of those unhappy mothers, who are so often detected in the murder of their illicit offspring, in this nation ; we should find him addressing his fellow-jurors with the following *irresistible* and *self-evident* argument ;—"Gentlemen, this case is at an end, we must acquit the alleged culprit ; for, as she is the mother of the child, it is certain that no parent ever did or ever could strangle her offspring in the birth !" So much for *Argusean* Logic *versus* Truth !

Meantime, every one who knows any thing of the matter, ARGUS only excepted, well knows, that as sure as the immaculate corporeal humanity of the Son of God sprang out of the corrupt fountain of Adam's posterity, so surely did the spiritual divinity of the Church of England flow to it through the corrupt channel of Romish superstition ; and the purity of Methodism was extracted, by its *clerical* founders, from the principles they found embodied in the liturgy and homilies of "the national church" of England. In both cases, the gold was certainly *mixed up with much dross*, but in neither case did or could the dross become *identified* with the gold ; and hence the skill of the artists found little difficulty, under divine direction, in separating the one from the other. As Mr. Wesley ever regarded and honoured "the church," as his own spiritual mother, so he laboured incessantly, not to *engraft* Methodism upon that old stock,—but to preserve it in that connexion with the church, which he considered was founded as much in the order of nature as in the designs of Providence.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* It is true, ARGUS does not jump at one bound to this conclusion ; but he arrives at it with no less certainty than if he did. His inveterate, interminable, and immutable cry is, *Delenda est Carthago* ! I say, "Why, what evil hath it done, that is not remediable by reformation, without destruction ; especially as its evil hath been counterbalanced by much good ?" He reiterates his cry. and adds—"The Church of Rome also hath produced some good fruit ; therefore, if the one must be destroyed, so must the other also !"—According to the *logic* of Jesus Christ, truly pious men are *the salt of the earth*, to counteract the putrescence of its moral corruption, and preserve it from destruction : and why then, I ask, should not such excellent characters as the Church of England has heretofore produced, and still continues to produce, be considered as the *salt* of that church ? If this be the true "logic" of heaven, surely the opposition to it must be the sophistry of earth !

RELICS OF SUPERSTITION, FOUND IN MONASTERIES AND RELIGIOUS HOUSES, AT THE DISSOLUTION, 1536.

STRYPE, whose researches into ecclesiastical antiquities have thrown so much light on the mysteries of the cloister, and added such valuable information to our national annals, quoting the Cotton MSS. Cleopatra, London, observes, that one of the visitors sent up the following to lord Cromwell, as a list of the principal relics of idolatry found in the Goary Friars, Reading.

"An angel with one wing; the spear-head that pierced our Saviour's side upon the cross; the dagger which, they say, slew king Henry VI.; and the knife that killed king Edward; with many other like holy things." Among the rest, we have the following inventory.

"Imprimis, two pieces of the holy cross; St. James's hand; S. Philip's stole; a bone of Mary Magdalene, with other mo.; S. Anastasius's hand, with other mo.; a piece of St. Panate's arme; a bone of S. Quintin's arme; a bone of S. David's arme; a bone of Mary Salome's arme; a bone of S. Edward the martyr's arme; a bone of S. Hieron, with other mo.; bones of S. Steven, with other mo.; a bone of S. Blase, with other mo.; a bone of S. Osmund, with other mo.; a piece of S. Ursula's stole; a jaw-bone of S. Ethelmoyn; bones of St. Leodegare and S. Herenei, (Irenii, perhaps;) bones of S. Margaret; bones of S. Awnal; a bone of S. Agas, with other mo.; a bone of S. Andrew, and two pieces of his cross; a bone of S. Frideswyde; a bone of S. Anne; with many other."

Another visitor sent up to Cromwell his account of Glastonbury, and the convents in Bristow; and, withal, sent up to him the relics found in them. Take Dr. Layton, the visitor's, own letter; of which the following is an extract, as far as the relics are concerned.

"By this bringer, I send you relics. First, two flowers, wrapped in white and black sarcenet, that one Christen Maseven, at the hour when Christ was born, will spring, and burgen, and bare blossoms, which he had experienced, saith the Prior of Maiden Bradley. Ye shall also receive a bag of relics, wherein ye shall see stranger things, as shall appear by the scripture, (i. e. the writings upon them,) as, God's coat, or Ladie's smock; part of God's supper, in the last supper of the Lord; of the rock on which Jesus was born at Bethlehem."

"I send you also our Ladie's

Burton red silk, which is a solemn relic, sent to women travailing, which shall not miscarry. I send you also Mary Magdalene's girdle; that is wrapped and covered with white; sent also with great reverence to women travailing. Which girdle, Matilda the empress, founder of Ferley, gave unto them, as saith the holy Father of Ferley."

"To these I beg leave to add a curious account, from the same author, relative to Elizabeth Barton, commonly called the Holy Maid of Kent. A. D. 1554. Cromwell, on whom lay the care of searching into the sayings and doings of the pretended holy inspired nun and her accomplices, had at length divers confessions brought in unto him from those that were concerned with her; and, amongst the rest, one, unnamed, was required to confess and relate what he had heard one Rich, a friar observant, tell him of her. With which Rich he had much conversation; and from whom he had heard many of the speeches and pretended converse with angels; this man, who himself was obnoxious, as it seems, freely sent in a large account of what he had heard from the said friar. And, because I know none of our historians have related these things so much at large, concerning her, I shall here transcribe the very letter sent to Cromwell from this person. (See Cotton MSS. Cleopatra, B. 4.)

"Sir—It may please you to be advised, that, according to your commandment, I have put the articles of the communication betwixt me and Mr. Rich in writing, (as he saith you have them in writing before,) even as I heard things worthy to be noted upon the margin of my book in the Dutch and French tongue, to the intent he should not understand my purpose, why I did write them. Yet do I not believe such tales which he called revelations. For I have learned the gospel *Attente a faulx prophetis*; if I had remembered another commandment as well as I did that, *Non concupisces rem proximi tui*, I should not have fallen into misery.

"I have in remembrance many one of these things, and so to be contented."

as being the most curious; but too abominable to be repeated.

Of an angel that appeared, and a nun go unto the king, that infidel of England, and say, that I com-m to amend his life; and that he see three things, which he loveth and hath upon; that is, that he take off his right and patrimony from him. And, that he destroy all these new opinions, and the works of their king. The third, that if he married Anne to wife, the vengeance of old plague him. And, as she saith, shewed this unto the king, &c.

Item. After this, two or three times the angel appeared, and bade her go unto the king, and say, that since he being with his grace, he hath diligently studied to bring his purpose to pass, and that she saw in spirit the king, queen, and the earl of Wiltshire, sitting in a garden together; and that she devise how to bring the matter to pass, and by no means it would not be. At last, a little devil stood beside the king, and put it in her mind to say this—'I shall send my father unto the emperor, and let him shew your mind and desires; and give him those many hundred ducats, to have his good will. And that it will be brought to pass. Go, and do not to shew the king this tale and news; and bid him take his old wife or else,' &c. It is so naughty a thing, that my hand shaketh to write of anything better unwritten than

That she was charged to go unto the cardinal, when he was most in his city, and shew him of three swords which he had in his hand; one of the divinity, another of the temporality, and the third of the king's marriage. A long story.

The bishop of Canterbury, and his death, to be remembered.

Another season after, the angel com-manded her to go unto the said cardinal, and shew him his fall; and that he had fallen as she had commanded him, by the will of God.

That, since he dyed, she saw the vision of the devils for his soul; and that he was three times lift up, and could not get down; neither in heaven, hell, nor purgatory, and that at last, where she saw him, and how, by her penance, he was taken up unto heaven; and what souls she saw passing through purgatory.

Of the visions seen by her sister, and others. And how she took the blood of the Lord's side in a chalice. And how

she saw the plague of the city of London, &c.

"25. Of the words which the nun spake unto Mr. Richards. How the angel of God asked for his faith; with certain privy tokens that she shewed him that he had in his *memento*; with divers other things in their house; which causeth them all to muse, &c.

"27. Of | 9 | 9 | 9, the reign of the king, how long he shall reign; as saith a prophecy. Which agreeth with her saying, &c.

"28. Of the three letters A. F. G. by a prophecy that is in the hand of holy Richard. If you send to me John Godolphin, your servant, I can cause him to find him, by inquiring at the temple.

"29. More a great deal of a golden letter that Mary Magdalen did send. And how the angel commanded her to counterfeit another. Because the people should have power upon her body, &c. What money that was hid, &c.

"30. That six days before the said Richard was taken, he went to a man that hath a prophecy; and with him Nesywick, the observant. Who shewed unto them wondrous things, pens and inkhorns; letters of prophecies, and of all their troubles at Paul's Cross. This man dwells two miles from Bugden. His name is Honford, &c."

Strype further says, of Elizabeth Barton, that Sir Thomas Mare, saw and spoke with her in a little chapel in the monastery of Sion, Canterbury; where were present but they two only. He told her, it was the report of her virtues made him desirous both to see and hear her, that she might remember him to God in her devotions. She answered him, that God did, of his goodness, far better for her, a poor wretch, than she deserved; and, that many of their favourable minds, reported of her far above the truth; and, that she had heard so much of him, that she had already prayed for him, and ever would. At parting, he gave her a double ducat, and begged her prayers. At this meeting she told Mare what care people ought to have, that they take not diabolical delusions for heavenly visions; and acknowledged that she had sometimes the former, as well as the latter; and that lately the devil, in the shape of a bird, flew and fluttered about her in a chamber, and suffered himself to be taken, and, being in hand, suddenly changed, in their sight that were present, into an ugly-fashioned bird; that they were all afraid, and threw him out of the window.

"I will take leave here to give some further account of this nun of Canterbury,

professed of the priory of St. Sepulchre's there. Her name was Elizabeth Barton, commonly called *the holy maid of Kent*. That which gave the first occasion of this imposture was :—this maid, living in the parish of Aldington, before she was professed, was visited with sickness; and in the violence thereof she would fall into fits, wherein she uttered many foolish and idle words. Richard Master, parson of the said parish, made use of this for some ends of his own; and henceforth gave out, that these fits were divine trances, and what she spake in them she spake from God; and instructed her to say and affirm so, (though she knew not what she had said when she came to herself,) and upon occasion to feign fits."

Thus, as in more modern times, the artful priests of the Romish church, seized upon every opportunity to misguide the zealots of their communion, and, by their instrumentality imposed on the ignorant, by pretended visions, miracles, &c.

RELICS, ROODS, MIRACLES, &c. (1538.)

(From Collier's Ecclesiastical History, vol. i. p. 149.)

THE king having the dissolution of the remaining monasteries in view, thought it necessary to lessen their reputation, to lay open the superstition of their worship, and draw a charge of superstition upon some of them; and here it must be said, he was not without a colour for his proceedings. For relics had been for some time too much magnified, and many of them were counterfeited; images were supposed to be more significant in one place than another; and, in short, the people were drawn to tedious pilgrimages, to visionary hopes, and a misapplication in their devotions. To mention some of these religious curiosities :

The Blessed Virgin's Girdle was shewn in seven different places, and her Milk in eight. The Bell of St. Guthlac, and the Feet of St. Thomas of Lancaster, were accounted sovereign remedies for the headache. By the way, this Thomas of Lancaster was one of the rebellious barons in Edward the Second's time, and executed for high treason.

The Penknife and Shoes of Archbishop Becket, and a piece of his Shirt, were much valued by women with child. The Coals that roasted St. Lawrence, two or three Heads of St. Ursula, Malchus's ear, and the Parings of St. Edmund's Nails, were of superstitious regard. To these we may add, the Figure of an Angel with one wing, which brought over the spear's head

which pierced our Saviour's side;—an Image of our Lady, with a Taper in her hand, which burnt nine years together without wasting, till at last it was put out by perjury. This, upon examination, was discovered to be nothing but a piece of wood. Our Lady of Worcester, was another piece of imposture; for after her habit and dress were taken off, the figure was of quite another kind, and represented a bishop ten feet high.

Besides these and some others, there were two remarkable rarities, which must not be forgotten. One of them was the Rood of Grace at Boxley in Kent. There was so much of machinery in this figure, that the eyes would turn, and the lips move, upon occasion. It was publicly exposed at Paul's Cross, by Hilsley, bishop of Rochester; and there knocked in pieces. The other was a relic at Hales in Gloucestershire. Here, it was pretended, the blood of our Saviour, brought from Jerusalem, had been kept for several ages. It was said, if a man was in mortal sin, and had not received absolution, he could not see the blood; which otherwise, to persons under pious qualifications, was visible enough. To prepare, therefore, for the sight of the miracle, it was the custom to confess to a priest, and offer at the altar, before the relic was shewn. This pretended blood of our Saviour, was kept in a crystal, very thick on one side, but very thin and transparent on the other. If a wealthy person appeared, they turned the thick side, where the eye could reach nothing; this was done, as it is said, to open his heart and his pocket. For, when he had bought as many masses, and presented as far as they thought fit, they turned the thin side, and then the blood appeared: and this, as William Thomas, clerk of the council to Edward VI., says, was no better than the blood of a duck, renewed every week.

Besides these, the figures of our Lady of Walsingham, Ipswich, Penrice, Islington, St. John Osulston and some others, were publicly burnt. There was also a gigantic image, called Darvel-Catherine, brought out of North Wales, where there was an old prophecy, that a whole wood should be burnt down by it. It happened at that time that one Forrest, a Franciscan, was condemned for heresy and high treason: though, by what law they could stretch his crime to heresy, is hard to discover; for he was tried only for dissuading his penitents, at confession, from owning the king's supremacy. Forrest was hanged, and the statue kindled under him; and thus the prophecy was fulfilled.

Collier adds: The mistaken reliance and superstitious practice, with respect to images and relics, is not to be denied; but whether the impostures above-mentioned be matter of fact, will be a question; for William Thomas, cited by Lord Herbert, (from whose history of Henry VIII. they are taken,) is somewhat an exceptionable authority.

Inventory of Relics, selected from one of the Cathedral Churches of St. Swithin's, in Winchester.

(Strype's Appendix to Life of Cranmer, p. 709.)

Two saints' armes of plate of gold, garnished with stones; St. Philip's foot, covered with plate of gold, and with stones; seven tables, with relics fixed in them; and four of them are of plate of silver and gilt, and the other three of copper and gilt; five saints' heads, and four of them of silver and gilt, and the first painted; three saints' armes, two of them covered with plate of silver and gilt, and the third is painted.

List of the Mitred Abbeyes dissolved.

Dodd's (a Catholic) Church History, vol. i. p. 109.

1 St. Alban.	16 Winchcombe.
2 Westminster.	17 Hyde, near Winchester.
3 St. Edmondsbury.	18 Cirencester.
4 St. Bennet of Holme.	19 Waltham.
5 Badsey.	20 Malmesbury.
6 Shrewsbury.	21 Thorney.
7 Crowland.	22 St. Augustine's, Can-
8 Abingdon.	23 Selby. [terbury.
9 Evesham.	24 Peterborough.
10 Gloucester.	25 St. John's, Colchester.
11 Romsey.	26 Coventry.
12 St. Mary's, York.	27 Tavistock.
13 Tewksbury.	28 St. John's of Jerusalem.
14 Reading.	29 Glastonbury.
15 Battel.	

Other Abbeyes and Nunneries.

1 Fountains, Yorkshire.	7 Sion House.
2 Lewes in Sussex.	8 Barking, in Essex.
3 St. Werberg's, Chester.	9 Shaftesbury.
4 Leicester.	10 St. Mary's, Winchester.
5 Merton, Surrey.	11 Wilton, Wiltshire.
6 Furness, Lancashire.	

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE mean temperature of March was 42½ degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. The maximum, which was 51 degrees, took place on the 23d, when the direction of the wind was south-westerly; the minimum, which was 33 degrees, was noticed on the 10th, with a north-easterly wind. The range of the thermometer was 18 degrees; and the prevailing wind west. The direction of the wind has been westerly, nine days; southerly, five; north-easterly, five; south-westerly, four; north-westerly, four; easterly, two; northerly, one; and south-easterly, one.

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The mean temperature of the air, during the days that the wind was observed from the south, since the commencement of the year, was 43½ degrees; from the west, 42½; from the south-west, 39½; from the north-west, 38½; from the east, 37½; from the north-east, 36½; from the north, 35½; and from the south-east, 33½.

Hoar frost, and icy efflorescences, were observed on the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 29th.

Two rainbows have been noticed this month; one on the afternoon of the 7th, the colours of which were vivid, but it continued only a few minutes; the other was observed on the afternoon of the 19th, the arch was not continuous. The 10th and 11th were attended with fog, and a little snow was observed about nine in the morning of the 24th. The 4th, 6th, and 7th were accompanied with wind; and considerable gales were noticed almost incessantly from the 15th to the 24th. Seventeen days have been attended with rain.

The beautiful and interesting flower of the chickweed was observed unfolded on the 5th; on the 8th, the leaves of the gooseberry were beginning to unfold. Daisies were noticed to be rather abundant on the 17th; the daffodil was observed in flower on the 24th; also the leaves of the currant were unfolding. On the 29th, the blossom-buds of the gooseberry were noticed; and the blossom-buds of the pear were observed to be bursting. Caterpillars began to shew themselves on the gooseberry; and the blossom-buds of the currant began to appear on the 31st.

POETRY.

CREATION.

GEN. I.—PART 1ST.

ETERNITY'S Proprietor immense,
Whose pure existence never did commence,—
The all-conceptive, all-percipient Mind,
Whose mighty energies are unconfin'd—
Jehovah, incommunicably great,
Did nature's complex edifice create:
His potent word, with plastic virtue fraught,
First brought crude matter from the womb of
nought;

The earth inert, in embryo lay conceal'd,
By ancient Night's opacous curtain veil'd,
Until God's Spirit fill'd the deep profound,
And impulse breath'd the liquid mass around;
From chaos then, the infant earth was rear'd,
And pend'lous in the amplitude was spher'd.

"Let there be light," the great Almighty said,
And light sprung forth, in purity array'd;
Her radiant eye subdu'd primeval Night,
And Darkness from her presence sped her flight.
The Light was good the Sire of beauty saw,
And bounded light from darkness with his law;
Gave day and night their names, and bade them hold
Alternate reign; his goodness to unfold.

Again th' Almighty issu'd his command,
And bade the fluid firmament expand;

Then circumambient roll'd th' ethereal space,
To be for worlds a changeless dwelling-place.
And God the liquid masses did divide,
With just proportions fix'd their stations wide;
The cloud-form'd wells he plac'd the earth above,
To pour the fost'ring fatness of his love;
Thus the elastic firmament was fram'd,
And Heaven was by the mighty builder nam'd.

The briny waters heard their Lord's behest,
Their race commenc'd, and on with vigour press'd,
Waves urg'd by waves their downward course main-
tain'd,

'Till all the hosts their destin'd place had gair'd:
In earth's deep concave barr'd on ev'ry side,
Their placid bosoms undulated wide;
Then God, the gather'd waters Seas did call,
And Earth, He nam'd the dry land of this ball.

To clothe and beautify the naked earth,
God, next, call'd vegetation into birth;
A grass and herb-form'd variegated robe,
Spontaneous rose, encircling all the globe.
The tow'ring cedar and the strong-limb'd oak,
Matur'd at once, their leafy mantles shook;
Each kind of tree, with fruit redundant crown'd,
Its branches bent with tribute to the ground;
In richest garments, gay, young earth was dress'd,
And blushing flow'rs breath'd odours from her breast;
Thus, plants and trees omnigenous were rear'd,
And good, to God's clear view, they all appear'd.

Two ample lights, t' illumine the earth and sky,
Jehovah's mandate hung in orbits high,
For certain seasons, and for days and years,
He bade them roll in their appointed spheres.
In orient clime, the governor of day,
Does his bright eye like radiant gold display;
His varnish'd chariot drives with kingly grace,
And runs, rejoicing, his quotidian race;
To worlds around his blessings doth impart,
Of light the fountain, and of life the heart.
Her smiling countenance of argent light,
Fair Luna shews, to rule and cheer the night,
Just like a handmaid on the earth attends,
With loving-kindness, promptly, man befriends.
The astral worlds, th' Almighty also made,
And thick with suns emboss'd the vast arcade,
With constellations gemm'd the boundless space,
And garnish'd it with glory and with grace.
Thus, hosts of worlds were form'd entire and good,
And put in motion through infinitude,
Unerring keep their Maker's first command,
And sing the wonders of His forming hand.

Dartmouth, March 17, 1832.

J. M. M.

AINSWORTH'S ANSWER TO ANACREON'S NINETEENTH ODE.

Ἡ γῆ μελαινα πίνει.

[From the Lansdowne MSS. No. 825, in the
British Museum.]

THE thirsty Earth, when one would think
Her dusty throat requir'd most drink,
Just wets her lips, then deals the show'rs
Among her offspring, Plants and Flow'rs;
These stint themselves, sedately wise,
Not, drunkard-like, to fall, but rise.
The sober Sea observes its tides
E'en by the drunken sailors' sides.
Th' obsequious Rivers slide away,
To pay their tribute to the sea;
They fill, indeed, his flowing cup,
But their dry sisters drink it up.
The Sun (who dare without remorse
Blaspheme his sure and steady course?)
Gets home betimes, puts on his cap,
And sinks into kind Theti's lap.
The sober Moon and twinkling pow'rs,
Above the region of the show'rs.
Drink not, but melt, and straight restore
Vapours exhal'd the day before,

In soft and cooling dew made rare,
Strain'd through th' alembic of the air.

Then fill no more my glass, for why,
When Nature's sober, should not I,
Old doting, drunken Teian, why? FOL. 64.

BABYLON.

ISAIAH xiv. 4.

OH! how art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer,
son of the morning!
How faded the wreaths on thy brow, thy beautiful
forehead adorning!
Thyself once triumphant, alas! ne'er again to thy
honours returning,
Art sunk to the depths of the pit, in hell everlast-
ingly burning.

Oh! how art thou fallen from heaven, O thou that
didst weaken the nations!
How low at the feet of her foe, is she that did
spread desolations!
For the Lord in the day of his wrath, to the pit of
destruction hath brought her;
The hand of the victor is weak, and the falchion is
weary of slaughter.

The sound of the tabret and harp, and the noise of
thy viols are ceased;
Thy feasts and thy riots are o'er, and the slave from
his chain is released:
In the lofty-domed temples of Bel, the beasts of the
forest are yelling,
And where Babylon's princes have dwelt, the
marsh-loving bittern is dwelling.

No remnant is left of thy might, to tell future ages
the story,
Of riches, and splendour, and strength, that were
thine in the day of thy glory;
For Babel is fallen, is fallen, and o'er her they
make lamentation,
"Ah! she that did sit as a queen, for she is no
longer a nation!"

How heaved the portals of hell, when thou in thy
pomp wast descending;
How bitterly smiled the kings, who low at thy foot-
stool were bending:
"Is this, then, the man who did shake with the
rod of his anger the nations,
That feasted himself on our spoils, and gloried in
our desolations?"

The daughter of Zion hath laugh'd, for He who His
people hath shielded,
The glittering sword on his thigh, 'gainst thee and
thy children hath wielded;
He trod in his fury, and thee like the light-fitting
moth hath he crushed,
And red is the sole of his foot, with the streams in
thy slaughter that gushed.

The Lord of Sabaoth hath there, with his terrible
besom swept o'er thee,
And quench'd in the darkness of night, the last
ling'ring ray of thy glory:
He hath silenc'd each tongue that might tell of thy
praises, and then who shall tell it?
It is he who hath spread o'er the cloud of oblivion,
and who shall dispel it?

March 22.

φ. 6.

CHRIST, THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

As we tread the dark path through this valley of tears,
And are seeking a city to come,
'Tis sweet to remember, that days, months, and
years,
Will bring us but nearer our home;
Through the waste of the world, while we travel
along,
As a wilderness barren and dry,
We are cheer'd by the notes of a heavenly song,
And revealings of Love from on high.

Thy hand of Jesus incessantly leads
 The dangers of doubt and dismay,
 A power of love that waves over our heads,
 A love that illumines our way;
 A warning that awes, 'tis his precept that
 Guides,
 A mercy that beams from above,
 A path on the cross that salvation provides
 For all redeemed by his love!

And, "Fear thou not, by the pains I endur'd
 I paid the great ransom for thee;
 I will receive me, and pardon secur'd
 Shall thee eternally free!"
 And his promise shall ever remain
 In the strength of his might,
 His bright orb of day his fair course shall
 Maintain,
 His moon gild the silence of night.

For on earth, we are looking abroad
 Through the walls of Zion to spy;
 With angels the city of God,
 Ever to Jesus be nigh!
 For 'tis only in that holy place
 Where rivers of happiness flow,
 That thou shalt illumine with the light of thy face,
 And thy servants no parting shall know!

W. P. SPARKS.

—*The Georgian Era: Memoirs of the most Eminent Persons who have lived in Great Britain from the accession of George I. to the Demise of George IV. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 582. Vizend & Co. London. 1832.*

From a note appended to an advertisement of the second volume, that this work is to be comprised in four volumes, which will appear at intervals of three months each; that they will be illustrated chiefly with about one hundred and twenty portraits on wood; and that, in addition to the above, fine medallions on

George I. II. III. and IV., will form the frontispiece of each volume in suc-

cess. The work itself will comprise biographical notices of the individuals whose countenances are engraven, together with many others, who, in the aggregate, will present a picture of nearly all of the most distinguished characters which England has produced during this Georgian Era. These are divided into classes, which, in the order before us, are arranged in the following order:—the Royal family; the Nobles and their adherents; the Church; the Statesmen; and Dissenters. The succeeding volumes will embrace Military and Naval Commanders; Judges, Barristers, Physicians, Surgeons, Travellers, Voyagers, Economists, Philosophers, Men of Letters, Historians, Poets, Artists, and Pious Writers, who have distinguished themselves in any valuable department of literature.

The first volume contains memoirs of about one hundred individuals; but, although the notices apply both to their personal

and domestic, as well as to their public characters, each is comprised within a very narrow compass, and yet it is sufficiently extended to furnish all the information that common purposes can require. The compiler, having selected those only who have rendered themselves conspicuous, either by superior talents, exalted station, or peculiarity of fortune, has always solid materials at hand with which to erect his biographical edifice. In this compendium, he has also happily seized the more prominent features in the life which he portrays; and, on this account, he has diffused through his pages a degree of interest which subjects so exalted, and so diversified, are admirably calculated to ensure.

Guided by prudence, in his choice of the ground on which he takes his stand, the editor has wisely avoided a limited enclosure. Kings, statesmen, heroes, churchmen, and dissenters, are alike eligible to his pages; and, so far as we have had an opportunity of examining his memoirs, they appear to have been delineated with an impartial hand. In the personal history of several individuals with whom we happen to be acquainted, we know that the likeness has been preserved, and that neither the incense of flattery, nor the distortions of caricature, have been permitted to encroach on the dominions of truth. It is a combination of the talent and character which form our great national picture, through all the preceding portions of the Brunswick dynasty.

The anecdotes which are interspersed throughout these sketches, are both numerous and entertaining; but we have not perceived any disposition in the compiler to associate with wealth and title any sparklings of genius beyond what they had a right to claim; nor to withhold from merit, in less exalted stations, a record of those mental scintillations which honorary distinctions can neither annihilate nor confer.

Carefully, closely, and correctly printed, each page of this book is divided into two columns, surrounded by fine black lines. The type is small, but very distinct; and, in each department, the volume is neatly put out of hand. It comprises a large assortment of valuable matter, presented to the eye in an attractive form.

That this work has begun well, no reader can for a moment doubt; and if the volume now before us may be considered as a fair specimen of the three volumes which are to follow, (and that it is so, we have no reason whatever to doubt,) the Georgian Era will be a valuable acquisition to the biographical literature of the British nation.

REVIEW.—*The Ordinances of Religion practically illustrated and applied.* By John Davies, B. D. Chichester. 8vo. pp. 308. Hatchard. London. 1832.

SOME time in 1828, Mr. Davies appeared before us as the author of a work entitled "An Estimate of the Human Mind," and passed our ordeal in a manner highly creditable to his talents, and to the manner in which he has applied them. He now comes forth as an advocate for the ordinances of religion, as established in our national church, of which he is a minister. These ordinances he surveys under the following general heads: "Divine Worship, the Sabbath, Baptism, and the Lord's-supper." To each of these he devotes several chapters, in which the subject is pursued through its various ramifications; and the consequences which may be fairly anticipated from the observance or neglect of these ordinances, are forcibly pointed out.

Viewed in the abstract, the author does not consider an observance of these ordinances essential to salvation, for times, and seasons, and circumstances may occur, to render their requirements impracticable. But, in a country like our own, where life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel, where the precepts and doctrines of revelation are clearly understood, where the authority of that revelation is confessedly acknowledged, and where the means are at all times attainable, he insists on the observance of christian ordinances as an indispensable duty.

The command of God, and not the philosophical propriety of the thing commanded, is the genuine basis of obedience. On this obvious principle, Mr. Davies erects his theory; and, having secured a permanent foundation, proceeds to analyze in their various branches, the duties, privileges, obligations, and consequences, which the ordinances of religion involve. To all of these he gives a practical bearing, and surveys them in immediate connexion with what all will admit to be strictly essential to Christian doctrine, experience, and character.

The general tendency of his arguments is, to shew, that a neglect of ordinances implies an indifference to the design for which they were instituted, and a disregard of the spiritual blessings to which they lead. It is an indirect impeachment of the divine authority, and an arrogant assumption of his awful prerogative, of dictating what shall, or what shall not, command our obedience, and submission.

Examined in these relations, the ordinances of religion become invested with an

importance of character, which cannot fail to excite the reverence of every serious mind. This, Mr. Davies has placed in a strong, solemn, and scriptural light. His investigations are vigorous and rational; nor are we aware that he has attached to the ordinances of religion any greater degree of efficacy, or value, than is fully warranted by the unerring language of inspiration.

REVIEW.—*The History and Prospects of the Church, from the Creation to the Consummation of all things, &c.* By James Bennett, D.D. 12mo. pp. 190. Westley. London.

It must be obvious to every person, who compares the contracted dimensions of this book with the magnitude of the subject on which it is written, that very little more than a syllabus of historical events can be expected in its pages. The matter, however, is of the utmost importance to every Christian, and to multitudes who have neither money to purchase, nor time to read more voluminous works, this book will be a valuable acquisition. It is a compendium of ecclesiastical history, that was much wanted; and, by this epitome, Dr. Bennett has laid many thousands of all sects and parties under lasting obligations.

The great and leading events which form the history of the Old and New Testaments are so arranged in consecutive order, that one occurrence immediately opens the way for another, while the whole is brought within such a narrow compass, that every thing of importance may, with very little trouble, be committed to memory, and there laid up for future use.

The history of the church from the birth of Christ down to the Reformation, and thence to the present time, is somewhat more involved, but its prominent objects are placed in so conspicuous a light, that these also, in their leading particulars, may be transplanted in the memory, and thus continue the chain of historical events unbroken.

Advancing from the present time, to "the consummation of all things," the paths in which we walk become more questionable and insecure. In some respects analogy affords a glimmering light, but a still more luminous torch may be found in the indications of the times, and the changes which are taking place in the moral and civil world. The declarations of prophecy seem to be the only permanent basis on which rational expectation can fairly stand.

It is, however, a most indisputable fact,

hecyl, while announcing the cert- future events, only speaks of them l terms, without exactly specifying or declaring the means, of their shment. The clouds which rest y, appear too dense for any human to pierce, so that the finest-spun are little better than probable con-

ould not, however, be disposed to spirit of inquiry into what may be , provided it be prosecuted with nness and moderation, which Dr. has manifested in this part of his y and Prospects of the Church."

—*Art in Nature, and Science pated. By Charles Williams, pp. 334. Westley. London. 1832.*

tle volume, though avowedly in- or children or young persons, pos- much more exalted character, than n general which come under this ration. It contains dialogues on branches of natural history, and the conversations with numerous s which the instincts of animals

Historical observations are also rased, which bring us into the regions re imitative or inventive powers of d the beneficial effects which have from the discoveries of science. e topics, are, however, so pleasingly ed, that instruction is taught to amusement, without compromising dignity, or withholding the lessons led to communicate.

perceive no reason why books of scription might not be introduced plant many foolish compositions, hich our nurseries now abound. an be no more difficulty in deriving cent from a rational than from an al source, and if in early years this vere adopted, Cock Robin might ing and fly away. Beasts, reptiles, ects, fishes, birds, and worms, fur- a inexhaustible variety, which might dered perfectly intelligible to the d mind; and the anecdotes with the history of each species abounds, more remarkable and entertaining y thing which fiction can invent.

philosophy of instinct is certainly a ructive study. In the simple dic- nature, we perceive the fundamental les of art. To bring these before s of admiring youth, was the great at which this author aimed; and in exertions have been crowned with nful issue.

REVIEW.—*Illustrations of the Vaudois in a Series of Views. Engraved by Edward Finden, from Drawings by H. Dyke Ackland, Esq., accompanied with Descriptions, 8vo. p. 34. Tilt, London.*

THE name and history of the Vaudois will never be obliterated from the records of Christianity. Inhabiting from time imme- morial the beautiful valleys of Lucerne, Perouse, and Montin, they retained among themselves the pure principles of the gospel, while the great mass of professors degene- rated into superstition and papal idolatry, and cherished those seeds which, in after years, produced the Reformation. In glanc- ing over the transactions which have marked their career, we behold on the one hand the bloody spirit of papal tyranny exerted to extirpate them from the face of the earth, and on the other the most invincible courage and perseverance, supported by the provi- dence of God in a manner bordering on the miraculous, and rendered triumphant over every difficulty.

In some introductory pages, a transient historical outline of this remarkable people is given, but historical detail is not the sub- ject of the present volume. Of the romantic scenery with which the mountains and val- leys inhabited by these heroic Christians abound, and which has been an object of admiration to every traveller; it furnishes twelve views drawn with inimitable care, and executed in a style of beauty for which the name of Finden is a sufficient voucher.

The letter-press connected with these views does little more than describe the subjects of the plates, interspersed with occa- sional incidents, which have occurred on or near the spot, to render it ever memo- rable.

To those who are in love with the wild simplicities and sublimities of nature, whether elevated on her mountains, secluded in her valleys, or stretched on her plains, these engravings will present indescribable charms. A map exhibiting the whole face of this romantic district, is prefixed to the volume, which contains stout and beautiful paper, and is finished in a style of neatness for which the present period will long be re- markable.

REVIEW.—*The Druid, a Tragedy, in Five Acts; with Notes on the Antiquities and early History of Ireland. By Thomas Cromwell, Author of "Oliver Cromwell and his Times," &c. 8vo. pp. 158. Sherwood. London. 1832.*

WE are informed in a preface, that the subject of this tragedy is the fall—the final

fall—of Druidism in Ireland, in the fifth century. This simple declaration opens at one glance the grand outline of this drama; and it is easy to conceive that great and severe must have been the struggle between Druidism and Christianity, the former supported by the authority of its priests, and the long-established attachment and superstition of its votaries, and the latter enforced by the awful sanctions of revelation, which predicted the overthrow of idolatry and its bloody rites. By the Archdruid and his friends, the advocates of Christianity were considered as theological invaders, attempting to overthrow their sacred altars, destroy their mystic groves, and annihilate their order; while in the eyes of the Christians the system of Druidism was doomed to perish, and they considered themselves as instruments in the hands of the Almighty to effect its final overthrow.

The area thus spread before us, furnishes ample room for many agents and characters to appear and perform their parts, on the theatre of conflict, and enables the author to introduce episodes, incidents, dangers, disappointments, and alternations of successes and defeats, to keep expectation on the alert, and to diffuse a vigorous interest throughout the acts and scenes, until the final catastrophe brings the tragic narrative to its termination.

All these vicissitudes of fortune, and variations of purpose, the author manages with commendable dexterity, but we do not conceive the speeches of either party to contain that dignity of sentiment, or sparkling of mental energy, which we may fairly presume the great occasion would suggest. In the language of the Archdruid and his associates, we find little of that mysterious solemnity, that gloomy obscurity, which characterized the philosophy of their order, and the observance of their rites; and in that of the Christians, we discover a smaller portion of that amiable spirit and bright developement of the superior excellencies which distinguish this exalted system, than might be both expected and desired.

The commotions and transitions, on the contrary, are introduced and sustained with much animation; and death frequently appears disappointed of his victims by unexpected means, when apparently within his grasp. Many of the dialogues are also supported with much vigour, and display, in their various evolutions, haughtiness, duplicity, treachery, and meditated revenge; and these in their turn give place to plots, contrivances, and the stratagems of war. In the management of these, the author has been far more successful than in giving dis-

tinct and luminous views of the contrasted sentiments on Druidism and Christianity embraced by the contending parties.

Upwards of forty pages at the conclusion are filled with notes of an explanatory and historical nature. These tend to illustrate many passages in the tragedy, which allude to customs and institutions at present obsolete, or preserved only in some scattered memorials, of which the origin and meaning are lost, but which were at the above period both intelligible and important.

On the whole, it is a highly respectable tragedy, rendered interesting by the materials of which it is composed, but still more so by the magic of the author's painting.

REVIEW.—*My Old Portfolio, or Tales and Sketches.* By Henry Glassford Bell. 8vo. pp. 320. Smith Elder, & Co. London. 1832.

To our diversity of tastes, habits of reflection, and modes of thinking, we can scarcely set any bounds; yet in all their varieties, literature seems to keep pace with the multiplicity of demand, and, in some form or other, is always ready to furnish increasing hunger with its expected gratification. So far as this appetite, and, this supply, are kept within the bounds of moderation, the friends of virtue have little reason to complain; but when the cravings of a vitiated mind, dissatisfied with what the gardens of morality furnish, wander on forbidden ground, the means of indulgence are not less criminal than the spirit is depraved, that can urge a requisition which virtue disdains to sanction.

It has been said, that we live in an age of light reading; and if any doubt should be entertained of its truth, this volume may be adduced as an evidence to support the charge. In some of its tales, imagination seems to have been transformed into a pegasus, which has carried the author through the regions of romance, where he roams at large among the marvellous and improbable, and appears to triumph in setting credulity at defiance.

In some of his sketches, however, he has copied reality with a faithful hand, and traced with minute accuracy the internal workings of hope and fear, of vanity and disappointment, of anticipation and regret.

"The incipient author" is full of well-delineated humour. The workings of ambition in the young aspirant after fame, are well depicted, and the unexpected barriers which obstruct his progress, are pencilled out with equal fidelity and care. The story of "Dicky Cross" is full of horror. "History

the and progress of a small volume, with some account of their decline and fall," is highly amusing, and we are inclined to think, that many a poet, on perusing it, will be ready to say, "I suspect that in this sketch, or of the Old Portfolio had his eye on me." "The two sides of the coin" is a respectable imitation of Dr. Johnson's whistle; and the lessons, which it may, if duly improved, be found to contain in every department of life.

We have neither time nor inclination to analyze all these tales. Some have their basis, others are so obscured by appendages of art, that their origin, and application, cannot easily be traced, while another class must claim for their parent, and imagination supply the atmosphere in which they

all these tales furnish amusement to those acquainted with them can for a moment doubt; and although several among them commit the most glaring outrages on morality, the author must be acquitted of the attempt to undermine the foundations of religion, to render religion contemptible, or principle questionable or insecure. On the contrary, many of the sketches, with much pungency some of the gross follies of the age; and it is to be added, that this is not done in a manner calculated to invite imitation, or to lead to practice, but in such a manner as to exhibit a picture, on which but frivolity can look with admira-

—*The Shakspearian Dictionary, being a general Index to all the Popular Expressions, and most striking Passages in the Works of Shakspeare, &c. By Thomas Dolby, 12mo. pp. 372. J. B. Elder, and Co., London, 1832.*

In respects, this volume is, to the Shakspeare, what a Concordance is to the Bible. In others, however, it is very different; for while the Concordance refers to one word, in its various occurrences, this refers to subjects, alphabetically arranged under heads that are almost innumerable, together with the expressions, in prose and verse, that are scattered throughout the writings of this immortal bard. At the margin of each page we are referred to the act, the scene, in which the passage is introduced in its various combinations, and occasionally directed to titles, which are nearly synonymous, for further explanation and elucidation.

So far as this work extends, it will be found of considerable assistance to the admirers of our great dramatist, but numerous passages that might be added, are permitted to repose in silence, and very many important topics remain unmentioned and untouched. To have introduced more, the author indeed, must have extended his researches far beyond the limits of this volume, but this we conceive would have been more than compensated, by the nearer approximation to completion, which his labour would then have assumed.

It will readily be admitted, so profusely does the bard of Avon abound in beauties, that, to transplant them all, would be to publish a new edition of his works. Yet we cannot but think, that many passages have been omitted, which, from their prominent character, exalted sentiment, and intrinsic poetical excellence, were highly deserving of a place in this volume. It will be obvious from these remarks, that we do not blame the author for any thing he has done, but regret that he has not done more. We accuse him of omissions, not of errors, for so far as this general index extends, its value cannot fail to ensure due appreciation.

REVIEW.—*The Theological Library.—No. 1. Life of Wiclif, by Charles Webb Le Bas, M.A. 12mo. pp. 470. Rivington. London. 1832.*

THIS volume is the commencement of a series, the exact limits of which are not specifically announced. Several subjects, however, are named for the succeeding volumes, such as, the Lives of British Divines; the Consistency of the whole scheme of Revelation with Itself and with Reason; the History of the Inquisition; the History of the Principal Councils; Lives of the Continental Reformers; the latter Days of the Jewish Polity; History of the Church in Ireland; History of the Reformed Religion in France; Illustration of Eastern Manners; Scripture Phraseology, &c.; History of Sects; Sketch of the History of Liturgies; History of the Church in Scotland; the Life of Grotius. From this transient survey of the promised land, we may gather, that if it does not flow with milk and honey, it presents an ample field, rich in vineyards and olive gardens, from which the industrious reaper will gather a valuable harvest.

In the Life of Wiclif, which is the subject of this volume, but little original matter is to be found, nor was much reasonably to be expected. The character of this parent of the Reformers was too conspicuous to be

overlooked by the biographers of his day, and the triumphs of the Reformation which succeeded, in the sixteenth century, rather illuminated than eclipsed the splendour of his name. In succeeding periods, every record connected with his writings or his exertions, has been minutely examined; and the result of inquiry already before the world has left very little, that is new, to enrich the biography of this venerable man.

The industrious author of the present volume, availing himself of the researches of his predecessors and of his own personal acquaintance with the writings of Wiclif, has concentrated in "No. I. of the Theological Library," all the information which the incidents of his eventful life, and the diversity of his writings, can supply. It gives a frightful picture of the times in which this venerable Reformer lived, "when abstinence from blasphemies was deemed one sure symptom of Lollardy," and represents him almost like Milton's Abdiel,

"Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified.
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought,
To swerve from truth, or change his constant
mind,
Though single."

A beautifully engraved portrait of Wiclif is prefixed to this volume; a volume, which, embodying all that research can furnish or reason require, is every way deserving the decoration it has received, and the patronage it expects.

REVIEW.—*The New Bath Guide; or, Memoirs of the **** Family, in a series of Poetical Epistles.* By Christopher Anstey, Esq. 8vo. pp. 252. Washbourne, London, 1832.

THIS work having been more than half a century before the world, is so well known, that little needs to be said, either of its merits or defects. More than twenty editions, from its first appearance, have thrown their copies into circulation, but its fame still remains undiminished, and will probably continue so, until genuine humour shall cease to charm, and Bath shall no longer be visited with invalids.

The series of poetical epistles, of which this volume consists, are light, playful, and entertaining; familiar in expression, yet not grovelling in sentiment, abounding in strokes of humour, and pungent remarks, of which every reader can perceive the force and application. The freaks and fancies, mad schemes, and imaginary illness, of multitudes who frequent this city, are deli-

neated with a masterly hand; while the fraternity descended from Æsculapius, and pretending to cure every complaint, although their patients are daily dropping into the grave, are portrayed with a more than ordinary degree of satirical humour.

In addition to the poet's pen, the celebrated George Cruikshank has lent his magic pencil to ornament the present edition; and, in the combination of sedan-chairs, doctors, patients, physic, hairdressers, routes, gambling, description, and pictorial representation, a very curious medley appears to court our attention, and excite our risible muscles. Taken altogether, it is as comic a scene as can well be imagined; and those who honour this fashionable watering place with their presence, on taking a general survey of its characters, associations, and grouping, must acknowledge that the features and likeness are admirably preserved.

With this edition of the *New Bath Guide*, a biographical, and topographical preface, is presented to the reader, including anecdotal annotations, by Mr. John Britton, F.S.A., whose intimate acquaintance with architectural antiquities has rendered his name familiar to every friend of topographical research. His essay on the life and writings of the author, with remarks on Bath, communicates much interesting information; and his annotations, and historical observations, by elucidating events connected with times and circumstances, will give additional zest to the incidents recorded in the poetical epistles which follow.

REVIEW.—*Nights of the Round Table, or Stories of Aunt Jane and her Friends,* 12mo. pp. 338. Simpkin & Co. London. 1832.

WHATEVER resemblance, in sound, the title of this book may bear to the renowned Arthur, his Knights of the Round Table, and the days of chivalry, we can most sincerely assure the reader, that there is none in reality. This is a Round Table which some industrious ladies are supposed to encircle, where, while plying their needles, they beguile the night with the stories which are here presented for our perusal.

By whom these tales were written, we are not expressly told, any further, than that they are by "the author of 'The Diversions of Hollycot,' 'Clan-Albin,' 'Elizabeth De Bruce,' &c. &c." with which books, the writer presumes, every reader must be intimately acquainted. It is added in the title-page, that this is the first series,

and immediately afterwards we learn that a second is near at hand, and that it will contain "The Quaker Family, or Modes of Discipline; The two Scottish Williams; and The Little Ferryman." The first volume comprises seven tales, which bear the following titles: "When I was a Little Girl; the Spitalfield's Widow; the Royal Chapel of Windsor; the Magic Lantern; the Curate's Tale; Fashion and Personal Ornaments; and High Life."

There is nothing in these tales of a very romantic nature, but every reader will perceive that they have been manufactured for the occasion. They contain no incidents which real life may not be supposed to supply; and yet, perhaps, it will be exceedingly difficult to find any one individual in whom the whole have ever been actually concentrated. The author appears to have summoned for inspection a great variety of characters, from which has been selected such features and portions, as were best adapted to the tale. These are ingeniously combined, and exhibited as the production of actual life. This in the abstract may be literally correct, but, in descending to individuality, fiction will be found to supply the place of fact.

In the morals of these tales we find nothing particularly objectionable, nor have we discovered any thing to command profound admiration. They spring up in what may be called the atmosphere of fashionable society, life, and amusements, and teach us more about theatres than churches, more concerning actors than ministers, while personal ornaments appear of higher importance than mental acquisitions.

We, however, readily allow that these stories contain nothing to offend the ear of female chastity, nothing to raise a blush, of which modesty must bear the expense. Yet we cannot avoid thinking, that an accommodating laxity too frequently displays its pervading power, and that the standard of excellence is erected with much convenience for those whom these tales will chiefly amuse.

REVIEW.—*A Description of a singular Aboriginal Race, inhabiting the Summit of the Neilgherry Hills or Blue Mountains of Coimbatore, in the Southern Peninsula of India. By Captain Henry Harkness, of the Madras Army. 8vo. pp. 180. Smith, Elder, & Co., London. 1832.*

THIS volume is in every respect Oriental in its character. The country, including its mountains, its valleys, its passes, and all its

vegetable productions, claim a natural relationship to each other; and the numerous tribes of wild animals, which inhabit these territories, seem to say in language that cannot be mistaken—"It was India that gave us birth." If we turn to the aboriginal race, whose persons, manners, modes of life, and prevailing characteristics, the author has minutely described, the Asiatic likeness is strikingly portrayed. They seem, indeed, to be distinct in appearance and peculiarities from the surrounding tribes, and to live as remote from the influence of example, as from all intercourse with merchants and travellers, through whom they might become known to the nations of Europe.

The appearance of these people, whom the author calls Tudas, he describes as very prepossessing, being generally above the common height, athletic, well-made, with bold, open, and expressive countenances, which denote them to be of a different race to their neighbours. On their heads they never wear any covering, whatever may be the state of the weather, but their hair grows to an equal length of six or seven inches, parted from the crown, and formed into natural bushy circlets, which, at a little distance, resembles an artificial decoration. With a large, full, and speaking eye, a Roman nose, fine teeth, and a pleasing contour, having occasionally the appearance of great gravity, but ever ready to melt into the expression of cheerfulness and good humour, they are prominently distinguished from all the other known inhabitants of India.

In describing their persons, habitations, employment, intercourse with others, dress, modes of life, marriage ceremonies, funeral rites, and superstitious observances, the author has been very minute. Nothing that can be deemed necessary to the illustration of their customs, development of character, or elucidation of their local peculiarities, has escaped his notice. The whole volume is an extended picture of an aboriginal race, abounding in features of originality, and drawn with a commanding pencil.

From the description given, it appears that the manners of the Tudas are very simple and patriarchal. To the grosser vices which dishonour more enlarged and refined communities, they seem to be entire strangers. The glory of murdering their fellow-creatures, under the deceitful name of war, they leave to civilized man, being content, in bequeathing to posterity their native mountains, unstained with human blood. Of theft they have never been known to be guilty, nor does it appear that they are ever haunted with any suspicion of

such a vice. Hence, we are told, that they have no weapon of defence, and no fastening to their dwellings sufficient to exclude the nightly plunderer. On this branch of their moral character, Mr. Harkness makes the following observations.

"I never saw a people, civilized or uncivilized, who seemed to have a more religious respect for the rights of themselves and others. This feeling is taught to their children from the tenderest age. The curiosity of the men, as well as of the women, was strongly excited by the numberless things they saw about our persons, or in our dwellings, all being new and wonderful to them; and they have frequently been in my rooms, during the absence of myself and servants, without my ever missing the smallest article."—p. 18.

But while the author thus exonerates them from the charge of dishonesty, and that of inflicting on each other the miseries of war, he does not dress them in the garb of perfection.

"We must not, however," he observes, "picture to ourselves a scene of Utopian felicity, or suppose them altogether strangers to the passions and vices incident to human nature. They call falsehood one of the worst of vices, and they have a temple dedicated to Truth; but I fear that both the temple and its object are but too often forgotten. Report also speaks of their following some barbarous customs, particularly that of infanticide."—p. 17, 18.

On the origin and source of this singular race, no light whatever is thrown; even conjecture is silent on these points; and, perhaps, all inquiry is useless, where no hope of information can be rationally entertained. They appear to be an isolated branch of the great human family, that, from time immemorial, had taken up an abode among the mountains of India; and future researches may probably bring to light many more, that European travellers have never yet discovered.

Of these Tudas, the account given by Mr. Harkness is full of lively interest; several plates delineate their persons, scenery, and abodes; and to every reader who delights in contemplating the human character in all its branches, this volume will be found both pleasing and instructive.

BRIEF SURVEY OF BOOKS.

1. *The Phenomena of Nature familiarly explained, translated from the German of Wilhelm Von Türk*, (Wilson, London,) is chiefly intended for the use of schools; and we may add, that many persons who are not avowed pupils of any particular seminary, might peruse its pages with considerable advantage. It is a book which, within a narrow compass, lays open the great arcanum of nature, running through her elements, and distinguishing her varieties. It is a familiar treatise of

experimental philosophy, with which we have been so highly pleased, as to give it our most cordial recommendation.

2. *The Eighth Report of the Committee of the Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline, &c.*, (Arch, London,) with the genuine spirit caught from the immortal Howard, conducts us through the gaols of England, Scotland, and Ireland, to survey the accommodations of their wretched inmates, and then takes us into foreign countries, to contemplate, in places of confinement, the melancholy association of misery and crime. In this volume, a general view is presented to the reader, of prisons, discipline, punishment, and the means adopted to reclaim offenders, and to prevent delinquency. On the one hand, it shows the depravity of human nature in the criminals; and on the other, the benevolence of those who are solicitous for the welfare of their fellow-creatures.

3. *Punishment of Death, &c.*, (Harvey, London,) is a collection of admirable articles, on the severity of our criminal code; and the chief object of their publication is, to awaken public attention to a subject in which the honour of our nation, the feelings of humanity, and the dictates of religion are so deeply involved. Public attention, when awakened, if followed by an unequivocal expression of it, may call forth legislative interference, which will, ultimately, so far soften the rigours of punishment, that England will no longer be a disgrace to neighbouring states, nor have it said, that her laws, like those of Draco, are written in blood. This pamphlet contains several powerful appeals to justice, and humanity, by some of our more able legislators, who have shown a laudable anxiety to wipe away the sanguinary stain. The comparative view of the punishments annexed to crime in the United States of America and England, which Mr. J. Sydney Taylor has taken, places our country in a disadvantageous light, and strongly urges the necessity of revising our code of criminal jurisprudence.

4. *Illustrations of the Christian Faith and Christian Virtues, drawn from the Bible*, by M. S. Haynes, (Longman, London,) we have perused with an eye to the design for which they were written, namely, "for the heads of families, in their instruction of their servants." The truths illustrated are of an obvious description, presenting themselves on the surface of life through popular argumentation, in language of comprehensible simplicity. To M. S. Haynes, whom, we learn from an introductory preface, to be a female, we give

est credit for purity of intention, a creditable performance of a task, we hope will not have been executed

Herbert's Country Parson, Church &c., (Washbourne, London,) is a book of sterling excellence, which only to be known to be universally known. It has been in circulation upwards of two hundred years, and remains true even to the present day. If every parson had been such as Herbert describes, and such as he exemplified his life, sectarianism would never have had its present commanding aspect, the established church would not have been disgraced "with cassock'd huntsmen with fiddling priests."

The Spiritual Gleaner, (Seeley, London,) contains select passages from various authors, both of ancient and modern times. The extracts thus gleaned are terse and sententious, and many among them may be treasured up in the mind as of intrinsic value.

The Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan, (Harris, London,) always finds a ready recommendation in its name. A new edition appears in an abridged form for young persons. It is ornamented with numerous wood engravings, illustrative of the scenes and incidents which occur in the allegorical narrative.

Self-Discipline, by Henry Forster, D.D., (Westley, London,) is an excellent treatise, by the author, of his own work, which some time since appeared in a larger form. It relates to self-government, and deals with the desires, thoughts, temper, and conduct. For the primary purpose of what this book inculcates, the author appeals to the word of God, but he does not altogether neglect ethical principles and practical applications. It is a book that may be read with much advantage by a great number of religious professors, both young and old.

Sermon delivered at Finsbury Chapel, Nov. 22, 1831, by the Rev. J. A. Nisbet, (Nisbet, London,) has more implicitly for its object, humanity towards the human creation; and no person acquainted with the cruelties practised in the metropolitan animal tribes, can think such a sermon either ill-timed or misapplied. The author enters with spirit into this important subject, and adduces specific facts which are alike hostile to the laws of God and man, and repugnant to the best principles of human nature. We most sincerely trust that this able advocate will not be silenced to plead in vain.

10. *A Sermon delivered on the National Fastday, by a Clergyman of the Church of England*, (Longman, London,) enforces with commendable vigour this undeniable truth, that national crimes will bring down national judgments, which timely repentance can alone avert. This is inferred from the history of nations now no more, and from repeated appeals to the word of God.

11. *Sin laid on Christ*, (Simpkin, London,) is marked No. 1., whence we are led to suppose that it is the commencement of a series, which bears the strange name of "Castorean Tracts," but beyond this we have neither preface nor advertisement to guide our conjectures. It moves in the track of the old tomahawk-school, and is not calculated to produce much effect on any except those who believe in the author's infallibility.

12. *Prayers adapted for a Season of Sickness, suggested by the Circumstances of 1831-2, by J. H. Raven, M.A.*, (Simpkin, London,) contain many very suitable petitions adapted to the occasion mentioned in the title. They are few in number, yet sufficient to assist, in the discharge of an important duty, all those who bow before the Almighty with a humble, lowly, penitent, and obedient heart.

13. *Familiar and Practical Advice to Executors and Administrators, and Persons wishing to make their Wills, &c.*, by Arthur J. Powell, Gent., Attorney at Law, (Maxwell, London,) is a work, that, we doubt not, will be found of great utility to numerous persons, in all the common walks of life. It contains extracts from our laws as they now stand, relative to the disposal of property, with various remarks on cases that may be presumed frequently to occur. The appendix presents to the reader several forms of wills, codicils, attestations, probates, letters of administration, duties, legacies, &c. &c. &c., in all of which every member of the community is deeply interested. This volume takes a wide survey of this very important subject, and, with a moderate portion of attention, those who examine its contents may avail themselves of the useful information which it communicates, and adjust the settlement of their temporal affairs, without any professional aid beyond what this book supplies.

14. *Lectures on Carbon, Oxygen, and Vitality, the three great Agents in the Physical Character of Man, with Remarks on the Asiatic Cholera*, by George Rees, M.D., (Highly, London,) is a well-written pamphlet on the topics noticed in the title page. It contains upwards of one hundred

pages, and in its various discussions, addresses both the public at large, and those who belong exclusively to the medical profession. To the former, it presents some judicious observations, and wholesome advice, respecting the prevailing disease; and thence the lectures diverge into theories and opinions, which the latter can alone be presumed fully to comprehend. It is evidently the product of an enlightened mind, habituated to philosophize on the bodily structure and varied phenomena of man:

17. *A Sermon preached in Nottingham, on March 21, 1832, the Day appointed for the General Fast, by W. Pickering, (Bennett, Nottingham,)* touches on the common topics which such occasions naturally suggest, and the inferences drawn from the premises are of the same general character. The author, however, has contrived to diffuse an energy throughout his discourse, which renders it far more interesting than some others, which date their origin from the same day. Of national offences he has collected an awful catalogue; but his argument leads to this consolatory conclusion, that judgment may be averted, and mercy obtained, if we apply to the source which God has provided, in the way of his appointment.

16. *Sunday-school Repository, (Sunday-school Union Depository, London,)* is the commencement of a periodical that will be devoted to Sunday-school concerns and pupils. It contains several useful articles which will be interesting to the youthful reader, and promises fair to prove beneficial to this important class of the community.

17. *A Lecture illustrative of the Architecture of the Human Body, &c. by Henry William Dewhurst, (Author, No. 8, Gower-Place, Euston-square, London,)* comprises many sensible and interesting observations, delivered in language easily to be comprehended by ordinary capacities. The copy before us is announced as belonging to the fifth edition, so that the circulation of this lecture must have been extensive.

18. *Letter to the Royal Commissioners for the Visitation of the Colleges in Scotland, by Thomas Chalmers, D.D., (Whittaker, London,)* evidently belongs to the northern side of the Tweed. In that portion of the British Empire, its necessity and application will be felt and acknowledged: We should rejoice if the hints and reasonings which it contains, were to produce a similar Visitation of the Colleges in England: Few, we believe, will deny that an investigation is much wanted, and, if faithfully performed, it is easy to anticipate the result.

19. *Moral Paralysis; or, the Gambler, by Mrs. Barber, (Dennis, London,)* is an excellent antidote against the baneful vice of gambling. It is admirably adapted to guard the young, for whom it is chiefly intended: The style is simple and elegant, the sentiments are correct and scriptural, and the narrative is instructive and attractive:

20. *The Duty and Desirableness of Frequent Communion with Christ, in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in Three Discourses, by the Rev. Henry Grey, M.A. of Edinburgh, (Nisbet, London,)* urges this duty on scriptural grounds. The author points out many spiritual advantages, arising from the observance of this ordinance, and adduces testimonies from the fathers of the church, that in their day it was held in high veneration. The neglect, and indifference, observable in many, he traces to the spiritual deadness of their souls, and endeavours to rouse them from their lethargy, to an examination of their spiritual condition. In these discourses, Mr. Grey happily tempers zeal with moderation, and argues like one deeply impressed with the importance, and conclusiveness, of what he advances.

21. *Two Letters addressed to the Bishop of Salisbury, by William Tiptaft, (Hamilton, London,)* vindicate the conduct of the latter, in resigning his living as a church minister, and preaching without the pale of the establishment; and expostulate with his lordship, who, it appears, had threatened him with a prosecution for his transgression of canonical law. They display the conscientious rectitude of the author, who is willing to risk all ecclesiastical consequences for the sake of conscience.

22. *Memoirs of Miss Ann Tomes, late of Hackney, by the Rev. F. A. Cox, LL.D., accompanied by a Discourse delivered on the occasion of her Decease. (Westley, London,)* present to the world a pleasing memorial of a pious young lady, removed from time to eternity, in 1831, at the early age of nineteen. It appears, from the statements by Mr. Cox, that she had been called to seek an interest in Christ many years prior to her death; and the extracts given from her diary evince, that the salvation of her soul was always paramount to every other consideration. In this diary she has recorded her various feelings, rejoicings, depression, hopes and fears, with much unaffected simplicity. In nearly every entry, the most humiliating thoughts and views are expressed of her own unworthiness, and need of a Saviour; but her end was the consummation of christian triumph. The discourse subjoined, is suited to the serenely solemn

To every lover of youthful piety our will prove a valuable acquisition.

Letters from a Mother to a daughter, on her going to School, by Mrs. Argent, (Whittaker, London,) appear before us in a fourth edition, which is strong presumptive evidence that they have been favourably received by the public.

They point out the duties of the daughter towards her Maker, her governor, her school-fellows, and herself. The lessons are kind, numerous, intelligent, and well worthy of being adopted by a young lady, thus circumstanced, whose hands they may happen to fall; her going to school, this little volume is bound in silk, with gilt-edge paper, and is a handsome present.

Poems, chiefly Religious, by Jacques, Esq. (Whittaker, London,) might have gained the credit in his own family, but the public will award him few additional

To their moral character, and tenacity we readily bear our testimony; but, alas! we expect to find some sparklings and displays of mental energy, these compositions do not furnish.

An Ark for all God's Noahs, in a stormy Day, &c., (Society for promoting Religious Knowledge, London,) carries up of antiquity in the quaintness of its title; the author was Thomas Brooks, and its appearance was in 1662. It bears the marks of that sterling piety, and moral vigour, which distinguished the writers of the seventeenth century.

PETER JONES IN ENGLAND.

Following extracts from a letter written by Peter Jones, whose original name was Kahkewaquonaby, a chief of the Chippeway in British America, to the editor of the *Indian Guardian Newspaper*, published in Canada, will be perused with interest and amusement by many of our readers.

They will perceive from this striking echo of his sentiments, the manner in which we are held by this sophisticated observer of English manners and customs.

"London, England, Dec. 30th, 1831.

My dear Brother,—I take up my pen for the first time, sending you a little *paper talk* that you may know how I am, and what I have seen in this country. I am happy to inform you that my health is much improved since I wrote to you last. I desire to thank our heavenly Father, who has cometh every good and perfect gift. I wish to state, that my soul still follows hard after the Good Spirit, in whose service I find much comfort in my heart, while wandering in a strange land, and in the midst of strangers—strangers in one sense, but brothers and sisters

in Christ, for such they have been to me ever since I landed upon their shore.

"I have visited many cities and towns in this country, for the purpose of attending Missionary meetings; and I am happy to say, that all who love the Lord Jesus Christ have received me and my talk with open arms, and their hearts have been made very glad when they heard of the conversion of my poor perishing countrymen in the woods of Canada.

"The British and Foreign Bible Society have printed a thousand copies of the translation of the Gospel of St. John into the Chippeway language, which will be forwarded to Canada early in the spring. I have made arrangements with this Society to proceed on in translating the Gospel of St. Luke, the Acts, and some of the Epistles, into the Chippeway.

"I have thought you would be glad to hear my remarks, as an Indian traveller, on the customs and manners of the English people, and therefore send you the following brief remarks, made from actual observation:—The English in general are a noble, generous-minded people—free to act, and free to think—they very much pride themselves in their civil and religious privileges, in their learning, generosity, manufacture, and commerce, and they think that no other nation is equal with them in respect to these things. I have found them very open and friendly, always ready to relieve the wants of the poor and needy when properly brought before them. No nation, I think, can be more fond of novelties or new things than the English are; they will gaze and look upon a foreigner as if he had just dropped down from the moon; and I have often been amused in seeing what a large number of people, a monkey riding upon a dog will collect in the streets of London where such things may be seen almost every day. When my Indian name (Kahkewaquonaby) is announced to attend any public meeting, so great is their curiosity, that the place is always sure to be filled; and it would be the same if notice was given that a man with his toes in his mouth would address a congregation in such a place and on such a day; the place without fail would be filled with English hearers. They are truly industrious, and in general very honest and upright in their dealings. Their close attention to business, I think, rather carries them too much to a worldly-mindedness, and hence many forget to think about their souls and their God, and are entirely swallowed up in the cares of the world—their motto seems to be, "Money, money, get money—get rich, and be a gentleman." With this sentiment they all fly about in every direction like a swarm of bees in search of that treasure which lies so near their hearts. This remark refers more particularly to the men of the world, and of such there are not a few. The English are very fond of good living, and many who live on roasted beef, plum-pudding, and turtle soup, get very fat and round as a toad. Roasted beef to an Englishman is as sweet as bear's meat is to an old Indian hunter, and plum-pudding as a beaver's tail.

"They eat four times in a day—breakfast at 8 or 9 in the morning, which consists of coffee or tea, with bread and butter, and sometimes a little fried bacon, fish or eggs.—Dinner at about 2 P. M. when every thing that is good and strong, is spread before the eater, and winds up with fruit, nuts, and a few glasses of wine. Tea at 6 in the evening with bread and butter, and sometimes a little sweet cakes—supper at about 9 or 10, when the leavings of the dinner again make their appearance, and upon which John Bull makes a sound, hearty meal to go to bed upon at midnight. The fashion in dress varies and changes so often that I am unable to describe it—I will only say, that the ladies of fashion wear very curious bonnets, which look something like a farmer's scoop shovel, and when they walk in the tiptoe style, they put me in mind of the little snipes that run along the shores of the lakes and rivers in Canada. They also wear sleeves as big as bushel bags, which make them appear as if they had three bodies with one head. Yet with all their big bonnets and sleeves, the English ladies, I think, are the best of women.

"If you should see any of my Indian brethren, I would thank you to tell them that I pray for them every day, that the Great Spirit through Christ may keep them in the good way. I often have longing desires to be in the midst of my friends and brethren in Upper Canada. We expect to leave England for America about the month of May next."

When the above letter was written, it is scarcely probable that Mr. Jones had any idea of its ever being returned to England in print, before he bade adieu to the country. It is therefore just to infer, that in this epistle his real and unvarnished sentiments are fairly expressed. At many public meetings, the editor has heard him with much pleasure; and perhaps few speakers ever excited, in a listening audience, a more intense or lively interest. The time of his departure, we apprehend is now nearly at hand; but we feel assured, that when the intervention of the Atlantic shall separate him from our view, he will be remembered with the utmost respect by the multitudes whom he delighted with his talk.

PETITION FROM THE COVENTRY SOCIETY,
FOR THE ABOLITION OF HUMAN SACRIFICES IN INDIA.

THE following Petition, relative to the object of the Society's labours, lately presented to both Houses of Parliament, may form a specimen for adoption, by the friends of India in various parts of the United Kingdom. To this important subject, we hope the friends of humanity will conscientiously attend, as the affairs of India will speedily be brought before the British Legislature.

"The humble Petition of the Inhabitants of the City of Coventry,

"Sheweth,—That while your petitioners learn, with the greatest satisfaction, that effective measures have been taken to abolish the unnatural practice of burning, and burying alive, Hindoo widows, in British India, they regret the continuance of female Infanticide in Western Hindostan, and in some parts of the Bengal Presidency; the Exposure of the aged and sick, on the banks of the Ganges; that Pilgrimages to certain temples in India, are made sources of revenue to the Hon. East India Company's Government; and that, by laws and usages, now existing in India, converts to Christianity lose the right of inheriting hereditary property.

"That it further appears to your petitioners, that as the Suttee has been abolished, as an infraction of the inviolable principles of justice and humanity, in unison with the sentiments of the great majority of the most intelligent of the Hindoos, both ancient and modern, the other evils in India,

here adverted to, are also conceived to be contrary to those principles; and that the extent to which they prevail imperiously calls for the attention of a humane and Christian Government.

"That according to the statements of the philanthropic Colonel Walker, contained in the Parliamentary Papers on Infanticide, 3,000 female infants annually perish, the victims of this unnatural practice; and recent information shews, from 'the disproportionate number of females still existing, that, although this practice may be somewhat subdued, it is still far from being relinquished.'

"That hundreds of infirm and sick persons are every year exposed upon the banks of the Ganges, and no inquisition is made for their blood.

"That at the temple of Juggernaut, and at Gya, Allahabad, and Tripetty, near Madras, the British authorities receive considerable sums of money, the gain of connection with idolatry; that at Juggernaut a *premium* is actually received by the pundahs, who collect the pilgrims, by which the celebrity and sanguinary nature of idolatry are greatly increased; and that by the state of Hindoo law, affecting the hereditary property of converts to Christianity, the civilization and evangelization of British India are greatly retarded.

"That your petitioners, deeply impressed with the state of their fellow subjects in British India and China, earnestly implore your Honourable House to adopt such measures as may speedily abolish the murder of infants; the exposure of the sick and infirm under the semblance of religion; the pernicious connection of Britain with idolatry; and the revision of those laws which prevent Hindoo Christians from fully enjoying their civil and religious rights; and thus remove the stigma which attaches to our national character by tacitly sanctioning and perpetuating these evils; and that whatever regulations it may be expedient to adopt at the present period, for the future intercourse of British subjects with China, no steps may be taken which shall in any way prevent Christians, of every denomination, from directing their benevolent attention to the introduction of Christianity in that idolatrous empire.

"And your petitioners shall ever pray."

GLEANINGS.

Mortality.—Since the opening of St. John's Chapel burial-ground, Regent's Park, which took place in June, 1814, there are entries in the register of burials of no less than 40 341 interments, which, with a very few exceptions, were of residents in Marylebone only; making on the average 2,373 funerals a year, or 45 per week. This number is exclusive of the old burial ground, or those taken out of the parish.

h.—Berzelius, in his account of vanadium, at the vanadate of ammonia, when mixed with an of galls, forms a black liquid, which is writing ink that can be used; it requires but scanty of the salt, and the writing obtained is black. Acids render it blue, but do not it; the alkalies, when sufficiently diluted act on the paper, do not dissolve it: and which destroys the black colour, does not writing, even when water is afterwards run over it. If this ink is not perfectly it strongly resists re-agents, and is blacker, better, than common ink, because it consolidation, and not of a precipitate suspended ion of gum. How it will resist the all-demand of time remains to be proved!"

ting Powers of high temperatures.—Dr. Henry aimed, by direct experiment, that articles of having been worn by individuals suffering urtains, which is well known to be highly, may be rendered disinfecting by exposure least one hour to a temperature of not less degrees of Fahrenheit.

nadier Grosbeak.—One of the most singular which this bird possesses, is that of inter-heads among the wires of its cage. If it l with a thread, it will immediately attach nity thereof to a wire, which it does with one; it then passes the other end of the rough one of the intervals between the acting it towards the adjoining interval on then quitting hold of it, and inserting its se latter interval, it again seizes it near the, draws it through the opening, and pulls it this manner it will interweave the whole ad among the wires, with a quickness and quite surprising; and it is so delighted with using occupation, that it will repeatedly de-work, and renew it again. If it is supplied ficient quantity of thread, it will speedily sides of its cage, and so indefatigable is it ing materials for the prosecution of its work, that Mr. Garside of Manchester, was necessity of removing a beautiful male ird from the cage; that the long feathers of ight be preserved, as the Grosbeak sought rtunity to appropriate them to its purpose. *U on the Grosbeak.*

ing Consumption of Spirits.—Temperance So-ve had one effect: they have lessened the on of spirituous liquors to a vast extent, left that of wines and malt liquors undi-or rather increased it.—*Anatomy of Drunk-*

's of Poetry.—Good sense is the *body* of ius; fancy its *drapery*; motion its *life*; and n the *soul* that is every where and in all, all into one graceful and intelligent whole.

the Privy Council for Permission to Bury or lee Widows alive.—The British public will amazement scarcely less than the indignation ge of the fact must excite, that an English come to this country from India, to pro-appeal before the Privy Council, made by thmins in Bengal, against Lord William prohibition of suttees. This diabolical cus-tom origin in the excessive jealousy of the loo princes, who, with a view to prevent icious widows forming subsequent attach-railed themselves of their irresponsible f, with the aid of the priests, it was pro-m as if by sacred authority, that the wives of ne of every caste, who desired future be-ould immolate themselves, on the demise usbands! Since 1756, when the British India became firmly established, upwards widows have been cruelly massacred. n possesses the privilege of marrying as s as he pleases. Vnuntu, a Brahmin, who agnapore, had more than one hundred renty two were burned at his death. The pt burning three days. He had married s, two of whom were burned with his l short time before Lord Bentick's order, the hill-country, who died, had twenty-s burnt with his body! The lawyer now, to plead before the Privy Council for the of these abominations, was in Calcutta in, when Lord Wm. Bentick vindicated hu-the abolition of such strange, foul, and murders, and knows the God-like act was enthusiasm by millions of the Hindoos; vitation of the Brahmins waited on the General, to express their heart-felt satis-id that the whole of the Sepoy army were at the act. The appeal is now set down g before the Privy Council.—*East India*

Singular species of Toad.—There is living on Black-heath, a family of a very peculiar kind of toad: they excavate the sand, and live in the hole. I have seen as many as twenty-eight together, in one hole, of different sizes, some as small as a hazel-nut, and others as large as a fair sized potato.—They do not hop, but run like a dog; they have a gold stripe from the nose to the rump and round the eyes, which are of the most brilliant description. I understand they are of rare occurrence in England, and not mentioned by any author as inhabiting any other part of this country but Lincoln Heath. It appears they live to a great age.—D. G.—*Lewisham, May 11.*

The Railway.—We understand, that during the twelve months since the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, on the 15th of September, 1830, there have been about four hundred and sixty thousand persons conveyed along the line; and that upwards of £190,000 have been received by the company for the carriage of passengers and goods.

Hint for Lovers.—If a youth is wooingly disposed towards any damsel, as he values his happiness, let him follow my advice: Call on the lady when she least expects him, and take note of the appearance of all that is under her control. Observe if the shoe fits neatly—if the gloves are clean, and the hair well polished. And I would forgive a man for breaking off an engagement, if he discovered a greasy novel hid away under the cushion of a sofa, or a hole in the garniture of the prettiest foot in the world. Slovenliness will ever be avoided by a well-regulated mind, as would a pestilence. A woman cannot always be what is called dressed, particularly one in middling or humble life, where her duty, and it is consequently to be hoped, her pleasure lies, in superintending and assisting in all domestic matters; but she may be always neat—well appointed. And as certainly as a virtuous woman is a crown of glory to her husband, so surely is a slovenly one a crown of thorns.—*Mrs. C. Hall.*

Substitute for Tea.—A patent has been granted to Mr. Richard Abbey, of Walthamstow, Essex, formerly a tea-dealer, "for a new mode of preparing the leaf of a British plant for producing a healthy beverage by infusion." According to the specification, the British plant in question is the hawthorn, from which the leaves may be taken from the month of April to September, inclusive: they are first to be carefully picked and cleansed, then to be well rinsed and drained; and, whilst in the damp state, they are to be put into a common culinary steamer, where they are to be subjected to the action of the vapour until they change from a green to an olive colour; the leaves are then to be taken out, and dried upon a "hot plate well heated," and to be continually stirred up, and turned over, until they are thoroughly dry, in which state they may be prepared for use. When required for that purpose, an infusion is to be made in the same manner as tea, and sugar and cream are to be added, to suit the taste of the drinker.

Substitute for Paper for Covering Walls.—There is now getting into use, as a substitute for paper for covering the walls of dwelling-houses, a sort of cloth made of cotton wool pressed by means of calenders into a flat sheet resembling in colour and appearance a sheet of demy paper: and printed into a variety of suitable patterns. It is very stout, and seems in every way qualified to supersede paper entirely, as it can be produced much cheaper. We understand that there are very large orders for this sort of cloth.—*Manchester Courier.*

Maternal Instinct.—About the middle of April last, I observed a young lamb entangled amongst briars. It had seemingly struggled for liberty until it was quite exhausted. Its mother was present, endeavouring with her head and feet to disentangle it. After having attempted in vain for a long time to effect this purpose, she left it, and ran away baaing with all her might. We fancied there was something peculiarly doleful in her voice. Thus she proceeded across three large fields, and through four strong hedges, until she came to a flock of sheep. From not having been able to follow her, I could not watch her motions when with them. However, she left them in about five minutes, accompanied by a large ram that had two powerful horns. They returned speedily towards the poor lamb; and as soon as they reached it, the ram immediately set about liberating it, which he did in a few minutes by dragging away the briars with his horns.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

A Shaving Clause.—Brand, in his History of Newcastle, says, that at a meeting of the fraternity of barber-surgeons there, in 1742, (of course long before combination laws were thought of,) one of the resolutions entered upon the minutes was, "That no brother do shave John Robinson till he pays what he owes to Robert Shafto." We can fancy no anathema more terrible, short of papal excommunication.

A Working Farmer.—The Rev Mr. Mathew, formerly Curate of Pottersdale, buried his mother, married and buried his father, christened his wife, and published his own books of marriages in the church, and he christened and married all his four children, a son and three daughters! He died January 21, 1786, at the age of sixty-six, sixty years of which he had been curate of Pottersdale. Till the last years of his life, his stipend did not exceed twelve pounds, and never reached twenty pounds per annum.—*Guide to the Lakes.*

New Comet.—We understand the king of Denmark has recently founded a gold medal, of the value of twenty ducats, to be bestowed on the first discoverer of a comet, that is invisible to the naked eye, and its period of revolution unknown. Professor Sabine has been to investigate the observations previous to the judgment of the medal, which is not to take place until six months after the discovery. We hope this will prove instrumental, not only in suggesting the number, but in perfecting the theory, of these interesting bodies.

Experiments on Feeding Animals.—An interesting series of experiments have been suggested to the council of the Zoological Society, in order to ascertain the effects of feeding feline animals with a full meal, at distant periods, compared with more sparing meals at frequent intervals. Two feline animals, at least, are to be selected, one to be fed in the manner now practised at the Zoological Gardens, viz. with one full meal daily, and the other to be fed twice a day, with one half the quantity of food now given for a meal.

Rise and Fall of Water in Wells. William Hinde, jun., esq., has discovered, by an interesting series of observations, that the water in wells rises and falls periodically. He has observed that the water in the well of New Place in the parish of Hartip, near Buntingford, Kent, and in thirty-one other places, has almost invariably been of the greatest depth at or about the longest day and of the least depth at or about the shortest day. He has also noticed that the regular rising and falling of the springs does not depend on the rains, although they have some influence in producing a greater rise. Another interesting portion of this gentleman's observations, consists of the height of the spring heads above the level of the sea, which accompanies the rise and fall of the great tides.

Chinese Twisted Customs.—We next landed at Tientsin, says Dr. Walsh in his account of a visit to China, published in the "Annals," remarkable for the size and excellence of its cherries. Cherries were originally brought by Lucullus, I think to Rome from this coast, where, after an interval of more than two thousand years, so unchanged in nature, they still retain their primitive excellence. It is one of the odd customs of the Turks which their contact with Europeans has not yet changed that any stranger may enter a man's garden and eat as much as he pleases, provided he takes none away with him. So, gratifying ourselves of this right we walked into the first venerable garden we met, to eat such cherries as really surprised us. They were as large as walnuts, and of the most delicious flavour, when coming away, we bought some for our men—two obols for ten pears, that is, five pence for about three half-pence.

Amuseur Prices.—In Willis's "Logus Sarcophagi," as quoted by Dr. Henry, we have prices of various articles in England in the reign of Edward, about the year 991, which the learned doctor has calculated with great exactness, in money of the present time:—Price of a man or slave, 6*l.* 1*6s.* 6*d.*, a horse, 1*l.* 1*6s.* 6*d.*, a mare or colt, 1*l.* 1*6s.* 6*d.*, an ox or mule, 1*6s.* 6*d.*, an ewe, 7*s.* 6*d.*, a cow, 8*s.* 6*d.*, a swine, 1*l.* 10*d.*; a sheep, 1*l.* 6*d.*; a goat, 4*d.*

Literary Notices.

Just Published.

Part XXXVII. of the National Portrait Gallery, being the First Part of Vol. IV.

The Second Part of Jones's Biographical Sketches of the present Reform Ministers.

No. IV. Sunday Scholar's Repository.

No. III. Nautical Magazine.

An Evening of Sympathy to Parents bereaved of their Children, and to others under Affliction.

A Voice from Coventry, or, the Suburban of a Series of Letters to the Editor of the World Newspaper, exposing the gross impositions practised upon the Public by Mr G. C. Smith, and the Quakers' Friend Society, with Notes and an Appendix. By John O'Brien.

1 Six Months in America. By G. T. Vigne, Esq.

Early Descriptions Illustrated, or the Infant System progressing and successful. By S. Widdowson.

Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of Religion, with Notes. By the Editor of Captain Ross's Memoirs. 2 vols. bound up 5*s.*

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Popular Zoology, is one small volume, containing the Natural History of the Quadrupeds and Birds in the Zoological Gardens with upwards of one hundred engravings, including figures of the principal animals drawn from life.

The Annual Historian a Sketch of the chief historical events of the World, for the year 1831. By Ingram Cobbin A. M.

Tracts of Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, in two Parts, 8*vo.*

Self-discipline. By Henry Foster Rogers, D.D.

The Ordinance of the Lord's Supper Illustrated. By the Rev W. Orme, 1830.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XXIX. Spain and Portugal.

A Memoir of Miss Mary Helen Bingham. By John Latham.

Poems addressed by a Father to his Children, with Extracts from the Diary of a Pedestrian. By Henry Jackson Jones.

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An Engraving of Robert Hather, for the Month of May.

The Lathrop Popular Library, No. I, II, III.

The Immortality of the Soul, with other Poems. By David Malloch, A. M. Part I & II.

Maternal Sketches and other Poems. By Eliza Rutherford 1830.

Idleness a Poem. By the Rev William Love, the 5th and concluding Part 1830.

Prayer the Christian's Relief in Trouble, a Discourse. By Edward Meade 1830.

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Painted by J. Hoppner 1794

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ROBERT NARES M.A. F.R.S. J.S.A. &c.
 ANTIQ. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

Robt Nares

THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1832.

MEMOIR OF THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON NARES, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A.
V.P. R.S.L. ARCHDEACON OF STAFFORD, CANON RESIDENTIARY OF
LICHFIELD, AND RECTOR OF ALLHALLOWS, LONDON WALL..

(With a Portrait.)

titles and marks of honorary distinction could confer lasting fame, the object of this memoir is sure of immortality. Nothing, however, can be more visionary and evanescent, than such appendages of mortal greatness, when unaccompanied with those virtues, and that personal merit, of which it is presumed they are the evidences and the reward. On occasions like these, they only mock the individual whom they were intended to honour, and, after the glare of the moment has subsided, remain to reproach his memory with a catalogue of excellences which he did not possess.

Essentially different, however, is the case, when these insignia of honourable merit are associated with splendid talents, extensive learning, and literary acquirements, devoted to scientific research, and consecrated to the imperishable emanations of moral worth. Under such circumstances, they stimulate to honest emulation; and, while crowning with laurels successful industry, and arduous competition for fame, derive new lustre from the candidate on whom they are conferred.

There are few individuals to whom these latter remarks can be more justly referred, than to the subject of this memoir; but it is to be regretted that this very circumstance renders those materials scanty, through which a life of utility might be illustrated with advantage to mankind. Devoted to abstract researches and peaceful avocations, the time of the scholar is spent in privacy and concealment. His mind operates in retirement, but his movements are unobserved; and it is only in distant results, that we learn the nature of its silent employment. The information, however, comes too late for us to trace its course, or observe the expedients by which the difficulties were surmounted, that, during the march of intellect, obstructed its progress. Hence, while the forward, the presuming, the clamorous, the noisy, and the vain, furnish, by their ambition, employment for every pen and every tongue, it is the fate of the unostentatious, the wise, and the modest, to become the benefactors of mankind, in comparative obscurity, and to pass through a considerable portion of their mortal career in the silence of unobserved seclusion.

The life of an author is in general monotonous. His study encircles him during the greater portion of his time. He lives chiefly in his works; and a few facts and incidents beyond this circumscribed sphere, are nearly all that can be found, to reward the inquiries of the biographer. On the present occasion all the available sources of information have been carefully explored; and the materials which they have furnished, we now proceed to lay before the reader.

ROBERT NARES, the subject of this memoir, was born at York, on the 9th of June, 1753. His father, Dr. James Nares, a distinguished composer and teacher of music, was for many years organist to George II. and George III. This gentleman died in February 1783, leaving several relatives in exalted stations, on the bench, in the senate, and in the fields of intellect and science.

Thus honourably and variously connected, Robert Nares began life under circumstances every way calculated to stimulate his exertions, and reward his assiduity.

At a suitable period, Mr. Nares was placed at Westminster school, and became king's scholar at the head of his election in 1767, when only fourteen years of age. Pursuing his studies with unwearied application, and correspondent success, in 1771 he was elected to the studentship of Christchurch, Oxford. In 1775, he took his degree of B.A. and in 1778 that of M.A.; about which time he entered into holy orders.

Having attracted notice by his learning, and exemplary conduct, he was selected in 1779, by the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, to be the tutor of his two sons, the present baronet, and the Right Hon. Charles Williams Wynn. In consequence of this appointment, he went to reside with the family at their splendid mansion of Wynnstay, paying occasional visits to London, and cultivating light and elegant literature, as leisure and opportunity afforded intervals between the duties of his station, and a rigid attention to classical and scientific learning. In this situation Mr. Nares remained until 1783, during which period he became known to the public and to fame, by an "Essay on the Demon or Divination of Socrates," and in 1784 by a work on the "Elements of Orthoëpy." His marriage with Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Thomas Bayley, Esq., of Chelmsford, took place during this latter year; but on that which followed, his connubial happiness received a fatal blow, by the death of this amiable lady, in giving birth to an infant.

The marriage of Mr. Nares, as may naturally be supposed, interrupted for a season his close connexion with the family of Wynn. The ties of friendship, however, remained unbroken, since, from 1786 to 1788, he superintended the education of his pupils, while they were at Westminster School, for at this time he was an inhabitant of the metropolis, as assistant preacher at Berkeley chapel.

In the mean while, his college, Christ Church, in 1782, presented him with the small living of East Mauduit, in Northamptonshire; and this was followed in the same year by that of Doddington, in the same county, and in the patronage of the Lord Chancellor. In 1787, he was appointed chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of York; and in October of the ensuing year, assistant preacher to the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn.

In this latter situation, Mr. Nares remained fifteen years, and while giving entire satisfaction to his enlightened and learned auditory by his strong reasoning powers, and the depth of his erudition, he formed many valuable friendships, which accompanied him through life.

In 1793, Mr. Nares was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, and also one of the Librarians of the British Museum. Shortly afterwards, he was chosen Librarian for the manuscript department, where he remained twelve years, and prepared the third volume of the Harleian Catalogue of Manuscripts for the Record Commission, by which it was given to the world.

In 1794, Mr. Nares was deprived of his second wife. This lady was the daughter of Charles Fleetwood, Esq., of London. They had not

been united more than one year, before she was taken from him by death, after having given birth to a son, who survived his parent only a few weeks.

In 1796, Mr. Nares was presented, by the Lord Chancellor, Loughborough, to the rectory of Dalbury, near Derby; and, in 1798, to that of Sharnford, in Leicestershire. This, however, he held for only a short period, being within about six months collated by the Bishop of Lichfield, Cornwallis, to a canonry residentiary in the cathedral of that diocese. In the same year Bishop Porteus, of London, gave him the small prebend of Islington, in the cathedral of St. Paul. In February 1799, he was nominated to preach the Warburton Lecture in Lincoln's Inn; and in 1800 the Bishop of Lichfield conferred upon him the archdeaconry of Stafford. During this year he married the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Smith, many years headmaster of Westminster School. This lady, after nearly thirty years of domestic felicity, still survives, to lament his death.

In 1804, Mr. Nares was elected Fellow of the Royal Society; and in 1805, the Lord Chancellor, Eldon, without solicitation or interest, presented him to the vicarage of St. Mary's, Reading, whither he soon afterwards went to reside, having resigned the vicarage of East Mauduit, his situation at the British Museum, and other appointments which might have interfered with this purpose. Here, at this vicarage, he took up his abode until the year 1818, and during his residence, rendered very essential service to the neighbourhood, by the establishment of the national school, and the active promotion of measures calculated to benefit the community.

During the last-mentioned year, being desirous of returning to the metropolis, that he might associate with persons suited to his literary tastes and habits, he obtained permission to exchange his vicarage for that of Allhallows, London-wall, which was at that time vacant. To the duties of this charge he regularly attended in person, during the greater part of the year, until within about three weeks of his death, which took place about two years since. His absence rarely amounted to more than three months annually, two of which he generally spent at his residence in Lichfield.

That Archdeacon Nares did not spend his hours in idleness, the following list of his numerous publications will satisfactorily evince:—

1. Periodical Essays, 1781.
2. An Essay on the Demon or Divination of Socrates, 1782.
3. Elements of Orthoëpy, including pronunciation, accent, and quantity, 8vo., 1784.
4. Remarks on the Ballet of Cupid and Psyche, with some Account of the Pantomime of the Ancients, 12mo., 1788.
5. Principles of Government deduced from Reason, 8vo. 1792.
6. An Abridgment of the same, with a new Introduction, 8vo., 1793.
7. Man's best Right, a serious Appeal in the name of Religion, 8vo., 1793.
8. Discourses preached before the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn, 8vo., 1794.
9. A Thanksgiving for Plenty, and a Warning against Avarice, a Sermon, 1801.
10. The Benefit of Wisdom, and the Evils of Sin, a Sermon, 8vo., 1803.
11. A Connected and Chronological View of the Prophecies of the Christian Church, in twelve Sermons, 8vo., 1806.
12. Essays, and Occasional Compositions, 2 vols. 8vo., 1810.
13. Protestantism a Blessing to Britain, a Fast Sermon, 1810.
14. On the Influence of Sectaries, and the Stability of the Church, a Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Stafford, 4to., 1812.

15. *The Veracity of the Evangelists demonstrated, by a Comparative View of their Histories*, 12mo., 1816.

16. *A Glossary, or Collection of Words, Phrases, Names, and Allusions to Customs, Proverbs, &c., occurring in English Authors*, 4to., 1822.

17. *A Volume of Sermons on Faith, and other Subjects*, 8vo., 1825.

In addition to the above, Mr. Nares assisted in the completion of Bridges' *History of Northamptonshire*, and wrote the preface for that work. He also wrote several occasional pamphlets, well calculated to check the torrent of revolution and infidelity, which at the time threatened to involve the nation in ruin.

With an eye to the same object, in connexion with Mr. Beloe, he commenced in 1793, the "*British Critic*," a review, which for a long season had a considerable influence on politics and literature. Of this periodical, the editorship was entrusted to the judgment, sagacity, learning, and acuteness of Mr. Nares; and the vigour and perseverance with which it was conducted through difficult and dangerous times, are too well known to require elucidation. To each of the half-yearly volumes, was prefixed a preface, always written by Mr. Nares, in which he recapitulated the leading features that appeared in letters within the given period. With this work he proceeded till the end of the forty-second volume, and then consigned the management to others.

An edition of Dr. Purdy's *Lectures on the Church Catechism*, may also be added to the works of Mr. Nares. To this he prefixed a biographical preface, giving some account of the author, and of his two friends, the Rev. T. Butler, and Lawson Huddleston, Esq. men of distinguished worth and talent.

In the formation of the Royal Society of Literature, established by his late Majesty George IV. Mr. Nares took an active part, and in forming its rules, selecting the most suitable individuals to enjoy the royal bounty, and the honours of the Society, his exertions appear in a highly favourable light. The difficulties to be encountered, he surmounted with triumph; and discharged with fidelity, the duties which the arduous task entailed. In transacting the various concerns belonging to this institution, the principal management was committed to the Bishop of Salisbury, who, among all his assistants, had no coadjutor who rendered him efficient service equal to Mr. Nares. It was, therefore, as a tribute of respect for his diligence, and an acknowledgment of his valuable services, that he was elected Vice-President in 1823. In all its councils and proceedings, he took a warm interest during the remaining part of his life; and contributed to the first volume of its *Transactions*, an interesting paper, entitled, "*An Historical Account of the Discoveries that have been made in Palimpsest (or Rescript) Manuscripts.*"

The late Dr. Vincent, the learned dean of Westminster, always spoke of Mr. Nares as a profound scholar, and a most able critic; yet unassuming amidst his great acquirements, and wholly destitute of pedantry and ostentation. In private and domestic life, his manners were vivacious yet simple; and it has been thought that his innate modesty prevented him from attaining a higher ecclesiastical distinction than that to which he was preferred. With these estimable qualities, we feel no surprise at hearing, that "his intimacy was zealously courted, and that he ranked among his most constant friends, a number of the foremost men of the times which he himself lived to adorn."

For many particulars included in this memoir, we acknowledge our obligations to Part XX. of Fisher and Co.'s *National Portrait Gallery*.

MACULLOCH; OR, CHARACTERS
CONTRASTED.

πεινᾷ ὁ ἐχθρὸς σου, ψώμιζε αὐτόν.
ἱ, πότιζε αὐτόν· τοῦτο γὰρ ποιῶν,
ὡς πυρὸς σωρεύσεις ἐπὶ τὴν κεφα-
λοῦ.—ΡΩΜ. 1 β'. ἡ.

dead," said Mary, as she bent
down, the tender tears falling fast upon
the cold corpse beneath her: "oh! if
but come out a little sooner, we
perhaps have saved his life."

"There is hope still," said her father,
lifting the head from the ground; "run,
Mary, and bring assistance as quickly
as you can." The tender girl made off as
fast as she was able; while the good Sa-
thaniel endeavoured to staunch the blood
flowing from a wound in the side of
the victim.

On the borders of one of the thick
forestive woods of Canada, that Mary
and her father lived. They had just settled
upon their evening meal, when they
were alarmed by the unwonted sound of
a gun: her father went to the door of
the house, to listen: he thought he heard
a shriek; it was sufficient: he re-
equipped himself, and, taking a
pistol in his hand, he set out, fol-
lowed by Mary, in the direction in which
he heard the sound: they had hardly
traversed one hundred yards into the wood,
when they heard a deep groan, and, a little
to the right of the narrow pathway, they
saw a man weltering in his blood: and
he then uttering a feeble moan, that
seemed to be the last ebbing of vitality.

Mary ran to fetch assistance, her
father lifted up the poor victim, and, un-
der his clothes, discovered that the ball
wounded his right side, just above the
waist, and the blood flowing copiously
from the wound, had literally soaked the
ground beneath: there was, however, still a
chance: and when they had removed
him to the spot, by the assistance of two
men who lived in a small hut near
the cottage, and worked for them, they
laid him upon a couch in their parlour;
and, after succeeding in stopping the flow
of blood, there seemed some hope of his
recovery.

Watched by his side the whole of
the night; and though he often groaned
and his face continued still insensible. How-
ever, by forcing down his throat some
of the liquor that Mary had prepared, he
was able so much as to open his eyes; but
too weak to speak: he made signs for

something to drink. When his wants had
been supplied, he fell asleep, and awoke
after a long rest, very much refreshed. In
a short time he appeared out of immediate
danger; and they then learned from him
the attempt that had been made upon
his life.

"My name," said he, "is, Allan Ma-
culloch." "Allan Maculloch?" exclaimed
his host, with an emotion in his counte-
nance which he strove to conceal. His
guest did not seem to have observed it,
and he soon recovered his equanimity.
"Yes," said the other: "Allan Maculloch!
and a bad name it is, too; if the possessor
of it by one of the most wicked wretches
on earth, can make it so. Trouble, that I
well deserved, drove me, with a small sum
of money in my possession, to take shelter
with many others in this country: and be-
fore I had landed three days, I fell into
company with a man of the name of
Williams, who invited me, to accompany
him in search of employment, and I had
reached this place in his company, when,
suddenly turning upon me, he demanded
all my money. I refused him, and he
threatened to take away my life; at the
same time pulling from his pocket a small
pistol. I made a spring at him, and en-
deavoured to seize the hand that held it:
but he was too sharp for me, and, retiring
three paces, he fired, and I fell. I remem-
ber nothing more, till I found myself upon
the couch in your house. How shall I
repay you the kindness which you have
shown me? In what manner can I repay
you for my life? Poor as I am, I fear I
must be infinitely your debtor, till I shall
be able to render a similar service to you." His hospitable entertainer declared that he
required no recompense; that his maxim
was, to "do good, and lend, hoping for
nothing again;" and added, that the prin-
ciples of humanity would neither suffer him
to take away the life of another, nor let any
one perish when it was in his power to
preserve him. Here Allan sighed very
deeply.

In about six weeks he was so far reco-
vered as to be able to walk well without
assistance; and he determined, unless his
services as a labourer could be useful to
his benefactor, to leave him, and wait for
some other opportunity of showing his gra-
titude.—Mary's father was one who feared
God. He had seen much affliction in his
younger days, for he was now about forty
years old, though early sorrow had written
many wrinkles upon his forehead. The
loss of all that was dear to him in his na-
tive country, had driven him into an asy-

lum in the colonies, to which he had fled with his young daughter: their residence here had been a very peaceful one; Mary knew no temporal joys beyond the pleasing of her father; and no temporal sorrows beyond his frown: and he, though early woe had chilled his affections, felt that he lived only for his Mary. Both set their hearts upon the eternal joys which await the redeemed, in a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God: and both lived in earnest expectation of that time when he should be pleased to call them thereto.

Few incidents had diversified their residence here: they seldom saw the faces of men, beyond those of their own household, and now and then a stray Indian; or a neighbouring settler perhaps came, to share their hospitality, while on his way to Quebec: otherwise they lived quite alone; and this event, together with its results, was the most remarkable circumstance that had occurred during a residence of fifteen years.

Mary's father had a whim, (and who has not some whim or other?) since he had left the land of his nativity, his own name had never crossed his lips; even Mary had not heard it; and the designation by which he was known among his neighbours was, "the new settler," which, however inapplicable now, he still retained.

This warm-hearted and worthy man pressed his guest very much to stay; but after a residence of three months, finding that he was rather a burden than otherwise to his benefactor, he fixed the day for his departure. During his sojourn, he had given ample proof that his heart was as yet a heart of stone. His host had taken the opportunity of his illness to converse much with him upon the subject of religion, and laboured hard to turn his eyes to the eternal city: but he remained callous. There was one thing that made a very deep impression upon him, and that was, the exemplary life which these two Christians led: shut out from converse with the world, they came out of it in the spirit as well as the letter; they lived *for* God, and therefore *with* God. Oh! that is indeed a blessed life; no trial can then, to real Christians, seem grievous; no sorrows can then bow down their heart; none can make them afraid; no evil finally hurt them, "for they shall be mine," saith the Lord, "in the day when I make up my jewels."

Allan often wondered whence it arose that they were always happy, while that sensation was a stranger to his bosom: and if these feelings were of short duration, they were of frequent occurrence, and at

least prepared the ground of his heart for the reception of the gospel.

But the time came when he had determined to depart. There was one apparently insurmountable obstacle; he had no money. Mary's father had scraped together a few pounds, which he had determined to keep, as a means of support in scarcity or illness. Here was, however, a fellow-creature in need of it; and without hesitation he consigned it to him, knowing that "the Lord will provide."

Mary had been preparing him a few articles of clothing, against his departure; and thus, having equipped him to the best of their ability, they sent him forth. Mary's father accompanied him by his own request for a few miles of the way; and they soon fell into conversation. Allan began by blessing his benefactor for all his kindnesses; and assured him, that if ever it was in his power to oblige him, no difficulty on earth should daunt him.

"It is quite in your power now," said the other: "I will consider all your obligations fully cancelled, if only you will believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and be saved."

"Ah!" answered he, "you have asked a hard thing: I have been every thing that is execrable, from my youth up till now: my first great deed of wickedness, alas! was my worst; and that so horrible, that at this day I shudder to think of it. Hear my relation; and great will be your forbearance, if after it you do not curse me from the earth.

"I am a native of Argyleshire, in Scotland: my father was a small farmer, and at his death, at the age of twenty, I succeeded to the possession of his farm. Soon after this, I fell in love with a young woman, who possessed every thing that charms the heart or pleases the eye. Oh! my aching heart bleeds at the recollection; alas! she returned not my love, but avowed a preference for a near neighbour of mine, whose name was Robert Macleod; and, burning with disdain, I left her, and soon she was married to my rival. I could not divest myself of a feeling of love; but in me it almost amounted to madness: the feeling grew upon me, till, upon the mention of her name, I gnashed my teeth with rage. In two years she had two fine children—a son, and a daughter; and envy mingled with my frenzied love, or rather hate. One night, about this time, I lay upon my bed, unable to sleep: I thought of my rejected love, and rage began to thicken in my breast. The fiend who is always ready to prompt us to ill, whispered

ear a plan of revenge. I arose, I myself; and sallying forth, I found the farm-house in which my rival was; the night was dark; but there was a wind, and all was still but that. I obtained a short ladder, and set fire to the roof: and presently I heard the voices of the rousing inmates. The first who appeared was my former love, with her in her arms: she screamed on me; and I drew a pistol from my pocket and fired. The ball entered her right breast (just where I received my own wound;) she fell, and, exclaiming, "Oh! my poor babes,"—she expired. Her husband followed close behind, holding in his hand his little son. In the frenzy of my rage, I seized hold of the infant babe, and, plunging my dirk into its breast, threw it at the feet of the agonised father, and, smiling on him in mad-scorn, I turned my back, and fled away. Returning reason shewed me the necessity of flight, and, crossing the river with the utmost speed, I reached a boat. Oh! the horrors of that dreadful scene who can depict? When all was still, the scene of death far behind, and my blood cooled, then did the terrible feeling, that I was a murderer, press upon my recollection; it seemed to reel from its throne. There was a voice ringing in my ears, a voice I had once thought more tuneful than the music of the rock, sounding in my ears, "Oh! my poor babes! They were the words from those sweet lips, from those lips even in death, a bitter word could not escape; and they haunted me, till they at length drove me to suicide. I embarked aboard a ship just ready to sail, and thought myself happy in having eluded the punishment of justice. Fatigued with the length of my flight, I fell asleep upon the floor of the cabin. I had a dream: I seemed to be standing near the door of the house in which I had committed the murder, when an innocent victim appeared, dressed in a robe of snowy whiteness, except that on the right side there was a streak of blood which seemed to be of so pure a red, that it hardly stained the beauty of the garment. Her countenance was lovely, beyond the power of language to express: and her words seemed to drop as honey from her lips as she uttered them: "Allan, you have hurried me, without a warning, to my final account; but I am happy to see Him who died for me: oh! poor sinner, beware of the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched!"—There was a smile inexpressibly sweet on her

countenance, as she uttered the last words: her form then faded away, till there was only a gentle light, where she had seemed to stand: over it there arose a thick heavy cloud, that spread with great rapidity on all sides, till it became utterly dark; and the sensation in my dream was horrible! A hideous being, whom I had not the courage to gaze upon, then approached, and threw a net over me: he gave the signal, and four of his slaves, very much like himself, lifted me up, and hurried me with fearful rapidity down a steep descent; they forced me onwards till I could discern at a distance, a red glimmering flame, that seemed to rise out of the very mouth of hell. I gave a desperate struggle, in hopes of getting free, and in the violent effort I awoke. The terror I was in, made me scream for assistance: several persons came running down, to see what had happened; and I was obliged to invent a story about the night-mare, before they were satisfied. But from that time I have had that never-dying worm in my bosom: I have felt that hot flame burning in my breast, till life has become a burden too heavy for me to bear.

"When I reached America, I found a description of my person had already preceded me, and my name was execrated. I had landed at New York, but I embarked three days after as a sailor, in a ship that was sailing to the South Sea. I assumed the name of John Adams, and for some time I escaped notice; but I went by the name of the melancholy man, never being able to shake off the deep feeling of guilt which clung to me. I was shipwrecked once, and was saved by swimming to a desolate island with two others, where we had nothing to eat but the eggs of the turtles, till a ship touching at the island in hopes of finding water, took us off, and I visited the East Indies. Here I remained several years, and obtained a small post under government, and amassed about two hundred pounds, which I embarked in a mercantile speculation: the ship was lost, and I was reduced to poverty.

"I again scraped together a little wealth, and lost it again in a similar manner. About a year after I arrived in India, I married the widow of a serjeant, who had died about two years before; and by her I had two children. But the retribution of God became manifest now: the first perished by an accidental blow from an elephant, and the second was carried off by a royal tiger. I remembered the murder of the innocent babe, and writhed under a sentence of which I

could not deny the justice. Calamities followed in quick succession. My wife died; I lost my office; the little remains of my property melted like snow before the sun; and I left India as I entered it, without a rupee in my possession. Thence I went to England; but not daring to stay there, I soon found the means of setting off with a number of voluntary exiles for Canada, and arrived as I before related.

"But even now the voice of blood cries from the ground against me: that warning dream, 'Beware of the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched'—still haunts me like a spectre, and points me to the life after death; reminds me of a worm, which, though it shall perpetually torment, shall never destroy; of a flame, which shall for ever burn, but never consume: and I have had a fearful foretaste of those horrors, dark as hell: I have felt that loathing of life, which makes me cry out, 'Oh! that I had never been born!' I feel, I feel, eternity is before me; an avenging God is above me; hell is beneath me; and torment all around me: oh! where can I fly, to escape from the wrath to come! My life is but a slow death; and, dreadful as it is, I can look for no relief in the consummation. No; I am lost for ever—for ever. Shut out from all joy, I must eat the bread of sorrow, drink the waters of bitterness, and lie to rest upon a bed of thorns, till hell shall fill up the cup of my everlasting woe: oh! the horrors of sin, who can express!"

His companion endeavoured to still the agitation of his mind, by pointing to the Saviour of sinners; and though he could not think of mercy for such a wretch as himself, it quieted the ravings of his wandering fancy; and he listened calmly, while his kind friend explained the all-sufficiency of the atonement of Christ, and his willingness to receive all that would come unto him, even murderers; and his conversation evidently made a deep impression upon the poor sinner, who seemed on the very brink of the lake of everlasting woe.

They had advanced above two miles from the habitation, when Allan turned to bid his friend adieu. Mary's father knelt down upon the sod, and Allan Macculloch knelt down beside him; and the former, with streaming eyes, besought their heavenly Father to vouchsafe pardon and peace to the poor murderer; and while he prayed, "comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise;" the Holy Spirit beamed upon his heart in one bright effulgence; and now he clung as fondly to the

name of his Saviour, as he had before in the bitterness of his soul rejected it. They arose from their knees: Mary's father bestowed a fervent blessing upon the parting penitent, and Allan grasped with convulsive emotion the hand of his benefactor. "To whom am I indebted for,"—he stopped: for words were not made to express a hope so sublime as that which had now sprung up in his breast. Pressing to his bosom the hand which he held, "To whom," said he, "am I indebted?" "To Robert Macleod,"—said the other!

AN ALLEGORICAL FABLE, FROM LAMOTTE.

Labour, the offspring of *Want*, and the mother of *Health* and *Contentment*, lived with her two daughters in a little cottage by the side of a hill, at a great distance from town. They were totally unacquainted with the great, and had kept no better company than the neighbouring villagers: but having a desire of seeing the world, they forsook their companions and habitations, and determined to travel. *Labour* went soberly along the road, with *Health* on her right hand, who, by the sprightliness of her conversation, and songs of cheerfulness and joy, softened the toils of the way; while *Contentment* went smiling on the left, supporting the steps of her mother, and by her perpetual good humour increasing the vivacity of her sister. In this manner they travelled over forests, and through towns and villages, till at last they arrived at the capital of the kingdom. At their entrance into the great city, the mother conjured her daughters never to lose sight of her; for it was the will of *Jupiter*, she said, that their separation should be attended with the utter ruin of all three. But *Health* was of too gay a disposition to regard the counsels of *Labour*: she suffered herself to be debauched by *Intemperance*, and at last died in the child-birth of *Disease*. *Contentment*, in the absence of her sister, gave herself up to the enticements of *Sloth*, and was never heard of after. *Labour*, in the mean while, who could find no enjoyment in solitude, formed an acquaintance with *Carelessness*, and, quarrelling with *Industry*, went among the wealthy, the titled, and the gay, in search of her daughters; but meeting *Disappointment* in her travels, she grew weary, and sat down to mourn over her misfortunes. In this situation she was seized by *Laziness*, robbed of her activity, and at last died in misery.

Preston Brook, 1832.

S. S.

REMARKS ON THE HUMAN MIND.

nature of the Human Mind, the manner in which it acts upon its material organs, the laws of their union, and mutual dependence on each other, a dissertation might be spared, if we were not more anxious to build upon than to discover truth.

Every person is conscious that he is experiencing pleasure and pain, acting upon surrounding objects, and employing the various faculties of perception, and memory; in fact, all the faculties and powers constituting a rational intelligent being. This simple consciousness of our existence, is all we need to be satisfied about; and whether the laws producing this individual consciousness, be termed material or spiritual, whether they be earthly or ethereal, cannot be preceding fundamental truth; it is only a number of words to express, which frequently to confuse, the simple consciousness and existence.

Who could possibly be so foolish as to dispute whether or no he himself is in existence. The most complete sceptic must admit some kind of being; whatever words may be used, the idea is not lost, or extinguished, that we live, and think: taking, then, this simple consciousness as the basis of our reasoning, we may proceed to consider the question—How shall we live, feel, and think in a state of existence?

Human reason, unassisted by revelation, cannot attain to on this most interesting subject, a faint and shadowy hope, that there may be some mode in which the spiritual principle in man shall survive the elements of his nature. But life and immortality are only fully brought to light in the gospel.

There are, however, objections brought against the doctrines of the Christian religion, being founded on principles of natural reason, sometimes render an appeal to the investigations of philosophy necessary for a full elucidation of gospel truth.

It has long been the aim of a certain class of philosophers, to discover some "principle" in man, which shall account for the phenomena of mind and matter, without reference to an immortal principle; but, as yet, we have no account of this vital principle than what revelation affords, namely, that God took man of the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul." All that philosophers can do is, to accumulate a mass of facts and observations, drawn from the operations and appearances of material nature; but the deepest and most successful researches only bring to light new combinations of cause and effect, without at all elucidating the great question as to what constitutes the hidden essence whence thought and intelligence emanate.

It is objected to the doctrine of a spiritual principle being connected with the human body, that all the faculties, affections, and powers, constituting rationality and consciousness, are so unvaryingly connected with certain modifications of matter, that we cannot conceive the existence of the former independently of the latter.

In answer to this, I would remark, that this intimate union of the thinking with the material principle, is what must result from, and is in perfect accordance with, the statement furnished by scripture, of the creation of man—made of material elements, and animated by the breath of the Deity. We also find that there are ascertained agents in nature, equally mysterious with the phenomena of the human mind.

The principle of gravitation, by which bodies are attracted towards the centre of the earth, is both mysterious and invisible; but its existence, though known only by the effects it produces, is too palpable to leave any room for doubt. The extraordinary property possessed by the loadstone, of pointing towards the north, is as much unconnected with the primary properties of metal, and as unaccountable on any principles of philosophy, as are the powers of the human mind. And it seems a no less wonderful phenomenon in nature, that a piece of iron should possess the power of always pointing to the north, than that the human body should contain an agent invested with invisible principles, of a different kind from those constituting the grosser elements of its nature, and capable of a separate existence. The analogy will appear still greater, if we reflect that the magnetic principle is not inherent in the iron, but communicated to it.

It is, however, a sufficient answer to the ingenious cavils of philosophers to say, that He who first called this wonderful being, man, into existence, and endowed him with the faculties and powers he possesses, can bestow upon the elements of his nature whatever portion of duration he pleases; the existence, therefore, of an immortal principle in man is neither an unnatural, nor an unreasonable supposition; how much soever the discovery of its essence may baffle the imperfect powers of human reason, unassisted by the light of revelation. S. W.

INDECISION.

"Dubius is such a scrupulous good man;
 Yes—you may catch him tripping if you can.
 He would not, with a peremptory tone,
 Assert the nose upon his face his own;
 With hesitation admirably slow,
 He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so."
 —————
Cowper.

AMONGST Sir Andrew Wilmot's acquaintances, for he could hardly be called a friend, was a gentleman named Waverly; a person whose character was as opposite to the baronet's as could be well imagined. But it is pretty generally known, that acquaintances, in small villages at a distance from the metropolis, are necessarily restricted in number and quality. On no other principle could the intercourse between Sir Andrew and Mr. Waverly have been accounted for, since the former was overbearing and even rude, while the latter was timid and cautious to a ridiculous degree.

Mr. Waverly was the youngest son, but the only survivor, of an attorney who had realized considerable property by "the glorious uncertainty of the law:" a gentleman, it must be confessed, of some acuteness, but who had been so accustomed to plead on the wrong as well as the right side of the question, that it may be doubted which had the real preponderance in his estimation. The attorney had taken some care to instil into the minds of his children the importance of duly weighing arguments in the same manner, so that education had infused, as it were, the principle of doubting or scepticism, on almost every point. At the time of the lawyer's death, which took place in consequence of riding a considerable distance in the rain, and neglecting to change his clothes, the subject of this sketch was the only one who remained of this family.

Mr. Waverly, who had been trained up to the law, upon receiving the property his father had acquired, prudently gave up all thoughts of business, and determined to retire from the bustle of life. Being raised above want, he resolved to purchase a small estate, and to live secluded from the world. With this intention, he had married, and settled in the neighbourhood of Sir Andrew Wilmot, where, at the time of our sketch, he had resided nearly thirty years. Soon after his first arrival in the country, some proposals had been made respecting creating him a magistrate; but after six months' deliberation upon such a weighty question, he prudently refused the honour. From that time onward he had passed "the even tenor of his way," nothing very

remarkable occurring, if we may except a circumstance that was once the subject of village gossip.

Late one summer evening, as he was wandering in the neighbourhood according to custom, Mr. Waverly observed at a distance an attempt at burglary on a lone house, the family being from home. After revolving in his mind whether he should go *in propria persona*, or send for the constable to take the depredator into custody, he prudently resolved upon the latter. The thief was apprehended near the village with stolen property in his possession. As he was committed to the county gaol, Mr. Waverly was called upon as a witness. But, to the astonishment of every one, he then began to express some doubts whether, after all, the prisoner was the man he had seen enter the house, or was merely an accessory after the fact, and threw upon the whole such an air of quibbling and contradiction, that the life of the prisoner was saved.

Mr. Waverly was now between fifty and sixty, and had been known for years as part of the furniture of the village. His hesitating manner and shuffling gait had been the amusement of its inhabitants for a considerable period. In dry and fine weather he was noticed to carry a large umbrella, because he knew the variableness of our climate better than the generality of persons, and it was possible that it might rain. With the same strain of argument, he sometimes left his umbrella at home, since no one could tell whether it would not clear up. Always vacillating in his opinions and notions, his mind commonly retained the ideas communicated by the last persons with whom he chanced to converse, these only remaining till they were effaced by the next succeeding flux. A personage like this, it must be confessed, could find no better emblem for himself than the weather-cock, whose motions are capricious as the wind.

But to give a more complete sketch of his character, we will introduce him on a visit to Sir Andrew Wilmot. The baronet was in his favourite room, which he had fitted up as a museum of curiosities, reading aloud Milton's *Paradise Lost* to his sister. Mr. Waverly was announced; in a few moments the gentle creaking of his footsteps forewarned his approach. Sir Andrew took off his spectacles, and, placing them in the book he had been reading, rose to welcome his visitor. In walked Mr. Waverly, buttoned up to his chin, though it was a warm day in June, his legs ornamented with a pair of black gaiters, that

means concealed his white stockings. "Good morning, Mr. Waverly." "Good morning," replied he, hesitating "that is good morning;" and so saying, he placed himself in a chair opposite a window through which the sun shone with considerable warmth. "I hope your ladyship's well." "It seems an age," said Lady Wilmot, "since I have had the pleasure of seeing you. How is my dear Mrs. Waverly?" "But poorly; to say, not very well. I am afraid getting old. None of us are so young as we were once," perceiving Sir Andrew smiling, "at least I think not."

"My dear Mr. Waverly, though we may endeavour to cheat in setting up his accounts, he little heeds but what is Mrs. Waverly's comfort."

"Can't say, sir; nobody knows. She doesn't know herself; the doctors say so now; and I am sure I don't, that is, I think not." "No! why that's not."

"What do you suppose it is?" "Rose!" said Mr. Waverly, and he looked sneeringly at Lady Wilmot. "Suppose, sir,"—"are the mere echoes of a human mind, where thoughts create realities for themselves."

"And then, Sir Andrew, to build on such a shadowy foundation would be something like castle building."

"Why, man, I don't want, indeed, to expect you to be positive, but you are bringing us somewhere near the truth." "I don't pretend to say; you know we are mistaken." And as the poet says,

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

"I understood," said Lady Wilmot, "that Mrs. Waverly has never recovered from the attacks of rheumatism she experienced six months since." "Rheumatism!"

"It was rheumatism. I wouldn't touch my existence on that point."

"I have seen her riding out lately." "Not at all," said Sir Andrew.

"And is not her health improved by it?" "Can't be positive,"

replied Mr. Waverly, twisting the top button of his waistcoat.

After a short pause, he resumed the conversation: "I called, Sir Andrew," said Sir Andrew, "to inform you of a painful predicament in—painful, I think it is. I am in conflicting opinions."

"Can that be painful to you Mr. Waverly? I thought you had nothing better." "Alas!"

he, in return, "a man of moderate firmness of decision, is constantly

troubled with the fear of falling at last a victim to an erroneous judgment."

"Better a victim at once, than to be tortured

all your life. Have you never thought so?"

"Can't be positive; at least, I think not. My eldest son Captain Waverly, of the dragoons, has already imprudently engaged my vote for the Tory candidate of this county; and I am vexed, Sir Andrew; I know not what to do." "Give it him at once." "What! when my house is threatened to be burnt to the ground, and I myself put in bodily fear—yes, in bodily fear," said he with earnestness, striking his stick violently on the ground.

"Well then, give it to the Whig candidate." "Impossible, Sir Andrew; it will be the death-blow of my son's prospects in life, so at least he tells me."

"Fairly stuck, upon my word. Do you remember, Mr. Waverly, the fable of the ass that was starved between two panniers of hay?" asked Sir Andrew, laughing.

"For shame," said Lady Wilmot. "Excuse my brother's rudeness. Don't you find that seat uncomfortable?" inquired she, as she observed the crimson glow upon

his features. "Thank your ladyship, it is rather warm. The sun, or at least his rays

strike very powerfully. And so, Sir Andrew, you think my doubts will starve me at last."

"Odd enough; but what is your real opinion upon reform?"

"Reform!" sighed Mr. Waverly, "ay, it is a difficult question. Really I can't say; I am never in one mind about it."

"Then you don't know what you think."

"Can't be positive, Sir Andrew. If I take up the paper, and read the speeches of

the anti-reformers, I really begin to suspect that it will subvert our ancient constitution,

and ruin the nation. But let me just turn to the next column, and there I see the

noble pillar of liberty raised, round which we are called to rally. The rottenness of

certain boroughs, the defects of our present system, and the abuses that have crept in,

which defraud and impoverish the poor, are so powerfully depicted, that I then feel

inclined to turn reformer." "Noble resolution!" replied Sir Andrew. "Yet just

as I begin to fall into a train of thought upon the superiority of this side of the

question, in comes our Tory candidate, and it's all over again. To tell you the

truth, Sir Andrew, he brings me round just where I was before, and I fancy reform is

nothing else but fanaticism and ignorance."

"So then you are an anti-reformer, after all." "Not so; at least, I think not.

When I had begun to resolve, after due deliberation, to side with the Tories, in

comes a letter by the morning post from that fellow, Swing; threatening to burn

my house, to destroy my farms, and me with them, if I would not vote for reform."

"A pretty predicament, truly!" "Yes, indeed, a predicament I think I may call it. Now, my dear baronet, tell me as a friend, what you think I had better do."

"Decide at once." "Impossible. On one side I must lose the esteem of my friends, and injure the prospects of my son; on the other, I must submit to have my property destroyed, and myself murdered in cold blood." What steps will you take then?" inquired Lady Wilmot.

"Can't be positive—can't pretend to say; that is, I think I'll have nothing to do either with one or the other." "No!" ejaculated Sir Andrew, "I think not." "But do you recollect the law that Solon made on such points?" "Can't be positive."

"To promote a spirit of patriotism, he ordained, that whosoever espoused no party, and remained neuter in public discussions, should have his estates confiscated, and should be sent into perpetual exile." "A hard law, at least I think so." "Hard, indeed, for those who spend their lives in doubt and indecision."

"To doubt, sir," said Waverly, "becomes the philosopher." "You're a Cartesian, then?" "Can't be positive; that is to say, I don't know." "The very first step in Des Cartes' system of philosophy is to doubt the existence of every thing, one axiom alone being first set down, namely, *Cogito, I think.*" "Des Cartes is the most rational being, then, I ever heard of." "You fancy so, Mr. Waverly. Well, for my part, I love common sense too well to care a straw about the scepticism of philosophy." "Whether attached to common sense or philosophy, you know, Sir Andrew, we may all be mistaken."

"Not all, I hope. I never think of a philosopher's reasoning in scepticism, but I call to mind the genius described in *Rasselas*, who with some ability contrived wings, with which he attempted to fly." "You don't say so!" "Yes; but it answered no other purpose than to render him ridiculous to those who, with nothing more than common sense for their guide, confined themselves to that condition in which nature had placed them, and to those powers with which they were invested. What do you think, Mr. Waverly?" "Really I can't pretend to say."

After pausing some time, "Well, Sir Andrew, I must go; so excuse me for the present, for I expect my son home this morning. I'll call in again, and then we'll finish our conversation." "As you please; bring the Captain with you." "Good morning," said Mr. Waverly, and left the baronet. "There," said Sir Andrew, as

he took up his spectacles again, "there goes a man miserable in his very doubts, and yet as fond of them as of his own existence; a man who will pass through the world without doing any good, because under the continual apprehension of doing harm; one who, in the words of the poet,

'Knows what he knows, as if he knew it not;
What he remembers, seems to have forgot;
His sole opinion, whatso'er befall,
Centering at last in having none at all.'

Beaconsfield.

J. A. B.

ON CHURCH ESTABLISHMENTS.

S. TUCKER'S rejoinder to ARGUS.

(Concluded from p. 229.)

My unfortunate logic again comes under the lash of its unrelenting castigator, because it has had the audacity to assert the efficiency of the union of church and state in promoting the reformation of the sixteenth century; because, quoth he, "We are to remember, that such an event would have been wholly unnecessary, had not the pure and spiritual system of the gospel been adulterated by the very means to which your correspondent now most *logically* ascribes its partial restoration." So then, this *most destructive union* avowedly possesses the power of rectifying its own abuses; and, *therefore*, it ought, by all means, itself to be destroyed! This is another admirable specimen of my opponent's paramount "logical" powers, again exhibited in a *petitio principii*; viz. that the doctrinal errors and moral corruptions of popery sprang *exclusively* from the union of the civil and ecclesiastical powers in the church of Rome.

But where is the proof of this position to be found? NOWHERE! How then stands the fact? Why, sir, the fact is, that it is *the duplicity and corruption of human nature*, and not of political constitutions, as such, that has in all ages, and in every country, perverted the simplicity, and corrupted the purity, of religion. And how stands another important fact? Why, that the church of Rome, with all its corruptions, has, by the special providence of God, survived the wreck of Gothic, Vandal, and Turkish desolation; under which every church, not excepting the seven great churches of Asia, and that of Alexandria, when *unprotected by the secular power*, have ages ago been swept away from the face of the earth! And that church, the only one thus supported by the former mistress of the world, has been the *casket* in which that same providence preserved, (as the three Hebrew youths in the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar,) the inestimable jewel of pure and

d religion ; which bursting from its
the sixteenth century, has, since
riod, under the protecting power of
urch and state, asserted its power,
oriously maintained its resplendent
r over the British dominions, to the
day.

correspondent, sir, in the exuber-
his zeal against national church
ments, has either grossly mistaken
lly misrepresented both my princi-
d my object, in writing my former
on this very important subject.
he charges me with advocating the
: “coercive sanctions,” for the sup-
Christianity, and of pleading for the
ive system of *tithes*, as the source of
n for its ministry ; and, finally, he
es, that I am either *influenced by, or*
ie with, the devil, indicated by “the
oot” of the cause I advocate ! It is
essary, sir, for me again to repeat
orrence of every thing like unjust
s and *oppression*, for the support of
us establishment, having been fully
d of all such principles by ARGUS
, when he confesses, “that I have
nceded the whole question, as to the
f of a church establishment, *such*
he has contemplated in this discus-

my real and fundamental principle,
That a nation, and the state dele-
y that nation, to constitute its tem-
overnment, have an unquestionable
assume a religion as *national*; and,
iently to select* and provide for a
r in support of that religion; and
t religion ought to be the Christian,
ins untouched, and impregnable.—
inciple may be assailed, but it can
e overthrown. Against it, your cor-
lent can urge nothing but the dog-
assertions, “that no body of men
im union with a gospel church, in
of their civil capacity;” and “it is
eyond dispute, that, *officially*, the
an never become a part of the
” These assertions, whether true or
ave no kind of connexion with the

selection, of course, presupposes the posses-
he clerical or ministerial office by the ob-
reof; the conferring of which upon suitable
es, I presume, should rest with the preex-
ministers of each church, acting, as they
er to do in such cases, under the influence
lance of the Holy Spirit, and with a single
the glory of God, and the welfare of his

The form of ordination to the sacred office
in all cases, be as close as possible to the
y and purity of the primitive churches; but
can be essential to the assumption and ex-
the office, as none is explicitly specified or
in the New Testament, except the circum-
f laying on of the hands of the presbytery

argument, as far as I am concerned in it;
because it is certain I never maintained the
affirmative of either of those positions. I
ever did, and ever shall, fully recognize the
proper distinction between even a national
church, and the state which sanctions, pro-
tects, and provides for it; and I deprecate,
and abhor as much as any man can do, the
unwarranted, impious, and corrupt interfer-
ence of the secular power in the govern-
ment of the church, as it at present exists,
in both England and Ireland.

But, while I explicitly avow this distinc-
tion, I do and will strenuously contend for
not only the *right* but the *obligation* which
rests upon every secular government in the
world, not only to embrace and profess the
christian religion, but also to use both its
influence and its power for the preservation
and extension of that religion; and this
avowal brings me into immediate contact
with the final *decision* of your very dog-
matical correspondent upon this most im-
portant subject. The lofty and dictatorial
style assumed by this gentleman throughout
his whole essay, and particularly in the fol-
lowing passage, indicates his firm persua-
sion, that whatever may be the fate of either
church or state, the attribute of *infallibility*
rests alone with himself ! Nor does he ap-
pear at all inclined to permit even the
great Head of the church, the Lord Jesus
Christ himself, to press into its service any
powers upon earth, but what is sanctioned
by a special license under the paramount
signature of ARGUS ! “Once allow the civil
magistrate a coercive authority in matters of
religion, whether for the suppression of
heresy or maintenance of truth, and you
open the door to abuses of the most flagrant
description, and to an influence which has
far more generally been exercised on the
side of evil than good. Religion being
purely a matter of individual and moral re-
sponsibility, cannot be adopted by a nation,
as a sovereign, a form of government, or
a code of laws, may be. National Christianity
of such a kind is a mere worldly contrivance,
and has contributed more than any thing
else to the corruption and dishonour of re-
ligion.” p. 558.

The preceding mandate is a battery
erected for the demolition of my humble
postulate, viz. “That a nation ought to
maintain the ministers of every ecclesiasti-
cal establishment which is sanctioned by
the toleration of its government; but I do
not say that an *avowedly christian govern-*
ment is under any obligation, or is even at
liberty, in the sight of God, to support, nay,
nor perhaps even to tolerate, any *anti-*
christian ecclesiastical establishment, *withi*

the realms of its jurisdiction." Without attempting to adduce the shadow of an argument against this impregnable position, ARGUS exclaims, that he has discovered in it "the cloven foot;" and of course the well-known *owner of that foot*—also, lurking under its dangerous principle! and, he then asks, "Is this Protestantism? Is this Christianity?" I reply, I am sure it is *sound Christianity*, and, therefore, it ought to be stanch Protestantism.

Horror-struck, like the witch of Endor, with the spectre which his own fears have conjured up, ARGUS cries out, "What, sir! shall we acknowledge that the civil power has a right to tolerate or proscribe, in matters of conscience?" And then he flies to Mr. Locke for protection, who asks, "What power can be granted to the magistrate for the suppression of a false religion, which may not, in time and place, be applied to the subversion of truth itself?" If it were possible that Mr. Locke could have been incapable of answering this question, I shall answer it for both him, and his zealous modern disciple: and I say, Let the magistrate be authorized to support and protect THE RELIGION OF THE BIBLE, *and that only*, and he can never abuse that power to the subversion of the truth! And it is equally certain, on the other hand, that no man can have any right, on a plea of what he calls "conscience," to introduce an antichristian establishment into a christian country. Where, I ask, could he obtain such right? Is it from the God of nature? Nay, the God of nature is the author of Christianity, and he has commanded its universal adoption; and he can give no man a right to transgress his own commandments. Is it from the laws of the country? Then those laws are themselves *antichristian*, and, as such, can have no moral obligation for their support.

The Bible, sir, is the only authorized guide of any man's conscience, and the conscience that opposes its authority can have no legitimate claim upon protection or respect, either from God, or from any christian government upon earth. It is at war with both God and his church.

I now beg leave, once for all, to silence the formidable battery of my opponent, above quoted. Its first principle is, "that the civil magistrate should have no coercive authority in matters of religion, either for the suppression of heresy, or the maintenance of truth." Here, sir, is a grand fundamental principle in politico-theology, laid down *ex officio* for the government and direction of *the whole christian world*, by an anonymous and self-constituted dictator. I ask, therefore, upon what legitimate au-

thority, human or divine, does it rest? And I answer, UPON NONE WHATEVER! Where is it written, in any divine or human law? NOWHERE! Then let it sink into well-merited contempt! Not another word is necessary, to annihilate it.

Meantime, I ask, Does Christianity impose no moral obligations upon its disciples, and votaries, for its protection and preservation? And is there no power upon earth competent to take cognizance of, and resist the violation of its precepts? Must the God of Christianity be blasphemed and insulted; his laws trampled under foot, and his worship suppressed, for the establishment of *idolatry* in its stead? and all this in a christian country? (for *christian countries* there are, and *shall* be, in the world, to the end of time, though opposed by arguments ten thousand times stronger than those adduced by ARGUS!) And must the government of that country not dare to move a finger in the suppression of these enormities, and for the vindication of its own religious truths? Preposterous absurdity! Advocacy of infidelity! Such licentious doctrines should be for ever scouted from the face of the earth, as opening the very floodgates of blasphemy and impiety!

Are not magistrates expressly constituted the guardians of the moral interests of the nations over which the providence of God has called them to preside, in Romans xiii. 1—5.—And are they not there armed with *the sword of justice*, and declared to be God's ministers, yea, *revengers*, to execute *his* wrath upon him that doeth evil? And are not all men there required to obey them, *for conscience sake*, and upon pain of *damnation* for disobedience? And has ARGUS the temerity to assert that these commands of the Holy Ghost convey no authority to christian magistrates, to enforce christian precepts? and lay no obligation on their subjects to obey them? Can any man, in his right mind, suppose, that the jealous God of Christianity would delegate such ample powers to christian magistrates, without any reference to the purity of his own worship, the first of all moral and religious duties? or the preservation of the precepts which he hath himself issued for the government of the world? Does Argus dare to charge the Almighty with such imbecility and folly as *this* absurd theory must presuppose? If he does, I hope he *stands alone* in the awful responsibility he thereby incurs!

But, sir, if these principles be absurd in theory, they are absolutely horrific in their practical results. See these illustrated in the worship of Juggernaut, and in the self-

and self-immolation of thousands of victims, annually sacrificed at the of idolatry in British India. According to the *exquisite* doctrines of Argus, horrible superstitions should be held ed by the British christian governors peninsula, as the most hallowed ions of our own holy religion, be- forsooth, they are the offspring of rblind consciences and depraved of their wretched votaries. And it be a sacrilegious violation of their is "liberty of conscience," to put a them ! Do not the united voices of r, Wisdom, Philanthropy and Piety, instance, imperatively demand the ive" interference of the British go- nt, to suppress those diabolical -Most certainly they do ; nor could secular power," with which the pro- s of God hath armed that govern- a India, be employed in any thing pleasing to Him, or more advan- to the moral and religious interests ountry.

ed, sir, as all political power is ly said, (Rom. xiii. 1.) to be of that is, derived from him, and as erests of true religion are both the y and ultimate objects of all the ntial arrangements of this world ; so ular government which does not use ver in a co-operative direction with bjects, is not answering the end de- by God in its institution ; and, con- tly, is much more likely to inherit se than his blessing. But, according reasoning of Argus, this whole na- ight become idolatrous, the churches turned into heathen temples or a mosques, Juggernaut himself im- from Hindostan, his statue erected ry market-town in England, and ids of victims annually sacrificed at rine ; while those persons, whom only true God" hath invested with legitimate power in the nation, and re emphatically styled "the minis- that God, for good to the nation, xiii. 4.) must be tame and idle ors of all this "abomination of de- a," without daring to move a finger suppression—because such inter- would be an arbitrary and tyran- encroachment upon the "liberty of nce" of the nation !!!

ight here, sir, with great advantage, the sarcastic sneer of your corre- nt, in the shape of a *contemptuous* y for my supposed delinquency, in ting dangerous principles, upon the of inadvertency and ignorance of

their natural results. I have now exem- plified the practical issue of *his* system of non-interference with what he calls "liberty of conscience," illustrated by incontro- vertible matters of fact ; and I have proved it to be naturally productive of the most awful and disastrous consequences to the interests of religion, and the welfare of mankind. If Argus was ignorant of those consequences when he wrote, he is inex- cusable in assuming so dictatorial a style of argument as he has adopted, while ex- posed to the *possibility* of being in error. If he was aware of them, and yet con- cealed them for the purpose of strength- ening his own argument, his insincerity reflects disgrace upon his integrity : and in either case he is proved to be unfit for the office he appears to have assumed, namely, that of giving politico-theological principles to the British nation, if not to the whole world.

If it be said that the case I have alluded to is an extraordinary one, and therefore improperly urged against a general prin- ciple ; I answer, the very *possibility* of the existence of such a case is sufficient to *con- demn* the system under which it is per- mitted to operate : for it proves it to be fundamentally wrong, and totally inade- quate to answer its intended purposes : whereas, that which I advocate is not only incapable of any such results, but is the proper, the legitimate, and the divinely authorized palladium, for both the cure and the prevention of such atrocious enor- mities ; namely, *to require the civil magis- trate to aid the ecclesiastical institutions of the realm in protecting the religion of the BIBLE.*

I believe, sir, the first pillar of ARGUS's fabric is now completely demolished ; and his second, equally fragile, antisciptural, and fallacious, is soon likely to share the fate of its fallen predecessor. It runs thus : "Religion being purely a matter of individual and moral responsibility, cannot be adopted by a nation, as a sovereign, a form of government, or a code of laws, may be. National religion of such a kind is a mere worldly contrivance, and has contributed more than any thing else to the corruption and dishonour of religion." The fallacy of these assertions is self-evident to every candid mind which bestows a moment's reflection upon them. The very first pos- tulate strikes at the root of all religious associations ; and, if true, would totally demolish all those divinely authorized institutions described in the New Testament as *ecclesiastical*, yea, and episcopal also, which were enjoined on the primitive Christians, as essential parts of their reli-

gion; and for the *establishment* and regulation of which, both the Son of God and the Holy Spirit made so ample and so special a provision.

The evident and direct tendency of this postulate is totally to *unchurch* Christianity, and to *excommunicate* it from all religious association, and thus to annihilate the "communion of saints" upon earth! It goes to undermine the very existence of a public ministry, as well as to destroy all ministerial authority and responsibility; and, consequently, all church government, in the world. Let any man of common sense and common honesty, compare those destructive, *infidel*-tending principles, laid down by your correspondent, with the fourth chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Ephesians, and especially with verses 11, 12, 13, "And he gave some apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of *the BODY of CHRIST*; till we all come in the *UNITY of the faith*, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man," &c.—And again, "Obey them which have the rule over you, and submit yourselves: for they watch for your souls, *as they that must give account*; that they may do it with joy, and not with grief, for that is unprofitable for you," (Hebrews xiii. 17.) And finally, God saith to Ezek. ch. xxxiii. ver. 8: "When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; *but his blood will I require at thine hand.*" I say, let any man compare those scriptural declarations of corporate association and ministerial responsibility, with ARGUS's assertion, that "religion is purely a matter of *individual and moral responsibility*," and its dangerous fallacy will at once appear. In fact, sir, if this postulate were true, there would be an end at once to the whole system of Christianity as a social compact; and if any pastors existed, being equally destitute of authority and responsibility, they would become the natural subjects of ridicule and contempt. Sir, the king of Nineveh, heathen as he was, could have taught your correspondent a better lesson, and have shewn him that a public act of religion, enjoined by the authority, and enforced by the command of even the secular government, appeased the wrath of God, and secured that whole city from destruction.

"But," says ARGUS, "religion cannot be adopted by a nation, as a sovereign, a form of government, or a code of laws may be."

But why not? Is a nation, either physically, morally, or intellectually, incapable of selecting its own God, of embracing *his word* as the guide of its faith and practice, and instituting and supporting a ministry for the extension and preservation of its religion? Do not both Judaism and Christianity, yea, and even Popery itself, plainly contradict this equally groundless assertion? Most certainly they do! Must such an adoption, for instance, of genuine "Bible Christianity," necessarily be "a mere worldly contrivance," and "contribute *more than*" even *the grossest impiety and blasphemy*, "to the corruption and dishonour of religion?" Perhaps the fault lies in Christianity itself! Is it incapable of infusing its benign influence into the minds of kings and statesmen? Can it not stem the torrent of political corruption? And must it, in every such instance, in spite of the omnipotence and holiness of its divine Author, yield the palm of victory to the prince of darkness? If so, then it is incapable of evangelizing the world, and totally inadequate to the purposes for which its infinitely wise and gracious founder designed it! If neither of these causes operates to prevent the adoption of Christianity as a "national religion," the *impossibility* of such an event ever taking place, must be ascribed to the decree of your correspondent ARGUS, which has prohibited the experiment from ever again being attempted! And yet this man talks about "Christianity containing within itself a principle of dissemination, whose power is co-extensive with human necessity!!!"

Is there then, I ask, no "human necessity" for the conversion of kings and statesmen to the truth and power of genuine Christianity? And must "the kingdoms of this world" *never* "become the kingdoms of our God, and of his Christ?" How inconsistent is such reasoning, if I may honour it with that name!

As if ambitious to reach the climax of absurdity, your correspondent *boasts* that he has "laid down," (*ex officio, solus, et per se*, of course, for I see no other authority,) "that even in a nation wherein the utmost freedom of representation subsists, the people have *no right* to tax themselves for the support of a national religion; nor has the government, as the delegates of that nation, any right to employ its powers for the support of that religion." Sir, it would be waste of my time, and of your columns, to attempt a refutation of such self-evident absurdity.

Your correspondent compares such a provision for religion to human slavery; and says that "both are subversive of the

n law of reciprocal justice and "and that "the principle of the one ally forbidden by Christianity with the other;" and that "the one robs a f that personal freedom, the other of igious liberty, which are the inalien-ght of humanity." Sir, I am not o advocate the cause of *man-stealing*, well know, that it was God himself oomed the posterity of Ham and to the degradation of slavery (see r. 25, and Dr. A. Clarke's commen-eon); and I also know, that Onesias the slave of Philemon, and that, he ran away from his master, St. net with, and sent him back to his converted to Christianity, but with-; slightest intimation that Philemon dated any principle of Christianity ig the master or owner of a slave. : that as it may, it is palpably ridi-to say, that for a free nation to tax y its representatives, for the support adopted religion, is to rob itself of gious liberty; on the contrary, it is the noblest instances that can possibly of the perfection of that liberty.

conclude—for this controversy has far ed all the limits I had originally plated of its extent—ARGUS finally that "Mr. Tucker's principle reduces this dilemma: either a government subsidize every system of religion, r Christian, Mahometan, or Pagan, ed within its jurisdiction; or it must t, and even tolerate, only such as i to be approved by itself: in the e rendering the civil power ridicu-id subservient to the propagation of nd falsehood as well as truth; in the making it the engine of intolerance pression, as it would be altogether a ccident, depending on the caprice of er, whether the true religion or the ne should be patronized or pro-."—p. 561.

; sir, is another instance of your ondent's misrepresentation of my let. I am reduced to no such di-; as to suppose that the advocacy ction of the religion of the bible s either the patronage of paganism, propagation of error and falsehood, exercise of unjust intolerance and ion. There is, indeed, a species of ance which the bible inculcates, and h all its faithful advocates must par-; or else betray the important trust d in them; viz. it is *eternally into- of infidelity and corruption*, in all edly religious institutions. But, I ry to say, it is the toleration, if not

the actual encouragement, of these vipers of "the carnal mind, which is enmity against God, and which cannot be subject to his law," that your correspondent appears in-advertently to cherish, under the specious, but insidious character, of "the most *un-fettered* religious freedom. This expression alone, sir, (to retort his own phraseology,) fully exhibits the genuine "cloven-foot" of his cause. The principle is *antinomian* in the highest degree, and rejective of all restraint, as well as of all counsel and direc-tion, from both God and man. It is the very flood-gate of infidelity, the sluice of spiritual rebellion, and the precise principle which drove the fallen angels out of heaven, and Adam and Eve out of paradise!

In perfect conformity with this rebellious principle, your correspondent avows his conviction that the renunciation of the *degrading yoke of national Christianity* by the British empire, would "tend, *more than any thing else*, to give her a vast elevation above the rank of heathenism, and confer upon her the *true* dignity of religious prin-ciple!!!" Does this theologian not know, that the moment a nation renounces Chris-tianity, it instantaneously sinks into heathenish infidelity? Was not this fact proved, beyond the possibility of contradiction, by the French revolution of 1789 and 1790? And does ARGUS now wish to see it confirmed by the woeful experience of England? So it appears, sir!

In support of this hopeful and *patriotic* project, ARGUS asks, "if Christianity forbid all compulsory measures for supporting its institutions, how can a nation possibly be degraded by acting fully up to the prin-ciples of the religion it professes?" The fallacy of this delusive proposition lies in the hypothetical assumption *if*; and in the sophistical conclusion founded upon it. But where does Christianity forbid those mea-sures? Nowhere—but quite the reverse! By compulsory, your correspondent must here mean what is mandatory, obligatory, and punitive, for all other mental compul-sion is out of the question.* And in my

* As the phrase "liberty of conscience," so also the word "compulsory," in this discussion, requires some definitive explanation:—Compulsion is always opposed to the will of the person against whom its force is directed; yet it may often be for his benefit to endure it. It is of three kinds, viz. physical, intellectual, and moral: the first is effected by force, the second by conviction, and the third by persua-sion. The first is the popish method of gaining converts to its delusions; the second and third are those adopted by the Spirit of God, and the true ministers of Christianity, for the promotion of genuine religion. There is no possibility of infusing physical coercion into the belief of any given truth, or the practice of genuine piety. Conclusive evi-dence may compel a man to believe a demonstrated

turn I ask, "Is Christianity really destitute of all such means of support? and has it ever been so? from whence then came the apostolical authority for *punishing with death, blindness, and delivery to Satan*, the violators of both its moral and religious precepts, and its economical institutions, and the contempt of its authority? And what means the following promise made by the great Head of all the institutions of Christianity? 'And he that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations: And he shall rule them with a rod of iron; as the vessels of a potter, shall they be broken to shivers; even as I received of my Father,' (Rev. ii. 26, 27.) Is there nothing 'compulsory' in these divinely-authorized acts of judicial vindication of Christianity?"

With these observations, sir, I take my leave of the spiritual and ecclesiastical portion of your anonymous correspondent's essay; and now beg leave, as he has, in its conclusion, glanced, with apparent satisfaction, at the admission of Papists into political power within these realms, to say one word or two in reply to that sentiment, and I shall then bring this long letter to a close.

He calls it "the triumph of civil and religious freedom, in the settlement of the Catholic question." Is then that question settled? Far, very far, from it! so far from it, that the concessions already made to the votaries of popish superstition, have only inflamed the *agitation* of the question to a tenfold degree! The consequences of those concessions are only just beginning to develop themselves; and they will most probably advance, through their natural channels of civil war, rebellion, and massacre, to their *legitimate* end, viz. the total subversion of the Protestant establishments, both in church and state, in these realms.

The human mind, Sir, cannot well conceive a more absurd anomaly in principle, than is involved in the assertion of "a triumph gained to civil and religious freedom," by investing with political influence

a power, the very essence of whose constitution is, *spiritual tyranny* and *religious despotism*, of the very worst character; and which has ever been exerted for the preservation of the most intolerant and superstitious heresies; and a power which, acknowledging no superior power upon earth, has ever claimed the political, as well as religious, subjugation of the whole world to its despotic sway; and a power which has ever infused into its own political institutions, both the spirit and the practice of that arbitrary, dictatorial, and tyrannical character, which marks it as the destructive adversary of both piety and humanity, in every age and country where its direful influence has prevailed. Sir, I would desire no greater proof of the infatuation of that man's mind, who, professing to be a friend to "civil and religious freedom," ranks the investment of popery with political power, among the means of securing those inestimable blessings.

Your correspondent says, "He who would exclude another from the fullest rights of citizenship, on account of his religious belief, must be unacquainted with, or inimical to, the true basis of civil liberty." To this strange misrepresentation of the case, I am unwilling to give an appropriate name. It is not, sir, as your correspondent ought to know, for the mere holding of heretical and destructive *dogmata* of theology, however atrocious these may be; but it is because the principles of popery place its deluded votaries *beyond the reach of any moral obligation to support the interests of a protestant establishment or government*; and, because those principles contain the stamina of inveterate and interminable hostility to protestantism; it is for these causes that I say, and every true protestant ought also to say, that no papist should be entrusted with political power in these realms. For, sir, in spite of all sophistical evasions of the fact, it remains an impregnable truth, that no papist can be true to his principles, or *conscientiously support his character as such*, who would not, when brought to a crisis, violate every other obligation, and sacrifice every other interest, and use all his political power for the benefit and extension of his own church, and its pernicious doctrines. A papist, therefore, can support a protestant church or state, only in so far as he is a traitor to his own principles!*

fact or statement; and Divine authority may, by its moral influence, persuade a man to do what is agreeable to the will of God; and by operating upon his fears, his hopes, or his affections, enforce, by a kind of spiritual compulsion, obedience to the Divine commandments. The man then says, with his resigned Saviour, "Not my will, but thine be done!" Hence it is certain, that no physical compulsion can ever enforce either the belief or the practice of true religion; but it may and ought to restrain the open and flagrant violation of the precepts of true religion, both for the honour of God and the benefit of society. As religion is in its nature mandatory and obligatory upon man, so both divine and human authority may be lawfully combined in enforcing its practice by intellectual and moral compulsion.

* While the popish clergy retain the power of absolving their *subjects* from the sacred obligation of an oath, and, especially, from one sworn upon the protestant scriptures, no man of common sense will place any value upon such oaths. And, still

the British government has incurred awful responsibility in the sight of for the encouragement, protection, support it has given to popery, in both England and Ireland, for the last century, the proof of which will, probably, be written in characters legible to be read in its punishment from the source, by men of fewer eyes than correspondent professes to enjoy. God that many eyes, now blind to appearing events, may not be opened to vision, only to be instantly closed in a death!

I am, sir, yours,

S. TUCKER.

house, Lancashire, Feb. 28, 1832.

DETRACTION.

(By the Rev. J. Young.)

“Our innocence is not our shield :
 the offence who have not been offended,
 ask our ruin too, who speak us fair,
 this often ambush'd in their smiles :
 we not whom we have to fear.”—*Dr. Young.*

Observation made by Dr. Johnson, in the private life of Addison, of the propriety to say “nothing that is false, than all true,” is worthy the serious attention of every person who has any regard for his respectability, or for the welfare of

Whether the Doctor was always guided by the invaluable precept which he held, is not necessary to inquire ; but not too few of our fellows are so, render not all the subtile powers of learning to be sadly certain.

Every city furnishes its delinquents, and every little market-town has its violators of the observation referred to. Here, as in the hot-bed, the litigious shoot-up perhaps being gifted with the wonderful power of understanding other people's affairs better than their own, they are enabled, by inuendos and significant signs, to communicate to their fellow-townsmen, nearly all that exists concerning others, and, likewise, which, excepting in their fertile imagination, never had a being.

It seems to possess chameleon properties—presenting different appearances as it is in different positions. While to some, a species of evil appears hideous, to another it presents attractions which render it almost harmless, or altogether irresistible ; and, under every modification, it seems in its nature substantially and ne-

Especially, when a decree of one of their ancient immutable councils, ordering that “no heretic could be kept with heretics, when the interests of the church require its violation,” stands still unrepealed, is it prudent to trust such a political power in a protestant state?

cessarily the same, unchanged by custom, opinion, or apology ; and, as such, is reprobated by truth and righteousness. There is at least one evil, which at no point of observation can appear otherwise than execrable—none can admire it—no, not even the creatures who are found in the constant practice of it. However suitable it may be to their purposes, or agreeable to their nature, and with whatever degree of sophistry they may manage for a while to cheat themselves into an imaginary approval of it, yet even they can scarcely avoid hating themselves, as they are hated, it is—DETRACTION !

It is not always easy to account for things of whose existence we are most conscious, and with which we are most familiar. There are ten thousand phenomena which every moment press upon our notice, concerning whose nature, the light of science and the research of philosophy have not been able to furnish any satisfactory explanation. This is precisely the case with the present subject. Certain general principles may, indeed, be laid down, upon which theoretical arguments may be raised, or, without reasoning at all, it may at once be declared to result from the general source of all evil,—the depravity of human nature ; and although this is certainly correct, it furnishes not such a solution to the moral enigma as an inquisitive mind might desire.

All, however, are not slaves to this debasing and destructive evil, and yet all are naturally depraved ; but as this essay is not intended to be a metaphysical dissertation on the subject of Detraction, but a simple exposé of its nature and evils, in order to induce a desire after a cure, I shall not pursue such a course of reasoning as I was unconsciously on the point of entering into. It will be sufficient, for the purposes just stated, to observe, that detraction is the exhibition of a depraved nature, and of a little, contemptible, and uninformed mind. It may, and doubtless does, in many arise from what Ovid calls, *Studiumque immane loquendi*,—a huge desire of talking. And, as to such, it is a matter of perfect indifference as to the subject upon which they exercise their voluble powers—reckless of all consequences, they pounce upon the character of others, like the filthy carrion-vulture of Carthage, or disgusting aquiline of Cairo. Or, perhaps, from long yielding to the powerful and unconquerable propensity of talking, they have exhausted all other topics to which their childish minds could reach ; or they have become so established in this, that detraction is to them a kind of impure element in which they live.

The motives to detraction are many.

dark, and intricate, while the malicious things which are searched out, as matter for their horrid purposes, are multiplied. Passion, envy, hatred, and malice, are the general sources whence the detractor obtains his poisonous supplies, and replenishes himself with destructive materials. Individuals who have been raised by habits of industry, and the blessing of Providence, or by low and cunning intrigue, to a standing among their fellows, to which mind never entitled them, conceive themselves justified in demanding from all, with whom they are brought into contact, and where fortune has not shed her golden rays, the attention and homage due to superior beings; and woe be to those who, in the exercise of their rational powers, dissent from, or unintentionally pass them by. There is, on the part of such, what may without impropriety be called, a satanic ingenuity put into exercise, to devise means by which most effectually to blast the character, detract from the usefulness, and destroy the comfort of its objects.

The invariable practice of the detractor is, to seize upon every opportunity to attack and traduce the character of those whose honest fame has raised them to an elevation in public notice and esteem, which themselves could never attain.

"They hate the excellence they cannot reach," and, therefore, torture their heavy inventions to find means by which to reduce them, in public opinion, to a nearer level with themselves. Alas! too many are the instances in which such murderers of reputation have succeeded in their dark projects, and brought down to misery and ruin those who, but for such assassins, would have lived—blessed and blessing. Nevertheless, the whole race of detractors is infinitely below the anger of a wise man, supposing he could lawfully give way to it. They are much more fit objects for his pity or contempt. They appear too mean to contend with, and, having lost all sensibility; all the fine feeling which distinguishes man from the brute creation, reproof and advice to such would, in all probability, be uselessly employed.

The fable by Boccacini supports the above position, who relates, that a traveller was so annoyed with the chirping of grasshoppers, that he alighted from his horse in anger, to kill the whole: "This," says the author, "was troubling himself to no manner of purpose. Had he pursued his journey, without taking notice of them, the troublesome insects would have died of themselves in a few weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them."

Occasions, however, will arise, to render it indispensable that defamation should be confronted by truth, both for the sake of public peace and safety, as well as for individual and private credit. Any disruption that can be effected between man and man, or want of confidence gendered in the bosom of one individual against another, is striking at the root of that social compact which must, for general good, exist between the family of man. Every tie thus broken, tends fatally and effectually, although imperceptibly, to dissolve that entire union, without which the prosperity of a nation can by no possibility exist. It is like poison infused into the system, which, while it destroys the vigour of health, and enervates the frame, works insidiously until the vital spark itself is extinguished.

What extent of mischief such are capable of accomplishing, is, perhaps, incalculable; concerning such the old adage may be employed in its utmost latitude, "The hand that cannot erect a hovel, may demolish a palace." They are a kind of moral vampyre, of which animal, it is said, that they possess an insatiable propensity to suck the blood of men and beasts during their sleep. Naturalists report, that they are frequently known, in the island of Java, to attack persons so situated, causing them to pass from sleep to death. Their dexterity is not less notorious than their thirst for blood. They insinuate their aculeated tongue into a vein, and continue to draw the blood without causing pain; and, during the process, fan the heated air with their wings in so pleasing a manner as to throw the sufferer into a still sounder sleep than at first overpowered him.

With the soft insinuating tongue of professed friendship, the character we are contemplating fans off the fiery breath of suspicion, and insinuates himself into the confidence of his unsuspecting victims, until, with a subtlety not surpassed by the treacherous vampyre, they stick away the life's-blood of their reputation. Of such treacherous conduct; David had reason to complain, "It was not an enemy that did it;" not one whose nobleness of soul would have scorned the guise of an assassin, and have publicly challenged to combat; neither was it one who proclaimed openly his enmity, from such he could have defended or hid himself,—no! it was a professed friend, a bosom friend; "the words of whose mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart; his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords," Psalm lv. These modern Ahithophels and Judases speak fair, and salute with a kiss of

up, in order that they may more and perfectly work their deeds in us, and accomplish their schemes of ruin. The fate of such, David, as a prophet, has foretold in all the glowing language of awful certainty: "Thou, O God, bring them down into the pit of destruction,—deceitful men shall not live out their days."

Means by which the detractor accomplishes his purpose are varied according to circumstances of the individual upon whose infernal practices are to be exercised. No art, or stratagem, is left untried—weariness is objected to, nor darkness of positive falsehood rejected, so that the absorbing desire of their souls cannot be satisfied. They are, as has already been said, creatures of little and unfurnished minds, and perfectly impotent in all conceiving and executing plans of destruction—of RUIN; Lord Verulam finely said, "That a man who has no virtue himself, ever envies virtue in others;" and a cursory observation will demonstrate the correctness of the statement:

It would be well, if the degrading vice, which we are now treating, were confined to the rougher sex; for although, in the female, it is loathsome as putridity itself, yet the softness and sympathy which are the possession of the female breast are made subservient to the ruling power of detraction, and render a character so vile, so loathsome, that language seems to labour to describe it, and the sensitive mind turns away from its contemplation, even sickened by the kind of climaxed disgust. "I know," says Sir Richard Steel, "how it may pass; but detraction, through all ages, has been found a vice which the fair easily give into." The evidence of such a character like Sir Richard, should be, I am received with the utmost caution; and if it not too fully coincide with all other proof, might be at once rejected. For much it is to be lamented that such a vice should be found in such assertion, yet happily there are noble and multiple exceptions to be found in females, who

conceal the faults they can but see in sex, than spread the infamy. They are the excellence they may not reach, and learn from those they cannot teach. On hearing it was asserted by some that he was a very bad man, observed "I will take care so to live, that no man will believe them." This was speaking like a philosopher, and is a resolution worthy of emulation of all: but it will not always be practicable; at least it will not always secure from the steel-pointed

shafts of detraction. Mole-like, the calumniator digs unseen, and, before any evil is conceived of, the fair palace of reputation is undermined, and, like a building whose foundation has been sapped, it falls, perhaps, into irretrievable ruin:

The garb of sympathy is not unfrequently assumed when the sappers and miners commence their operations. With a face drawn to unusual dimensions, and a seriousness of look and tone awful as death, they preface their destructive work with a half-suppressed sigh, or significant palsied motion of the head; and then inquire, if the painful report which they have been compelled, although most unwillingly, to hear, be true? their own reputation they feel so implicated, that they have been wretched past endurance, since the sad, sad tale first reached them. If, as is most likely, the inquirer profess ignorance on the subject, a solemn "Bless me," is ejaculated, "have you not heard that," &c. &c.; or, "Well, I sincerely hope it may not be correct, but, I assure you, I have heard it from such a quarter that I dare not disbelieve it: however, I will hope for the best; something is wrong, *that* is most certain, or the report, you know, could not have existed; but, for the world, do not repeat it, it may do harm where none was intended, and I am sure I would not have my name mentioned, in such an affair, for any thing I know of."

Such kind sympathizing souls remind us of the boa constrictor, which, upon the capture of any animal whose bulk renders it difficult to gorge him, he commences his task by licking the whole body over with his tongue, and thus covers it with a mucilaginous or slimy substance, thereby rendering his captive smooth and pliable of digestion. One uninstructed in the history and habits of this monster, might suppose, while beholding the process, that kindness and affection were displayed; but, alas, the sequel proves too plainly, that the creature was only preparing the victim of his voracious and insatiable appetite; and that all the apparent kindness displayed was only a necessary preparation, to enable him more easily to make an end of his prey. "So," observes an excellent living author, "are the sleek, wheedling, canting, insinuating mortals under consideration." "The very kisses of their mouths are deceit," Prov. xxvii. 6. We are, while thinking of such, strongly reminded of the saying of Tacitus, "There is not a more pestilent enemy than a malevolent praiser;" to which the Spanish proverb might justly be appended, "Save me from my friends—I will save myself from my foes."

That persons of so low and base a character should be met with in this unfriendly world, the inhabitants of which are described as using deceit with their tongues, and as being hated, and hating one another, cannot excite much surprise; but that such should be found in the church of Christ, professing to be followers of him, whose example is so eminently calculated to induce, and whose solemn and reiterated command is to love, and love *thinketh* no evil—is passing strange; yet such is the fact. The wheat and the tares grow together, but the harvest-time is coming, when the uselessness of all profession, without principle, will be awfully demonstrated. Once again, He who will be their Judge addresses them, in order to reclaim them, “Thy tongue frameth deceit; thou sittest and speakest against thy brother, thou slanderest thine own mother’s son. These things hast thou done, and I kept silence; thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself: but I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes,” Psalm l. 19—21.

Happy will it be, if those who have long been led captive by the evil spirit of Detraction, shall find repentance and forgiveness; the genuineness of whose abhorrence of the evil shall be marked by an immediate departure from a course which can only here foster the basest passion of their fallen nature—induce the most wretched experience, which can be known in this world—and lead to certain ruin, beneath which they will be crushed in a future state!

THE SLAVE MARKET AT CHARLESTON.

[From Captain Basil Hall’s *America*.]

“My attention was arrested on the way by a circumstance which I might certainly have expected at Charleston, but somehow had not looked for. On reaching the exchange, in the centre of which the post-office is placed, I heard the sound of several voices in the street, like those of an auctioneer urging an audience to bid for his goods. I walked in the side of the gallery, overlooking a court or square, in which a number of people were collected to purchase slaves and other property. The auctioneer having told the names of each, and described their qualifications, requested the surrounding gentlemen to bid. One hundred dollars for each member of the family, or 500 for the whole party, was the first offer. This gradually rose to 150, at which sum they were finally knocked down; that is to say, 750 dollars for the whole, or about £170. Several other families were then put up in succession, who brought

from 250 to 260 dollars each member, including children at the breast, as well as other people quite incapable of work.

“The next party was exceedingly interesting. The principal person was a stout well-built man; or, as the auctioneer called him, ‘a fellow who was a capital driver.’ His wife stood by his side—a tall, finely proportioned, and really handsome woman, though as black as jet. Her left arm encircled a child about six months old, who rested, in Oriental fashion, on the hip-bone. To preserve the balance, her body was inclined to the right, where two little urchins clung to her knee; one of whom, evidently much frightened, clasped its mother’s hand, and never relinquished it during the sale which followed. The husband looked grave, and somewhat sad; but there was a manliness in the expression of his countenance, which appeared strange in a person placed in so degraded a situation. What struck me most, however, was an occasional touch of anxiety about his eye, as it glanced from bidder to bidder, when new offers were made. It seemed to imply a perfect acquaintance with the character of the different parties competing for him; and his happiness or misery for life, he might think turned upon a word! The whole of this pretty group were neatly dressed, and altogether so decorous in their manner, that I felt my interest in them rising at every instant. The two little boys, who appeared to be twins, kept their eyes fixed steadily on their mother’s face. At first they were quite terrified, but eventually they became as tranquil as their parents. The struggle amongst the buyers continued for nearly a quarter of an hour, till at length they were knocked down for 290 dollars a-piece, or 1,450 dollars (about £330) for the whole family.

“I learnt from a gentleman afterwards, that the negroes, independently of the important consideration of being purchased by good masters, have a singular species of pride on these occasions, in fetching a high price; holding it, amongst themselves, as disgraceful to be sold for a small sum of money. The fact, besides shewing how difficult it is to subdue utterly the love of distinction, may perhaps be useful in teaching us never to take for granted that any one boasting the human form, however degraded in the scale, is without some traces of generous feeling. Indeed, I have frequently heard from judicious and kind-hearted slave-holders—for many such there are in America—that however difficult and thankless it often proves, yet there is always sufficient encouragement—sometimes as a

a short paper from Dr. Henry, of Manchester, addressed to the Scientific Meeting at York, on certain phenomena observed during the roasting of a copper ore in Anglesea. Immediately on the conclusion of these papers, several gentlemen related different facts connected with science. The meeting then adjourned to the evening at eight o'clock.

The Evening Meeting.

A number of ladies and gentlemen attended in the theatre of the museum, to enjoy a scientific soireé. The Rev. W. Scoresby read a highly interesting paper, which he called "An exposition of some of the laws and phenomena of magnetic induction, with an account of a method of application of the magnetic influence to the determination of the thickness of rocks, and other solid substances, not otherwise measurable." The laws of magnetic intensity were but imperfectly investigated by Coulomb, as his experiments were on a small scale; but the powerful magnets of Mr. Scoresby have enabled him to exhibit their effect, in producing a deviation of the needle at the distance of sixty feet. Though the lecturer occupied the attention of his audience upwards of two hours, yet there were no symptoms of indifference to be seen.

Huggate, March 23, 1832. T. R.

SEDDICK BEN SAAD THE MAGICIAN, AND
THE EARL OF ESSEX.

"But 'tis strange;
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truly."
Macbeth.

THE following very remarkable narrative, is more likely to create astonishment by the peculiarity of its character, than to make converts by the incidents which it details. It is true to the prevailing belief of the age to which it refers; and in former years, it commanded a degree of confidence which, in all probability, it will never again recover.

The zealous antiquary, or the observant citizen of London, whose memory carried him back for a period of fifty years, may remember an old low-browed house, which formerly stood on the north side of Tower-hill, on the site of the gardens, which once belonged to the ancient monastery of the Crutched-friars; though its name was successively changed, as the royal grant allotted it in the first instance to Sir Thomas Wyat, and at a later period to Sir Thomas Savage:—the last designation it still retains,

though modern alterations and improvements have at length done away with this long-surviving relic of old days, and the spot where it stood is now undistinguished from the surrounding neighbourhood.

The peculiar style of gothic architecture which characterized this building, had, even so far back as the reign of queen Elizabeth, rendered it remarkable for its antiquity, and sufficiently attested the early period of its construction. The front of the house was low, and consisted of only one story, which, projecting far into the street, completely cast the lower part into shade. The roof rose high and conical, and terminated at the top in a grotesque device of carved oak, representing what might pass for an angel in the eyes of the pious, or a fiend in those of the less scrupulous.

Many subordinate deities were freely sculptured at the extremities of the beams which formed the frame-work of the large lattice, and supported the cross timber of the upper story;—the door-posts also were enriched with the same minute and laboured ornaments. The portal itself was low and wide, and the thick oaken planks of the door were profusely and irregularly studded with small iron knobs, bearing no very remote resemblance to those ancient inscriptions which Orientalists have termed the Babylonian characters.

The window above, though large, and extending along the whole front of the house, was yet so obscured by the garniture of wood-work which surrounded it, as to make it difficult for the light of day to penetrate far into the gloomy recesses of the chamber. In addition to this, the house stood not alone, but situated in a narrow street, with loftier buildings in front and around, which seemed inclined to topple upon their lowly neighbour, and effectually precluded the sun's rays, even on the brightest days, from enlightening the dusky mansion. Such was the appearance of this edifice in the year 1584, when it became the residence of a being as singularly distinguished from the rest of the human race, as the tenement he occupied would now appear beside the palaces of our modern Vitruvii.

Of his birth, and even of his country, nothing was precisely known,—but from the observations, which the inquisitiveness of his neighbours prompted them to make, it was conjectured that he was of Arabian origin. His appearance in this quarter of the world was sudden; but it was rumoured, that he had found his way to England in the suite of a foreign ambassador, as the previous occurrences of his life rendered such a mode of travelling necessary to his

Though he never mixed voluntarily with his neighbours, his doors were always open to such as crossed his threshold; but the number of his visitors was few. He invited nor repelled observation; it was that about him, which was so stimulating to the superstitious and credulous people, in the midst of whom he lived, to a renewal of their visit. Such persons once entered within the precincts of his dwelling, returned impressed with a sense of awe, which gradually communicated itself to all in the vicinity; so that, in time, without any real cause for it, he was marked, feared, and gene-
 rously avoided.

It soon went abroad that his knowledge of the occult sciences was unbounded, and that he who had seen the interior of his dwelling gave marvellous descriptions of the objects which attracted their astonished gazes on all sides. Philosophical instruments and others whose uses were more than commonly imagined,—strange garments,—objects of peculiar form,—crucibles and stuffed animals of various kinds, or two living ones unknown in the East, together with numerous emblems of antiquity, alike fitted for the contemplation of the moralizing philosopher, or the fantastic appendages of the magician, were to be seen in the apartment of him who had insensibly acquired the reputation of the magicians of old; though it was a tale he was only another link of the chain of those who laboured in the advancement of what was generally called the grand magisterium, or secret,—the recovery of the philosopher's stone, and its mysterious accompaniments.

The personal appearance of this individual was as remarkable as the furniture of his dwelling. His dress was usually a long black robe (the mourning garment of the East,) confined round the middle by a leathern belt, on which were inscribed the signs of the zodiac, and various other characters. He wore a high cap made of dark fur, such as we see in the Armenians, Persians, and other nations of Asia; his feet were shod in slippers; and from his waist depended a case of writing materials; a scroll of parchment only partially concealed in the folds of his ample robe, and a long staff, which he invariably carried completed his external appearance. He was tall, though somewhat infirm from age; or the habit of standing, which fixed his gaze almost constantly upon the earth, save when he was about to speak. His head was then
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raised, and discovered a set of features, the expression of which was strikingly fine and noble. The forehead was high and expansive, the eyes dark and piercing, the mouth grave and well-formed; and a long beard, of snowy whiteness, falling on his breast, gave an air of venerable solemnity to his whole countenance, which could not fail to impress the beholders with respect, if not with awe. The name by which he was known was that of *Seddick ben Saad*.

In the day-time he was rarely seen, but in the evening when the dim haze of twilight began to wrap every object in obscurity, he might be observed issuing forth, and pacing with majestic step towards the open country which skirted this part of the town, or descending to the banks of the river, along the margin of which it was his wont to walk sometimes for several hours together. The night appeared not to be allotted by him to the purpose of rest, for the faint twinkle of the solitary lamp which flamed from the upper chamber, indicated that his studies were unremitting, whatever might be their object.

He seemed above the natural wants of mankind, for his diet consisted only of bread and herbs, which were bought in very small quantities, and at long intervals between; less, it would seem, from a habit of parsimony, than a principle of abstemiousness. Though no one could judge of his means by the very slight expenses which he incurred, it was nevertheless imagined that he possessed great riches, and this belief continually gained ground.

It has been observed, that Ben Saad was more shunned than sought;—there were times, however, when this prejudice gave way, before the necessities of those who came with humble looks to implore his assistance: their health, their undertakings, and their fortunes, were by turns the theme of solicitation, and to all he lent an attentive ear. His medical skill restored their former strength; his prescience afforded them wise rules for their future guidance, if it did not absolutely predict the course of events; and his liberality often relieved, in a more tangible manner, the wants of such as were not undeserving of his kindness.

The fame of Seddik ben Saad soon spread far and wide; and upon the last-mentioned circumstance, the conjectures of his wealth were more ostensibly founded.

It was a chill and wintry night at the latter end of the month of October, when a boat, pulled by four stout rowers, was rapidly urged along the river, as it returned from the royal residence at Greenwich, to London. Though the moon was at the

full, her light was obscured by heavy masses of dark cloud, which drifted before her, and cast a fitful gloom over the face of nature; the wind whistled shrilly, and, sweeping in sudden gusts across the stream, curled up the surface of the waters, and dashed the cold spray over the boatmen, as they sped the light and bounding bark.

A young man sat in the stern of the boat, wrapped in a large cloak, which completely concealed his figure; he seemed absorbed in a profound reverie, though constant habit gave him the power to guide the helm mechanically, and avoid the many impediments which obstructed the channel. The boat was now fast approaching the city, and the frowning battlements of the ancient Tower of London were at intervals perceptible, when the moon for a moment struggled through the dark veil which obscured her brightness. On a sudden, the young man started from the musing attitude in which he had been reclining, and commanded the boatmen to rest on their oars, while he bent himself forward to listen for a repetition of the sound which he said had originally disturbed him.

It was then that all on board distinctly heard the voices of men on shore loud in altercation, and, as it seemed, engaged in some desperate act of violence. In this opinion they were confirmed by hearing the cry of *murder* several times repeated. The young man already mentioned directed the rowers to pull towards the shore as fast as they could, and with as little noise as possible. Favoured by the darkness of the night, and the turbulent state of the waters, which concealed their approach, they had almost gained the bank of the river, at the spot from whence the sounds proceeded, when their purpose was discovered; a violent but brief struggle ensued, and then a heavy plunge into the stream, accompanied by a deep execration, announced that all was over.

The moon at the same moment burst through the cloud which obscured her, and by her light two men were seen for an instant at gaze, as they reconnoitered the party in the boat, and then were speedily lost from the view. The boatmen shipped their oars, and the bark glided swiftly forward to the bank, where, vainly grasping at the slippery surface which it presented, a figure was descried, striving manfully to regain the shore: his efforts would, however, have been unsuccessful, had not the leader of the party, which had come so opportunely to his rescue, leaned over the side of the boat, and supported him in the stream, till, by the assistance of his men,

he was safely raised from the water, and placed on dry land.

On examining the person of him whom they had rescued, the young stranger observed, that his garb was Oriental, and the first words he uttered, when sufficiently recovered from the state of exhaustion which his violent efforts had caused, were in an unknown tongue. "Mashallah," was his oft-repeated exclamation, as with uplifted hands he raised his eyes towards heaven—then, turning to those who surrounded him, he addressed himself in English to him who was evidently their chief.

"Stranger," he said, "you have saved my life; and, if you wish to add to the good work you have begun, you will send an escort to my dwelling, for I much fear, that, in my protracted absence, the villains with whom I was engaged may effect a part of their design; and the strength of threescore and ten availeth little, after so severe a struggle. Just Allah," he exclaimed, interjectionally, "when may thy trusting servant pass through his final trial, and become the type of thine own Omnipotence below!"—then, turning again, he added, "Deny not my request, it shall profit you much; I have that which can amply satisfy your utmost wishes, and your reward shall not be wanting."

"There needs none, reverend father," replied the young stranger, with the frankness of youth; "I myself will be your escort, and fear not that I can sufficiently defend you; I have used my sword in a good cause too often, to dread the result, should we be attacked by a score of such craven fellows as we just now scared; I return not with you, Walter," he said, speaking to the foremost boatman, "it may be that I shall stay for to-night in the neighbourhood." The man to whom he spoke replied only by an obedient gesture, and the party withdrew to the boat, leaving their leader and the old man alone together.

A slight pause ensued, which was broken by the former, who demanded to know if his companion were able to renew his journey homewards. Receiving an assent, they slowly quitted the shore, and, in a short time, reached the inhabited precincts of the town. The old man here led the way, through several narrow and obscure streets, and at length stopped opposite the low portal of a house which has already been described. He then eagerly sought in his bosom, and produced a small master-key, which he applied to the lock, and the door stood open before them.

"Enter, my son," said Seddick ben

for he it was, "there is nothing now—
the ascendancy of the evil planet
t, and good fortune predominates.
as decreed that thou shouldest this
e my guest, though not even *I* could
divined the means. What saith the
Koran, 'No man shall see death, till the
rives which is fixed by the immutable
of Allah;' follow me, then, my son,
believe that the events of this night
een long foredoomed to happen."

entered, as he spoke, into a low
l room, where a solitary lamp sent
a flickering light, and only half-illu-
the dusky chamber. The stranger
d him, and Bed Saad cautiously
the door. He then crossed the
and, taking up the lamp, beckoned
panion to ascend with him a nar-
loomy staircase, the first steps of
were just visible as the light fell
on a dark recess. The stranger he-
for an instant, and then, as if reflect-
t he had gone too far to recede, and
was armed and alone, with a de-
ss old man who owed him his life,
ashamed of his momentary appre-
hension, and advanced towards Al Seddik.
ter seemed to guess what was passing
mind.

"Come," he said, "from a land where
talities and ingratitude are unknown;
on the reverse of both: a *robber*, even
country, respects the sacred character
guest." They ascended the narrow
ind, assisted more by the touch than
t, at length gained the summit,
he stranger found himself in a spa-
partment.

Saad trimmed his lamp, and in-
his guest to rest himself, while he
d him some refreshment. In the
time, the latter was occupied in ex-
g the chamber of which he was so
ctedly the tenant. The walls of the
were wainscoted, and, as well as the
were composed of dark oak, which
ch blackened by time and smoke.
the centre of the ceiling was sus-
a heavy silver chain, to which
lamp of the same metal, in the
of a globe, with four long branches,
ally trimmed. As the old man
d the apartment, the light flashed
e walls, where numerous steel wea-
ere arranged in peculiar devices;
tween each group of arms was sus-
a human skull, a skeleton, or some
mately emblem of mortality.

ge figures were also chalked upon
inscoat, exhibiting many of the
signs which are inscribed on the

tombs of the ancient Pharaohs. Amongst
these were others which, more regularly
mathematical, were more intelligible. Various
scrolls of parchment, covered with hierogly-
phics, glass-cases containing the sacred
ibis, the swathed mummy from the pyra-
mids, the embryo crocodile of the Nile; and
numerous other fragments of Egyptian anti-
quity, were scattered round the room. In
the further corner was a deep recess, in which
appeared many of the instruments proper
for a chemist's laboratory; a small fire of
charcoal was also burning steadily beneath
a large alembic. All these signs were
sufficient to assure the stranger that he was
in the dwelling of one of those sages
whom subsequent times have stigmatized
as astrologers and visionary enthusiasts.

Ben Saad now placed some provisions
on a small table, and set them before his
guest. "They are not," he said, "such as
you are doubtless accustomed to, but who,
in traversing the sandy desert, can look to
behold the delightful valleys of Yemen? The
juice of the grape thou knowest is forbidden
to all who profess the true belief, since our
holy prophet denounced it the *Omen Alk-
habát*, or mother of destruction."

"Father," replied the youth, "I know
so much of the rites of Eastern hospitality,
as to partake gratefully of that which is
cheerfully offered. These dried fruits, and
this delicious beverage, are a greater luxury
than the costliest viands and the brightest
wines." Will you not comply with your
native custom, so far as to eat the "bread
and salt with me?"

"I may not," answered Seddik, "in-
dulse in the sensual delights of appetite.
Long and severe fasting can alone free the
mind from earthly desires, and raise it to
the state of perfection which is needful for
him who toils after the light of truth; never-
theless, to remove your scruples, a few
dates and a cup of sherbet, shall assure me
as truly your friend as if I had sworn by
Al Corsi, the brightest of the thrones of
Allah." Their repast was soon finished,
and the stranger now demanded of Ben
Saad the particulars of the accident which
had caused his interference. They were
briefly explained.

It appeared that, pursuing his accus-
tomed path by the river-side, and immersed
in deep thought, he had suddenly been
stopped by two ruffians, who, aware of his
usual habits, and influenced probably by
the general report, sought to make them-
selves masters of his person, to secure his
supposed wealth. He had nothing on his
person except the key of his dwelling, which
was carefully concealed; but the robbers,

disbelieving his assertions, proceeded to acts of violence. He defended himself as well as he could, but they had just succeeded in mastering his weapon at the very crisis when the boat appeared in sight; and, in revenge for the loss of their prize, they had hurled Al Seddik into the river.

"I knew," continued Ben Saad, "for the stars had predicted it, that danger was near me: the conjunction of opposing planets spoke only too plainly; but I knew, also, that a more favourable influence was predominant, and such it has proved. Tell me, then, my son, in which way Seddik, the humble recluse, can shew his gratitude to his preserver."

"My father," replied the stranger, "I doubt not that the book of knowledge lies open to your skill, or does it exceed the limits of your art to predict the future destinies of a nameless man; if not, I would entreat that my fate may be revealed to me?"

"And is it even so," exclaimed Ben Saad: "old and young, rich and poor, all seek after futurity; believe me that the knowledge is often fatal; ask for some other gratification which may be more easily attained, and less dangerous when possessed."

"Nay," replied the youth, "deny not my request; I am indifferent to the danger, and can wish for no higher gratification: trust me, I have framed my mind to endure my fortune, be it of good or evil. To know it, cannot make me unhappier than I have been; it may have a better effect on the days which are in store."

"Be it so, then," said Al Seddik, "remember it is the voice of heaven that speaks: give me your hand." The young man extended his palm in obedience to the sage's direction. After a long and attentive perusal of the interesting lines, Ben Saad spoke.

"This hand," he said, "is a mysterious intelligencer of the decrees of fate. I see in it the course of an eventful life. Ay," he exclaimed, rather as it were in communion with his own thoughts, than addressing his companion, "a long and slender palm, and taper fingers; yet spirit and enterprise are clearly developed, as well as their consequence, honours and dignities, in these ruddy nails; and the line of life, ay, that indeed, 'tis strongly and boldly marked, but see where it suddenly terminates; though bright and successful thy career, the end appears abrupt and violent—a sharp and sudden death must close thy mortal span!"

"So be it," said the youth, "I would rather gleam like a meteor through the mid-air, than twinkle obscurely, however steadily,

where none would heed my light; but tell me more, Seddik: what of my particular fortunes, and how are they to be attained?"

"My son," replied the astrologer, "as yet I see but dimly into the events of futurity, if you wish to learn all that may betide, as far as human skill can point it out, it shall be done, but not now; I must make some necessary preparations, and observe the favourable hour; you, yourself, must give me the precise indications which are necessary for setting your horoscope; then all shall be made known to you. Your hand, again," he said,—he once more looked on it with attention. "Success and power are, indeed, distinctly marked, but friendship is wanting throughout; and all things portend a violent death. See you not the brevity of the mental line, and the upward-turning branches of the line of life? Enough for the present. In eight-and-forty hours we will speak further on this matter; and now, my son, you doubtless stand in need of rest. To-night, you are my guest, if you can sleep in a dwelling so dreary."

"The prospect of the future," he replied, "shall not at any rate mar my present slumbers; and sleep will seal my eyes as readily here as elsewhere." "Arise, then, and follow me," said Ben Saad; and, opening a small door, he led the way down a narrow passage, at the extremity of which was a small chamber, covered with the skins of various animals, and spread out so as to form a luxurious couch."

"Here," said the astrologer, "is my bed, rest here till daylight; for myself, I must be a watcher till the stars shed their latest ray. In the morning, when you wish to depart, seek me not, but descend the staircase, which leads into the lower apartment, remember to close the portal, and fail not to present yourself here when the sun has set on the second day from hence; forget not, also, to note the precise hour and period of your birth; and now may the star of the sleeping eagle* shed its influence over your couch!"

The old man withdrew at these words. His companion stretched himself upon the soft bed of furs which was prepared; and, despite of the novelty of his situation, and the imperfect prophecies he had heard relative to his own fate, which haunted his imagination, in a short time he slept soundly. He was stirring at early dawn; and, obedient to the sage's injunction, departed as silently as he arrived. That day passed away, and the second was sinking fast into the shades of night, when he returned to the dwelling of the astrologer, prepared,

* "Nasr al Vaká," so called by the Arabs.

with a beating heart and anxious encounter his fate with firmness, the stars might predict.

A period of which we speak, a belief in astrology was generally entertained and even some of the master-spirits were owned, in a slight degree, their belief in the science. It has been the queen herself, on one occasion, her judgment to be influenced by the predictions of an astrologer: at least the assertion of the acute and engaging Italian, whose history of her reign respects a faithful one. A further may be deduced from the proceedings of witchcraft which characterized the reigns of her successors, as well as from the memoirs, public and private, and to illustrate the fact.

Al Seddik, though liberally educated, travelled, and abundantly endowed with the gifts of nature and the acquirements of art, the young man had not in this respect risen superior to that of the mulatto, or, if so, it was but with a slight difference, arising from the effect of education, which corrected, though it did not eradicate, the early impressions of ignorance.

When he arrived at the sage's dwelling, he knocked and was presently admitted: the old man stood before him, and accosted him with the Eastern salutation of peace. "Sa-likum" was his greeting, as he bent forward, and once more welcomed the visitor to his abode. They ascended together into the upper chambers, where a difference was now perceptible in the countenance, as well as in the dress, of the sage. The red-coloured garment which he usually wore, was exchanged for one of pure white; the sleeves and hem were bordered by deep rows of Arabic writing, representing the ninety and nine mysterious names of Allah.

His cap was high and conical, and of the same colour; and a verse from the Koran was inscribed around it: the same was applied to the "wondrous night," which all Mussulmen hold in the deepest veneration. The purport ran thus: "May we be upon this night, till the light shall come from the east!" His waist was encircled by the black and white skin of the Arkam, known for its wisdom and various qualities in the province of Mesopotamia; and on his breast he wore a scarabæus ornament of gold, the emblem of immortality. In his right hand he held an agate ring, which was chased with a serpent's wreath of silver, from one extremity to the other.

The chamber was now brilliantly illuminated by long tapers of camphor, but the splendour of the light was not visible from without, owing to several thick folds of dark cloth which were suspended across the room, in front of the window, the lattice of which was also closed by heavy oaken shutters. The middle of the apartment was the centre of a large circle, accurately traced in chalk, and regularly divided according to the twelve signs of the zodiac, which marked the several houses. A small peeled wand was also laid at each division of the circle, composed alternately of the elm and aspen branches; the interior of the circle presented a barrier of a more formidable nature, being formed of skulls and bones, together with divers other more inexplicable objects.

"Behold, my son," said Al Seddik, these are the relics of mortality; they are the bones of the wise, who, like me, have toiled long and suffered much, to discover the grand secret of nature. Each fragment which you see there, was once an animated portion of the living frame of the sages who inhabited the city of *Ain al Schams*,—the fountain of the sun, once the capital of Egypt and of the world. Alas for the wreck of time!—the city is desolate; and the bones of the wisest who dwelt within its walls, alone attest the past existence of that which was once the renowned among nations.

"These shining relics," he continued, pointing with his wand as he spoke, "were formerly among the gems which adorned the crown of *Zein Algaman*, the mighty founder of the city of Auberabad, in the isles of the Indian ocean.

"In the same circle, you may mark the various stones which possess the strongest power in conjunction with the planetary signs; from the pearl of the sea of Oman and the amber of Chaldea, to the turquoise of Istakhar, and that stone, more precious than all, which is found in the eyes of the stag, whose food is of serpents in the sandy deserts of Thibet and Cathay.*

"Nor are these alone sufficient to counteract the malignant influence of the planets which are in opposition to this night's work. I name them to thee, my son, that thou mayest see that the productions of the earth, the holiest, the most rare, and some the most ordinary, are alike needful to success. "A wise man," saith the Hâkim *Lokman*, "neglecteth not the aid of the meanest of the creatures of Allah." Observe this vase of alabaster; it contains the crystallized tears of the dove of the sultan *Mahmoud ben Sebekteghim*, a holy bird, sent by the

* The bezoar stone.

prophet to his faithful servant from the river *Kautser*, in the garden of Eden, whose shores are of pure gold, and the sands of its shining bed are pearls and rubies. These crystal drops have power to disperse the noxious qualities of poison, and of all things hurtful to man.

"It needs not to describe more of the precious fragments which have been collected, to heighten the force of the charm I am about to assay; nor is it needful to inquire how all these powerful auxiliaries have been procured: enough, that a long life of toil and pain have enabled me to discover their mysterious attributes; soon I trust to lead to the accomplishment of the grand object of existence, the attainment of knowledge and powers beyond that of *Soliman ben Daoud*, whose slaves were the genii of the elements.

"Before, however, we enter within the limits of the circle, to invoke the presence of the spirits of the elements to embrace your demands; first tell me the precise hour and minute of your birth, that I may complete the horoscope I have already prepared." As he spoke, *Al Seddik* drew from his bosom a broad sheet of parchment, on which was accurately depicted the table of the twelve houses of life. Receiving the required document, he examined it attentively, and seated himself upon the floor, while he proceeded to make the necessary calculations. His companion observed him with interest. In a short time the old man spoke:

"My son," he said, "I was not deceived; the stars are the willing interpreters of the decrees of fate: the lines of your hand agree but too well with the destiny which is inscribed in the heavenly spheres. In the first house, which is that of *Life*, I see where Jupiter enters direct into the sign of *Al Gedi*, or the ram; believe me, that ere long the bright course of your fortunes will begin; they will be brilliant and successful: still further in the same planet, predominant in the eleventh house, where dignities, and the favours of princes, are profusely strewed; but, again being retrograde in Taurus, it is clear that the house of life is endangered, in the midst of the highest sweep of fortune. Thy career will be eminently prosperous, but its end will assuredly be sudden!

"Behold where the planet Zohair, which is Venus, enters into the balance with the sun in the ascendant; as surely does it betoken the love of woman, and the dangerous favours which she bestows. Bear then in mind the words of the poet Dahban, to 'mistrust four things—the friendship

of princes, the caresses of women, the smiles of enemies, and the warmth of winter, for none of these things endure.' Rely on this saying, for that which follows assures its truth.

"The Sun being retrograde in Taurus, denotes, that, though the prospect of marriage may seem to offer the surest means of happiness, it will never be successful. In the tenth house, Mars entering direct into Cancer, repeats the prediction of danger and violent death; and Venus being in conjunction, declares, that from woman will the danger ensue.

"There are three occurrences which will mark your future life, all in themselves productive of honour, but linked to a fatal termination—the first will speedily arrive, and open the road to fame and fortune; the second will be occasioned by the death of a dear friend, whose end you will yourself accelerate, and almost gain the topmost round of ambition's ladder; the third will go near to raise you to the pinnacle of human greatness, but your opposing fate will quickly reverse the picture. The horoscope tells me no more; and more if you wish to know, must be demanded of agency no longer mortal."

"I cannot pause," the young man replied, "in the acquisition of knowledge which holds out such splendid lures, though accompanied by terms which might appal a less resolute querist. I need not repeat, Ben Saad, that I seek to know all that can be told, and I care not what may be the means employed."

"Propose, then, your questions in writing, before we enter into the circle, where, by the uninitiated, neither must word be uttered nor sign made." The stranger mused for a moment, then rapidly wrote down a series of questions, which he gave to the astrologer.

"It is well," he said: "approach, then, and bare thy feet, for the dust whereon you are about to tread is sacred—it is the sand of the island of Gezirat, far, far away beyond the giant mountain of Caf, where reigned the pre-adamite sultans before the nether world was created. Take, also, this mantle, once worn by the wise *Abou-Maascher*, and cast it over your own garments, before you enter this mystic circle, the true emblem of eternity."

The stranger obeyed implicitly the mandates of the sage; for, though his own faith taught him to doubt much the efficacy of all the relics which were thus arrayed, yet, impressed with the idea of the learning and skill of the Eastern magi, he gave involuntary credit to much that was said, from the

manner in which the old man spoke, and the peculiarities of the place which surrounded him. He entered the circle together, and he carefully retraced the outline which they had passed. He then stood with the mystic ceremony. He directed himself towards the east, and stood for a few minutes apparently in prayer; then, rising, he drew forth the magical volume that was by the celebrated Bazur, containing the rites and ceremonies necessary to be performed in the progress of the incantation. He slowly paced the circle, following the motion of the sun, and pausing at the twelve divisions, to repeat the words of adjuration.

As the circle was encompassed, he placed the crucible, and, pouring into it a little oil, he lit a taper, and bent it over the vessel, the contents of which instantly ignited, and a bright flame arose far and wide. Ben Saad next threw an Oriental drug reduced to powder which he scattered over the flame, and a vapour arose, as gloomy as that which floats perpetually above the well of the Nile. The mist gradually extended throughout the chamber, and the fire well nigh extinguished, all but a little from the crucible, which still glowed, and cast a red glare over the faces of the astrologer and his neophyte. The incantation was accompanied by a succession of evocations to the terrific powers of the East; and presently was heard a rushing, like the sound of the deadly winds sweeping over the sands of Egypt. The form was then descried, pacing the circle with patient gestures the circumference of the magic ring. Al Seddik gazed fixedly at the apparition; but the stranger shuddered with an undefined sensation of dread, and endeavoured to discern the imperfect features of the shadow, which was like impalpable and ever-changing. The first man was the first to break the silence: "Slave of Eblis, dark futurity," he exclaimed, "pause thy clinging flight, and obey the power whose spell has called thee from the Ginnistan to the regions of upper

the air. It remained in one spot, while, its winged wings, it still seemed hovering before it rests itself on earth. A harsh voice was heard. "What sayest thou?" was the question; "speak, thou art here." "Demrouset Neré," said the stranger, "such I know thee now: hearken to the words of one as potent as Tahmuras

of yore, and reply with the voice of truth to that which I shall demand of thee."

"What fate awaits the querist whose foot is even now on the threshold of life?"

"His fortunes shall prosper till his age is doubled," was the corresponding reply.

"Shall he experience happiness in his career?"

"Mortals toil eagerly in pursuit of pleasure and ambition,—he shall have enough of both."

"Will he be successful in love?"

"It shall raise him to the pinnacle of greatness,—shall hurl him from the giddy height,—shall betray him while living, and mourn over him when dead."

"Who will prove his greatest foe?"

"His fairest friend."

"When shall he die, and how?"

"Four hours have not elapsed since he saw the spot where he shall yield up his last breath,—let him beware the axe."

"What shall occasion his death?"

"The treachery of woman."

"What is the name of her whose destiny is linked with his?" A pause ensued,—the spirit appeared moody, and unwilling to answer further.

"Speak, foul spirit," cried Al Seddik, "I conjure thee, by the powerful seal of Noe, in the name of the mighty *Senkiduh* I command thee!"

"Seek for the name beneath the sign *Sunbulah*," replied the voice, "I may not tell thee more."

"*Sunbulah*," exclaimed Ben Saad, "'tis the sign of the *Virgin*; perchance a regal one! say, once more, shall this favoured son of fortune ever wear a kingly crown?"

"*His sway shall be that of royalty*," was the final answer of the voice, as the figure became more and more indistinct amid the thickening vapour.

"Enough," said the astrologer to his companion; "more it profits not to inquire." In a few moments the apartment was again clear, and the lights burned brightly as before.

"What think you, my son," said Al Seddik, "are you satisfied with the prospect of your future lot?"

"It is more than the fondest dreams of my imagination could have pictured," replied the youth, "how shall I thank you, my father, how express my gratitude?"

"Reserve it, my son, till you have better learned to appreciate the nature of what you have just heard. A time may come when your thoughts may change,—meanwhile live well and wisely. Forget not, that though the stars rule the destinies of men, they themselves are but the agents of the all-

powerful Allah. Live then so as to deserve the fortune which fate has prepared ; and when Azrael, the angel of death, shall summon you, may you be prepared to accompany him ! Farewell then, Robert Devereux ; and, in the days of your prosperity, remember the words of *Seddik ben Saud*.

* * * * *

Who is there to whom the prosperous career and unhappy fate of the unfortunate Earl of Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, are unknown ? They are recorded in the pages of history, and inseparably connected with the annals of the maiden queen. Yet there are few, perhaps, who are aware that the predictions of which we have spoken were actually made, and that they came to pass almost according to the letter.

In the year 1585, he accompanied the Earl of Leicester to Holland, where he obtained the rank of general (though so young, being barely eighteen) ; and where he behaved with distinguished bravery at the memorable battle of Zutphen. On his return from the Low Countries, he made his first appearance at court, where he immediately attracted the notice of the queen, who in an incredibly short time loaded him with dignities and rewards ; conferring upon him the office of Master of the Household, Grand Marshal, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Her personal regard, also, accompanied these high honours, being permitted to wear in his hat a glove from her right hand ; “ a favour,” says a contemporary historian, “ the greatest that a mistress could bestow on an accepted lover.”

The influence of Leicester, whose friend he was, was not at once eclipsed ; they continued to divide the favours and councils of Elizabeth, till by degrees the star of Leicester sank before that of his more youthful rival, who forgot the ties of friendship in the lures of ambition ; and eventually became the concealed enemy of his former friend, whose death has by some been ascribed to poison, and by others to a broken heart, owing to his having lost the friendship of the queen ; which circumstance it is well known, was caused by the intrigues of Essex.

On Leicester's death, he became lord paramount, and bore the title, at court, of “ *the EARL*” *par excellence*. The viceroyalty of Ireland, while it kept the word of promise to his ear, yet broke it to his hope ; and though it put into his hands the possession of an authority in every respect that of a king, was yet, through the treachery of his friends, the final cause of his disgrace.

The last act of his power was his des-

perate attempt to secure the person of the queen, which, so fatally for his fortunes, was unsuccessful. From that period, till his final condemnation, the transition was most rapid ; and when, in the last extremity, he transmitted Elizabeth's ring by the faithless countess of Nottingham, and awoke the remorse of Elizabeth, whose spirit bowed beneath it till she sunk in the grave, the term of prophetic events was completed, which verified the predictions of the astrologer.

February, 1829.

D. C.

TREASURE FOUND BY THE FRENCH AT ALGIERS.

THE reports which had been current respecting the magnitude of these treasures, have been exaggerated ; but the amount actually found, shewed that it was not entirely an Oriental fiction, though previously alleged to be so by the adversaries of the expedition. Authentic accounts had been received of its existence before the arrival of the troops, and perhaps the eclat of its capture constituted one of the motives for the enterprise. To see waggons loaded with ingots of gold drawn from Toulon to Paris, was no trifling temptation to ministers, who had a design to dazzle the minds of the people, in order the more easily to abridge their liberties. On taking possession of the Casaubas, an immediate search was made for this treasure, which had been said to amount to 200,000,000 of francs, or 8,000,000*l.* sterling. The Dey had kept no account of his treasure ; there were found no exchequer receipts, no registers of revenue or expense. The money, which was the fruit of taxes, tribute, or plunder, was thrown into a room by the treasurer of the regency, without being counted. It was deposited in different boxes or coffers, and taken out on an order signed by the Dey and his council. The French found in all, the large sum of 48,684,527 francs, or nearly 2,000,000*l.* sterling, in ingots of gold and silver. Of this sum, upwards of 43,000,000 of francs were packed up in boxes, nailed, and sent home by the ships of war. Upwards of 5,000,000 of francs, or 200,000*l.* sterling, consisting of coins current in that country, were reserved for the expenses of the army. This sum, though large, had fallen so much short of what had been expected, that the treasurer of the Dey was put to the strictest examination. He, however, swore that the Regency had no further resources ; that he would engage to lose his head, if any money was concealed ; that the people had been always deceived respecting the treasures of the palace ; that for the last

twenty years the expenses of the government had exceeded its receipts; and that, during the three years of the blockade, these receipts, either from prizes or commerce, had been reduced almost to nothing.

SINGULAR DISORDER.

PEARCE, in his entertaining work on Abyssinia, says, "The diseases of Abyssinia are of a very virulent, and, in some instances, of a very singular kind: it fortunately happens, that the native medicinal herbs are of peculiar potency, and applicable to most of the diseases which occur. There is one disease, however, which, it would seem, like the bite of the tarantula, only yields to music. It is called the *tigretier*." He thus describes it:

"There is a holy water at the church Oun Arvel, which is greatly esteemed for the cure of persons afflicted with evil spirits. This is a very wonderful disorder, which I cannot pass over in silence, though the reader may think it fabulous and ridiculous; yet we have accounts of something of the kind in the New Testament, which the priests and learned men of Abyssinia believe to be the same complaint. This complaint is called *tigretier*; it is more common among the women than among the men. The *tigretier* seizes the body as if with a violent fever, and from that turns to a lingering sickness, which reduces the patients to skeletons, and often kills them, if the relations cannot procure the proper remedy. During this sickness their speech is changed to a kind of stuttering, which no one can understand but those afflicted with the same disorder. When the relations find the malady to be the real *tigretier*, they join together to defray the expenses of curing it. The first remedy they in general attempt is, to procure the assistance of a learned doctor, who reads the Gospel of St. John, and drenches the patient with cold water daily, for the space of seven days—an application that very often proves fatal. The most effectual cure, though far more expensive than the former, is as follows.—The relations hire, for a certain sum of money, a band of trumpeters, drummers, and fifers, and buy a quantity of liquor; then all the young men and women of the place assemble at the patient's house, to perform the following most extraordinary ceremony.

"I was once called in by a neighbour to see his wife, a very young woman, and of whom he was very fond, who had the misfortune to be afflicted with this disorder; and the man being an old acquaintance of

mine, and always a close comrade in the camp, I went every day, when at home, to see her; but I could not be of any service to her, though she never refused my medicines. At this time I could not understand a word she said, although she talked very freely, nor could any of her relations understand her. She could not bear the sight of a book or priest, for at the sight of either she struggled, and was apparently seized with acute agony; and a flood of tears, like blood mingled with water, would pour down her face from her eyes. She had lain three months in this lingering state, living upon so little, that it seemed not enough to keep a human body alive; at last her husband agreed to employ the usual remedy, and, after preparing for the maintenance of the band during the time it would take to effect the cure, he borrowed from all his neighbours their silver ornaments, and loaded her legs, arms, and neck with them.

"The evening that the band began to play, I seated myself close by her side as she lay upon the couch; and, about two minutes after the trumpets had begun to sound, I observed her shoulders begin to move, and soon afterwards her head and breast, and in less than a quarter of an hour she sat upon her couch. The wild look she had, though sometimes she smiled, made me draw off to a greater distance, being almost alarmed to see one nearly a skeleton move with such strength; her head, neck, shoulders, hands, and feet, all made a strong motion to the sound of the music, and in this manner she went on by degrees until she stood up on her legs upon the floor. Afterwards she began to dance, and at times to jump about, and at last, as the music and noise of the singers increased, she often sprang three feet from the ground. When the music slackened, she would appear quite out of temper, but when it became louder, she would smile and be delighted. During this exercise she never shewed the least symptom of being tired, though the musicians were thoroughly exhausted; and, when they stopped to refresh themselves by drinking and resting a little, she would discover signs of discontent, which nothing but a renewal of the music could overcome, and nothing but its continuance prevent from returning.

"Next day, according to the custom in the cure of this disorder, she was taken into the market-place, where several jars of *maize* or *tsug* were set in order by the relations, to give drink to the musicians and dancers. When the crowd had assembled, and the music was ready, she was brought

forth, and began to dance and throw herself into the maddest postures imaginable; and in this manner she kept on the whole day. Towards evening, she began to let fall her silver ornaments from her neck, arms, and legs, one at a time, so that in the course of three hours she was stripped of every article. A relation continually kept going after her as she danced, who picked up the ornaments, and afterwards delivered them to the owners from whom they were borrowed. As the sun went down, she made a start with such swiftness, that the fastest runner could not come up with her; and when at the distance of about two hundred yards, she dropped on a sudden, as if shot. Soon afterwards, a young man, on coming up with her, fired a matchlock over her body, and struck her upon the back with the broad side of his large knife, and asked her name: to which she answered, as when in her common senses—a sure proof of her being cured; for, during the time of this malady, those afflicted with it never answer to their Christian name. She was now taken up in a very weak condition, and carried home; and a priest came, and baptized her again in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; which ceremony concluded her cure. Some are taken in this manner to the market-place for many days before they can be cured, and it sometimes happens that they cannot be cured at all. I have seen them in these fits dance with a *bruly*, or bottle of maize, upon their heads, without spilling the liquor, or letting the bottle fall, although they have put themselves into the most extravagant postures.”

INVENTION OF THE TELESCOPE.

IN the year 1609, the same year in which Kepler published his celebrated commentary on Mars, Galileo paid a visit to Venice, where he heard, in the course of conversation, that a Dutchman, of the name of Jansens, had constructed and presented to Prince Maurice an instrument, through which he saw distant objects magnified and rendered more distinct, as if they had been brought nearer to the observer. This report was credited by some and disbelieved by others; but, in a few days, Galileo received a letter from James Badovere, at Paris, which placed beyond a doubt the existence of such an instrument. The idea instantly filled his mind as one of the utmost importance to science; and so thoroughly was he acquainted with the properties of lenses, that he not only discovered the principle of its construction, but was able to

complete a telescope for his own use. Into one end of a leaden tube he fitted a spectacle glass, plain on one side and convex on the other; and in the other end he placed another spectacle-glass, concave on one side and plane on the other. He then applied to his eye the concave glass, and saw objects “pretty large and pretty near him.” They appeared three times nearer, and nine times larger in surface than to the naked eye. He soon after made another, which represented objects sixty times larger; and, sparing neither labour nor expense, he finally constructed an instrument so excellent, as “to shew things almost a thousand times larger, and above thirty times nearer to the naked eye.”

There is, perhaps, no invention that science has presented to man so extraordinary in its nature, and so boundless in its influence, as that of the telescope. To the uninstructed mind, the power of seeing an object a thousand miles distant, as large as if it were brought within a mile of the observer, must seem almost miraculous; and to the philosopher even, who thoroughly comprehends the principles upon which it acts, it must ever appear one of the most elegant applications of science. To have been the first astronomer in whose hands such a gift was placed, was a preference to which Galileo owed much of his future reputation. No sooner had he completed his telescope, than he applied it to the heavens; and, on the 7th of January, 1618, the first day of its use, he saw around Jupiter three bright little stars, lying in a line parallel to the ecliptic, two to the east, and one to the west of the planet. Regarding them as ordinary stars, he never thought of estimating their distances.

Immediately, on the following day, when he accidentally directed his telescope to Jupiter, he was surprised to see the three stars to the west of the planet. To produce this effect, it was requisite that the motion of Jupiter should be direct; though, according to calculation, it was actually retrograde. In this dilemma, he waited with impatience for the evening of the 9th, but unfortunately the sky was covered with clouds. On the 10th he saw only two stars to the east, a circumstance which he was no longer able to explain by the motion of Jupiter. He was, therefore, compelled to ascribe the change to the stars themselves; and, upon repeating his observations on the 11th, he no longer doubted that he had discovered three planets revolving round Jupiter. On the 13th of January, he, for the first time, saw the fourth satellite.—*Dr. Brewster's Life of Newton.*

HINTS TO RELIGIOUS PERSONS INTENDING
TO EMIGRATE.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—Two questions naturally present themselves, in reference to this subject; 1st, Is such a step necessary to the welfare of my family? 2d, What is the best plan to secure that welfare?

To the first, I answer: A case of necessity is made out, when no reasonable hope is left, that I can any (or much) longer support, educate, and assist my family, in procuring for themselves all that man absolutely requires, as an inhabitant of this, and as a candidate for the next, world.

To the latter question I answer thus,—That if I were possessed of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds, (such is my ardent desire for a community of temporal interests among religious families,) I would invite a number of poor, but pious and talented men, and their families, to emigrate with me to such place as might raise them from poverty, perfect their characters, and render them useful to others. I would select of literary and scientific men, a few; and a larger number of useful tradesmen, and agricultural labourers; hire a ship for their exclusive accommodation; procure a few introductory letters; purchase the best land, and every material for the support, and immediate employment, of the community; and while caring for their every possible comfort, prepare temporary habitations—proceed with a permanent erection, upon a plan suitable to the great purposes contemplated.

I would provide a large store of all necessary raw materials, and cause an immediate return of my outlay by in-door work, and sale of stores to surrounding settlers; in such transactions, set an example of integrity and disinterestedness; proceed with the training of the children, and when the permanent should be ready, take boarders from the families of settlers and others, and thus contribute to raise the tone of public morals; also by public religious meetings in the institution, and distant preachings, seek a general influence: this is much wanted among a large number of settlers.

To secure myself I would bind every family to abide with me until my outlay should be returned, (meantime I clothe, educate, and supply food to the whole, in return for their labour,) then the whole of the land, buildings, and stores, should become the joint property of the party, and if any should wish to separate, a fair share of the property would be awarded by a

committee formed of all the adult members. Until this period of the first contract, the capitalist would justly claim the control of the whole party, assisted by the counsel of those he might choose. From the close of the said original contract, every family and individual should share the profits, according to the value of his or her services, of which correct accounts should be kept.—Innocent and profitable amusements and pleasures should be provided both for adults and children; and every act and deed of the community be directed by the laws of God, and enlightened reason.

The objections, if any, to such a community are insignificant, when compared with its advantages; especially in regard to the education of children, freedom from anxious cares of the world, the furtherance of the gospel amongst the settlers, and the certain support, comfort, and equal advantages to widows and orphans, (save the loss of the parent,) as though the head of the family existed.

When the first contract should be closed, I would turn my capital to further improvement in manufactures, with the same views as in the first instance: namely, for the ultimate benefit of the whole, and in neither case require interest for its use, save my share in the general profits. And if near a navigable stream, (as would be a principal object in the choice of the settlement,) build ships or boats to transport surplus produce to the best markets.

I need not particularize.

Now, sir,—could not all that has been stated above, be done by several capitalists? and is there in reality a tenth of the hazard, as there is in the use of capital in any branch of trade in this country? Can one hope to succeed in overcoming difficulties so well as ten united families? In the one, there is comparatively little money, wisdom, and power: surely, a union of interests is the wisest plan emigrants can adopt.

But it is a misfortune to the English character, that they will seldom take an important step until they are driven to it by the force of circumstances; and when their capital is nearly wasted, they sit down in despondency, and bewail their hard fate. Let any man exercise his reason a little, as to the present position of England, not forgetting the general influence, and the certain tendency of the national debt to a general bankruptcy, and, before it be too late, unite his capital with others, as here advised.

I should be happy to receive intimations from a few such capitalists, of their wish to

join, (letters post paid,) and would confer with them at a meeting. They should state the amount of the capital they could subscribe. No other but truly religious families should engage, because the union is not merely to live, but to live to some great end.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

H. G.

4, *Bridge Row, Pimlico.*

FILTER BY ASCENSION.

It is only of late years, that the progress of scientific inquiry has proposed any means for ensuring a supply of pure water for family purposes, and to obviate the many injurious effects which arise from the use of this fluid, as furnished by the different water companies of the metropolis.

It is generally conceded by practical inquirers, that the remedy cannot be applied but in the cistern, or just before the fluid is required for use. The mode by which the separation of the mechanical and chemical exuviae is effected, is, in the principal part of the machines now in use, completely successful; but from a defect in the principle of their construction, after being a short time in use, they either become inefficacious, or worse than useless, because the ingredients are clogged so much as to prevent the percolation of the water. Through this defect, from the accumulation of the noxious matters, separated in previous processes, there can be no doubt that a gaseous or extremely soluble combination of the elements of organized bodies, (similar to what was so satisfactorily pointed out by Dr. Lambe, in his analysis of Thames water) is formed, which renders the water more vapid, and impregnates it with properties even more injurious than before. This is remedied in a filter recently introduced to public notice, where the ascension of the water through the purifying strata, admits of the machine being cleansed with great facility.

ORIGIN OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

It was no sooner known in London that the Dutch had penetrated beyond the Cape of Good Hope, than the English merchants determined, at all hazards, to keep pace with their rivals. An association was formed in 1599, and a fund raised by subscription, the management of which was entrusted to a committee of fifteen persons; whilst a second application was made, with greater earnestness than before, for the royal sanction upon the company's proceedings.

But Elizabeth, though well inclined to the measure, was deterred from giving it her countenance, in consequence of the treaty then pending between England and Spain. She therefore contented herself with referring the memorial to her privy council, which made a favourable report; and, in the course of the same year, John Mildenhall, a merchant, was sent overland, by the route of Constantinople, on an embassy to the Great Mogul.

It does not appear that this measure, however well intended, produced any favourable results; indeed, the obstructions thrown in the way of the ambassador proved such, that he failed in reaching Agra, of obtaining an interview with the Emperor, till the year 1606: but the mercantile spirit of England was not therefore repressed. On the contrary, fresh applications were made to Elizabeth for that license, without which it was considered hopeless to embark in so gigantic an undertaking; and her own inclinations happening to coincide with the views of the privy council, the boon so earnestly solicited was obtained. On the 13th of December, 1600, the petitioners were erected into a corporation, under the title of "Governors and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies."—They were vested, by charter, with the power of purchasing lands without any limitation; they were enjoined to commit the direction of their commerce to a governor and twenty-four persons in committee; and the first governor, Sir Thomas Knight, was specially named in the act. Upon the Company, their sons when of age, their apprentices, servants, and factors in India, was conferred, for the space of fifteen years, the privilege of an exclusive trade "into the countries and parts of Asia and Africa, and into and from all the islands, ports, towns, and places of Asia, Africa, and America, or any of them, beyond the Cape of Bona Esperanza or the Straits of Magellan, where any traffic may be used, to and from every of them."

Such were the feeble commencements of a power which now holds sovereign sway over the entire continent of India, with the islands immediately contiguous. Two hundred and fifteen persons, with the Earl of Cumberland at their head, composed the company to which this charter was originally granted, and the capital with which they prepared to engage in their novel enterprise amounted barely to 70,000*l.* divided into shares of fifty pounds each. With this they fitted out a fleet consisting of four ships and a pinnace, which they freighted with cloth, lead, tin, cutlery, and

and, adding to the cargo the value of the bullion, they committed the management of Capt. James Ker. On the 2d of May, 1601, the ship sailed from Torbay.—*Family No. XV. Gleig's History of*

HALL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF SACRED HISTORY.
ANCIENT MASTERS.

Paintures exhibited in this collection, hundred and twenty-seven. The names are enumerated in a catalogue, in connection with the name of the artist, the place in which he was born, and when he

Among these paintings, many are highly picturesque, and all are exceedingly at-

Entombment of Christ, No. 6, by *Caracci*, is in all its parts covered with an air of solemnity, that the spectator gazes in silent astonishment on the objects presented to his contem-

Christ Bearing his Cross, No. 24, by *St. John*, is sublime in its leading features, exquisite in the anatomical precision the artist has displayed. The whole, however, has a foreign aspect, but nature, universal dictates, appears to great effect, in the meekness and resignation of the countenance of the Saviour presented to the beholder.

No. 31, St. John and the Lamb, by *St. John*, is beautifully coloured, but the lamb exquisitely natural in its form, proportions and features.

Peter Delivered from Prison, No. 37, by *St. John*, is very fine. The perspective adds admiration.

St. Sebastian Pierced with Arrows, No. 40, by *Dalle Notte*, might, with a small aid from the imagination, be mistaken for a reality. There is not, perhaps, in the whole collection, any one painting calculated than this, to arrest and attract the spectator's attention.

Young St. John, No. 59, by *Mengs*, is a precious and lovely picture.

Holy Family, No. 73, by *Bartolomeo Starco*, is distinguished by its beautiful colouring.

Last Supper, No. 78, by *Balen*, is an exquisite representation of varied objects in delightful relief.

St. John Preaching, No. 83, by *Elsheim*, exhibits expressive countenances, and fine grouping.

St. John with the Head of St. John,

No. 117, by *Boonen*, has a brilliancy of colouring from candlelight, which no words can adequately express.

Judith with the Head of Holofernes, No. 122, by *Boonen*, is a picture which also will be recollected with vivid admiration.

We have no time to particularize further, and must therefore conclude by observing, that to every lover of sacred subjects, this collection will furnish a source of much rational entertainment.

M. PEMBERTON'S LECTURES, NOW BEING
DELIVERED AT SAVILLE HOUSE, LEICESTER
SQUARE, LONDON.

WE learn from a brief statement of this gentleman's design, that, in eight analytical lectures, he intends to illustrate some of the principal tragic characters of Shakspeare; and this not merely by recitation, but by assuming in his own person the passions, attributes, and emotions of the individuals whom he represents. This being the case, we can easily comprehend why "a correct impression will not be received from any description which may be offered in a circular notice or advertisement." Reading may communicate sentiments and ideas, but action, tone, and gesture, can alone infuse into expression that powerful agitation of soul which can render it instinct with life.

Mr. Pemberton is a gentleman of talent, and appears to be intimately acquainted with the subjects he has undertaken to illustrate. We have heard him with astonishment, and are most decidedly of opinion, that it is only by those who attend his lectures, that his varied powers can be fully appreciated.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE mean temperature of April, was 49½ degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. The maximum, which was 58 degrees, took place on the 23rd, with a south-easterly wind; the minimum, which was 40 degrees, was observed on the 7th, when the direction of the wind was north-easterly. The range of the thermometer was 18 degrees; and the prevailing wind east. The direction of the wind has been easterly 7½ days; northerly 4½; north-easterly 4½; southerly 3½; south-westerly 3; north-westerly 3; westerly 2; and south-easterly 2.

The former part of the month was particularly dry, as no rain was observed until the 12th. The east, north-east, and north-

erly winds were most prevalent during this period: From the 12th to the end, rain fell almost every day, and during this period the prevailing winds were the south, and north-west. Nine days have been accompanied with wind, principally after the 12th. The morning of the 16th was rather foggy; and hail fell on the 19th and 26th.

On the 4th, butterflies were observed commencing their aerial rambles; also the lady-bird was noticed. The leafing of the lilac, willow, and rose had commenced on this day. The blossom buds of the cherry were noticed on the 5th. On the 6th the blossoms of the currant and gooseberry began to unfold. On the 7th, the leaves of the damson, vine, and horse-chestnut were unfolding; also bees were noticed abroad. The leaves of the apple were unfolding on the 11th. The wall-flower was seen in blossom on the 14th, and also the tulip. On the 16th, a cherry blossom was observed unfolded. On the 18th, the leaves of the pear were unfolding. On the 20th, the damson blossoms began to unfold, and the decoration of the meadows, and banks of rivers, were noticed to have commenced by the flowering of various plants and herbs with which they abound. The fruit-buds of the vine appeared on the 21st, and the pear blossoms began to unfold on the 23rd.

POETRY.

THE SLAVE.

“Ὁ ἐν Κυρίῳ κληθεὶς δούλος, ἀπελεύθερος
Κυρίου ἐστίν” Κορ. Α. ζ'. κβ'.

On western India's torrid shore,
Where human flesh is bought and sold,
A slave-ship brought some hundreds more
In that long bloody list enroll'd:
And in the crowded mart they stood,
Each giving comfort while he could;
For friendship's cord, and kindred's tie,
Are severed soon in slavery.

A planter of that blood-stain'd soil
Had sent his negro servant then,
To fill those ranks of "tears and toil,"
And barter for his countrymen:
And there he met a poor old man,
Tottering with age, with sickness wan,
And when his purchase was dismiss'd,
He put him too upon his list.

He led him to his lowly cell,
He broke for him his daily bread;
He brought him water from the well,
By day his weary footsteps led,
By night he laid him down to rest
On straw, the softest and the best,
And screen'd him from the chill night air,
And tended him with filial care.

At length within his peaceful grave,
The poor old negro man was plac'd:
The planter met his faithful slave,
Returning from the spot in haste:

And bade him stay, and sought to know
For whom it was his sorrows flow:
If father 'twas, or brother, lay
In his last dwelling in the clay?

"No, Massa, no: no father I,
He died in my dear native land,
My brother from his home did fly,
Before the white man's murderous band:
Sister and mother, all are gone,
And I am lingering on alone:
But, Massa, when we both were free,
That negro was—my enemy!

"He tore me from my native home,
And sold me to the white-man crew,
That o'er our burning deserts roam,
To catch the wretched slaves for you.
He heard not then my farewell cry,
He cared not for my agony:
He drank my price, and left me then
To tigers in the form of men.

"I saw him pining 'midst the herd
Of strangers in the busy mart,
And vengeance had almost deferr'd
The kindlier feelings of my heart:
But when I thought of ills in store,
Upon this poor old man to pour,
I heard a blessed voice from heaven,
'Forgive, and thou shalt be forgiven.'

"I fed and kept him until now,
For in the blessed book I read,
That kindness to a cruel foe
Heaps coals of fire upon his head,
And long I strove for conquest here,
Not with my massy club or spear,
But with those arms they use above,
The never-failing darts of love."

I blush for Britain: deeds as kind,
With motives pure and just as these,
How vainly might I try to find,
From Vectis to the Hebrides:
That love that has but dimly shone
In hearts that call themselves her own,
Has burnt within a negro's breast,
With light that dazzles all the rest!

March 22.

φ. θ.

ON THE MUTABILITY OF EARTHLY THINGS.

WHATEVER we see in nature, calls to mind,
That life is fleeting as th' inconstant wind.

The Sun, bright rising from his eastern bed,
Steals forth, and tips his native hills with red,
Enlivens nature with his glad'ning ray,
And proudly soars, bright monarch of the day.
But, lo! how soon his glorious course must end,
His zenith reached, the mighty must descend,
He 'neath the golden west recedes from sight,
Owning the leaden sway of murky night.

The beauteous *Flower* sheds forth its sweet perfume,
But, oh! how transient is its fairy bloom!
For when the chilly wind of eve blows past,
Its beauty falls a victim to the blast.

Go view the *Ocean*—when the tempest raves,
High rise, and deep decline, the mountain waves;
They beat with maddened foam the rocky shore,
Recoil—and then their form is seen no more.

The *Seasons*; genial spring must fade away,
And yield to summer's animating sway,
At laden autumn's voice shall summer fall,
And autumn yield to hoary winter's call.

Thus man on life's uneven sea is cast;
Each flitting moment threatened as his last;
His sun must set, the beauteous flower decay,
And life's tempestuous wave must die away.

Man's gentle seed-time, spring, must fail, and lo,
All-ripening summer shall its glories show,
Then harvest-autumn in its turn shall come,
And grey-haired winter, bending o'er the tomb.

the proudest monuments—are they
in this sentence of decay?
The mould'ring hand shall lay them low,
The *site* should future ages know.
The silent dream—and, waking, we
Unfading realms of vast eternity.

J. W.—N.

HER HOPES IN HEAVEN.

Her suffer—let it pass—
Voices I would not tell.
The few sands falling fast,—
I heard her faint farewell!
It droop to see her die,
No deep distress:
I gave a tear—a sigh
Purely selfishness.

The wanderer of the waste,
Which *her* spirit flew;
How treachery had traced
Paths I lingered through;
When I saw her fade in death,
To seek her native sky,
And, like her, to yield my breath,
And, like her, to die.

But were this dark world of ours,
But that world beyond?
Could we bear the blighted flowers—
The falsehood of the fond,
The wretchedness below,
The wrongs to virtue given,
That high and holy glow,
Lifts our hopes to heaven!

M. LEMAN GRIMSTONE.

SUMMER.

(A Rural Sketch.)

In her airy dresses,
The landscape scenes her own;
And fruits adorn her tresses,
And, too, her azure gown.

Her step and sweet her motion,
Walks the rural scene;
The vale, and plain, and ocean,
In robes of pleasant green.

Like a feather of thistle,
She floats 'neath woodland trees;
Tracts of blooming heather,
By the sultry breeze.

Sweet thro' woods to ramble,
The green lane's winding way,
The hedge and blossom'd bramble,
Where bloom in vesture gay.

The crane's-bill flowers are stooping
O'er moss-banks, bright and green,
The bell-gloves are drooping
In the holly's sheltering screen.

The hawkweed bares her bosom
To sun, and mocks his rays;
The arrow's cream-white blossom,
The umbel gems displays.

The edges gaily ramble
In wreaths, which form the bower,
And oft with glee will scramble
Among the tempting flower.

The scenes are fraught with pleasure,
The trifles there beguile
The soul, as one at leisure
Views the pathway stile.

As the skylark mounting
The sky, with song divine;
Each bird recounting
The chance which equal mine!

Where the sun-lit waters glisten,
Insects dance—'tis life's gay noon!
And how sweet it is to listen
To the wild-bees' murmuring tune!

Like a map of varied colours,
How the landscape scenes are spread!
Waving wood, and stream, and meadows
Bounded by yon mountain's head.

Mowers' scythes 'mid ripen'd grasses
Sweep along the waving plain,
While a troop of rosy lasses
Follows in the jovial train.

Hill and dale, and winding river,
Flowery meads and cornfields brown;
Moors, where heath and gold-broom quiver
In the breeze which fans the down—

Never weary—still elated
Is the eye 'mid nature's rounds;
Never weary—still unsated
Is the ear with nature's sounds:

For the ample scenes of nature
Charm the heart—exalt the soul;
Lift them to the great Creator,
Him who planned the glorious whole.

April 17, 1832, near Halifax. T. CROSSLEY.

THE NAUTILUS.

"Little bark on a smooth summer sea,
Which the breezes but curl, as in sport."

When the green wave lightly curls,
On the surface of the deep,
And the sprays, like Orient pearls,
From its sparkling summit leap:
Then I spread my tender sail
To the gently breathing gale.

Then I leave my calm retreat,
Where the mossy seaweeds grow,
In the turtle's deepest seat,
'Mid the coral caves below,
Perfum'd breezes of Ceylon
Gently waft my vessel on.

Come, and we will glide away,
Far from rock and weedy cell,
Where the lovely Naiads play,
Sweetly on their tuneful shell:
Where the brooding zephyrs sleep
On the surface of the deep.

Hark! I hear the dashing oars,
Swiftly let us dive below;
Here no nets shall check our course,
Here no rude hand reach us now:
In the caverns of the deep
Fold we now our sails, and sleep.

March 22, 1832.

φ. θ.

REVIEW.—*Reminiscences of the Rev. Robert Hall, A.M. late of Bristol, and Sketches of his Sermons, preached at Cambridge, prior to 1806. By John Greene, 8vo. pp. 335. Westley and Davis, London, 1832.*

THERE are few words in the English language, which could more fully express the character of this book, than that which the author has adopted. It is not a memoir of Mr. Hall's life, nor a dissertation on his writings, but the recollections of a friend, who, from the year 1795, was honoured with his intimate and undisturbed friendship, until death terminated his labours in 1831.

During this long period, Mr. Greene appears to have been to the Rev. Robert Hall, what Boswell was to Dr. Johnson, his companion in travel, his ardent admirer both in public and private, and occasionally his domestic associate. In each of these departments, Mr. Greene was always on the alert

“To catch the manners living as they rise;”

and the result of his unremitting observations, he has now embodied in the very pleasing and interesting volume before us.

Accompanying the author in his various interviews, and uninterrupted intercourse with Mr. Hall, we have an opportunity of seeing this justly celebrated christian minister in his study, in his family, in company, in seclusion, in his public ministrations, in his friendly correspondence, and while surveying the beauties and sublimities of nature. We enjoy his conversation, we hear his remarks on passing events, and listen with the most intense interest to his opinion on books and authors, and are enlivened with the anecdotes which occurring incidents afford. In short, we seem to take our stand on an eminence, whence we contemplate all his movements, and, beholding the man in most of the leading attitudes which life presents, thus obtain a more genuine picture, than can frequently be found in the laboured efforts of biographical detail.

In the conversations which are recorded, Mr. Hall always appears in his own character. His observations invariably display, either the independence of his mind, the vigour of his intellectual powers, the extent of his researches, the acuteness of his discrimination, or the depth of his piety; and on many occasions these excellencies present themselves in such a happy combination, that the reader is at a loss on which to bestow the greater portion of his admiration.

The scenes to which we are introduced by Mr. Greene, are certainly very miscellaneous; but this circumstance renders them much more interesting than they would have appeared, if diversity in topics had been excluded from his pages. Many incidents might be selected from this volume, to display its peculiar claims to public attention; but from a field abounding in rich variety, it is not easy to make an extract which shall convey an adequate idea of its fertility. The following incident, however, can scarcely fail to prove acceptable to every reader.

“Mr. Hall had a great insight into character; his eye appeared so searching to strangers, as to be almost insupportable: its brightness was insufferable.

I have frequently heard it remarked, both by ladies and gentlemen, that until they became acquainted with him, they felt uncomfortable in his presence: he appeared to them to be a discernor of spirits. He considered himself to be a judge of physiognomy. The following is a remarkable instance of his penetration in this respect, which was much talked of at the time. I received the particulars from Mr. James Nutter, at whose house it occurred. A London dealer, in the corn trade, dined with this gentleman at Cambridge, in company with Mr. Hall. Mr. Nutter observed, that Mr. Hall was very silent at table, and looked very suspiciously at this stranger. After taking two or three glasses of wine, the stranger retired hastily. On his leaving the room, Mr. Hall said, “Who is that person, sir?” Mr. Nutter informed him that he was an eminent corn-dealer, in London. “Do you do any business with him, sir?” “Yes, sir.” “Have you sold him anything to day sir?” “Yes sir, a large parcel of corn.” “I am sorry for it, sir; that man is a rogue, sir.” “Oh, you are quite mistaken, Mr. Hall; he is highly respectable, sir, and can obtain credit for any amount in this market.” “I do not care for that, sir; do you get your account settled as soon as you can, and never do any more business with him.” Although Mr. Nutter saw no other reason for it, Mr. Hall’s opinion made that impression on his mind, that when this account was settled, he refused to trust the individual any more; and in about twelve months afterwards, this very person actually defrauded his creditors, and fled the country.”—p. 36.

On the much-disputed points of doctrine between the Arminians and Calvinists, it has frequently been asked, what were Mr. Hall’s individual sentiments? A direct answer to this question cannot easily be gathered from his writings. On all occasions they occupy a back ground in the picture, they are never to be seen but in the distance, and even then they are eclipsed by the brighter manifestations of his christian liberality. We must not, however, infer from hence, that these subjects were strangers to his thoughts. He had examined all, and examined deeply, had seen much to admire, and much to disapprove, in each system, and, therefore, could attach infallibility to none. But although the result of his inquiries, on this interesting topic, can scarcely be gleaned from his works, Mr. Greene has preserved an answer to the question, in the following portion of a detached conversation, in which Mr. Hall had been engaged, and which he thus related to the author.

“There was a curious old man in the cottage where I lighted my pipe, who knows me very well; so we entered into conversation on some of the high points. He was formerly one of Mr. Vaughan’s hearers, and went to Leicester every Sunday for the purpose of attending his church, but has lately left Mr. Vaughan’s ministry on account of his sentiments. If what he says be correct, Mr. V. is a rank antinomian. The old man now attends the village church, and appears better satisfied. He told me, that he remembered hearing my father at Arnsby. My father, sir, was very doctrinal in his preaching, and more attached to Calvinism than I am. If there are any sentiments to which I could subscribe, they are Baxter’s.”—p. 154.

Throughout the whole, these reminiscences are exceedingly interesting; and although this volume has no connexion with

ular series of Mr. Hall's works, it considered as a valuable appendix to the memoir of his life, which is expected to issue from the press. We are much pleased with the perusal, and persuaded that it cannot fail to convert every reader into whose hands it may

v.—Church History through all ages, from the First Promise of a Saviour, to A. D. 1830, &c. By Thomas Timpson, 12mo. pp. 550. Society Promoting Religious Knowledge. London. 1832.

long period of time through which our race travels, furnishes such a variety of facts, that a simple enumeration of them would be a task both tedious and uninteresting. Its early books and chapters contain events that are remote in time and distant in situation. On these parts, the author has been as brief as necessity would allow; and, in general, evidence adduced in favour of the facts and events recorded, is derived from the Bible, which is the only authentic record of our history extant.

Coming to the christian dispensation, the author's materials become more voluminous and diversified, and the multiplicity of circumstances which are woven into his detail, enables him to introduce some new and interesting in every page. Beginning with the christian era, he proceeds century in succession, and, within its chronological limits, surveys the progress of Christianity throughout the world; the early contracted sphere of its influence, the hostilities it had to encounter, the obstacles which partially retarded its progress, its unwearied perseverance, and ultimate triumph over every obstacle.

The sixteenth century bears witness to the reformation emerging from the sink of papal darkness, and starting from midnight into the light of day. Under the subsequent centuries, down to the present state of Christianity is traced in its various ramifications, throughout every part of the globe, without omitting to mention its powerful influence in the eastern and western hemispheres, the West Indies, and the islands of the Pacific ocean. This department, consisting of fifty chapters, several of which, are divided into subordinate sections, describe the successful efforts of sects and communities, in their respective spheres of operation, to diffuse the light and power of religion among the more unenlightened inhabitants of the earth. To each of these he

has awarded a competent meed of praise, without either unduly exalting any one, or by exaggerating their activity and usefulness beyond the bounds which the most indisputable facts fully sanction, or depreciating the zeal, indefatigable labours, and success, of their rivals and coadjutors in the same glorious cause.

On the effect produced on the clergy by the preaching of the Methodists, the author makes the following observations:

"The rise of the Methodists, and their evangelical, indefatigable labours, excited a spirit of inquiry among many of the regular clergy. They were generally stung with mortification to see their provinces invaded by laymen, with increasing multitudes attached to their ministry. The superior clergy generally employed every effort to check the revival of piety in the church; as they denominated it "puritanism," and "methodism." So incensed were they, that at Oxford, in 1763, six young men were expelled from Edmund Hall, being convicted, before the vice-chancellor, and some of the heads of houses, of "holding methodistical tenets, and taking upon them to pray, read, and expound the scriptures, and singing hymns in a private house." In vain did they appeal to the articles of the church in support of their doctrines, and equally vain was the ample testimony borne to their piety and exemplary lives. Many a worthy curate also, was expelled from his situation on account of his evangelical doctrines, and his pious zeal; of which we might give affecting instances worthy only of the seventeenth century.

"Still the spirit of grace was shed forth upon many of the clergy from time to time: they became converted to the true faith of Christ; and having received the truth in the love of it, they laboured diligently and zealously for the salvation of the souls of men.

"Mr. John Newton, an eminent London clergyman, speaking of his church in a letter to a friend, says, "I am not sure that, in the year 1740, there was a single gospel minister in the whole kingdom. Now we have, I know not how many; but I think not less than four hundred." This letter was written in 1797. In 1801, he says in another letter, "I am told there are ten thousand parishes in England: I believe more than nine thousand of these are without the gospel;"—meaning in the establishment.

"London was deplorably deficient of evangelical clergymen. In 1749, Mr. Romaine was chosen lecturer of St. Dunstan's in the West, where he laboured with remarkable success, being a man of apostolical piety and zeal: yet in that station he suffered much opposition, having not more than one regular evangelical coadjutor in the whole metropolis. He was appointed lecturer of St. George's Hanover-square, in 1750; but on account of his popularity, and the church being crowded, he was dismissed, in 1755, from his station at the latter church.

"In the middle of the century, scarcely a professor or tutor of eminent piety was to be found at either university; but at its close, it was believed that, both among the teachers and the taught, men of evangelical principles and spirit were to be found in almost every college, both at Cambridge and Oxford."—p. 389—391.

On reading the preceding extracts, who can wonder that the interests of the Methodists and dissenters should have increased? and who that reflects on the beneficial effects produced on the clergy and others, by their zeal, piety, example, and preaching, can for a moment doubt that God has singularly owned and blessed their

labours. Happily, the church of England, roused from its lethean torpor, now furnishes a noble host of faithful ministers, who sound the gospel trumpet in the ears of perishing sinners; and in many places, their preaching has been attended with abundant success.

Of these, and other kindred topics, Mr. Timpson has taken an accurate and a comprehensive survey, and delineated his picture with a faithful and steady hand. Throughout the whole process of his inquiries and historical details, he has evinced an extensive acquaintance with ecclesiastical affairs, both foreign and domestic, in the different periods of the world. These he has divested of all extraneous appendages; and, by concentrating their essence in the present volume, has furnished to the reader a valuable compendium of "church history through all ages," as his title promised.

REVIEW.—*A Memoir of Miss Mary Helen Bingham, who died in her Sixteenth Year. By John Bustard, 12mo. pp. 214, Second Edition. Mason, London, 1832.*

IN a preceding number, the first edition of this pleasing and instructive volume passed under our review, and drew from us those terms of approbation which works of superior merit have always a right to demand. This second edition appears much improved, as well as somewhat enlarged, and places both the biographer and his subject in a very advantageous light.

Of Miss Bingham we need only say, that she was blessed with a superior understanding, which, emanating from a mind deeply imbued with fervent piety, shone throughout her life with a steady and distinguished lustre. Her thoughts, views, ideas, and language, always appear in a commanding attitude. Her path lies in a region more elevated than that in which common spirits walk; and, in following her footsteps, we mark her progress with feelings of solemn respect and glowing admiration.

In no small degree her biographer has caught her mantle, and delineated her character in terms highly creditable to his talents, and not unworthy of the subject whose life and experience he records. From the common and hackneyed phrases with which such works generally abound, this volume is in no small degree exempt. The sentiments are expressed in plain and familiar language, without the monotonous repetition of terms which, though excellent in themselves, are worn threadbare by constant use.

REVIEW.—*A Memoir of Mr. John Bingham, Jun., who died July 16th 1827, aged eighteen. By John Bustard, 12mo. pp. 110. Mason, London, 1832.*

MR. JOHN BINGHAM, it seems, was a brother to the young lady whose memoir appears in the preceding article, and it comes before us from the pen of the same biographer. It is distinguished by the early, the continued, and the exalted piety of the individual whose life and death it records; but in all other respects it is inferior to the former, in composition, variety, and independence of language. It consists chiefly of extracts from the diary of the deceased, who probably never intended that the entries he had made should be presented to the public. We do not intend, by this remark, to insinuate that the diary contains any thing improper for public view; but the sameness that uniformly prevails, deprives the memoir of that stimulating interest which all works are expected to possess; and the peculiarity of terms and phrases will tend much to restrict its circulation to limits less extensive than its strong and fervent piety deserves.

But for all these defects and peculiarities, the ardent love to God and man, which breathes in every page, makes a more than ample compensation. It is only by those who are sincerely devoted to God, that this work will be fully relished, and with these it contains no deficiency, to prevent it from being highly prized. It will be set as a bright example, to shew the height of holiness which youth may attain; and few, we presume, will hesitate, on closing the book, to exclaim, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

REVIEW.—*Memoir of the Life of the Rev. Matthias Bruen, of New York, 12mo. pp. 454. Hamilton & Co. London. 1832.*

THIS is the memoir of a pious minister, who was called from time to eternity in the month of September 1829, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. Mr. Bruen, though of English extraction, was an American by birth, to which continent his ancestors repaired in the time of Charles II. to avoid the persecuting spirit of the times.

Having received a liberal education, when about the age of eighteen, Mr. Bruen's mind became seriously impressed with the importance of eternal things. This led him to seek salvation in that

, to whose ministry the subsequent
his life were devoted.

, however, to his taking on him
storal office, he visited England,
d, France, Switzerland, Italy, and
other parts of Europe. On each
countries, their inhabitants, man-
nors, and general character, he
numerous observations during his
s. These he either committed to
and transmitted in letters to his
or so preserved them in his mental
se, that they form no inconsider-
ation of the volume before us. The
sent parts have a more immediate
on the duties of his profession, and
instances connected with it. These
e preaching, congregations, revivals,
s, schools, Bible societies, liberality
iment, and the efficacy of prayer.
ch of these, and several kindred
Mr. Bruen has delivered his senti-
without disguise, and many persons
found to admire his frankness, who
state to adopt every portion of his
atine creed

Mr. Bruen was a man of talent,
learning, no person who peruses
lume can for a moment doubt; and
pleasing to add, that he has de-
voted talent and learning to the acqui-
of useful knowledge, which, having
ed, has been appropriated to pur-
most beneficial to mankind. On
any subjects, his remarks are both
us and acute. The style of his
is spirited and perspicuous; and in
guage neither levity nor moroseness
itted to appear. His habitual piety
ever ready to impose restraints on
berance of his fancy, so that in the
of his most vivacious excursions,
imated descriptions, his mind never
s from its common centre.

pecting the places which he visited,
e persons with whom he held an
urse, his observations are those of an
ened traveller, noticing every thing
ortance in his transient passage, and
ing the result to the reader in its
opular form. These remarks, made

his peregrinations, must have been
ntertaining and instructive to his
ymen, when published on his return.
us, on this side the mighty water,
he has advanced on transatlantic
affairs, is perhaps more interesting
his own country, where all the facts
bly known; in much the same
r as our statements would be more
ting to the churches in America than
selves. On such occasions, we mu-

tually compare the Spirit's operation on
each side of the ocean, and feel new mo-
tives for gratitude in proportion as the light
of the gospel becomes more diffused, and
new witnesses are raised up to enjoy salva-
tion, and celebrate the Redeemer's name.

ANNIVERSARIES OF BENEVOLENT INSTI- TUTIONS IN THE METROPOLIS.

FROM the list of these Institutions, which
we published on the cover of our last num-
ber, it will be readily perceived, that they
are become far too numerous to be followed
in detail. A full account of the proceedings
of each, including the reports and speeches
delivered on the respective occasions, would
furnish a larger bulk than we could embody
in our pages throughout the year, if every
other article were totally excluded. The
catalogue which we published was formi-
dable in extent, and many anniversaries
have taken, and will take place, that were
not included in our enumeration. We
must therefore content ourselves with giving
an outline of the more prominent, and with
noticing, in general terms, the amiable
spirit which pervaded these benevolent
assemblies.

Baptist Missions in Jamaica.—A general
meeting of the friends of this religious com-
munity was held in the chapel of the Rev.
A. Fletcher in Moorfields, on Wednesday,
April 25th, to take into consideration the
outrages which their cause had recently sus-
tained through the late revolt of the negroes
in Jamaica. The occasion excited great
interest, and multitudes attended, to obtain
that information which had hitherto been
received only through the distorted medium
of prejudice and misrepresentation. Several
speakers of other denominations attended.
The discussions were temperate, though
animated, but the most simple statement of
facts could not repress a burst of indignant
feeling, which the flagrant acts of injustice
that were mentioned inspired.

The chair was taken by J. B. Wilson,
Esq. The principal speakers were, the
Rev. John Dyer, Rev. Dr. Cox, W. B.
Gurney, Esq. Rev. C. Birt, T. Pewtress,
Esq. Rev. J. Burnet, Rev. A. Fletcher,
Rev. T. Groser, Rev. J. Hoby, Rev. J.
Ivimey. The facts elicited were a tri-
umphant refutation of the unfounded
charges against the missionaries, that had
been hatched in Jamaica by the planters
and friends of slavery. The mischief done
to their chapels in the above island, was
estimated at about £16,000. The case
had been laid before the government at

home, and a promise obtained, that an inquiry should be made respecting the perpetrators of this frenzied violence, and justice be administered.

Wesleyan Missionary Society.—The anniversary of the London Auxiliary to this society was held in Great Queen-street Chapel, on Wednesday evening, April 25th, Launcelot Haslope, Esq., in the chair. The speakers were Rev. J. Entwistle, Rev. W. Toase, Rev. J. M'Lean, Rev. J. Beaumont, Rev. W. Atherton, Rev. J. Jackson, Rev. Mr. Prosser, and others. A religious feeling pervaded the assembly, the utmost harmony prevailed, and all seemed actuated by one common desire to send the light of the gospel into heathen lands.

Irish Society of London.—The tenth anniversary of this institution was held in Exeter Hall, on Friday, April 27, the Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry in the chair. The object of this society is to circulate the scriptures in the Irish tongue. This the people had manifested every disposition to receive, and the Romish Catholic priests every disposition to prevent: The report stated, that their success had been varied, but that prosperity had been more than sufficient to induce them to persevere. The principal speakers were, the Hon. and Rev. Gerard Noel, Sir A. Agnew, M.P., Rev. H. Beamish, Rev. L. Foot, Rev. H. Melville, Rev. W. Blood, General Tolley, Rev. G. Birkley. This meeting was conducted with much harmony, and the occasion of its assembling was viewed with strong emotions of interest.

Society for the Support and Encouragement of Sunday Schools.—On the evening of Wednesday, April 25, the forty-sixth anniversary of this Society was held at the London Coffee-house, Ludgate-hill, W. Baron Gurney, Esq. in the chair. The report stated, that by the active exertions of the society, a vast number of Bibles, Testaments, and other books, had been thrown into circulation, that education was rapidly advancing, and that the pupils were daily increasing. The Rev. J. Harding, Mr. W. F. Lloyd, Rev. J. Belsher, Rev. W. Thompson, Mr. Altham, Mr. J. Eke, and Rev. J. Edwards, severally addressed the assembly. Mr. Lloyd stated that there were at this time not less than *one hundred and twenty thousand* teachers, instructing upwards of a *million and quarter* of children. This extensive system of tuition cannot fail having a powerful influence on the rising generation.

Church Missionary Society.—The thirty-second anniversary of this society was held in Exeter Hall, on Tuesday, May 1. The

Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry in the chair. It appeared from the Report, that five missionaries had, during the year, been sent out to foreign stations, that a decrease in the funds, from £47,584 to £40,751, had been experienced, and that, unless an augmentation took place, the operations of the society must be diminished. Among the speakers we observed the Dean of Salisbury, Rev. Professor Scholefield, Rev. J. W. Cunningham, Rev. W. Jowett, Bishop of Calcutta, Rev. J. H. Stewart, Rev. C. Simeon, Rev. Baptist Noel. By these different speakers, a transient survey was taken of the society's proceedings and successes in various parts of the pagan world. India, New Holland, and New Zealand, were the principal places mentioned, and from each of these the accounts were less discouraging than might have been expected in regions of idolatry and savage darkness. In the district of Madras nearly ten thousand were under christian instruction; and even among the cannibals of New Zealand, the ferocious spirit of the native had evidently given way before the mild and benignant influence of the Sun of righteousness.

Society of the Friends of the Hebrew Nation.—The third annual meeting of this society was held in Exeter Hall, on Friday, April 27th, Mr. Corbet in the chair. The report gave a candid and unexaggerated statement. It appears that they have two asylums; one in Camden Town, for those who are inquiring into the nature of Christianity, and giving evidence of sincerity; and one at Hackney, for those whom they have reason to believe in a state of conversion to God. In the former, eleven had been received during the past year, and eight now remained. In the latter, seven had been admitted, and four now remained. The speakers were not many. Captain Rhind, R. N. and the Rev. J. Reichardt, were the principal. These gentlemen advocated the cause of the Hebrews with much solicitude, but, for the reward of their exertions, they appeared chiefly to rely on future expectation.

Wesleyan Missionary Society.—The annual meeting of this large and increasing body, excites, perhaps, as intense and extensive an interest as any one that is held in the metropolis. During the present year it was numerously attended, and conducted with that cheerful decorum, by which its former anniversaries have been distinguished. On Monday, April 30th, at an early hour Exeter Hall was crowded to excess. Sir J. Otley had been expected to preside, but in consequence of serious illness he was unable to

and the chair was taken by Lancelot E. Esq. After a brief, but suitable report from the chairman, one of the ladies read the report. This was long, and well written. It took an extensive survey of the great missionary field, and stated the exertions which had been made in each department, and the success with which the united labours had been crowned. At its final result it appears, that the number now employed as missionaries amounted to 220, of salaried catechists, 60, and of gratuitous teachers, 1400, including the wives of the missionaries there were now nearly 2000 agents engaged in missionary work, under the direction of the society.

At the foreign stations, 42,743 had been added into the society, and the children in the schools were 25,215. The contributions for the year were 48,289*l.*, being an increase of nearly 2,000*l.* on the receipts of the preceding year.

Among the speakers were Dr. Adam Clarke, J. Dyer, Esq. Rev. J. Campbell, J. Bowers, Rev. Richard Watson, J. Crowther, Rev. W. M. Bunting, Mr. Maclean, Rev. R. Reece, Rev. J. G. P. Beecham, Rev. W. Blood, J. Marsden, Robert Middleton, Esq. The collection in the Hall amounted to 220*l.* Many of the speeches were very ably and animatedly, and interspersed with anecdote and incident, they rivetted attention, and imparted a portion of their influence to the assembled multitude. Dr. Clarke, at the conclusion of his speech, that having paid a visit to the late General Scott, Esq., this gentleman, then on his way to the land of the living, gave him a check for 100*l.*, accompanying it with these memorials, "There, Doctor, take that; it is my last act in behalf of the heathen. I leave it to Heaven for acceptance, and the fruits may soon expect me among the spirits from the appearance of my writing."

The sum was originally intended for the West India Mission, but, at Dr. Clarke's request, it was given to the general fund.

In favour of the Baptists, under their many calamities in Jamaica, the sympathy was manifested; and a hint was given by Mr. Watson, that, should they require pecuniary aid beyond their own resources, to repair the losses they had sustained, the Methodist body would not be backward in rendering assistance, was received with enthusiastic plaudits. This display was highly creditable to the body.

British and Foreign Bible Society.—

The anniversary of this great national institution, held in Exeter Hall, on Wednesday, the 2nd of May, presented to the assembly, and to the world, a very different aspect from that which preceded it. During several years, some bickerings had been observable, and the language of an unpleasant character had escaped the lips of many speakers. These indications of discontent portended a gathering storm, but it was not until the anniversary of last year that its collected violence was discharged in an unmitigated tempest.

Happily, on the present occasion, neither the apocryphal nor the Trinitarian question made its appearance. The disturbers of the preceding meeting were either absent or silent; and in all its movements the utmost harmony prevailed. We have no right to impugn the motives of those who withdrew from this society, because they could not remove it to a more contracted foundation than that on which the splendid fabric was first erected; but events furnish convincing evidence that an inverted pyramid can never stand. Among those who seceded, the seeds of discord have been already sown, and, unable to agree on certain points, a subdivision has taken place, which some have predicted to be the harbinger of a final dissolution.

At the anniversary of the present year, the Right Hon. Lord Bexley took the chair, the noble president, Lord Teignmouth, having been unavoidably prevented from attending. The address from the chair, though brief, was every way appropriate, but the speaker's voice was not sufficiently strong to reach many hundreds placed at a distance.

Some letters, from distinguished supporters of the society, having been read, assigning reasons for their non-attendance, the Report was introduced. This, as usual, took a general survey of the society's funds, and the appropriation of them. It appears that, during the year, 583,888 bibles and Testaments had been distributed, which was about 100,000 more than had ever been issued in any preceding year. From the commencement of the society 7,618,615 copies of the scriptures had been circulated through its instrumentality and agency. The receipts amounted to 81,735*l.* which, from a deficiency of legacies, was 13,688*l.* less than the preceding year; but, making a deduction for legacies, the subscriptions exceeded the former statement, notwithstanding the defalcation which the schism might have been expected to occasion.

The principal speakers at this meeting were, the Bishop of Chester, Rev. John Clayton, Bishop of Calcutta, Rev. Thomas

Galland, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, Sir Thomas D. Ackland, Bart. Rev. J. Campbell, Hon. and Rev. Gerard Noel, Rev. J. W. Cunningham, Rev. J. A. James, Rev. E. Bickersteth, Rev. D. Steinkopf, and the Bishop of Sodor and Man.

In the speeches thus delivered, several allusions were made to the unhappy difference which disfigured the preceding anniversary. They were not, however, marked with any harsh or unbecoming reflections. Regret, not triumph, was the prevailing sensation throughout the vast assembly. One occurrence is particularly deserving of attention. The Hon. and Rev. Gerard Noel, and his brother, had withdrawn from the society, at the last anniversary; but now, the former appeared on the platform, acknowledged his error, and begged to assure all present, that himself and his brother had returned to promote its welfare, from a full conviction that its principles were pure, and its foundations permanent. This candid acknowledgment was received with every demonstration of affectionate feeling. We may conclude by observing, that the unanimity which prevailed throughout this meeting fully compensated for the discord of the last.

(To be resumed in our next.)

GLEANINGS.

Benefits of Instruction.—One of the kings of Persia wished to have his people enjoy the benefits of instruction; for this purpose schools were established, and they commenced spelling in all the portions of his dominions. This was as it ought to be; but it appeared, that at the very commencement of their progress, at the first junction of syllables and vowels, the people opened the Koran, and pointed out to their sovereign the passage in which Mahomet forbids the payment of impost to the kings of the earth. There terminated the instruction.

The Fire Fly.—The brilliant lights which they emit, their rapid flitting motion through the air, and the cheerfulness which they impart to the spirits, by engaging us to watch for their playful illumination, are quite indescribable. There is no difficulty in catching them; and I had the satisfaction of carrying one home with me, and gazing at its mysterious lamp, without doing it that injury which the poor butterfly, and too many other beautiful insects, experience, as the penalty they are condemned to pay for the ephemeral enjoyment of their splendid exterior. I placed it on a book in a dark room, and could distinctly read the words which were within the rays of its light. But the light was not so bright as when it was on the wing and in quick motion; it was more mellow, and, like that of the glow-worm in a state of rest; but I did not perceive it to be in any degree intermittent.—*Giles's Waldensian Researches*.

Action of the planet Venus on the Earth.—Professor Airy, by a most laborious investigation, has discovered an inequality in the earth's annual motion dependent on the action of the planet Venus; the period of which is about two hundred and forty years. The greatest coefficient of this inequality in the epoch is eight seconds and nine-tenths, which would be the case if the perihelion of Venus and the earth had opposite longitudes, and if the line of nodes coincided with the major axis, the eccentricities and inclinations having the same values as at present.

Ascent of the River Scheldt.—The dykes and their supporting embankments are seen in great perfection along the shores of South Beveland, the island of Walcheren, and one of the most beautiful and fertile territories of Holland; that is to say, beautiful for its cultivation and its fertility in all kinds of grain,

madder, pulse, hemp, rape, and flax; in its abundance of orchards of apples, pears, cherries, and plums; in the number of its villages, situated in the midst of trees, but, to the navigator of the river, known only to exist from the frequent spires and churches that are seen to rise in every direction out of the woods. Even in those villages that are close to the banks, seldom is any part of the houses visible, except the chimneys and the tiled roofs; but a church-spire in the midst of trees, and a windmill erected on the bank or some artificial mount, the better to catch the breeze, are sure indications of the co-existence of a little hamlet with those conspicuous objects.—*Family Library*.

Retort Courteous.—There came into Scotland a Doctor of the Sorbonne to Queen Marye of Lorraine, who, having heard some affirm that the French wine was as good and pure in Scotland as it was to be found in France, said, "The French send no wares off their countrye but the worst." M. G. Bue, (Buchanan) standing by, replied, "Well, Mr. Doctor, I never knew yee were before this tyme the refusal and worst of all the Doctors of the Sorbonne."—*Drummond's Unpublished MSS.*

Italian Boys.—The following are some of the curious particulars relative to the Italian boys in London, and their mode of procuring a living.—The haunts of these unfortunate beings are in Vine-street, Saffron-hill; Bleeding-heart-yard, Holborn-hill; Coal-yard, Drury-lane; and in the purlieus of Shoreditch: whole houses are occupied by these wretched boys, who sleep eight and nine in a bed; each boy's monkey is chained near him, every night on going to rest, and the other curiosities are placed in situations appointed to the owner, so that, on starting out in the morning, each boy takes his own companion. On the ground-floors reside the men, some Italian and some English, to whom the monkeys, &c. really belong, and they provide each boy with lodging at 4d. a night, with a basin of gruel in the morning, upon starting upon their perigrinations, having first paid the master for the use of whatever curiosity they may take with them to exhibit. The following are the charges made by the proprietors upon the juvenile crew—for a porcupine (very novel, there being only two,) and an organ, 4s. per day, being 2s. 6d. for the porcupine, and 1s. 6d. for the organ; for a monkey, undressed, 2s. per day; for a monkey in uniform, 3s. per day; for a box of white mice, 1s. 6d. per day; for a tortoise, 1s. 6d. per day; for a dog and monkey, (the latter may be frequently seen in the street, riding on the dog's back,) 3s. per day; for dancing dogs, four in number, including dresses, spinning-wheel, pipe, and tabor, &c., 5s. per day; for a box of wax figures of the Siamese twins, 2s. per day; for an organ, with figures waltzing, 3s. 6d. per day. Some of these boys, by their artlessness of manner and gesticulations, it is said, obtain six or seven shillings a day, and some more. One of them, the other day, upon being asked what was the largest sum he ever received in one day, replied 15s., which he accounted for in the following manner. One day he was ambulating about the Marine-parade, at Brighton, with his dog, and monkey on his back, when a gentleman offered him 15s. to allow him to throw a stone into the sea, for the dog to fetch. The boy consented, the stone was thrown, and away jumped the dog, with the monkey, into the sea. The monkey fastened tight round the dog's neck, and, both reaching the beach in safety, the boy received his premium.

Reason.—The reason of a thing is not to be inquired after, till you are sure the thing itself be so. We commonly ask, "What's the reason of it?" before we are sure of the thing. 'Twas an excellent question of my lady Cotton, when sir Robert Cotton was magnifying of a shoe, which was Moses's, or Noah's, and wondering at the strange shape and fashion of it: "But, Mr. Cotton," says she, "are you sure it is a shoe?"—*Selden*.

Adulteration of Cheese.—Cheese is coloured red by means of anotto, and anotto is adulterated with vermilion and red lead. The route is circuitous by which lead gets into the cheese, but it does get there, and, when there, the cheese is poisonous. It has been asserted, that ripe old Stilton, and other sorts of cheese, are greened in particular parts by means of verdigris. This method of producing apparent old age, conveys copper into the cheese.

The Youths of France and England.—Place an ardent young Parisian, of good family and fortune, by the side of a lad of the same condition in London, fresh from Oxford or Cambridge; what is the latter dreaming of? Seduction or keeping, Tattersall's or Elmore, Stevens's, claret, hazarde, ecarté, Epsom, an opera-dancer, or a groom, a livery-stable jobber, or a billiard marker. His most refined study is an obscene book from Cranbourne-alley, or a masquerade at the Argyle-rooms. The contrast with a Parisian youth is melancholy: Science or art is his passion; he is the enthusiastic votary of Cousin, or some other professor of

or philosophy; his ideas are elevated, his aims few, and those comparatively despised: the agitation of intellect, and the pursuit of science in manners, he is as different from the dandy of Bond-street, as the quiet and reserved youth is reserved and serious in deportment in manner, saturnine in complexion, somewhat too fond of disputation, but entirely correct in religious subjects, philosophy, the arts, &c.; supercilious pride, aristocratic contempt, indifference to the feelings of others, are unbecomingly his. He is domestic in his habits, and his feelings, enthusiastic in his pursuits; his temper is neither surly nor boisterous, but it is not impassioned. We would ask—Is this the notion of a young Parisian, or can any two more opposite?—*Westminster Review*.

in Ithaca.—A traveller, who has recently returned from Greece, gives some interesting details of the island of Ithaca, formerly the kingdom of the Phæacians. Vathe or Vahti, the capital, is situated in a picturesque spot, surrounded by an amphitheatre of rocks, which form a small bay, sheltered from the wind. The entrance to the bay is so narrow, that the rocks are so close together, that it might be considered a circular lake. The town follows the curve of the rocks, and extends to the sea, which is the foundations of the houses, or is kept off by a rapet, erected to hinder it from flowing into the streets. The very curious antiquities, which the island abounds, are the objects which attract the notice of the traveller. The principal palaces of Ulysses, near the bay of Aito; the tomb of Laertes, still admired for their fertility; the tomb of Homer, near the village of Exoril; the tomb of Arethusa, &c.

Atmospheric Experiments.—An interesting experiment was recently tried at Newcastle, on the state of the atmosphere. A kite was sent up, having attached to it a piece of butcher's meat, a fresh haddock, and a small loaf of bread. The kite rose to a great height, and remained at that elevation for an hour and a quarter. When brought to the ground, it was found that the fish and the piece of bread, both in a putrid state, but particularly the loaf of bread, when examined through a microscope, was discovered to be pervaded with leucine. (We should be glad to hear the results of similar experiments in other parts of the country.)—*Salisbury and Winchester Journal*, 30 Jan.

Runaway.—From Savannah, a negro fellow, with long legs, cucumber shins, perfectly black, exhibiting his eyes, which are red; he may be seen by his teeth, which are all lost, and by his being stark naked, &c.—*New York Standard*.

of London.—The Rental of the City of London is £50,000. annually, and only sends four members to parliament. The rental of the parish of St. Martin's in the Vintry is 756,000l., annually, and has no representation in the House of Commons.

Justice's Opinion of a Chancery Bill.—The following occurs in the Journal of the Rev. John Gifford under the date of Thursday, 27th of December:—"I called on the solicitor whom I had engaged in the suit lately commenced against me in the House of Commons. And here I first saw that foul monster, a Bill! A scroll it was of forty-two pages in length, to tell a story which needed not to have been told in forty lines!—And stuffed with such stupid, improbable lies (many of them, too, quite untrue), as I believe would have cost him his life, in any heathen court, either of Athens or Rome. And this is equity in a Christian country! This is the English method of redressing wrongs!"

General Meadows.—General Meadows, equally renowned for his courage and bravery, being on a reconnoitering party in a dangerous country, a twenty-four pound shot fell near him, at some distance from the General, passing in such a direction as would have endangered him to danger, had he continued his road. Lightning he stopped his horse, and, pulling out a very gracefully, as the shot rolled on, good-naturedly said, "I beg you to proceed, Sir; I never precede with any gentleman of your rank."

in France.—A gentleman, who is just returned from France, has informed us that, near Brest, a cottage, for a small family, consisting of seven persons, and a garden, can be rented for 100 livres, 4s. British, per annum; a couple of fowls may be bought at 6d.; good beef, 2½d.; and bread, 1½d. per lb.; eggs, 1½d. per dozen; common wine, white and red, 25s. per hogshead every other article at proportionate low prices.—*Jersey Patriot*.

Turkish Execution.—I never could bring myself to quietly await the last scene of a condemned culprit's life; however, when I heard that forty men were to suffer the bowstring, and their leader to be beheaded, the opportunity was too tempting to be resisted, and I resolved to see the last part of this grand tragedy. It had been convenient to vote these poor fellows pirates; and the leader, who was possessed of the most dangerous article in Turkey (money,) and who had long since retired (if he ever engaged in it) from being "a fisherman of men," as Lord Byron calls Lambro, was also voted to have been, some time or other, a pirate, and he, therefore, was to be beheaded, and his estates confiscated unto the crown. The fact was, they wanted his money, and therefore they took his head first. The ceremony was most unceremoniously performed, for they began before the time appointed; the shears of Atropos had closed before we arrived, and the beheaded criminal was lying in front of the executioner's house, with his head placed between his thighs, and only one human being near. Lord Byron looked with horror at the appalling scene. No man can form an idea of the distorted sight who has not seen it, and neither am I inclined to recall to my recollection the horrible appearance of the corpse. Not far off stood a melancholy-looking Turk, endeavouring to scare away some dogs, but his attempt was useless; for, unmindful of our presence, they rushed at the body, and commenced licking the blood from the neck—I never remember to have shuddered with such a cold shudder as I did at that moment; and Byron, who ejaculated a sudden "Good God!" turned abruptly away.—Moore, in his *Life of the great Poet*, supposes the objects which occurred to Byron were used as the foundations of his Poems—Look at the "Siege of Corinth:"

And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb,
They were too busy to bark at him.
And the following line portrays the feelings of Alp's mind, operated upon by the same circumstances as the Poet's:
Alp turned him from the sickening sight, &c.
—*Life of a Sailor*.

Eggs.—About twenty-six millions of eggs are imported into London, from the Continent, annually.

Progress of Literature.—During 1831, the firm of the Albion Press, alone, made 110 letter-press printing presses; and during the last four years, upwards of 300. In the last twenty years, the master printers in the empire have been doubled.

Anecdote of Northcote and Kemble.—When Northcote was engaged in painting, for Boydell's Shakespeare, 'the Entry into London of Richard the Second and Bolingbroke,' Mr. John Kemble made a morning call with some friends, amateurs of the drama, all of whom complimented the painter on the success of his work. Kemble observed, 'Shakespeare is much indebted to you, and other gentlemen professors of your imitative pursuits, for the many splendid personifications with which you will identify your art with his knowledge of nature.' 'I would willingly return you the compliment in kind,' replied Northcote; 'your acting, and that of my late friend Garrick, appear to me to be very fine; but I am not sure that our mutual compliments would be creditable to either. For my part, I should not very willingly submit the test to Shakespeare, fearing that my perceptions would fall infinitely short of his;' adding, with a complacent smile, 'might he not say we had all of us sacrificed his meaning to stage effect?' Kemble was not entirely of this opinion. 'You have often seen Garrick, Mr. Northcote; and do you think his perception of Shakespeare was just?' 'I am a painter, and cannot be supposed to be a competent judge. You are not a painter, and think, or at least affect to think, highly of my work: I can abstract my mind sufficiently to know that it is not like enough to nature to be like Shakespeare; and to speak truly, I have never seen acting such as I conceive could be approved by him.' 'Nay!' interrupted Kemble and his friends. 'I say Ay!' exclaimed Northcote, with vehemence: 'I will be more plain—I have never witnessed acting that was not a trick; ay, such as Shakespeare could not have endured!' Kemble had scarcely quitted the threshold, than he observed, 'I cannot but admire the spiteful little cynic's candour; but methinks he might be somewhat more courteous.'

Sagacity of a Dog.—Innumerable instances are recorded of the sagacity of the dog, but the following particulars, we presume, will not be found unworthy of a place in the general history of that faithful animal.—A journeyman watchmaker, residing near the Minories, of superior talents in his profession, but of dissipated habits, had a fine French poodle-dog, that was a great favourite with his master and family. The dog invariably followed his master to all the public-houses which he had too often frequented, and then

used to return home. It often happened that the journeyman who behind his engagements with his employers, who went for the work before it was completed. On these occasions, his wife or one of the children went out with the dog who invariably led them, by his power of smelling, from one public house to another, until at last the strayed bird was discovered. This conduct on the part of the dog annoyed his master so much that he sold him for five guineas to a gentleman in Yorkshire, who took him to the north. In about six weeks, however, Tray, for that was the dog's name, appeared, much worn out, at his old master's abode, having found his way from Yorkshire to town. His appearance exasperated the journeyman watchmaker so much that he took the earliest opportunity of disposing of the dog to a gentleman going to Paris. Three months had not elapsed, however, before honest Tray arrived in town in a most emaciated state, and his feet dreadfully torn. He was received with a hearty welcome by the wife and children, but his old master threatened to destroy him. Before this threat was carried into effect, the wife had occasion to go in search of her husband, among his old haunts and took Tray with her for a guide, after leading her to various houses frequented by her husband, the dog at last stopped at the door of a public house behind Shoreditch church. The wife went in, and found her husband, with a loose female dining upon beef-steaks. Words ran high but the journeyman was so ashamed of his conduct, that he determined upon a reformation, which he carried into complete effect, and is now one of the most correctly conducted men in his profession, while Tray is more cherished than ever by the whole family, and by none more than the reformed husband.

Janet—Duke of Abrantes, was born in Burgundy, and enlisted as a private soldier in a company of volunteer cannoniers of his department. At the siege of Toulon, he was admired for an instance of intrepidity that has seldom occurred since. The redoubt, called "Las sans Culottes," defended by the English, had been attacked for several hours, but its fire was still very troublesome to us. General Bonaparte ordered a battalion to take it by storm. Although Janet did not belong to that battalion, he rushed first of all into the ditch, climbed up the scarp, jumped into a redoubt through a battlement, killed two cannoniers at a post, and by that means gave his companions time to join him. The redoubt was taken amidst cries of "The Republic for ever!" General Bonaparte made him sergeant, and, his hand-writing being clear and neat, he made use of him as his secretary during the remainder of the campaign. When I met him for the first time, he was a colonel, and had been wounded at the battle of Castiglione. Janet added to great courage much natural shrewdness. After having served during twenty years and passed through all military ranks, he ended his life in a deplorable manner. He could be suffered in the Russian campaign disordered his mental faculties. The unhappy man died under his paternal roof. His return retarded a short time before he breathed his last, and seeing himself again in the humble chamber in which he had passed his youth, he was enabled joyfully to appreciate his glittering dream of fortune and glory.—*Memories of Lavalette*

The rising Pantomime.—A convict, of the name of Panko, belonging to the Justice's hall, at Woolwich, made his escape from the arsenal on Saturday, and the same evening, or early the next morning, he broke into the dwelling-house of Mr. G. Colgate, at Lewisham, from which he carried away several articles of wearing apparel. He was apprehended shortly after, and was on Monday committed to Maidstone goal for trial at the next Assizes.

Cryer of Bleeding.—The Hippopotamus, according to Pilay, first taught man the use of bleeding. He shows, that the animal, being overcharged with blood, rubs itself against a pointed bulrush, a vein is opened, and, when a sufficient quantity of blood has been discharged, he rolls himself in the mire to stop the bleeding. This art is, however, very ancient, and appears to have been resorted to among the Egyptians, Assyrians, Scythians, &c., at a time when anatomy had never been cultivated. The Greeks boast that Podalicus, the son of Enaulapius, soon after the siege of Troy, was the first who introduced the expediency of bleeding.—*Ohio*.

Assessment of a West-Indian Auction.—"On Monday next the 25th inst., at the Vendue House, at 10 o'clock, will be sold, sugar, port, and long-leaf tobacco, cinnamon, soap, &c., and a negro woman, a glass cock, and a house servant with one child. Terms: Cash, at two months' credit."—*Republ Gazette*, Nassau, April 22, 1831.

Military Notices.

Just Published.

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Thomas Seltford

PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTE OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Thos. Seltford

FISHER & N. & S.

THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1832.

MEMOIR OF THOMAS TELFORD, ESQ., F. R. S. L. & E., ETC. ETC. ETC.

(With a Portrait.)

and fortune were the criterion of genius, talent would be monopolized by wealth and title, and the aristocracy of power would extend its dominion over the dominions of science. Happily, however, neither ancestry nor domain, nor hereditary descent, is the standard by which to measure mental energy. The castes of India have not yet established their empire in the regions of thought. The human mind still expatiates in all directions of unbounded freedom, and the sparklings of its emanations are brilliant, whether they arise from the poor man's cottage, or the palace of a prince.

Of the energies of genius in humble life, that science is chiefly indebted for its most valuable discoveries, and the extension of its empire; names which it has rescued from obscurity, and inscribed on the temple of fame, will remain with unfading lustre, when those of kings and emperors are erased from her tablet, or rendered illegible by the corrosions of time with which they were originally written.

Watt, a Watt, a Rennie, a Davy, are names that never will be forgotten. From these, and such as these, both among the living and the dead, we have selected many illustrious examples, and we have now the pleasure of augmenting the number, by introducing to our readers the subject of the life of Mr. Telford.

THOMAS TELFORD is a native of Scotland, where he was born in the year 1757. The place of his nativity was in the pastoral valley of Eskdale, situated in the county of Dumfries. His parents occupied a station in the lower walks of life, which, without amassing wealth, they filled with respectability. His education was limited, both in duration and extent. The parochial school of Westerkirk was his only seminary, and nothing beyond the simple elements of learning was to be acquired. At the age of fourteen, Mr. Telford was bound an apprentice to an emigrant, in the county that gave him birth; and, having obtained a competent knowledge of his business, on the expiration of his term, he for some years practised the same profession in his native district. The south-western ties of Scotland, however, at this time furnished but little encouragement for talent; and, as a natural consequence, industry found but little reward. Convinced of these facts, he resolved to leave his native bode, and, reducing resolution to practice, he repaired to Edinburgh, where he continued, by unremitting application, to study the principles of architecture, agreeably to the rules of science. Here he remained

until the year 1782, when, having made a commendable proficiency, he left the Scottish for the British metropolis, and came to London under the patronage of the late Sir William Pulteney, (originally Johnstone,) and the family of Pasley, who were natives of the parish of Westerkirk.

The talents and industry of Mr. Telford, fostered by this patronage, on his arrival in England, did not long remain unnoticed or unemployed. His progress was not rapid, but it was steady and always advancing; and every new opportunity of displaying his taste, science, and genius, extended his fame, and paved the way to new enterprises and acquisitions.

The first public employment in which we find Mr. Telford engaged was, that of superintending some works belonging to Government in Portsmouth Dock-yard. The duties of this undertaking were discharged with so much fidelity and care, as to give complete satisfaction to the commissioners, and to ensure the future exercise of his talents and services. Hence, in 1787, he was appointed surveyor of the public works in the rich and extensive county of Salop; and it is pleasing to add, that this situation he retains to the present day.

In 1790 Mr. Telford was employed by the British Fishery Society, to inspect the harbours at their several stations, and to devise a plan for an extensive establishment at Wick in the county of Caithness. This work was regularly accomplished, and it has been the chief centre of the herring fishery on that coast, under the name of Pulteney Town.

During the same year, 1790, an extensive inland navigation, in length about one hundred miles, called the Ellesmere Canal, was confided to Mr. Telford's general management. This, in its track along the base of the Welsh hills, passes over the aqueducts of Pont y Cysylte, and Chirk. The former, one thousand feet long, and one hundred and twenty-eight feet high; and the latter, six hundred feet long, and seventy feet high, were constructed according to his plans, and under his direction.

In the years 1803 and 1804, the parliamentary commissioners for making roads and building bridges in the Highlands of Scotland, and also for making the Caledonian canal, appointed Mr. Telford their engineer. Under the former board, eleven hundred bridges, two of one hundred and fifty feet span, were built, and eight hundred and sixty miles of new road were made; and under the latter Board, the Caledonian Canal, of unusually large dimensions, was constructed.

Under the Road Commissioners, on the Glasgow, Carlisle, and Lanarkshire Roads, thirty bridges, one of one hundred and fifty feet span, and another one hundred and twenty-two feet high, were constructed. Under the same Commissioners, and local Trustees, above thirty harbours were built; some of which, as at Aberdeen and Dundee, are upon an extensive scale. At and adjoining to Edinburgh, two very lofty and expensive bridges were built from his design, and under his direction. He is also occasionally employed by the city of Glasgow.

Nor were Mr. Telford's labours and talents exclusively devoted to Scotland and Wales. In England his professional employment became very extensive. Five large bridges, over the river Severn, were executed after his plans. One of these was one hundred and thirty, another one hundred and fifty, and a third one hundred and seventy feet span. In all the works to which the Commissioners for the Loan of Exchequer Bills granted aid, he acted as their engineer, which, in the aggregate, amounted to more than twenty instances. By the general Post Office, he has also been employed in making many extensive surveys in sundry districts of England, Scotland, and Wales.

As engineer to the Parliamentary Commissioners for improving the communication between London and Dublin, all the works on the Holyhead Road, including the Menai and Conway Bridges, were performed under Mr. Telford's direction, with the exception of the landing piers of Holyhead and Howth; for these he only completed.

While the preceding works were being executed, several other branches of inland navigation were carried on under Mr. Telford's direction. Among these may be named the Birmingham and Liverpool, and the Macclesfield, canals; the unrivalled improvements upon the old Birmingham, and the extension of the Ellesmere and Chester canals. A new Tunnel also, three thousand yards in length, under the Harecastle Hill, on the summit of the Trent and Mersey canal, was conducted under his superintendence, as was likewise the improvement of the river Weaver Navigation, which is the outlet of the Cheshire Salt Works.

In the metropolis, the St. Catherine's Docks, at Tower-hill, were constructed under Mr. Telford's direction; and in the Fens, the New Outfall of the river Nene, and the drainage of the North Level, stand as memorials of his scientific skill, industry, and perseverance.

Nor has the British empire alone been benefited by Mr. Telford's genius. In the year 1808, he was employed by the Swedish government to survey the ground, and lay out an inland navigation, through the central parts of that kingdom. The design of this undertaking was, to connect the great fresh-water Lakes, and to form a direct communication by water between the North Sea at Gothenburg, and the Baltic at Soderkoping.

In 1813, Mr. Telford again visited Sweden, taking with him some experienced British workmen, with such suitable materials as were wanted. Here he inspected the work in its progressive state, and superintended such branches as required practical observation. This gigantic undertaking has been fully accomplished, notwithstanding the numerous obstacles it became necessary to surmount. The communication between the lakes has been in active operation for several years; and the whole works being in a state of completion, the entire intercourse between the Baltic and the North Sea will be opened in October of the present year.

In addition to the honorary distinction of F.R.S. awarded to Mr. Telford by the Royal Societies of London and of Edinburgh, his name stands conspicuously among the most celebrated engineers of our country.

In 1818, an institution of civil engineers was established, which, being found of practical utility, was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1828. Of this institution, from its primary commencement, Mr. Telford has been annually elected president. This tribute of respect, due to transcendent talents, is cheerfully paid by its numerous members.

This useful society consists of men eminent for experience and practical skill; and of young persons desirous of acquiring information on the various subjects connected with the profession of a civil engineer. Although at the meetings, theory cannot be excluded, yet the main purpose is, to obtain practical facts. Hence, notes are taken of what is verbally communicated; and these, together with what is furnished in writing, are registered for the use of the members. By these means, a valuable mass of practical information has already been accumulated, and every meeting adds something to the general stock. This institution at present consists of two hundred members, resident not only in the British Isles, but in Russia, Germany, France, Holland, and India.

Mr. Telford, as may be gathered from the year of his birth, is now twenty-five years of age; and if months and weeks are taken into the

account, he will be found in his seventy-sixth year. He is, nevertheless, strong, hale, and active, capable of forming canals, building bridges, and excavating docks. He has, however, already accomplished a sufficiency to be ranked among the benefactors of his country, and to obtain a place in the archives of immortality. His numerous works will furnish the best eulogium on his talents and industry, and stand as a proud memorial to future generations, of what sterling genius, accompanied with perseverance, has actually accomplished.

To the youthful aspirant after scientific knowledge that may be reduced to practical utility, such examples are powerful in their operation, and beneficial in their results. The ascent to the temple of fame may seem steep and difficult, but obstacles that have been overcome, cease to be insurmountable. Persevering efforts, though commencing under inauspicious circumstances, rarely prove unsuccessful; and he who excels, scarcely ever remains unrewarded. There is no department in mechanics, arts, or sciences, that is placed beyond the reach of improvement, or incapable of a nearer approximation towards perfection. The ample field opens its gates to all who are willing to enter, and both to the enterprising and the indolent we would say, "Go copy the example, and imitate the conduct, of Mr. Thomas Telford."

THE TRIUMPH OF FEELING.

(BY REV. J. YOUNG.)

A mother's *love*, ah, who can show it?
 A mother's *grief*, ah, who would know it?
 A mother's love, is nature's feeling:
 A mother's grief,—past nature's healing.
 A mother's love, is strong,—deep,—thrilling,
 A mother's grief!—o'erwhelming,—killing!

Records.

THE revellers in the gay city of New York were still engaged in thought-diverting song and dance. The splendid drawing-rooms and extensive saloons blazed with unrivalled brilliancy, presenting a fac-simile of the beau ideal of the poet, such as the creative genius of the author of *Lalla Rookh* has furnished. Smiling beauty held its devotees entranced,—the worshippers of the bacchanalian god bowed servilely before his shrine, and, by large and destructive potations from the grape, the juniper-berry, or distillations from molasses, seemed to bid defiance to every attack which reason or reflection might make upon them,—all was noise,—motion,—hilarity. The blush of morning was already visible: still the song and the wassail rout were heard.—The mists which frequently envelop the Kitatany mountains, had fled before the bursting glory of the monarch of day,—still the dance was continued,—and thus, as if no heart heaved with any emotion other than perfect happiness would produce, the inhabitants hailed the anniversary of their Independence—at the jubilant celebration of it at New York.

But there was one among the multitude, who participated not in the joyous festivity, whose heart beat not in unison with the high sounds of enjoyment which generally prevailed; she was a lonely cheerless widow. All night she had watched, and listened, and prayed, and wept. Yet no sound of approaching footsteps, such as she wished to hear, greeted her troubled spirit, the noisy din of the city rose and fell upon her ear, the song and the laugh were heard floating upon the thin silent ether, but these only added to her sorrow, and made the wo, that sat heavy upon her stricken heart, still heavier. Her neat and humble dwelling was situated at a short distance from the town; it might have been called, and by some considered, lonely! but it was not really so, for, like the highly favoured family of Bethany, she was frequently indulged with visits, enlivening visits, from HIM, in *spirit*, who was in the habit of often making cheerful the abode of Lazarus and his sisters by his bodily presence.

How many years had elapsed since Mrs. Bretange was called to shed the almost first tear of sorrow she had shed since she had borne that name,—occasioned by the death of the loved husband of her youth, I know not, nor shall I presume to conjecture; all I know is, that the painful dispensation had given a check to her natural volatility, and thrown a pleasing seriousness over her feelings and her person. The pleasures in which she had revelled, and the gay parties in which she had taken

d, lost for her their charms and
 ons,—and hence they had been
 ned; reflection followed, and evi-
 which admitted not a question, was
 mished, that in very mercy she had
 afflicted. The defencelessness of
 mood was indeed experienced; vil-
 assuming the address and name of
 men, like vultures pouncing on their
 prey, defrauded her, and, from
 stances of ease and respectability,
 s reduced by fraud and rapine to
 native indigence. Still the elasticity
 mind rose above the depressing
 e of her condition. The energy of
 character shone out in her conspi-
 , and, as riches made to themselves
 and fled away,—unearthly treasures
 to her awakened mind their invit-
 tifying charms,—grace gently led
 their possession,—and religion's
 nd never-failing consolations sup-
 her mind, and cheered her soul,
 nce she struggled on with heroism
 s genuine piety alone could have
 ed.

child, one only child, the offspring
 ted affection, was left—a lovely boy.
 , all her earthly cares centred. *For*
 he toiled and laboured. *Over* him,
 ed the tears of fondness, such as a
 only could feel. If pious example
 have influenced, exhortations have
 ed, or prayers have succeeded, the
 of her heart would have been rea-
 —Bernard would have walked in
 ths his mother trod. But it was
 . For him, prayer had no attrac-
 -religion no pleasure,—holiness no
 . The heart of his poor widowed
 : bled with an agony such as de-
 on fails to portray, as she beheld her
 er only son, advancing fast toward
 od, having no fear of God before
 s, and no preparation for heaven in
 urt.

rs passed on, and Bernard had
 d his twenty-fourth year, without
 hange being seen in his spirit or
 e, except, indeed, from bad to

Still the fond mother fainted not,
 arning affection of her soul, as if
 z fresh energies as the depravity of
 spring was developed—like another
 enician matron, she became press-
 importunate, and, with the spirit of
 ther of the faithful, she believed in
 against hope; with the hand of faith,
 it aside the curtain shadows which
 e betwixt the present and the future
 and with a strong mental vision,
 rated and cleared by the book of

inspiration, gazed on the scenes and conse-
 quences of the last day,

“That day of dread decision and despair,
 That day for which all other days were made.”

She heard by imagination the decree go
 forth from the lips of the Judge,—“Let
 him that is filthy be filthy still,”—and
 seemed to listen to the appalling sentence,
 “Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.”
 She knew her child—her son—would be
 among that number, unless an act of sove-
 reign grace were now passed in his favour.
 The thought was crushingly oppressive;
 feeling appeared to have arisen to its ut-
 most altitude; and, in an agony bordering
 on wildness, she implored, as she besought
 the Father of mercies—“Save, oh, save my
 son, through Him who died, the just for the
 unjust, to bring sinners to God.” Such
 was the employment, and such were the
 feelings of the widow and the mother, as a
 new day broke upon our world, and while
 yet the gay and the thoughtless caroused
 in the beautiful city. Among that number
 was Bernard; who, as the fourth hour of
 day was proclaimed by the announcers of
 time's flight, entered the humble abode
 of his mother, under the influence of ine-
 briety. The worn-out watcher, overcome
 by anxiety and fatigue, had sunk into a
 state of partial forgetfulness; and therefore,
 until late the next morning, Bernard
 encountered not the pleading eye, and
 grief-worn countenance of his parent.

To follow the profligate prodigal through
 all the labyrinthine wilds of folly which he
 trod, or to exhibit all the scenes of low
 profanity in which he revelled, would be
 to unclothe a catalogue, at which morality
 would turn pale, which credulity might
 call in question, and from which modesty
 would turn away her face in disgust and
 horror. Such exhibitions had better never
 be made; their very disclosure seems to
 diffuse a polluting influence, almost taint-
 ing all who look upon them. They pos-
 sess no feature of a pleasing character to
 the eye of the pious, and their influence
 can never be otherwise than baneful to the
 inexperienced youth, or hardening to the
 dissolute adult. It will be sufficient for all
 the purposes intended by this sketch, to
 state, that he ran the lengths and breadths
 of wickedness—and appeared to have
 reached the heights, and to have fathomed
 the depths, of depravity. Of him it might
 have been said,

Mercy did not soften him,
 Justice did not awe;
 The gospel had no charms for him,
 He heeded not the law.
 But, madly on his ruin bent,
 He like an ox to slaughter went.

The history of the revival of religion in America, might, without impropriety, be contemplated as the history of a new epoch in the prospects and celebrity of that increasingly important country. However high America stood before, in a prospective point of view, and with whatever attention other and distant nations surveyed her, she has now advanced to a point of elevation, which commands the respect of powers, to which, before, she was comparatively unknown; and she will continue to advance, until the admiration and the fear of the other kingdoms of the world shall be offered as a tribute to her excellent greatness. The purifying leaven which is now spreading through all ranks of her vast population, will present a renovated people, whose influence shall be as extensive as her resources are mighty. In this revival, the city of New York was favoured to share. The Spirit from on high was poured upon the people in such a degree, as before had been scarcely conceived. The fire ran, and its quickening influence was acknowledged by thousand, and tens of thousands.

That such as had waited and prayed for this manifestation of grace and mercy, should richly partake of, and rejoice in it, can create no surprise. Among that number stood the pious Mrs. Bretange. If, before this, the solicitude of her heart ran high, in reference to her profligate son; from analogy it might be argued, if proof had not been afforded, that it would increase in the same ratio as her own spiritual knowledge and experience advanced. Every motive which ingenuity could devise, and every argument which wisdom, and love, and zeal, could supply, were employed, to induce the son of many prayers to return from his evil way, and live.

There was one feature in the character of Bernard which seemed to have been placed there as a redeeming quality, to save the whole from execration and abhorrence; it was the strong affection which he bore towards his mother. It is indeed admitted, that *this* did not always operate; passion led him frequently to perpetrate what his informed judgment reprobated. There were periods, however, when no pleasure, of which he was capable, could bear comparison with what he experienced on beholding his mother happy.

It was during one of these periods of rationality, and while the spirit of inquiry was strong and extensive, that the pious widow besought her wandering son to accompany her to the church which she constantly attended, and where multitudes,

both of men and of women, had become obedient to the faith. For a few moments he treated the request, as he had often done on former occasions, with heartless railery, but at length, won by the earnestness of his mother's entreaty, he consented to accompany her.

That a mother—a *christian* mother—should feel emotions, such as cold, calculating theorists cannot even imagine, at beholding the sole object of her earthly affections and anxious solitudes brought within the sound of the proclamation of those truths which are declared to be “the power of God unto salvation,” is not, cannot be surprising, even on natural principles. Admitting so much, (which admission can only be made for argument's sake,) as that enthusiasm, in the popular sense of that word, or the wild, uncontrollable sway of strongly excited imagination, working on the animal passions, be the whole of what is generally denominated religious feeling,—still the enjoyment is real, although the *nature* of the enjoyment may not be correctly understood;—while the recollection, that the same means as those now resorted to, produced the results experienced, will naturally excite and encourage the pleasing anticipation, that similar effects may follow in the experience of those beloved. Or, supposing, even, that temporary delusion has obscured and bewildered the intellectual part of its victim, still the delusion itself must be beneficial, while it begets an enlarged and holy philanthropy in reference to others:

Such were the noble and rational feelings which filled the bosom of Mrs. Bretange, while she gazed upon her son, as he took his seat in the temple of God. Every powerful appeal to the conscience, every alarming display of the evil and tendency of transgression, and every touching exhibition of the love of God, and of Christ, which fell from the lips of the energetic minister of mercy, fixed the inquiring eye of the watchful mother upon Bernard, while she raised her heart in unuttered supplication to the Spirit of truth, that He would enlighten the eyes of the understanding, and take away the enmity of the heart of her son. Still no pleasing indications were afforded, that her petitions were granted, or that ignorance and depravity had been superseded by knowledge and purity. Thus the service closed, and the mother and son returned again to their dwelling: the widow, to weep and pray,—and Bernard, to act as if given up to the hardness of his heart, and contempt of God's holy will and commandments.

part of the declared experience of the distinguished apostle of the Gentiles, is fully illustrative of the character and feelings of the sorrowing mother on this point,—“*perplexed, but not in despair!*” to circumscribe either the mercy or power of God, she felt would be impossible, although cast down in her spirit, her senses were not destroyed. She remembered the cheering promise,—“I will comfort him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children,”—and felt thus encouraged;—she contemplated the fulfilment of that promise as actually accomplished in innumerable instances, in a spiritual point of view, and was strengthened to believe that

God can renew, and grace alone,
 and what it can, it will;
 will his pow’r and truth make known,
 his promises fulfil.

Once again, the commanding eloquence of her mother’s love was poured forth by Bretange, as she besought her dear child to listen to the voice, and attend to the solicitation, of Him who requests, “son, give me thine heart.”—“To-night, Bernard,” she continued, entreating as she pressed one of his hands beneath her own, “to-night,” go and unite those who ‘worship in spirit and in truth.’

I regret that I cannot accompany you, but my health will not allow it. At the same time, I hope to receive some information of what you may hear, and by that means to derive a satisfaction, which the services of the sanctuary have not failed to afford me, now, for many years. You know, will you not Bernard?”—A tear fell into her eye, as the request was made.—it was irresistible,—the powerful love of the prodigal had as yet been unnumbed, not entirely crushed,—he felt the pressure of the hand, and he yielded, “Well, mother, as you wish it, I will do this once, although I had promised to do this evening another way,—and he hesitated,—“will not some other time do as well?—I promise you.” The quick speaking eye of Mrs. Bretange, met with instant anxiety, and in a tone, yet affectionate, she observed, before he had finished the sentence,

Procrastination is the thief of time,
 ’tis wise to-day, ’tis madness to defer.”

He, half reluctantly, promised, that he would do it should be as his mother wished, and then, after adjusting his dress for the occasion, he departed.

There are periods when the mind, for the purpose of external objects, turns in upon itself, during which time, neither the so-

phistry of fallen nature, nor the objecting depravity of the heart, can furnish satisfactory apology for past conduct, or deprive the unwelcome intruder, *thought*, of its inquisitive and annoying influence: thus Bernard felt as he walked forwards. Daylight had for a full hour receded, and darkness had wrapped its impervious mantle round the recent objects of vision. He was alone too; he had rather shunned, than courted the unwelcome companionship of those who went to the house of God with joy,—and hence he became a prey to reflections, personal and confounding. The peculiar anxiety of his mother on his account, in connexion with a strong something within, which he could not explain, led him into a reverie, which, by the time he had reached the place of worship, prepared him to give so much attention to the service, as might enable him to judge concerning the claims of religion upon his attention and reason.

The devotional exercises which preceded the preacher’s address, were attended to by him with little more than external propriety,—but the pathos, the vigour of thought, and felicitous adaptation of his discourse to the character of the audience, displayed by the “ambassador for Christ,” riveted his attention. Conviction followed the light which was imparted,—gradually he yielded up his prejudices one by one, until the wounded spirit groaned its agony in prayer,—silent yet strong, “God, be merciful to me, a sinner.” The big tear rolled down his cheeks,—a tremor, powerful as new, possessed him,—destruction seemed to yawn at his feet, while no way of escape as yet appeared to him.

The sermon was concluded, and, as on such occasions was usual, an invitation was given by the minister, to all persons present, who might feel a desire to “flee from the wrath to come,” to approach the front of the pulpit, in order that special prayer might be by the church presented for them. Several attended the invitation,—a circle was already formed, yet Bernard was not one of the number who composed it. He sat confused and condemned, and half concealed in his solitary seat. His character had been well known; and his presence, even, excited the surprise of not a few. That he should be there alone was strange, but that he should remain when special prayer was made, and after many had retired, was stranger still, and could only be accounted for on the score of curiosity, if not a worse feeling.—Prayer became fervent,—it increased,—the place to many became a Bochim, to others a Bethel;—

one after another was seen, on that memorable evening, approaching the place of penitents, who, like Ephraim, repented, after they were instructed, and presently among that number knelt the recently scoffing, but now deeply penitent, Bernard. The hour grew late, but the flight of time was not perceived by those who prayed, or by those who were prayed for; one holy purpose seemed to possess each,—“I will not let thee go, except thou bless me;” while one prevailing prayer was offered—“Bless me, even me, O my Father.”

The widow had waited with the utmost longing, her son's return, as she expected at the close of the sermon; but two hours since then had elapsed, still he came not. A dreadful misgiving took possession of her, that either Bernard had said, “I go, and went not,”—or, having gone, his return had been prevented through meeting with some of his profligate associates. Eleven o'clock had already been struck, and the heart of Mrs. Bretange sunk within her, as her fears led her to believe, with sickening confidence, that her son, her loved, unhappy son, was revelling in some haunt of vice, when a footstep fell on her ears—she listened, but it was not Bernard;—it drew nearer,—some one approached the door of her cottage,—a gentle knock informed her, admission was sought;—an inquiry was made, and the well-known voice of a friend answered. The door was instantly opened, when one, who had just left the house of prayer, congratulated her on the change of heart which her son had experienced, and afterwards explained all that the widow required to know; who, clasping her hands, exclaimed,—“Father, I thank thee,—my prayer is granted,—my son was lost, and is found,—he was dead, and is alive again;” doubt would have mingled with her confidence, and blighted her joy, had not the character of her informant silenced it.

Her heart beat wildly, she experienced a delirium of pleasure; she clasped her hands, and wept like an infant—her happiness surpassed expression, while her gratitude mocked every attempt to give it utterance. And now the sound of Bernard's tread was heard,—the door opened, and he entered; his countenance, as he held out his arms to receive his mother, proclaimed the correctness of all that had been told her,—she advanced to meet him, but the tide of joy, of rapture, was too powerful; she might have exclaimed with old Simeon, “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salva-

tion.” Ere the arms which she had extended, to enfold in their embrace her son, had reached him, she sunk down at his feet,—and, with one short sigh, passed to heaven.

London.

PROPHECY RESPECTING ISHMAEL, AND THE FULFILMENT OF IT.

“AND he will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren,” Gen. xvi. 12.

“What is said of the wild ass, Job xxxix. 5—8, affords the very best description that can be given of the Ishmaelites, Bedouins, and wandering Arabs, the descendants of Ishmael.

“God himself has sent them out free; he has loosed them from all political restraint. The wilderness is their habitation, and in the parched land, where no other human beings could live, they have their dwellings. They may be said to have no lands; and yet the range of the mountains is their pasture; they pitch their tents, and feed their flocks wherever they please. They are continually looking after prey, and seize on every kind of property that comes in their way.

“Many potentates among the Abyssinians, Egyptians, and Turks, have endeavoured to subjugate the wandering or wild Arabs; but though they have had temporary triumphs, they have been ultimately unsuccessful. Sesostris, Cyrus, Pompey, and Trajan, all endeavoured to conquer Arabia, but in vain. From the beginning to the present day, they have maintained their independency; and God preserves them, as a lasting monument of his providential care, and an incontestible argument of the truth of divine revelation. Had the Pentateuch no other argument to evince its divine origin, the account of Ishmael, and the prophecy concerning his descendants, collated with their history and manner of life, during a period of nearly *four thousand years*, would be sufficient. Indeed, the argument is so absolutely demonstrative, that the man who would attempt its refutation, in the sight of reason and common sense would stand convicted of the most ridiculous presumption, and the most excessive folly.

“The country which these free descendants of Ishmael may be properly said to possess, stretches from Aleppo to the Arabian Sea, and from Egypt to the Persian Gulph; a tract of land not less than eighteen hundred miles in length, by nine hundred in breadth.”

Dr. A. Clarke's Commentary.

THE OBSERVANCE OF THE TENTH
COMMANDMENT.

BY JOHN PHILIP WILSON.

(Fourth Essay.)

I shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his."

In proceeding to an analysis of the commandment, I shall, in the first place, touch upon the consequences of its observance, and the nature, causes, and effects of the feeling it forbids; to remove some of the sceptical objections which have been urged as to the uselessness of forbidding voluntary feeling, which, if confined to our own bosoms, and not allowed to influence our actions, cannot cause harm to any creature. This I boldly deny, neither covetousness be suffered to influence itself, or be pent up in our thoughts, but be productive of bitter results.

The consequence of covetousness is *envy*, and this alone at one fact would supply the place of an entire commentary upon the tenth commandment, for there is no feeling more directly subversive of the sympathies of man, nor, in the extensive range of human passions, is there one more calculated to canker the heart, and awaken in it the worst emotions of enmity and hatred towards our fellow-men than the one mentioned. It is the parent of malice, it steels the heart against the finer and nobler attributes of her nature, and admits only those feelings which engender the worst of all. Envy is, moreover, a mean and sordid passion, nurtured only by the narrow and narrow-minded, and expects its fowl venom on all who become obnoxious to its spleen.

Envy can be the prompter of no noble or rising deeds, as its action is not fierce and sudden, but slow, malignant, and insidious. Envy inspires not that generous enmity which prompts us to meet our enemy boldly, face to face, but rather the cowardly idea of revenging a real grievance by secret murder. Petty nature, and conscious of its vile design, it borrows the mantle of deceit, wearing the mask of amity, will approach its unconscious victim, extending the hand as the pledge of friendship, whilst the other clutches firmly the hilt of the assassin's knife.

The absolute causes of envy are many, but the feeling to which it generally owes its origin is discontent—a feeling which, being wedded to covetousness, acts

both as parent and nurse, and may be likened to the manure which prepares the soil for the rapid growth of the plant, so soon as the seeds are scattered, and then assists to foster it. True, we may not be sensible of our own imperfection or deficiency in any particular point, whether it be of property or personal qualification, until we perceive a marked superiority in some other person over ourselves; in which case envy is first aroused. Still, I consider the pre-existence of discontent as the more general principle.

With regard, however, to the immediate exciting causes of envy—they depend much upon the character of the man in whose bosom the feeling exists, and upon the station in society which he holds.

An ambitious man, from the natural bias of his disposition, inclines towards power and dignity; and from the wrong channel into which he allows it to flow, and the means of attaining the objects being denied, his desires resolve into envy against those who are in possession of them, and, further, into personal enmity against them, should chance bring the parties into collision. Of this, a good illustration is afforded in the virulence and uncompromising hostility which so often characterize parliamentary debates.

An avaricious man, on the other hand, bounds his wishes by the attainment of wealth; but so insatiable is this lust, that it is doubtful what measure of gold he would consider as wealth, or whether the possession of all the treasures of the East would satisfy it. Few things assist more in the production of envy than avarice, and few things generate an animosity more deadly or more enduring than that passion when thwarted or disappointed. The character of the miser, gloating with sordid and unsocial joy over his treasured heaps of useless gold, and striving with ceaseless exertion to accumulate yet more, has been so often and so fully expatiated upon, and so frequently held up to the scorn and hatred of his fellow-men, that it becomes needless to dwell largely upon the subject here. Suffice it, therefore, to observe, that avarice begets covetousness,—covetousness hardness of heart, oppression, and dishonesty. The man who regards riches for their own valueless sake alone, and not with reference to the effects they are capable of producing, cannot indulge his ruling passion without imbibing the desire of adding the property of others to swell the contents of his own coffers, and thus arise covetousness and envy, with their consecutive train of crimes and evils.

The breast of a literary man, of an artist, of a practitioner in any of the learned professions, may be rankled by the success of some more fortunate contemporary, whose superior talent and fame he internally confesses.—Let me not here be mistaken, to cast aspersions upon whole bodies generally : I allude individually to the envious members of them, who find a just punishment in their own self-created feelings, for no envy is perhaps more keenly felt than that engendered by the consciousness of inferior intellect, to some one we wish to rival or outshine ; and, at the same time, no one more industriously and solicitously conceals itself under an affected indifference, or an apparently fair and ready, but in reality hard-wrung acknowledgment of what we would fain deny, with truth and public opinion as our guarantee.

Digressing a moment from individualities, I will observe, that envy, considerable and contemptible as it appears, may be, has been, and will be, the prompter of more general crime and bloodshed than might be imagined, and the cause of widely-spread and national calamity :—for example ; if one country levies war upon another, may it not be with the unjustifiable motive, of gaining possession of some port or province held by the latter, the locality of which is favourable to certain views of the former ; or with the still more reprehensible object of reducing the whole nation to a viceroyalty, or tributary state ? History tells us this has often been done, and what is the act but forcible robbery incited by *envy* of power, and acquisition of territory or revenue ? These political crimes are cloaked under the pretext of advantages to accrue to the people at large, although the real cause of them may oftener be traced to the furtherance of the views of a party : but even allowing the former reason ; as those advantages were theretofore in the rightful possession of another country, the act of wresting them from their owners by superior force, becomes a palpable robbery, and the motive of the act no better and no nobler than covetousness. The principle, I imagine to be reconcileable with no system of ethics, and certainly not with that conveyed by the present commandment.

In a mind so constituted as to be favourable to its encouragement, envy is to be aroused on the slightest causes, and on grounds, too, the most inconsistent and opposite in character. For instance ; we covet the vast wealth of some individual, though we see his brow overcast, and observe his temper sowered by anxiety,

discontent, and a mind ill at ease in the midst of all his riches ; and in the next moment the cheek of envy grows yet paler, and the black venom boils up in the heart with a more fearful swell, on hearing the joyous whistle of some poor ploughman who crosses her path, expressive of that content and lightness of heart, from the enjoyment of which her own nature has for ever debarred her.

The immorality of envy, and that it is antithetical to the character of a true Christian and a good citizen, is amply proved by the intrinsic quality of the feeling itself, and the effects which it produces upon the mind.

It cannot exist without engendering a dislike or antipathy, and (according to the circumstances and the individual) a hate as deadly, or perhaps more so than any other feeling whatever. Whether it be excited by the particular possessions or qualifications of any one person, or whether, engendered by general discontent, it be directed against many, from various causes, the effect upon the human heart remains nearly the same. In the former case, our envy concentrates itself into a firm and determined hatred against an individual, and, by gradual workings, may eventually be productive of that frenzy of the mind which leads us to pursue, even to destruction, the object of our envy and abhorrence. In the latter, envy chills and diminishes the warm sympathies of the heart, and resolves itself into a kind of sullen hatred towards our kind, and, seeking darkness and solitude, we batten upon the morose and deadly feeling, as a vulture upon carrion.

All this arises from trenching upon the lightest commandment in appearance, and thus we find that to indulge in envy is to destroy the best part of our nature, by divesting it of charity and brotherly love. The envious man cannot bear to look upon the man he envies as being possessed of the object he covets, and he hesitates not employing any means, however flagitious, for the attainment of that object ; and should that prove impossible, this passion, petty, crawling, and viper-like as it is, is so strong and influential as to induce him to go any lengths to ruin the creature he envies, from the splenetic hatred arising out of disappointed villany.

That envy is as foolish as it is petty and malignant, is certain to become apparent when we reflect, that there is no worldly felicity without a mixture of alloy, and none more so than those very objects we are most apt to desire—wealth, power, and fame : consequently, whilst we covet that

we fondly imagine to be the means of securing happiness, we forget that it is attended by a train of evils and disadvantages inseparable from its nature. Ere we allow envy to corrode the kindlier feelings of our nature—ere we torment ourselves with ambitious views, as vain as they are useless, let us remember, that placed on the brightest and highest eminence of human greatness, with riches and power at their command, on whose fortune seems to wait, or around whose fame has thrown a halo of glory, to look upon, have more real enjoyment from the cares and anxieties attending their exalted condition, to covet the humble lot of a contented man, whom God has placed at the basement, than we can possibly have to envy their exalted station. “Take heed and beware of covetousness, for a man’s life consisteth in the abundance of the things which he desireth,” Luke xii. 15.

All worldly happiness is of necessity, in its own nature, imperfect, so, strictly speaking, there is no condition of man, be it what it may, but has fancied reason to be desirous of some other, every state being attended with some peculiar concomitant disadvantages, from which another is free. As a man has power, however, to the improvement of sublunary felicity, we have the opportunity of reflecting, that misery also is incomplete, man, in his mortal state, not capable of experiencing the acmé of happiness: for their absolute perfection and eternality, therefore, we must look forward to eternity, and find them in the bliss which await us hereafter.

Envy should not be confounded with, or mistaken for emulation, for they are so dissimilar in nature as to be almost antithetical: in their attributes they are positively opposite, the one of the latter being nobility and elevation of soul—accompanied with a generous acknowledgment of superiority and due, a disdain of rivalry in trifling matters, and an admiration of excellence; the former, narrowness of mind, jealousy, petty competition, and detracting from worth.

We may admire the profound learning of the great person, and the instructive writings which emanate from his pen, as the fruits of that learning, and emulation is the wish of obtaining equally great and celebrity; but should our natural efforts prove inadequate to the task we are imposed upon them, emulation still leads us to venerate, laud, and appreciate that which we are not blessed with the power of reaching; whereas, envy would

excite hatred in us against the individual, on account of his possession of those very qualifications we would strive to gain.

There is one kind of emulation which it behoves every one to nourish and encourage—the emulation of great and virtuous actions. But before we engage in this laudable rivalry, we should examine carefully our hearts, and weed it of the dark excrescences of vice which it may nourish, else their baleful influence will poison a well-intended action, and cause us to stop short in the pursuit of virtue, until, becoming impressed with an idea of being incompetent to the task, we abandon it altogether, and rush headlong into an opposite pursuit; or else suffering our awakened emulation to degenerate into envy, we deny the existence of what we cannot reach, thus endeavouring to detract from those, whom praiseworthy perseverance and better conduct have rendered more fortunate.

Having thus shortly set forth to the best of my ability the nature, causes, and effects of envy, it now becomes my duty to point out the intention of the commandment, and the manner of its observance.

The first is evident, to prevent those evils which the wisdom of God foresaw would be, and which events have proved to be, the consequences of desiring that to which we have no claim, or longing after that which God has not thought fit to grant; for, if we regard the present commandment in a broad and comprehensive view, our inference must naturally be, that the prohibition contained in it extends not merely against coveting the actual worldly wealth or possessions of our fellow-creatures, but to envy in general, be the object of what nature soever it may: the correctness of this conclusion being sufficiently established by the simple words which finish the decree—“*or any thing that is his.*” Corroborative of this, moreover, we shall find that as envy naturally excites in our bosoms feelings of malignity completely at variance with the brotherly love and universal charity inculcated by the Great Founder of the Christian Church, and so repeatedly enforced by His apostles and followers, it cannot in its own nature be good, or productive of good effect.

The tenth precept of the decalogue is, therefore, the protector of the others—the guard, as it were, stationed by the Lord, to receive and repel the first advances of sin. It is a kindly and an easy mandate, by obeying which, we do much towards preventing the further commission of wickedness. It is a gracious and merciful per-

suasion, nay, a kind remonstrance, from the Almighty, mildly cautioning us to turn back ere yet it be too late. It contains no menace, but gently points out the course of probity, and by so doing dissuades us from pursuing the road of vice. But if we wilfully disregard the protecting command of the Lord, and, instead of pursuing our road heavenward, turn aside and pass it, we enter the territories of Satan and penetrate at once to the innermost recesses of iniquity, where the total defeat of virtue follows as almost a matter of course.

With regard to the manner of obedience to the divine edict, I shall only observe, that true contentment, together with resignation to, and confidence in, the dispensations of Providence, are infallible antidotes to the effects of poisonous envy. Whilst we remain cheerfully satisfied with our allotment in life, careful to perform its duties, and unambitious and unenvious of more than it pleases the Almighty in His unerring wisdom to bestow, we shall be blessed with that calm and holy contentment of spirit, which unfailingly attends upon the conviction of having, to the best of the power granted to frail mortality, fulfilled the wishes and intentions of our God, and of having in an important instance followed in the footsteps of virtue, all whose "ways are pleasantness," and all whose "paths are peace." Hence, in reference to spiritual things, we are directed to "covet earnestly the best gifts;" but this disposition is no longer laudable than while it is turned to heavenly objects.

The placid serenity and peace of mind, which are the fruits of content, are of themselves sufficient inducements to obey the commandment, from the comfort they impart; and they are also ample evidences of its divine and intrinsic excellence, both of motive and purport, for how strong a contrast exists between the internal conditions of a contented and of an envious man! The breast of the latter is lacerated by splenetic and dreary feelings created by extravagant and useless desires—he regards himself as the most miserable creature in existence, and imagines every one to have an advantage over him in some point of view,—his discontent finds vent in murmurs against the supposed injustice and unequal distribution of the favours of Providence, and in the bitterness of his heart he curseth his God!—another awful but probable result—another commandment broken! A decided and generally envious man cannot choose but be unhappy, as no passion is more tor-

menting to the possessor; by its constant gnawing action it rots the heart, and renders it morbid and misanthropic, even should it be attended with no more fatal results.

It is needless to expatiate upon the wisdom of Providence in forbidding, not an act, but a feeling, and commanding us to repress a passion which, if allowed to gain an ascendancy, may be the cause of innumerable crimes, according to the circumstances and the individual. The present precept is one amongst the innumerable instances of the care and regard of God Almighty, for us so unworthy of His benefits. It inculcates the deepest respect for the rights of property, by prohibiting, not only the purloining, but the *wish* to obtain that which does not belong to us, and no slight analogy may be discovered between this commandment and another part of the Holy Scriptures, "Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark." It warns us against indulging desires which must inevitably lead to sin, as it is plainly to be perceived from the tenor of all the commandments, and the general structure of morality, that the end of our wishes, if prompted by envy, must be unjust; and consequently, their gratification cannot be purchased, unless at the expense of some one or more, most important portions of the decalogue. Do we covet the possession of any property which cannot be gained but by dishonest means? What says the commandment? "Thou shalt not steal;" and if we are induced to break this last mentioned decree, may we not be entangled yet more inextricably in the meshes of sin, and commit murder in defence of our robbery, or to prevent detection?—Do we covet the possession of another man's wife? "Thou shalt not commit adultery."—Do we covet any thing which may be obtained at the expense of a lie? "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour;"—and have we not shewn, that disappointed envy, acting upon a gloomy and hardened mind, may produce even blasphemy?

Let us then, if we find envy of our neighbour's property, of his apparent earthly felicity, or of "any thing that is his," gaining the dominion over our better nature—if we feel the insidious serpent distilling corrosive poison in our hearts, let us lift up our voices to the Lord God; and in the words of the Litany exclaim, "From envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, Good Lord, deliver us."

London, April, 1832.

CREATION—NO. IV.

[Second Series.]

(Continued.)

enlarged upon the works of
during the three first days of crea-
proceed to the fourth day. "And
1, Let there be lights in the firma-
the heaven, to divide the day from
t: and let them be for signs, and
ns, and for days, and years. And
be for lights in the firmament of the
to give light upon the earth: and it

And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: He made the sun. And God set them in the firmament of the heaven, to give light upon the earth, to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness. And God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the first day." Or, as it may be rendered:

1 pronounced, Let there be light in the expanse of heaven, dividing the day and the night ; for signs be, for seasons, for days and for years ; and let them be lights in the expanse of heaven ; diffusing light throughout the firmament ! And it was established. Elohim created two magnificent luminaries ; the greater ascendant of day, the inferior of night ; and the stars also. And Elohim placed them in the expanse of heaven to give light throughout the terraqueous firmament ; for the signs, for the seasons, for the days and nights ; for the bounds of day and night ; separating between the light and darkness. And Elohim surveyed the whole ; and, behold, it was very good. And the evening was, and the morning was, the fourth day !'

ing the first three days of creation, —the Trinity in Unity—was the sun of the universe; and performed what the Father performs, by His immediate action in the light which He spake into existence. This is clearly set forth by the words, "Then covered He Himself with darkness with a garment; when He stretched out the heavens like a curtain; laid the foundations of His chambers in the waters; covered the clouds His chariots; and walked upon the wings of the wind," Psalm civ.

: the Omnipotent performed in per-
ing the three first days, He now, on
the day, assigns to a delegate, formed
purpose, viz. the Sun—that magnifi-
cent, the ascendant of day. Fitly
a resplendent vicegerent represent its
the most conspicuous, the most com-
g, the most splendid, and the most
ting object in the visible creation ;
from day to day, eclipsing all, ce-

lestial and terrestrial, in the brightness of its beams, and disclosing to man a radiance unequalled by any, by every object within the scope of his vision. So long as man continues to be local—tied down by the gravity of incarnation to a single sphere, so long will the sun continue to be to him all that splendour can be, conveyed through fleshly organs to the soul. When this mortal has put on immortality, and the disembodied spirit becomes an intelligence of light, then will suns, and systems, and worlds, and beings, burst upon him; yea, and glories emanating from Deity, to sense invisible; and amidst the fields of light, will he roam at large, enraptured beyond all conceptions known while incarnate, or for man to know and live. Behold, the half is not yet told unto us; yet we perceive the splendours, and we feel the invigorating beams of the sun, and praise the Creator. Let us, therefore, turn to the question, Whence hath this orb all these?

It does not appear, on the formation of the universe, during the expansion on the second day of creation, that the central orb of this system differed materially, except in magnitude, from all the other orbs therein ; but a difference, which distinguishes it from and raises it to an eminence above all the rest, is this day delegated to this orb, and it becomes a magnificent luminary, the ascendant of day ; and in answer to the question above, we say, The proper time being come, the great Creator, “covered this orb with light, as with a garment,” in a manner similar to that in which He covered Himself, speaking after the manner of men, during the first days of creation, “with light, as with a garment,” as appears hereafter—attached, yet flowing, covering, yet not part thereof, nor hiding altogether the orb itself—a robe ennobling, rich and invigorating—a splendid addition, decorating the object enclosed therein, and shining forth to all around—a garment of praise throughout the universe—the crowning robe of creation, worn in houses of the glorious Head, whose vicegerent it is, and whom it radiates forth throughout the ages of time.

The day, however, will arrive, when this resplendent vicegerent will cease to be: for, lo, one older than time, “the Ancient of days, will sit; whose garment is white as snow, and the hair of His head like the pure wool; His throne like the fiery flame, and His wheels as burning fire—a fiery stream issuing and coming forth from before Him; from whose face the earth and the heaven will fly away; and there will be found no place for them.” Thus, in the beginning and at the end of time, God

was, and He, resuming the sway, will be the sun—the light—the ascendant of the universe; and ultimately the Sun of creation. “The new heavens and the new earth have no need of the sun, for the glory of God is the light thereof:” yea, as it was in the beginning of time. Thus the created atoms, as we have already stated, were first disposed into spheres, atmospheres, and ethers, and from these the universe was formed; gravity and polarity were induced, and the great machine of the universe was put in motion. To these succeeded formations, in and upon the spheres, of waters, oceans, and dry land: drainage was induced, by subterranean as well as surface currents, through the peculiar disposition of the earth’s crust into formations of regular inclined strata, and solid or dry land arose above the waters, presenting vast fields for sustaining life; and thereon and therein vegetation was induced, and endowed with fecundity.

The day had at length arrived when, in the order of infinite wisdom, light was to be thus disposed, and motion induced therein, that it might no longer, as heretofore, depend upon the immediate and repeated action of the Creator thereon. Within the vortex of the sun’s rotary motion, it appears, He accordingly formed an assemblage of light into a vast circumambient, elastic mass, not in contact with, but covering the sun’s surface, as the clouds float over, and thus cover the earth, yet not so completely covering it, but that chasms (by us called spots in the sun) frequently occur, through which the body of the sun appears; and its appearance through these chasms is opaque and solid, similar to the moon and other planets; which indicate that it may be an habitable globe, blest with animal and vegetable life, like our earth.

The great Creator, in subjecting the action of light to fixed laws which are invisible to man, has, as in His previous formations, perfected and perpetuated His work, but veiled the hand which wields it, so completely, that science itself remains in doubt, even to this day, of the mode of action.

To discourse here upon the substance and properties of light, would be to repeat what has been already noted in treating on its creation; our subject in this essay must, therefore, be the Sun, considered as the enlightener of the universe.

The elastic circumambient radiance, added on this day to the sun, whether it consists of light mingled with gas, or of pure light in action and reaction, is itself a perpetual motion, and its undulations and issuing rays, perhaps, are the cause of per-

petual motion to the whole universe. We are told, verse 4, “God divided between the light and between the darkness.” And, verse 18 states, that the sun was appointed, “to divide between the light and between the darkness.” What, therefore, Elohim performed by His immediate act, in the first instance, He now performs by His delegate, the sun; and He endowed it on this day with suitable powers. The sun is denominated an enlightener; an issue must, therefore, be in perpetual progression from this luminary, into, and throughout, the whole universe; and for this purpose a plenum of light is provided; but if the provision was only once made, and no supply instituted, time must impair the original provision, and thus ultimately induce a lack. The idea of a provision once for all, in such a case as this, where the consumption is perpetual, is contrary to the economy of creation, which is every where provided with a succession of good, to supply a succession of wants, and no where is made to depend, during the ages of time, upon a provision made in the first instance.

The distance of this circumambient elastic radiance from the surface of the sun is great, in proportion to the magnitude of the orb which it encloses, although completely within the vortex of its rotary motion; and if an immense issue takes place upon its equator, a suitable return probably enters at the poles. We perceive, in all the ordinary operations of caloric, that a draught of the fluids into the focus of its action takes place, invariably commensurate with the expenditure; and that this draught perpetuates itself, so long as the force of the caloric in action continues. In a manner similar, yet imminently refined, and aloof from the grosser operations of caloric, when combustible matter is its fuel, may this vast operation be performed—issuing rays, which strike every object that opposes their course, as well as the latent substance of light, and thus inducing action, and heat, and providing the medium of vision throughout the solar system. The action of light is ever to divide or separate; and rarefaction and combustion, either by the rays of the sun or by an ordinary fire, divide substances, fluid or solid, in a way similar to each other. If, therefore, the effects of the sun’s light and the effects of caloric in action, throughout the universe, be similar, it is fair to suppose, that the light of the sun, and the caloric of this system, is one substance; and that the whole was included in the one creation of light, although the radiance around the sun, from its rich abundance, shines to us with superior lustre to every

in creation; for whether a fire is kindled by the sun's rays, in the focus of a lens; by friction, or by the stroke of flint upon a stone, its action is the same.

The whole universe would have consisted of one huge field of darkness, even after the creation of light, had not Elohim, in the first instance in person, and in the second by His vicegerent, the sun, induced light, and, through the medium of the sun's action, rendered objects visible; for what is latent is invisible: yet another mode of action is also needful, in order to bring light to every part of the spheres. To have the sun round the universe every day, would have been a monstrous labour—a vast waste of power, on the part of the Creator; and quite at variance with the simplicity visible in all his acts; but to induce a rotary motion in every sphere, and to bring light to every part of each in succession, by the direct path of the sun's rays, by the simplest process, effects the desired end with the greatest ease. Hence, day is induced in one portion of an orb which is towards the sun, and night in the opposite portion. Thus the sun every instant dividing between day and the night, upon the face of every sphere in the solar system; for every orb is in incessant motion, so that the line of light and darkness is every instant moving forward over the surface of every one of them.

For signs let these be." This implies a direct species of motion—a movement along a path or orbit; for if the spheres were only in a rotary motion, save the mere alternation of light from darkness, day and night, no other sign would occur amidst the system. We have, however, another mode of motion in the universe; viz. the revolution of every orb in the system, in an orbit appointed to each by the great Creator, round the central sun. Now, the sun, the enlightener, renders the face of every sphere in the system, which is in the direct path of his rays, luminously visible to every other sphere, which is in the indirect path of the rays that each of them reflect from their respective surfaces; while the line of light incessantly flits over the surface of each sphere, the illuminated portion is as distinctly seen from the other as if no rotary motion existed; for all their wanderings are observed in conjunctions, oppositions, relative positions, and the beginnings and endings of years in endless progression. Thus several times noted; and the order and precision of all these, from age to age, are signs of the beautiful order and stability of creation, and of a regularity which

may be calculated upon, without the least disappointment, to a second of time long prior to each event. Without the action of the sun's rays, all these, if they existed, would be hidden, darkness would cover the whole; therefore the sun's action becomes a sign to us of the continuance of action therein, of the hale and healthy state of the whole system, and a commanding sign of the stability of the works of God; under that especial providence which is in perpetual exercise throughout the whole, during all the ages of time.

"For seasons." We behold, amidst the admirable regularity of the planetary motions, eccentricities which, while they do not destroy the precision of their times, interfere with the place and position of each in respect of the others, and of the sun; hence arise the seasons of spring, summer, autumn, and winter. During these several seasons, the sun's rays act more obliquely or more directly upon the several portions of the surface of the spheres, according to the position into which each portion is by these eccentricities turned, in respect of the sun; and heat and cold are, in consequence, induced in a greater or lesser degree therein. Winter and summer, the two extremes, and spring and autumn, the two means, thus progressively visit and pass over certain portions of a sphere; and thus the sun is the ascendant of the seasons, while these eccentricities are the cause: for uniformity of temperament would perpetually exist in each sphere, if all its motions were always regular. Our astonishment is great, that the equipoise of the universe is not disturbed, yea, even destroyed, by the incessant recurrence of these eccentricities in the motions of orbs of such immense magnitude as the planets: and infinite wisdom, as well as infinite power, are proclaimed, from season to season, by every time, and its precise return, which passes over these, the work of His hands: "All thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord; and Thy saints shall bless Thee!"

"For days and for years." The sun is the ascendant of day; but it is, also, the note of time. It rises, it becomes meridian, sets, and rises again; and these periods note, in their progression, a day: not that the motion of the sun produces this, but the rotary motion of the planet, by turning certain parts of its surface, in succession, into the path of the sun's rays. The planets also form their own years; for a complete revolution of a planet round the sun is the year of that planet. The days, as well as the years, as we have already noted in former portions of this exposition, are of vari-

ous lengths; indeed they differ each from each exceedingly; but every planet has its day and its year; and the sun is the arbiter of all these. The changes occur in the planets themselves; but the note of these is the presence or absence of the rays which induce light therein, in respect of day; and in respect of the year, the place in the expansion of the heaven to which the planet returns, after a complete revolution, in its orbit round the sun, made visible by the incessant issue of rays from the sun. The sun is, therefore, the noter of time. If the whole planetary system is the dial-plate, and the motions of the planets therein are the hands, the sun is the divider of periods—the division of time thereon; incessantly visible, and inducing vision throughout the whole. It is the perfection of wisdom to perpetuate an unerring time-piece to the sojourners of time, that incessant note may rise up before them of their progression in the direct path to eternity; for which they are born, and into which they must enter, to return no more for ever. A day is short, and passes quickly away, while a year is a long period: the ages of time are, therefore, noted by this long period, rather than the fleeting of a day; but, in comparison with infinite duration, (eternity,) a year is, even as a day, fleetingly short, and passes away, like a dream, from which men awake, unconscious of duration.

“Let them be lights in the expanse of heaven, diffusing light throughout the terra-queous!” Darkness was, in the beginning, upon the face of the abyss, the created atoms were all opaque, inert, cold and cheerless; and light was created in order to bless this universe with warmth, vigour, and fecundity. During the expansion and the subsequent formations of earths and waters, it does not appear that a radical change took place in the atoms; but they were brought into contact with and acted upon by light, in the hands of the great Master-builder, who thus fitted each for its appointed place, on the erection of the universe: all matter was, therefore, opaque as in the beginning, when this system was completed; and the terra-queous spheres were equally dark with the great abyss. Light is, as it was in the beginning, absolutely necessary to these spheres throughout all the periods of their existence, and here we have the supply. The sun has it in command, “to diffuse light throughout the terra-queous, while he lights the expanse of heaven.” The issues of light during one day will not suffice for the next day, much less for the next year; on every day, and throughout every year, light must issue—the action must be kept

up; because between vegetable and animal life and light the connexion is inseparable; and where vital heat fails, vitality ceases and death ensues. If, therefore, the genial rays of the sun were to cease from the terra-queous, earth and water, with vegetation and animation, would cease from that action which raises up the opaque atoms, under the hands of Divine Providence, into forms and hues lovely and delightful, and the whole ministration of life would cease from the spheres.

Thus far our discourse has been solely upon that magnificent luminary, the sun—the ascendant of day; under the impression that all which is related by the inspired penman, Moses, of and respecting this orb, has a direct reference to the whole system. It remains that we discourse on the inferior luminary, the moon—the ascendant of night, separately; because what is said of the moon, refers to this one sphere our earth, almost exclusively.

King Square, W. COLDWELL.
Feb. 2, 1832.

MY NOTE BOOK: NO. III.

THE HAPPY PEASANT; A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

See yonder cotter;
He has not riches' hoards, nor splendour's crown,
Still, is content, and thankful!

It was on a lovely morning, during one of the summer months, a few years ago, that I entered a delightful village, in one of our finest English counties, with the intention of spending some weeks in the prosecution of important engagements, and the enjoyment of very intelligent and agreeable society. The spot chosen for my temporary residence, was at once sequestered and beautiful, far removed from the bustle and turmoil of cities, and from the noise of men. The village was by no means large; the houses were pleasingly scattered, occupying the most picturesque situations. The site of the place was laid somewhat low, though in no degree confined. In front of the village, some lofty and magnificent hills finely presented themselves, from which the boldest and most delicious views were enjoyed. Immediately behind it, a beautiful river, which abounded in fine fish, and whose banks were uncommonly verdant, pursued its silent course; and, in every direction the most pleasing, and elegantly disposed, gardens met the eye. It was a spot for calm meditation, for quiet, pure, and exquisite enjoyment.

After having rambled about this delight-

age, for some period admiring especially the beautiful and sublime scenery which it was encircled, I was invited, before my departure, to visit a peasant named John, who resided about two miles from my temporary abode. I had been very highly spoken of, and a desire was expressed that I should call, and enter into some conversation with him. I gladly embraced the opportunity presented, and, on a pure and balmy day, a friend and myself proceeded to the peasant's residence. After a delightful drive through the richest and most cultivated country, we arrived at the "cottage home," which at once awakened surprise and gratification. It was a neat and pretty little cottage, situated on rising ground, in the midst of an extensive and nicely-ordered garden.

Immediately in front of the house, there was a most beautiful collection of flowers of every form and hue, breathing fragrance around, and unfolding their beauties to the beholder; behind the cottage, there was a considerable portion of land under the cultivation of vegetables, and it was abundantly stocked, and seemed to be very well superintended; while on one side of the cottage was a large orchard, giving the prospect of a luxuriant crop.

The cottage itself was a pleasing building, with a white-washed front, and a beautiful garden in front.

Over the cottage, the honeysuckle was trained in the most delightful manner, sending its "delicious sweets" abroad. Entering the cottage somewhat abruptly, we found the family a little by surprise; but they were delighted to see us. We sat down with all the family together, and the appearance of the whole was, to an enlightened and benevolent individual, deeply interesting. The peasant himself was a fine, manly, stout, and vigorous individual, about forty years of age, and he had on his face the appearance of a laughing, healthy, chubby boy, of about five. Near him was his wife, a smiling, rosy-cheeked woman, all life, and sincerity, and apparent goodness. Two boys, one about seven, and the other about nine, were delighting themselves with some plates in the "Pilgrim's Progress." A young girl, about thirteen, was gazing, with admiration, on her youngest brother.

Never beheld a more beautiful or agreeable group, and the scene would have presented a striking appearance on canvass. "What a striking appearance on canvass," said my friend to the peasant, "I never thought a stranger to see you, who is so good a character, and delights in happiness wherever they are found." "I am glad to see you, sir," replied the peasant, "and I am glad to see you."

"for your goodness to me, at all times; and, I am sure, the stranger is welcome to my humble abode, and I rejoice to think that true Christians are no respecters of persons or situations; but that, where they find a disciple of Jesus, whether in the cottage, the hospital, or the workhouse, they receive him as a friend and a brother."

We entered into an extended conversation with this estimable peasant, while we remained, in order that I might gather what were his characteristic habits and feelings, and from what source his tranquillity and comfort sprung. The following were some of his remarks, during the interview.

"I live, sir, in a quiet, rural spot, and I am very happy. My cottage, as you see, is neat, and pleasantly situated; my garden is pretty, and, generally, very productive; and my family are healthful, contented, grateful, and I love them dearly. I have not much money to spend; but I have enough, and I cannot be too thankful. We rise early in the morning, and pour forth our acknowledgments to that gracious Being, who "crowns the year with his goodness." I go forth to my labour till noon; after enjoying a plain and peaceful meal with my wife and children, I spend the evening in reading some excellent books, (for I have always had a love of reading) and in amusing myself with my family; besides, I endeavour, to the best of my ability, to instruct them all myself, for I consider a good education to be an inestimable blessing; and to bring them up in the fear of God, knowing that education, without Christianity, will be an evil, rather than a source of good. We thus spend our days calmly and happily. There is no idleness—no profanity—no slander—no unholy passion, in our humble abode. We wish to walk consistently, and in peace and affection towards all around. Few know little of us; but we are contented, for we have peace and serenity of mind; our home is the dwelling of harmony and love; and we hope to live and die, with the satisfactory testimony of a good conscience, that God and heaven will constitute our portion for ever. We wish to live as the friends of man, to walk as the children of God, and to dwell with Jesus for ever in the heavenly sanctuary."

"Ah!" said I to my friend, on our return home, "this is, indeed, an enviable condition! This is a happy man! However lowly his cot, obscure his station, or limited his pecuniary resources, he possesses true dignity, and enjoys genuine and high felicity. He can sit down in his habitation with peacefulness and delight. He is a true Christian."

pose himself on the bosom of his family with perfect satisfaction. He can look on the splendours, and luxurious enjoyments of the opulent and mighty, and not desire the slightest degree of them ; and, what is infinitely more important and delightful, he can look up to heaven with inexpressible composure, cherishing the blissful anticipation, that, after death, the delights and glories of immortality will be his abundant and exhaustless portion."

What a heart-inspiring circumstance would it be, if our peasants, generally, instead of being the creatures of ignorance—the victims of intemperance—the beings of profanity, that so many of them are, were under the hallowed influence of that religion which expands the mind—which regulates the powers—which subdues the violence of the passions—which sweetens life which elevates the character in every respect—which raises the mind above even the heaviest afflictions—which prepares for all the storms of existence, and fits the spirit for all the dread realities of eternity ; then, amidst all the fluctuations of this changing and tempestuous scene, they would be abundantly supported, and would delightfully anticipate the region,

Where fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
Where rays divine disperse the gloom,
And pour the light of heaven."

London.

T. W.

CURSORY REMARKS ON INTEMPERANCE.

INTEMPERANCE may justly be called, the parent of disease ; yet numbers of mankind act as if they thought disease and death were too slow in their progress, and by intemperance solicit their approach. If we only consider the construction of the human body, we at once see the danger of intemperance. While the vital functions are regularly performed by a proper state of the solids and fluids, we are sound and well ; but if, by intemperance, these are disturbed, our health must of course be impaired, digestion hurt, the nerves relaxed, the secretions irregular, the humours vitiated, and disease must ensue.

Moisture, manure, and warmth, greatly promote vegetation, but an excess of either will destroy it ; yet man, who is entitled to the character of a rational being, too often becomes a *slave* to his appetite, and a disgrace to human nature, by perpetually searching out something to gratify his artificial wants : "*Nature is content with little : but luxury knows no bounds.*"

Did men but reflect on the painful diseases and premature deaths that are daily taking place in consequence of intem-

perance, it would be sufficient to make them shrink back with horror, from pursuing their grievous failings, and they would no longer cherish a scorpion in their bosom.

What ought to be our thoughts when we see the most sumptuous table set out in all its magnificence ? should we be gratified at the expectation of partaking to an excess of the luxuries set before us ? ought we not rather to imagine that we see disease lying in ambuscade among the delicacies, and to act with moderation ?

It is greatly to be lamented that intemperance does not rest in injuring its votaries alone, but the innocent frequently feel the direful effects. How often do we see the miserable mother pining over her helpless infants, while the cruel father is indulging in his darling pleasures ; and notwithstanding all the pills, potions, and plasters that may have been administered to him, he entails upon his posterity a train of distempers. We need not envy the situation of a *pampered* lord, who, sunk in ease and luxury, often languishes without an heir to his estate.

Drunkenness has very properly been styled a distemper of the head, a subversion of the senses, a tempest of the tongue, a storm in the body, the shipwreck of virtue, a loss of time, a wilful madness, a sugar'd poison, &c. ; and where drunkenness reigns, there reason is an exile, virtue a stranger, blasphemy is wit, oaths are rhetoric, secrets are proclamations, and happiness is a stranger. Drunkenness murders the understanding, and qualifies a man for every vice.

The Spartans caused their children to dislike drunkenness, by shewing them a *drunkard*, whom they gazed at as a *monster* ; and among the *heathens*, he was considered the best man, who spent more *oil* in the *lamp* than *wine* in the *bottle*.

Beware of drunkenness, or all good men will beware of you ; and be careful lest you should realize the saying, that he who goes to the tavern first for the love of company, will at last go there for the love of liquor. Too much evil has arisen from individuals attending such places, *only* to take a *single* glass, and *smoke* a *cigar* with a friend. Recollect, it is easier not to commence an evil than to leave it off, when once begun ; and it should not be forgotten, that many people injure their health by drinking, who seldom get drunk.

Nothing is more absurd than the unfortunate and miserable expedient of expecting, when in distress, a remedy from drinking. It is true that the senses may be drowned, and this to some may appear as a temporary relief from calamity. But, alas ! this solace is of short duration ; and when it

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EMPERANCE SOCIETIES may be
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that intoxicating liquors are the ruin
y sound constitutions, who linger
e remainder of their lives in po-
ickness, and distress.

ton Brook, April, 1832. S. S.

JOHNSON AND THE QUAKER LADY.

Following dialogue has been many
efore the public, but no one can
that it is still worthy of being re-
. The young lady had been sent
e East Indies to England for educa-
d was for some time high in the
of Dr. Johnson, whose friendship
atly valued; but having formed an
stance with Mrs. Knowles, a quaker
ie became a proselyte to her religious
nts, and was discarded by her for-
end. To appease his anger, if not
in his favour, Mrs. Knowles sought
view with him; and what follows, is
stance and result of their conversa-
There are few occurrences in Dr.
n's life, in which he appears to
disadvantage, than on the present
n.

ker.—I am to ask thy indulgence,
, towards a gentle female, to whom
edst to be kind, and who is uneasy in
s of that kindness; Jenny Harry
that thou wilt not speak to her.

tor.—Madam, I hate the odious
and desire you will not talk to me
ier.

ker.—Yet what is her crime, Doctor?

tor.—Apostacy, madam, apostacy
e community in which she was edu-

ker.—Surely the quitting of one
mity for another cannot be a crime,
done from motives of conscience.
thou been educated in the Romish

church, I must suppose that thou wouldst
have abjured its errors, and that there would
have been merit in the abjuration.

Doctor.—Madam, if I had been edu-
cated in the Roman Catholic faith, I believe
I should have questioned my right to quit
the religion of my fathers; therefore, well
may I hate the arrogance of a young wench,
who sets herself up for a judge on theologi-
cal points, and deserts the religion in whose
bosom she was nurtured.

Quaker.—She has not done so; the
name and the faith of *Christians* are not
denied to sectaries.

Doctor.—If the name is not, the common
sense is.

Quaker.—I will not dispute this point
with thee, Doctor, at least at present, it
would carry us too far. Suppose it granted,
that in the mind of a young girl, the weaker
arguments appeared the stronger, her want
of better judgment should excite thy pity,
not thy resentment.

Doctor.—Madam, it has my anger and
contempt, and always will have them.

Quaker.—Consider, Doctor, she must be
sincere; consider what a noble fortune she
has sacrificed.

Doctor.—Madam, madam, I have never
taught myself to consider that the associa-
tion of folly can extenuate guilt.

Quaker.—Ah, Doctor, we cannot ra-
tionally think that the Deity will not pardon
a defect in judgment, (supposing it should
prove one), in that breast where the consi-
deration of serving him, according to its
idea, in spirit and truth, has been a prefer-
able inducement to that of worldly interest.

Doctor.—I pretend not, madam, to set
bounds to the mercy of the Deity; but I
hate the wench, and shall ever hate her. I
hate all impudence; but the impudence of
a chit's *apostacy* I *nauseate*.

Quaker.—If thou choosest to suppose
her ridiculous, thou canst not deny that she
has been religious, sincere, and disinte-
rested. Canst thou believe that the gate of
heaven will be shut to the tender and pious
mind, whose *first* consideration has been that
of apprehending its duty?

Doctor.—Pugh, pugh, madam, who says
it will?

Quaker.—Then if heaven shuts not his
gate, shall man shut his heart? If the Deity
accepts the homage of all such as sincerely
serve him, under whatever form of worship
they may do it; Dr. Johnson and this
humble girl, will, it is to be hoped, meet
in a blessed eternity, whither human ani-
mosity must not be carried.

Doctor.—Madam, I am not fond of
meeting fools any where; they are detem

able company; and while it is in my power to avoid conversing with them, I certainly shall exert that power, and so you may tell the odious wench, when you have persuaded her to think herself a saint, and of whom you will, I suppose, make a preacher: but I shall take care she does not preach to *me*.

THE LOST CHILD.

THE following mysterious story appears in an American paper:—

Something more than a year ago, the only child of Mr. Clark, of Hampstead county, territory of Arkansas, a fine boy of four years, disappeared from the house of his parents, and could no where be found. A little negro boy had been playing with him, and related, that two men, on horseback, came upon them, and that one of them alighted, and took the child, and carried him off. The parents were respectable, comparatively affluent. It was a country of dark forest, and immense prairies; the wolves, bears, and panthers are common in the woods, and different tribes of Indians hunt in the vicinity. The affection of these parents for their only child was such as would be naturally expected; and no effect of the imagination is necessary, to conceive the anxiety and agony of their suspense. The honest-hearted people about them, though not given to eloquent descriptions of their feelings in such cases, expressed a more unquestionable sympathy by turning out *en masse*, and scouring the forests, prairies, and bayous, in every direction. The agonizing father followed a man, who preceded him a day or two, as was reported, carrying a child with him on horseback. After a pursuit of three hundred miles, he ascertained, in the bitterness of disappointment, that the child was not his. Every exertion made to find the child was to no purpose. The father rode in different directions thousands of miles. Advertisements, promises of ample reward, the sustained search of hundreds of people, were alike unavailing, to furnish a vestige of the child, or the slightest clue to stimulate to hope and further exertion. After a search of months, the feelings of the parents, from the natural effect of time and disappointment, settled down to the calm of resignation and despair. It will be easy to conceive, that it was not the tranquil mourning of parents who have seen their child buried under the clods of the valley.

Some time last winter, the father received a letter, mailed at the Natchez post-office, informing him, that if he would enclose

fifty dollars in a letter to the writer, and would send the mother of the child, unaccompanied by any other person, to a certain house in Arkansas, which he designated, with two hundred dollars more, the writer engaged that a certain woman in the designated house should deliver up the child to its mother. The letter was written in a gentlemanly hand, and signed Thomas Tutty.

The plan of the distracted parents was settled by advice of many people in Louisiana, who entered warmly into their feelings. A letter, stating all the circumstances of the case, was written to the post-master at Natchez. Another, agreeable to all the requirements of Tutty, and enclosing a bank-note of fifty dollars, was addressed to him. In the letter to the post-master, he was directed to watch the man who should call for the other letter, and have him apprehended. At the proper time, a man of gentlemanly appearance and manners, with the dialect of a foreigner, inquired for the letter. The post-master, by design, made difficulty and delay, and detained the man until an officer was procured, and he was apprehended. He was found to be a man who kept a school for some time in the vicinity of Natchez, whose singular and cautious habits had already excited suspicion. He proved himself shrewd, sulky, and pertinaciously obstinate in his purpose, to confess nothing, and to throw the whole burden of proof on the magistrate, before whom he was tried. He would not admit the identity of the letter with his own, and denied that his name was Thomas Tutty. He was charged with having fabricated the story, that he knew where the child was, and would cause it be delivered to its parents merely with the base purpose of extorting money from the affection of the parents. He continued to affirm, that he knew where the child was, and proved that he was acquainted with the long way between Natchez and the residence of Mr. Clark, by answering, with the utmost promptness and intelligence, questions about the numerous bayous, swamps, and passes in the distance, put with a particularity intended purposely to perplex him. On the suspicious fact of his having inquired for the letter directed to Thomas Tutty, he was committed to prison.

The parents, who repaired to Natchez, and various people who took a deep interest in this strange and terrible affair, exhausted their ingenuity to no purpose, in efforts to get something out of the prisoner, that might furnish a clue by which to find the child. He told the father, that in a place where it

posed he would pass in search of it, he would find the clothes which it wore when it disappeared, and having the appearance of those of his years, that had been devoured. But he assured him, that they were not those of the child, but of an infant placed there to produce that impression. Such was found to be the fact. He was unable to tell, nothing could extort from a man the slightest information that had no other tendency, than still more to excite the imagination and harrow up the feelings of the parent.

While a number of respectable persons of Natchez, stimulated by their interest, the warm blood of the youth, and their impatient fondness for justice, and thinking probably that the chiding could do this man no harm, took him by night from the city and gave him a pretty severe drubbing, between intervals of discipline, that whenever he found the application transcending the bounds of pleasant exercise, any useful information touching the case would save them the trouble of carrying on the operation any further. The man, however, seemed for a long time determined to persevere in his customary close-guard. But at a time when the thing was becoming very unpleasant, he seemed to relent and said, that if they would send to a house between forty and fifty miles from Natchez in Mississippi, they would find the child. The sheriff, who had but he disapproved of these proceedings, and was moreover ill at the time, was sooner apprised of this information, and started at midnight for the designated place. When he arrived, he found that the people were of good character, and perceived in a moment that he was on a trap, and that the prisoner had been given information only to get rid of him.

The parents and the people, having exerted every effort upon the pertinacious and unshrinking obstinacy of the man, to no purpose, became fully convinced that he had indeed been concerned in the stealing of the child, but that he knew nothing about its present whereabouts, and had been induced to what he had done, merely to obtain money by allaying parental anxiety and affection. He consented to the enlargement of the man, on condition that he should return to his parents, in the hope that threats or rewards, or a returning sense of duty and humanity, when he should

arrive where the clothes of the child were laid, might yet induce him to put them on as a clue to finding him.

He was accordingly enlarged, and crossed the Mississippi in the same ferry boat with the parents, on their route towards home. It had been purposely intimated to him, that unless he would frankly communicate to Mr. Clark, on the journey, all that he knew about the child, as soon as they should have travelled beyond the settlements, he would be put to death. Having advanced beyond the settlement of Concordia, he asked Mr. Clark how long he intended to let him live. The reply was, if he persisted in withholding information about the child, perhaps thirty-six hours. Mr. Clark carried a pistol in his belt. The man rushed upon him, seizing the pistol, and snapped it at his breast. Although he had primed and loaded it himself, it fortunately missed fire. Failing in his purposes, the man broke away, and made for a bayou to which they were approaching. He plunged in, disappeared, and was drowned, and thus extinguished the only visible hope of a clue to unravel this mysterious affair.—This crime of fiends, child-stealing, has been often threatened in the region which furnishes such facilities for perpetrating it, as a mean diabolical revenge. An interest yet exists there, in regard to the elucidations of this mystery. Parents, watch your children. Be careful of the presence of suspicious villains, who might in this way sting you to death. The happiest feeling which a good mother can have on earth, is, when she sees her children safely and sweetly sleeping in their own beds, under the united protection of innocence and parents, good angels and God.

ADMONITORY PRECEPTS.

WEAR your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to shew that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell.

Lord Bacon says, "Ethelwold, bishop of Winchester, in a famine, sold all the rich vessels and ornaments of the church, to relieve the poor with bread, and said, 'There was no reason that the *dead temples* of God should be sumptuously furnished, and the *living temples* suffer penury.'"

Sins are like circles in the water; when a stone is thrown into it, one produces another. When anger was in Cain's heart, murder was not far off.

"Humility," says St. Bernard, "must be a very glorious thing, since Pride itself

puts it on, not to be despised : Pride must be of itself something deformed and shameful, since it dares not shew itself naked, and is forced to appear in a mask."

St. Bernard says, "That as the detractor carries the devil in his mouth ; so he who hearkeneth to him, may be equally said to carry the devil in his ear."

It was a saying of Aristotle's, that "Virtue is *necessary* to the young, to age *comfortable*, to the poor *serviceable*, to the rich an *ornament*, to the fortunate an *honour*, to the unfortunate a *support*, that she *ennobles* the slave, and *exalts* nobility itself."

Praises would be of great value, did they but confer upon us the perfections we want.

Steele says, "There are four good mothers, of whom are often born four unhappy daughters ; truth begets hatred, happiness pride, security danger, and familiarity contempt."

Selden says, "Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in Æsop were extremely wise : they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again."

Though "*the words of the wise be as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies,*" yet sure their examples are the hammers to drive them in, to take the deeper hold. A father that whipped his son for swearing, and swore himself whilst he whipped him, did more harm by his example, than good by his correction."

To *laugh* at wise men is the privilege of fools.

Most men judge by what they see ; every body sees what you seem to be, but nobody knows what you really are.

If you wish to contract a friendship that will last long, be a long time in contracting it.

Fuller remarks, that "He lives long who lives well, for time mis-spent is not lived, but lost ; besides, God is better than his promise, if he takes from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold of a better value."

Preston Brook, 1832.

S. S.

THE BETROTHED.*

"And one kind grave unites each hapless name."—
Abelard and Eloise.

It was a mournful pageant ; the very mockery of joy. Before the altar stood the beautiful Donna Maria, as the bride of Count Leon. A proud determined mind

marked the features of the bridegroom, as he glanced over the objects around him. Donna Maria fixed her eyes on the ground, feeling herself the object of that observation she endeavoured to shun. Her long hair, braided with pearls, waved in rich curls over her costly dress ;—her lovely countenance was deadly pale, the very image of melancholy despair. On either side stood the noble relations of each house, glittering in jewellery, and decked with all the insignia of high birth. Amidst the whispers and confusion of the whole party, there was one intensely absorbed in the scene—Alphonso the orphan : his eye, that seemed to burn in its socket, rested motionless on the bride, and unravelled to the observer an otherwise mysterious transaction. So often is man the sport of his own feelings, that events of happiness, in themselves, give the keenest point to the shaft of misery ; the joyful scenes of festivity rankle in the mind of sorrow, and add to the bitterness of woe.

Donna Maria was the only daughter of Don Juan Padilla, and in her infancy was betrothed to Count Leon, who, early in life, left his country for the Brazils, where his family possessed large estates. The heiress of the noble house of Padilla, educated in all the accomplishments of her sex, as she grew up to maturity, from unaccountable motives conceived an inveterate dislike to her betrothed husband ; nothing seemed to inspire her with greater horror, than the anticipation of a union which promised her but little happiness : had not the entreaties and commands of her father prevented her, she had formed the resolution of shutting herself up in a convent, to avoid the detested union. About the time that she planned such determinations, a long esteemed friend of Padilla died, leaving his only son, Alphonso, to his care. This, which he considered as a sacred trust, Don Juan resolved to honour, and, taking Alphonso to his residence, he educated him as his own son. Being of the same age, and of prepossessing manners, Maria and Alphonso, by an uninterrupted intercourse with each other, gradually forgot the peculiarities of their situations ;—the respectful attention of the adopted Alphonso receiving a softer shade, Maria soon began to regard him as a legitimate object of her affections. Their attachment gradually increasing, lulled with hope, they closed their eyes to the contracted union with Count Leon. So infatuated is man, that he studiously banishes all the painful anticipations of futurity with the engrossing schemes of the present, madly thinking that the existence of circumstance is

* The leading incident of this sketch is founded on an historical tradition.

sily destroyed, as painful ideas are from the mind.

A dreadful day at length came; Count arrived, to claim the noble Donna as his wife. The bridal festivities prepared with that pomp which be- an alliance of high birth. The Count id not to notice the painful reserve dwelt on the lips of his unhappy in defiance of all her resolutions to ntrary, though her very smiles be- the anguish of her heart—the gnaw- of the worm which preyed upon her

This might be owing to the pride scorned the thought of not possessing art of one who was already his own, revenge of disappointing a presump- rival. Their nuptials were performed outward pageant and joy, though it not be concealed from an observing at it was a union of names, but not e. Alphonso felt the dreadful con- ces of aspiring to the affections of hose heart was no longer her own. ained to weep in silence, he pre- a mournful spectacle, while doomed e on his beloved Maria when given to r.

festivities of the evening followed old ceremonies of the day: the sor- bride soon retired from such painful —painful even to those who sur- ed her, as they beheld her pale and chol y features. That night was to be st that should be spent in her native y; for, on the next day, Count Leon ppointed to sail with her to the s. On the same night, Alphonso egged an interview on her father's ls, to take leave before they parted r.

was a beautiful autumn; the moon clearly over the cool expanse; a stillness shed itself over the rich ape. By the side of a placid foun- oncealed from observation by a fra- shrubbery, stood Alphonso, absorbed painful reflections. On one side of untain were strewed the broken re- of some marble pillars, wreathed with rining ivy, and the fragments of an ated urn, from which the waters of untain formerly rushed to a small slow. Lost in a melancholy reverie, noo leaned against the shattered pillars unful emblems of his dissevered hopes cooled his feverish brow on their ed surface; then recovering himself, ced by the side of the stream with ent step, cursing the world, his cruel r, and hating himself. At length the read of a female caught his ear;

checking his feelings, he listened with in- tensity, till a turning of the walk disclosed the veiled form of Donna Maria. The un- happy lovers embraced in silence, alike conscious of the sad thoughts that crossed each other's mind: then, as the streaming tears gushed over the bride's pale features, Alphonso vainly offered the consolation he himself needed.

"To-morrow's sun, we part to meet no more," sighed Maria. "The grave will restore us," returned Alphonso, "and we shall sleep in peace." "The sleep of the grave will be peace indeed, for unhappy love will not molest us there." "But, even now, Maria, we may cherish thoughts and feelings that may be some consolation; the recollection of the delightful hours and scenes that are past"—"Will make life, alas! more miserable; retrospection of pleasures that are no more, Alphonso, will never diminish the sorrows that our cruel destinies have heaped upon us." "Yet, when separated, we may often gaze on yonder moon, and reflect that the same peaceful orb is shedding its rays on both, and when seas divide us, this shall re-unite us; our minds shall not be entirely dis- severed." "Alas! for me, unhappy. Will not these thoughts, Alphonso, serve to make me more wretched—more completely mi- serable?" "Endeavour, then, to banish all remembrance of the past from your mind; let Lethe's dull potion quench the rising memory; efface from your recollection what- ever may remind you of what no longer exists." "Impossible, Alphonso; can my weak attempts be sufficiently powerful to erase those impressions which are seared with living fire? No; it will burn—it must burn, till the grave closes over me."

Then relapsing into silence, they gazed upon their reflected figures in the placid fountain. "To-morrow's sun," said Alphonso, "will leave me desolate. Left to wander over these deserted scenes, my mind, in defiance of every resolution, will call up painful recollections; each object, Maria, will remind me of you, and of days that are gone for ever; often in my melancholy mood shall I visit this fountain, by the side of which we have so often sat, and imagination will picture you by my side; but soon, alas! when I look in the watery mirror, unde- ceived, I shall see that I am alone." Paus- ing for a moment, he continued—"Oh that your image was left upon this glassy wave, and then, though the wide ocean divided us, this consolation would make me happy." A step was heard: "Adieu!" whispered Maria, "adieu, scenes beloved from child- hood, for I shall visit you no more. Fare-

well, happiness!—farewell, home!—farewell, Alphonso, for ever!” and saying these words, they hastily parted, not to meet again.

Next morning, with aching heart, Alphonso left his guardian's mansion, to avoid the pain of witnessing the Count's departure. Musing on his disconsolate situation, his steps unconsciously directed him towards the fountain he had left on the night before: suddenly a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and looking up, he encountered the stern gaze of Count Leon. “An unwelcome intruder on your thoughts, young man,” sneered the Count. “Too often,” thought Alphonso. “My retinue is ready, and I shall quickly sail for the Brazils, so my words must be brief.” Alphonso surveyed his rival's countenance with surprise and anxiety. “You have dared to aspire to the hand of the noble Donna Maria Padilla; and, though you have lost it, your presumption has torn from me my happiness and her repose.” Alphonso answered nothing. “Your silence then is the confession of your guilt: we part; but remember your rash wish last night, when you insolently whispered to a bride that was not yours—‘If your image were left reflected on the fountain's bosom, though the wide ocean divided us, this consolation would make me happy.’ Go, then,” continued the Count, as he approached the water, “and if it so laces thus, behold there, not the vain shadow, but the reality itself—the wretched Maria Padilla surrendered to the more wretched Alphonso.”

He ceased: the youth drew near to the water's edge, and there beheld the pale features and lifeless form of the object of his infatuated love. He stepped back with horror—the blood of his throbbing heart ceased to flow: then, swooning, he fell headlong, and the dashing waters closed over his breathless corpse!

Beaconsfield.

J. A. BODDY.

THE SCIENCE OF NATURE.

GEOLOGY may well be called the science of nature; for there is, perhaps, no branch of human knowledge which embraces or brings into consideration so many kindred sciences: and it may not be deemed uninteresting, if I endeavour briefly to trace the connexion between them; premising, however, that by the term geology, I understand, not the mere study of fossil remains, but the consideration of the structure of the earth, and of the changes, ancient and modern, which have taken place on its surface.

It may seem almost superfluous to point out the intimate connexion between geology and mineralogy; if the former is conversant with the grand features of nature, the latter examines the details of her workmanship, and pursues her to the innermost recesses of her vast laboratory.

Nor is the aid of chemistry less necessary in unravelling her secrets. It teaches us that, to form that endless variety of phenomena which the geologist meets with in his tours, she has employed less than twenty simple substances, and, in by far the greater proportion, much fewer; and it is even doubted whether some of those hitherto accounted simple, may not, hereafter, be discovered to be compound. So various and yet so simple are the works of nature's God!

Hardly less obvious is the connexion of geology with zoology in all its branches. In examining the ancient records of past changes in the surface of the earth, the naturalist at every step meets with the imbedded remains of former inhabitants of our planet, consisting of all the great classes of animals, man excepted. Of these the aquatic tribes are by far the most numerous, as we should naturally expect them to be, in strata evidently formed at the bottom of the seas, lakes, or rivers.

The conchologist especially will find most ample employment in studying the immense variety of fossil shells which have been brought to light by the labours of geologists, a number little, if at all, inferior to that of known living species. The reason is obvious; what was the bed of the ocean when these animals lived and died, is now high and dry in air, and accessible to man; whereas the present depths of the sea are necessarily almost wholly unknown to him.

The remains, too, of land animals, principally quadrupeds, have been found in considerable abundance in some localities, particularly the neighbourhood of Paris. The bones also of amphibious reptiles, of the lizard kind, but of enormous dimensions, have been found in various parts of our own island, and of the continent of Europe.

Of birds and insects [indeed, comparatively few fossil remains have been discovered, which we might expect when we consider the frail and slender nature of the harder parts, (which are the only portions ever preserved,) in both these classes. Beautiful specimens of birds have, nevertheless, been found, both in our own country and in France, and of insects in several parts of Europe. So that in every

ment of natural history there is an open field of research laid open to the public, in examining the nature, habits, and characteristics, of generation after generation of living creatures, that were the former tenants of this globe: and he who has the most acquaintance with living nature will be best qualified to read the story of those which have for ages passed from the face of the earth.

In the same way has geology called in the aid of comparative anatomy, to do its work, as it were, over again, and to reconstruct the perfect skeleton from the scattered fragments of its bones. It was in the aid of this science that Baron Cuvier led in recruiting the remains which were so abundantly found in the Parisian strata, and in placing before our eyes the gigantic monsters of a former world. By tracing the structure of the bones, &c. of living animals, with their

habits and character, he reasoned from the observed construction of the fossil remains, to the habits of their original inhabitants; and has thus laid open a new field of natural history, hardly less interesting than the contemplation of living nature.—But it is not my intention to pursue the subject further, but having thus alluded to it, leave it to the reader to pursue out a subject so fraught with interest to every branch of science.

In pursuing his researches through the various strata, particularly of our own country, the geologist soon finds himself obliged to call in the aid of another department of natural science, namely, botany. The strata of the coal districts, especially, abound in the remains of the vegetable kingdom, in a more or less perfect state of preservation, and the coal itself is entirely composed of nothing else; and not the flora of the temperate zone, but of the tropical vegetation. Enormous ferns, gigantic reeds, and other plants, now are only found on the banks of the Amazon or Ganges, once flourished in the latitude of England, nay, on the now frozen regions of the Arctic ocean, and the north of the Mackenzie.*

It was by the aid of the botanist that this interesting and curious fact was discovered, and the no less curious inference drawn from it, that the climate of this part of the world was once much hotter than at present, and that, whatever were the primary causes which produced it, a great physical change has taken place in the temperature of this climate; a conclu-

sion strengthened by the tropical character of the animal remains which accompany the vegetable.

Cotemporary with this change of species, and probably in some measure the cause of it, there seems to have taken place a great alteration in the physical geography of these regions; for the geologist can prove to demonstration, that the various transition, secondary and tertiary strata, of which our own island is mainly composed, were deposited at the bottom of seas, lakes, or rivers, some under very deep waters, but are now raised into dry land of every elevation, from the level of the sea to the height of three thousand feet.

Here then is introduced another kindred science; and the geographer who traces the present outline of terra firma, and measures the height of its mountains, may very naturally inquire, "Was this always the state of things? Have no changes taken place in the contour of the continents, or the distribution of land and water? I appeal to the history of six thousand years; which tells me that at least one great catastrophe has happened in that time, and that local changes, small, perhaps, individually, but collectively important, have continually occurred, and are still going on. I appeal to geology, and there I find, in nature's indelible hand-writing, the history of mighty revolutions, which have been carried on through untold ages of past time, for ends and purposes, mysterious indeed to man, and known only to Him at whose bidding 'the foundations of the world are discovered, and the fountains of the great deep broken up,' who 'looketh upon the earth and it trembleth.'"

Since, however, he is pleased to make use of secondary agents to work his purposes, we cannot deem it an unprofitable employment to trace the working of the laws which He has imposed upon nature, investigating the phenomena which are going on before our eyes, and the changes consequent upon them, that we may apply the results to decipher the obscurer indications of former revolutions. And this brings under consideration another and quite distinct science, meteorology, by which is meant, the consideration of all the phenomena connected with our atmosphere, and the changes they are capable of producing.

The meteorologist, who has examined into the mutual effects which the land, water, and air, produce on each other, finds the result to be of far more importance than the unthinking or superficial observer is apt to imagine. He finds that

* See Lyell's Geology, vol. i. chap. viii.

country covered with forests, or one intersected with lakes or rivers, will have a far different climate from one more cultivated or more hilly, though under the same latitude; that an island has a much more agreeable temperature, and a moister and warmer air, than a large continent under the same parallel. Indeed, if lines representing the limits of equal average heat at different places be drawn round the globe, it will be found that different parts of the same line will vary in latitude as much as 13° .*

The geologist then takes up the key thus given him, and applies it to unlock some of the hidden records of former changes; and, observing how much alterations of climate affect both the animal and vegetable population of a district, he learns how some at least of those important changes of species which he meets with may have taken place. He sees how the corroding influence of the elements wears down the highest peaks, and leaves their fragments in the plains below; how the billows of the ocean, unceasingly preying upon the land, reduce to pebbles the hardest rocks; and infers whence came the beds of similar ruins which he meets with in exploring the surface of the earth.

Nor are the observations of the geologist confined entirely to our own sphere, for after remarking with wonder the effects of volcanic action on the surface of his own planet, he turns the telescope of the astronomer to our attendant satellite, and sees there traces of igneous action far more violent, and destruction far more universal. He sees streams of lava, beside which, those of Iceland or Auvergne appear small and insignificant, and, however he may speculate concerning the actual condition of her surface, he learns at least that some of the causes which affect our own globe, have also been at work on others.

Let not, however, the reader imagine that when he enters on the study of this universal science, he is instantly set afloat in the regions of hypothesis and conjecture. The true business of a geologist is, to gather facts, not to frame theories; to learn, what nature *has* done, not to tell us what she *might have* done. Conjectures will, no doubt, force themselves upon his mind as he proceeds; but he should remember that they are *but* conjectures after all, which may be overthrown in an instant by some more fortunate one, while the facts on which they are founded, however he may misapply them, are indisputable and certain.

* Lyell's Geology, vol. i. chap. vii.

It was this disposition to theorize on insufficient data, perhaps on no data at all, which formerly brought geology into dispute with many serious and well-meaning persons, who, mistaking the abuse of it for its natural tendency, decried the science altogether, as leading to free-thinking and infidelity: and now, when philosophers have begun to leave off making theories, and to rest satisfied with accumulating facts, they find themselves obliged, at every step, to combat objections which were only just when applied to their predecessors, in the very infancy of the science.

Nor let the reader suppose, that because this science includes within its pale so many others, it is therefore necessary to acquire a thorough knowledge of the latter, before he enters upon the study of the former; it would not be desirable, were it possible, for every individual to aim at a general acquaintance with them all: but geology draws them, as it were, after it, and renders some information on the different branches of knowledge, not only useful, but highly interesting; and is calculated to induce the study of them, when all other attractions fail; probably for this reason, that by this means we see the application of the science before we are disheartened by its difficulties, and learn the practical and experimental part before the theoretical.

I would hope, therefore, that so far from any one being discouraged from this study by the numerous collateral sciences which it includes, this circumstance may rather form an inducement than otherwise to the consideration of it, as a science which, above all others, is calculated to direct the well-disposed mind to look beyond its more immediate object, to Him "whose hand hath made all these things;" and to lead him in admiration to exclaim, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches."

LONG VITALITY OF SEEDS.

THIS was shown in trenching for a plantation in a part of Bushy Park, which had probably been undisturbed by a spade or plough since, and perhaps long before, the reign of Charles I. The ground was turned up in the winter, and in the following summer it was covered with a profusion of the tree-mignonette, pansies, and the wild raspberry, plants which are nowhere found in a wild state in the neighbourhood; and in a plantation recently made in Richmond Park, a great quantity of the foxglove came up after some deep trenching.

observed, a few years ago, the same
ence in a plantation in Devonshire,
rface of which was covered with the
blue columbine, a flower produced in
ardens by cultivation, but I believe not
in this country in its wild state. A
so, which had previously little or no
clover upon it, was covered with it
it had been trampled upon, and fed
by horses; and it is stated, from
authority, that if a pine forest in
ca were to be cut down, and the
l cultivated, and afterwards allowed
rn to a state of nature, it would pro-
plants quite different from those by
it had been previously occupied.
npletely indeed is the ground impreg-
with seeds, that if earth is brought to
rface, from the lowest depth at which
nd, some vegetable matter will spring
t.

ive always considered this fact as one
ny of the surprising instances of the
and bounty of Almighty God, who
us literally filled the earth with his
ess, by storing up a deposit of useful
in its depths, where they must have
rough a succession of ages, only re-
g the energies of man to bring them
tion.

oring for water lately, at a spot near
on-upon-Thames, some earth was
it up from a depth of 360 feet; this
was carefully covered with a hand-
to prevent the possibility of any other
being deposited upon it; yet, in a
time, plants vegetated from it. If
lime be put upon land which from
nmemorial has produced nothing but
r, the heather will be killed, and
clover will spring up in its place.
ious fact was communicated to me,
ing some land which surrounds an
tle formerly belonging to the Regent
y, near Moffat. On removing the
which is about six or eight inches in
ess, a stratum of soil appears, which
posed to have been a cultivated gar-
i the time of the Regent, and from
a variety of flowers and plants sprung,
of them little known even at this time
land.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural*
y. E. G. B.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCE-
MENT OF SCIENCE, HELD AT YORK,
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1831.

NO. V.

(Continued from p. 272.)

Business of this morning commenced
Mr. Scoresby giving a lengthened de-
his magnetical researches, which he

had begun on the preceding evening. His
chief design was, to establish, by experi-
ments, the possibility of discovering the
thickness of subterraneous dikes, walls, &c.
by means of a magnetical apparatus; and
this he did very satisfactorily. From his
account, the accuracy of his theory was
established in different instances, by calcu-
lations arising from the magnetic apparatus
coinciding within the decimal part of an
inch with admeasurements made by the
rule.

The theory is inductive. He takes it for
granted, that the magnetic influence of any
body is in proportion to its bulk, and that
the needle is acted upon in the same ratio.
That in proportion as the thickness or bulk
of any body decreases when measured lon-
gitudinally, so the magnetic influence de-
creases in the same ratio. Upon this prin-
ciple he has constructed a formula, by
which he calculates algebraically, and ob-
tains his accurate results.

It ought to be mentioned here, that Mr.
Scoresby, in the month of December 1819,
communicated to the Royal Society of
Edinburgh, the "Description of a Magne-
tometer, being a new instrument for mea-
suring magnetic attractions, and finding the
dip of the needle; with an account of ex-
periments made with it."—A description of
the magnetometer may be seen in the Edin-
burgh Philosophical Journal, vol. iv.
and an account of the Experiments, in
the Transactions of the Royal Society of
Edinburgh, vol. ix.

Mr. Phillips then read a Memoir, by
Dr. Brewster, "On the Structure of the
Crystalline lens in the Eyes of Fishes."
The author illustrated the subject, first by
models, afterwards by diagrams. He
shewed that the eye of the fish is nearly in
the form of a hemisphere, the plane part
being directed forward, and the convex
backward: that the flatness of the anterior
part is compensated by the spherical form
of the crystalline lens: that the lens in the
eye of a fish is more dense than that in the
eye of a land animal: that it projects
through the pupil, and leaves little room
for the aqueous humour. It may be men-
tioned here, that Dr. Monro, in his work
on the Structure and Physiology of Fishes,
found the crystalline lens of an ox to
be 1104, while that of a cod was 1165,
water being reckoned at 1000. Dr. Brew-
ster pointed out to the audience, that by
the great convexity of the crystalline lens in
the eye of the fish, it was enabled to take
in a wide field of vision, and to perceive
its enemies and food from all points.

R. J. Murchison, Esq., President of the

Geological Society, next gave an account of some extensive deposits of Marine Shells on the Lancashire coast, and near Preston in Lancashire. Specimens of the shells were produced by Mr. Gilbertson, the original observer of the deposits. Mr. Murchison illustrated the position of the said deposits by etchings upon a large scale. There were occasional breaks in the stratum, for which Mr. M. did not satisfactorily account. He was inclined to think that the pressure of some superincumbent strata had been the cause. This gave rise to some interesting remarks from Mr. Phillips and Mr. Greenough. The former thought, that the different deposits of marine shells had been made by some sudden eruptions of water which had mixed marine and terrene bodies and animals together. He also thought that marine shells being found upon the summits of mountains was a presumptive proof that these mountains had once been inundated with sea-water.

Mr. Greenough objected to this theory, and said, it was not improbable that sea-fowls might have carried most of the shells which have been found upon the tops of mountains near the sea, to eat the meat which was in them; and endeavoured to sanction his opinion by a fact which he related:

Some years ago he and a few friends being in one of the southern counties of England, they ascended a considerable hill upon the sea-coast. When at the summit, they found a considerable quantity of marine shells. A discussion arose among them about their age, and the manner how they had got there; some of the shells settled the dispute, by beginning to move. All came to the conclusion, that they had not been many days out of the water; and that they had in all probability been conveyed thither by sea-fowls.

Perhaps, at the next scientific meeting, Mr. Greenough will be prepared to inform the audience, why some sea-fowls have been so squeamish in their choice of mountains, as to fix upon some, more than a hundred miles from the sea; and whether they used their bills or their webbed feet, in digging some half score of yards below the surface, to deposit their pilfered shells.

The next subject was upon Hot Springs, by Dr. Daubeny; or rather, on the "Phænomena of Hot Springs." The doctor observed, that most of the hot springs which he had visited were situated at the heads of valleys, in the neighbourhood of which were generally minerals, and sometimes volcanoes. Yet he does not suppose that any of these produce the heat in the water.

His opinion is, that the heat is caused by some chemical process carried on within the bowels of the earth.

This opinion was combated by some of the scavans present, who thought that mineral substances in a state of ignition, or volcanic matter, produced the high temperature in the water. The last opinion is evidently sanctioned by the hot springs in Iceland, rising from the neighbourhood of Mount Hecla; by streams of hot water sometimes issuing from Mount Ætna; and by the hot springs of Furnas in the Island of St. Michael, issuing from the precincts of a crater. See the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, vols. ii. and vi.

In the afternoon, the Archbishop of York entertained a numerous party of gentlemen, including the scientific visitors, at dinner. In consequence of this, the lectures did not commence till nine o'clock. The theatre of the Museum was crowded with a brilliant assemblage of fashionables, ladies having been admitted in the evening.

Mr. R. Potter, jun. commenced by reading a paper on the Aurora Borealis, and attempted to account for it upon the principles of electricity. He also made some experiments on electricity *in vacuo*; but a small glass tube breaking, his apparatus became imperfect, and he desisted from any further attempts. Though Mr. Potter's short lecture was interesting, yet he did not establish his theory so plausibly as St. Pierre did another, by ascribing the Aurora Borealis to the effects of the sun's rays being reflected from fields of ice.

Dr. Warwick next delivered an interesting lecture on Electro-Magnetism. His experiments were on a large scale, by a costly apparatus, which was so powerfully magnetic as to suspend some stones' weight. He made a beautiful experiment by covering a magnet with thick paper, and scattering steel-filings upon it. And after attempting to blow them off, some were removed, but all those directly over the magnet remained firm, and presented the appearance of a horse-shoe. The doctor would have given some experiments upon a larger scale, but his apparatus was unfit for them.

Dr. Daubeny followed, in making some neat experiments on capillary attraction, and satisfactorily accounted for the manner in which moisture is conveyed through the roots, stems, branches of vegetables, trees, &c.

The business of the day was concluded by Mr. Phillips, who read the report of Mr. Osburne, on the formation of Graham Island on the coast of Sicily. As an account of this newly-formed island has

iven by most of the periodicals and
apers, it would be superfluous to
t here. The most interesting addi-
hich Mr. Osburne has furnished, is
ount of a basin of boiling water,
nety feet wide, in the middle of the

The vapour arising from it was
sive, affecting more the digestive
e respiratory organs, producing nau-
l faintness. On the south-west side
island was a terrific ebullition of
l, evidently the commencement of a
rater. Carburetted hydrogen gas
ed so collectively, that the watches
observers were blackened. The
at the margin was 190° Fahrenheit.
he incoherent nature of the materials,
ch the island was composed, Mr.
e prognosticated that it would be
short duration. A few months have
l his remarks. An officer connected
e city of York, and who landed the
day with Mr. Osburne, (surgeon of
ajesty's Ship the Ganges,) avouches
correctness of Mr. O's statement.

gate, April 28.

T. R.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

mean temperature of May was 56½
s of Fahrenheit's thermometer. The
um, which was 68 degrees, was ob-
on the 25th, and also on the 26th,
nd being north-westerly on both days.
nimum, which was 47 degrees, was
l on the 15th, and also on the 17th;
rection of the wind on the former
is north-easterly; and, on the latter,
ly. The range of the thermometer
l degrees; and the prevailing wind
west. The direction of the wind has
outh-westerly 6½ days; north-westerly
ortherly 4½; easterly 4½; south-
r 4; north-easterly 3; southerly 2½;
esterly ¾.

a has fallen on 14 days; and five
een accompanied with wind. On
l, the blossoms of the apple were ob-
unfolding. Thunder was heard on
ning of the 7th, which was followed
ery fine and warm day. The lilac
ee-chesnut were noticed coming in
on the 8th; and the laburnum and
the 13th. Hail fell on the 13th and
and on the 15th, between 3 and 4
afternoon, a considerable storm of hail
see, which continued nearly an hour;
nes were large, and lay on the ground
siderable time. On the evening of
th, the extremities of the arch of a
w were observed for about half an

THE WOODEN LEG; AN HELVETIC TALE.

(From the German of Gesner.)

On the mountain from whence the torrent of
Ranti precipitates into the valley, a young
shepherd fed his goats. His pipe called
echo gaily from the hollow rocks, and echo
bid the valleys seven times resound his
songs melodious. On a sudden, he per-
ceived a man climbing with pain the
mountain's side. The man was old; years
had blanched his head. A staff supported
his heavy tottering steps, for he had a
wooden leg. He approached the young
man, and seated himself by him on the
moss of the rocks. The young shepherd
looked at him with surprise, and his eyes
were fixed on the wooden leg.

"My son, said the old man, smiling, do
you not think that, infirm as I am, I should
have done better to have remained in the
valley? Know, however, that I make this
journey but once a year; and this leg, as
you see it, is more honourable to me than
are, to many, the most straight and active."

"I do not question, father, replied the
shepherd, that it is very honourable to you,
though, I dare say, another would be more
useful. Without doubt, you are tired. Will
you drink some milk from my goats, or
some of the fresh water that spouts below
from the hollow of the rock?"

"I like the frankness painted on thy
visage," observed the old man. "A little
fresh water will be sufficient. If you will
bring it me hither, you shall hear the his-
tory of this wooden leg." The young shep-
herd ran to the fountain, and soon re-
turned.

When the old man had quenched his
thirst, he said, "Let young people, when
they behold their fathers maimed, and
covered over with scars, adore the Al-
mighty power, and bless their valour.
Without this, you would have bowed your
necks beneath the yoke, instead of thus
basking in the sun's warmth, and making
the echoes repeat your joyful notes. Mirth
and gaiety now inhabit these hills and
valleys, while your songs resound from
one mountain to the other—liberty! sweet
liberty! All we see around us is our own.
We cultivate our own fields with pleasure.
The crops we reap are ours; and the time
of the harvest is with us a season of re-
joicing."

"He does not deserve," replied the
young shepherd, "to be a freeman, who
can forget that his liberty was purchased
with the blood of his forefathers."

"But," rejoined the old man, "who, in

their place, would not have done as they did? Ever since that bloody day of Nefels, I come once a year to the top of this mountain; but I perceive that I am now come for the last time. From hence I still behold the order of the battle where liberty made us conquerors. See, it was on that side the army of the enemy advanced; thousands of lances glittered at a distance, with more than two hundred horsemen covered with sumptuous armour. The plumes that shaded their helmets nodded as they marched, and the earth resounded with their horses' hoofs. Our little troop was already broken. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat were re-echoed from every side, and the smoke of Nefels in flames filled the valley, and spread with horror along the mountains. However, at the bottom of a hill, where we now are, our chief had placed himself. He was there, where those two pines shoot up from the edge of that pointed rock. I think I see him now, surrounded by a small number of warriors, firm, immovable, and calling around him the dispersed troops. I hear the rustling of the standard that he waved in the air; it was like the sound of the wind that precedes a hurricane. From every side they ran towards him.

"Dost thou see those floods rush down from the mountains? Stones, rocks, and trees, overthrown, in vain oppose their course; they overleap or beat down all before them, and meet together at the bottom of that pool: so *we* ran to the cry of our general, cutting our way through the enemy. Ranked around the hero, we made a vow, and God was our witness, to conquer or die. The enemy, advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuously upon us. We attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge, but were always forced to retire to the shelter of those hills. We there closed our ranks, and became unshaken as the rock by which we were protected. At last, reinforced by thirty Swiss warriors, we rushed suddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or as some mighty rock descends, that rolls through the forest, and with a horrid crush lays waste the trees that interrupt its course. On every side, the enemy, both horse and foot, confounded in a most dreadful tumult, overthrow each other, to escape our rage. Grown furious by the combat, we trod under foot the dead and dying, to extend vengeance and death still further. I was in the middle of the battle. A horseman of the enemy, in his flight, rode over me, and crushed my leg. The soldier who

fought the nearest, seeing my condition, took me on his shoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle.

"A holy father was prostrate on a rock not far distant, imploring heaven to aid us.—'Take care, good father, of this warrior,' my deliverer cried; 'he has fought like a son of liberty!' he said—and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my son, it was ours! but many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. Thus the weary mower reposes on the sheaves himself has made. I was carefully attended; I was cured; but never could find out the man to whom I owe my life. I have sought him in vain; I have made vows and pilgrimages, that some saint of paradise, or some angel, would reveal him to me. But, alas! all my efforts have been fruitless. I shall never in this life shew him my gratitude."

The young shepherd, having heard the old warrior, with tears in his eyes said, "No, father, in this life you can never shew him your gratitude." The old man, surprised, cried, "What dost thou say? Dost thou know, my son, who my deliverer was?" The young shepherd answered, "I am much deceived, if it was not my father. Often he has told me the story of that battle, and often I have heard him say, 'I wonder if the man I carried from the battle be still alive!'"

"O God! O angels of heaven!" exclaimed the old man, "was that generous man thy father?" "If the same," replied the young shepherd, "he had a scar here, (pointing to his left cheek:) he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field." "His cheek," rejoined the old man, "was covered with blood when he bore me off. O my child! my son!"

"He died," the young shepherd added, "two years ago; and as he was poor, I am forced for subsistence to keep these goats." The old man embraced him, and said, "Heaven be praised! I can recompense thee for his generosity. Come, my son! come with me, and let some other person keep thy goats."

They descended the hill together, and walked towards the old man's dwelling. He was rich in land and flocks, and a lovely daughter was his only offspring. "My child," said he to her, "he that saved my life was the father of this young shepherd. If thou canst love him, I shall be happy to see you united." The young man was an amiable person; health and pleasure shone in his countenance; locks of yellow gold shaded his forehead, and the sparkling fire

of his eyes was softened by a sweet modesty. The young maiden, with an ingenuous reserve, asked three days to resolve; but the third appeared to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young shepherd; and the old man, with tears of joy, said to them, "My blessing rest upon you, my children! This day has made me the most happy of mortals."

Preston Brook.

S. S.

POETRY.

THE EXPIRED FURLOUGH.

'Twas on a rosy morn in Spring,
And brightly shone the night-dropt shower,
And round the trellis'd pane did cling
The woodbine's weeping flower;
When from his pillow'd rest the soldier started—
From golden dreams he wakes—his air-built visions
thwarted.

The furlough's past,—from parents kind,
From brothers, sisters, he must part,
Whose fond affections had entwined
Like tendrils round his heart:
Not these, nor aught could bind his longer stay,
Stern his commander was,—and time brook'd no
delay.

His parents on the threshold stand,
And bless their son, with many a tear:
He shook each kindly by the hand,
And bade them be of cheer;
But not a dry nor tearless eye was found
Mongst all the little group that hemm'd the veteran
round.

And Helen to the garden hied,
And flowers in haste she gather'd there,
And with a tendril these she tied
Into a nosegay fair:
Then to the mournful group with speed she hies,
And in her brother's coat she placed the parting
prize.

He kiss'd the children, each and all,
Which round their brother fondly clung;
And then his staff and bundle small
He o'er his shoulder flung,
And down the vale, where birds were chanting gay,
And pathway flowers bloom'd wild, he wound his
devious way.

And now some favourite martial tune
He whistled, and a martial stride
He next essay'd, but each full soon
A cheerful heart belied,
For O, his soul did his sad fate deplore,
And thitherward his steps, perchance might turn
no more!

And off, with wistful eyes, he turn'd
A homeward glance, with many a sigh,
Where age his sad departure mourn'd,
And weeping infancy.
'Till gain'd the mount, he cast a final view,
Dash'd from his eye the tear, and waved a last adieu!

Near Halifax.

THOMAS CROSSLEY.

THE THISTLE.

(A Fable.)

It was a sultry summer's day,
And numerous insects were at play,
And over heaths and meadows brown
Floated the silken thistle down,
Borne on the breezy wings of noon
Like to the fairies' gay balloon,
Tho' but a feather-guarded seed
To propagate a noxious weed.

It chanced (such chances are not rare)
Within a richly gemm'd parterre,
One of these air-light globules fell,
And what occur'd our Muse shall tell,
But hid 'neath shrubs and flow'rets gay
It slept the sultry hours away.
Now days and months roll'd swiftly on,
Autumn was past, and winter gone;
And lovely Spring appear'd again,
And call'd to life her flowery train:
The crocus first obey'd her call,
The primrose and the daisy small;
And soon in sombre green was found
This thistle starting from the ground;
Nurtured by showers and falling dew,
And genial suns, it daily grew,
Till it appear'd the stateliest flower
Which bloom'd beside the garden bower.
Then thirst of power and pride inflam'd
Her breast, and every homage claim'd,
And in that Eden quickly show'd
Herself a demon—stern and proud.
A purple crown the alien wore,
And numerous pointed spears she bore;
And of this martial pomp possess'd,
She thus the trembling flowers address'd:
"Ye meanest vassals, which surround
My throne upon this ample ground,
I come, or life or death to give,
'Tis mine to bid ye die or live;
By force of arms I claim this spot,—
Say, do ye own me queen, or not?
If not, I drive ye all aloof,
'Gainst every foe my arms are proof:
But own me queen—to me attend,
Ye've nought to dread—I'm still your friend.
My children, though, in after year
Shall reign, and nobly flourish here;
A valiant band, whom no vile foe
Can hope or dare to overthrow;
I too, demand"—alas, vain weed,
The gardener heard those threats indeed!
He struck it down—root, flower, and all,
And tost it o'er the garden wall!

Near Halifax.

THOMAS CROSSLEY.

THE RESCUED ONES.

(By Rev. J. Young.)

'Twas night, dark night, save when the moon's faint
beam
Broke through the low'ring clouds with sickly gleam;
No lonely star, amidst the appalling gloom
Shone out—to light the mariner's watery tomb;
Like pealing thunders round the rocky shore
Howl'd the rude tempest, with tornadian roar;
The wide-mouth'd caverns of the hungry deep
Yawn'd for their prey:—while 'gainst the craggy
steep
With fatal violence, driven before the gale,
A gallant vessel, creaking 'neath her sail,
Dash'd her fine prow. The rude concussion given
Unship'd her seamen, and her sides were riven.
The breaking billows cleared at once her deck,
And crash on crash proclaim'd her hull a wreck.
A yell of misery, with the gurgling wave
Sounded, as sunk her inmates to their grave.
Some few were sav'd, and gained the rocks with joy;
One yet the sea held, with her infant boy.
Long had she battled with the rolling sea,
"My child! my child!" she shriek'd in agony.
He heard, who cast upon the high land shore,
The dying echo, but he heard no more.
The husband, father,—heard his sinking mate,
And rushed to rescue, or to share her fate.
A desperate effort only now could save
His wife, his child too, from the yawning grave.
Down from the rocks, which o'er the waters frown'd,
Held by his shipmates,—with strong cordage bound
He hung suspended, like a speck in air,—
'Till lowered, he met the objects of his care;
And then, with spring of superhuman kind,
Clasp'd his lov'd wife, nor left his son behind.
The half drown'd mother, still retained her child
With phrenzied grasp amidst the billows wild.

The anxious watchers mark'd the deed, and now
Rais'd the fond trio to the mountain's brow.
While the loud shout, above the storm which rav'd,
Ran echoing round the shore, "*They're sav'd, they're sav'd.*"

London.

—◆—
"THERE THE WICKED CEASE FROM TROUBLING;
AND THERE THE WEARY ARE AT REST."

THE last cruel tempest has blown,
The last passing danger is o'er,
The last dart of Satan is thrown,
And terror and care are no more.

No more shall their terrible foe
Send shaft upon shaft at their breast;
Their Lord is the conqueror now,
And Jesus has given them rest.

And shall I then basely repine?—
Oh! would that I murmured less;
Tho' sorrow and sighing be mine,
I bless Him; I cannot but bless.

What tho' in the bosom of earth
These beloved ones peacefully lie!
They are fled to the place of their birth,
And happier are they than I.

How selfish to wish for their stay
Mid the beggarly elements here;
Rather plume thee, my spirit, away,
For flight to a happier sphere;

For flight from the regions of pain
To the mansions of pleasure above,
Where no separation again
Shall chill the pure feelings of love.

For the last cruel tempest has blown,
The last passing danger is o'er,
The last dart of Satan is thrown,
And sorrow and sin are no more!

March 22.

φ. θ.

—◆—
"THE SHEEP FOLLOW HIM, FOR THEY
KNOW HIS VOICE."

Who are those sheep that walk in the cool vale,
And shun the giddy mountain's cloud-topp'd height?
There sheltered from the gale,
They fear no foe;

His gentle hand they know
Who guards them day and night!
Happy are they:

No sweeter herbage tempts those sheep to stray:
His lambs that peaceful shepherd leads
By purest streams and flowery meads,
And far beyond those distant trees
Has promis'd fairer fruits than these.

Know ye that shepherd? O then stray no more
From his sweet fields; his flocks lie down at noon
Where the cool waters pour,
And hear his voice;

He bids his lambs rejoice,
Those days are coming soon,
When blood and strife

Shall stain no more the peaceful paths of life;
When with one song the earth shall ring,
And all shall own one Lord, one King;
And their own Shepherd then shall stand
With that bright sceptre in his hand.

Sweet are the strains that He is wont to sing,
And calmly joyous are the hours they pass,
When round their Shepherd King,
They hear him tell

Of blessed sheep that dwell
Far off, and taste the grass
Of that bright clime!

Oh! soon shall come the glorious happy time
When all the ransomed flock in one,
In the same heavenly fields shall run;
And one in heart and glory be,
With one good Shepherd, Lord, in Thee.

March 22, 1832.

φ. θ.

OLD AGE NOT TO BE DESPISED.

SHORT, short are the days of our pilgrimage here,
We are seen for a while, and too soon disappear;
But life has its joys through each quick passing stage,
From the fervour of youth to the wisdom of age.

So the seasons, though varied, their pleasures possess:
The spring sings and smiles in her beautiful dress,
The summer shines forth in the pride of the year,
The autumn brings plenty, and winter his cheer.

We heed not the days which in youth hasten o'er us,
So calmly and brightly they vanish away;
We care not to see Time's broad pinions before us,
But gladly perceive he is urging his way.

Then manhood steps forward with dignified mien,
Casts round his bold eye o'er this troublesome scene,
And with vigour and skill guides the bark of this life,
Through the world's raging sea of vexation and strife.

See age slowly comes with a lingering pace,
His hand is unsteady and wrinkled his face,
His eye is still bright, though his forehead is bare,
And the soul in its strength is still beaming forth there.

Though the busy employments of life cannot please,
And achings and languor deprive him of ease,
He draws a delight from his mental resources,
In wise contemplations and useful discourses.

Thus eased of a burden he scarce could endure,
His wisdom affords an enjoyment most pure,
His advice to the man, and his tales to the young,
Are eagerly caught as they fall from his tongue.

Then as we draw near our mortality's close,
May we find in "life's evening" a tranquil repose,
And let it the chief of our youth-time engage,
To provide for the honour and comfort of age.

King's Cross, Oct. 17, 1831.

W. TAGG.

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REVIEW.—*The Records of a Good Man's Life.* By the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, M. A. Two Vols. 12mo. pp. 358—314. Smith, Elder, & Co. London. 1832.

We know not with certainty whether the subjects of these volumes ought to be considered as real or fictitious. Some circumstances would incline us to think the former, but others induce us to believe, that the first volume rather contains the character, than the actual history of any individual. The good man is named Mr. Singleton, who appears before us as a pious clergyman of the church of England, to whose constitution, services, and ritual he seems inordinately attached. But, why Mr. Tayler, the professed author of these volumes, should have his portrait prefixed to the title-page, rather than that of Mr. Singleton, we are at a loss to discover.

The biographical narrative proceeds through the greater portion of the first volume, with all the appearance of reality. But as we approach towards its close, L'Envoy starts before us, saying, "And now, neither as Mr. Singleton, nor as his friend, the editor of these records of his life, do I come forward; but in my own character, as the author of the whole; and I might as well say, that my object has been, even by so slight a work, to rouse the pro-

members of our blessed and beautiful Church of England, to the consideration at least of the meaning of the professions made by them, as members of that Church."—p. 352.

The second volume, losing sight of Mr. Taylor altogether, comprises nine distinct stories, which bear the following names.—*Prudentius and Meta*; *Joan of Kent*; *Lady Anne Carr*; *Guyon of Marston*; *The Lady Lisle*; *The Lowly*; *Anne of Cleves*; *The Son and the Father*; and *A Vision of Conscience*."

These stories should be thus placed before the public under the title of "*Records of a Good Man's Life*," we must leave the author to explain. There is indeed in the title-page of the second volume, *cetera*, which the first does not bear, which forms only a feeble link of connection.

Independently, however, of these anecdotes, the "*Records of a Good Man's Life*" is an excellent work; and the first volume, to which the above title exclusively belongs, has few rivals, and perhaps, no equal in this department of the market literature. The narrative is full of interest and contains a fine delineation of human character. A great variety of incidents occur, as we proceed in the story, all of which tend to develop the truth that no friend of mankind can survive with indifference. Rarely, indeed, do we behold so many moral and spiritual excellences combined in active life, in any individual. Yet we perceive nothing arrogant, nothing Utopian, nothing inconsistent with the sincere and humble Christian, who is considered as unattainable in his present probationary state.

The tales in the second volume participate in the same general outline of character, and, taking the first story as a specimen of the whole, they inculcate this important lesson, that the world by wisdom is not God. *Joan of Kent* is drawn in a masterly style, and those who peruse it will speedily be convinced, that the murder, produced by the intrigues of ecclesiastical bigotry, and executed under the sanction of royal authority, was not merely confined to the ascendancy of power.

The portrait of Mr. Tayler, prefixed to the second volume, is beautifully executed; but the delicate touches of the artist are intent to eclipse the fine strokes of disquisition, and vivid delineations of character that are profusely scattered over the pages of this very useful and very entertaining work.

SERIES, NO. 19.—VOL. II.

REVIEW.—*The Wesleyan Preacher, containing Sermons of the most eminent Ministers in the Connexion.* 8vo. pp. 448. Vol. I. Northcroft, London, 1832.

THIS work, as it issued from the press, was published in numbers at three-pence each; and now, since about seven months from the commencement have elapsed, they are collected together, and neatly bound up in the volume before us. The reader will be aware from its title, that nothing but discourses delivered by Wesleyan ministers engross any of its pages. To this we may add, that the sermons here published, are chiefly those of the regular itinerant preachers of this christian community, officiating in various parts of the metropolis, and its extensive suburbs.

As the discourses, contained in this volume were delivered extemporaneously, and taken down by short-hand writers without the knowledge of the preachers, we are authorized to infer, that they are fair specimens of their talents and doctrines. In discourses written with a design for publication, the author is naturally on his guard, and examines with cautious attention every thing he submits to the public eye. But when no such extensive publicity is anticipated, and no permanent record of what he delivers is expected, we behold nothing more than his common ministerial efforts, without embellishment and without disguise. Occasions like these, bring the preacher before us in his natural and unvarnished character.

In days that are past, it was fashionable with those who embraced a different creed, to traduce the Wesleyan preachers as anti-christian, loading them with reproachful epithets, and piously consigning all their followers to perdition. In the present day, the charges of heresy, though not entirely unheard, are delivered out with a more sparing hand; but it is only where prejudice prevails, and the doctrines they inculcate are unknown, that the voice of sectarian bigotry can produce any injurious effect.

This publication must tend considerably to dissipate the clouds which misrepresentation had collected, and to place this large christian community in their proper light. It will, also, preserve many valuable discourses from being consigned to oblivion, and thus extend the sphere of their utility beyond the narrow boundaries of a congregation, or the limits of a single town.

So far as we are able to judge, these discourses have been taken down with commendable fidelity as to their doctrine, import, and general language; and if the

that are now before us may be considered a fair criteria of the orthodoxy of the sect, the cry of heresy will soon grow too hoarse with croaking, to be heard.

REVIEW.—*The History and Topography of the United States of North America, from the earliest Period to the present Time. By John Howard Hinton, A.M. Parts 31—40. Hinton, London, 1832.*

IN the course of its publication, we have noticed most of the preceding parts of this elegant work, to the conclusion of which the portions now under inspection conduct us.

The number and excellence of its plates cannot fail to have attracted the notice of every observer; and those which appear in the parts before us, will furnish convincing proof that an approximation, towards the conclusion, has not been accompanied with any deterioration.

The maps, also, of every state in the Union participate in the common excellence. They appear to have been drawn with accuracy, and to have been executed with peculiar care. They include every thing of importance which time imposes on the face of nature; and arrest in their progress, the gigantic works of human labour and ingenuity, which distinguish this growing portion of the western world.

The portrait of George Washington, which appears in the thirty-fourth part, demands especial notice. Of the personal likeness, we can say nothing; but we can trace, or fancy that we can do so, the great and prominent features of his character in the lineaments of his countenance. It exhibits a happy mixture of courage and placidity, and seems, in its exterior, to display the patriotism that glows within the soul. It is a strong specimen of line engraving, which seems destined to preserve the trust committed to the plate, as though emblematical of the man on whom all nations have conferred the honour of immortality.

It is not in our power to follow Mr. Hinton through the numerous details of progressive art, produce, consumption, imports, exports, trade, manufacture, and enterprise, with which he has enriched this work. To commercial men, his tables will be found of essential service. Similar observations will apply to the maritime power and increasing navigation of this large and flourishing section of the globe.

Of the Indian tribes, the account given is deeply interesting; and that of the negroes in a state of slavery is equally horrible. The

condition of the slaves, the following fact will serve to illustrate. It is given on the authority of Mr. Hodgson, who vouches for its authenticity.

“At a dining party of five or six gentlemen, I heard one of the guests, who is reputed a respectable planter, say, in the course of conversation, that he shot at one of his own slaves last year, with intent to kill him for running away; that on another occasion, finding that two runaway slaves had taken refuge on his plantation, he invited some of his friends out of town to dinner and a frolic; that after dinner they went to hunt the slaves, and hearing a rustling in the reeds, or canes, in which they believed them to be concealed, they all fired at their game, but unfortunately missed. He did not appear to be sensible that he was telling any thing extraordinary, nor to understand the silence of astonishment and horror.”—p. 451.

Slavery is, however, the same in principle throughout the world. Circumstances may conspire to mitigate its severity; but while the life of a black man is subject to the capricious brutality of one that is white, power any way acquired will be abused. Perhaps, a greater inconsistency can scarcely be found in the human character, than to see an American with one hand signing the act of independence, and with the other inflicting torture on his unprotected slave. In reference to this melancholy subject we cannot wonder at the following sentiments delivered by Mr. Jefferson.

“I tremble for my country, when I reflect that God is just; that this justice cannot sleep for ever; that considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is among possible events; that it may become probable by superior interference. The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest.”—p. 452.

Although several publications respecting America, have appeared at different periods in various forms, we are not aware of any one besides Mr. Hinton's that combines in one consecutive series, the political, commercial, and natural history of this Herculean republic, which already awes with its sublimity, and dazzles with its splendour, the nations, which a few years since treated the infant giant with contempt.

With ample sources of information, a suitable degree of intellectual energy and commendable industry, Mr. Hinton has explored the origin, and traced the progress, of this western emporium of industry, enterprise, and internal resources. In pursuing its march, he has noticed in a dispassionate manner the convulsive struggles which marked her career, and in his passage pointed out those secret springs, that, on being touched, called the mighty phenomena into operation. We have only to add in conclusion, that it is an intelligent and luminous history of an important country, that seems destined by its movements, to affect the general commerce, and perhaps the universal character, of mankind.

—*Richard of York; or, "The Rose of England," in three volumes. Fisher, Son, and Jackson. m. 1832.*

volumes direct our views to one of eventful periods in English history. the contentions which long subsisted between the houses of York and Lancaster always maintain a conspicuous rank in the annals of Great Britain; and perhaps, the crimes which were committed, by the warring parties, may hereafter be deemed to sanction the brutal outrages of these rivals for a throne.

Character which this work assumes of an historical novel, from which we understand, that it has truth for its basis, while fiction has lent its aid, to embellish the superstructure.

It can be no doubt that the events to which these volumes refer, are involved in obscurity, and perhaps the cloud is not too dense for any inquiry to pierce, or any ingenuity wholly to remove. The controverted subject of Perkin Warbeck, an impostor, or the real Duke of York, the sentiments of the author are explicitly avowed.

The writer makes no apology for adopting that subject, so ably defended by the learned Henry Walpole; and to the very conclusive, and uncontroverted arguments contained in "Historic Doubts," the reader is referred for proof of the supposition, not only that the styled Perkin Warbeck was the real Duke of York, but that, in all probability, his brother, the Fifth, was alive long after the period for his death, and fell a victim to the fears of the Seventh, rather than of Richard the Third. —vol. i. p. 15.

It would be in vain for us to attempt to guide the author through the various questions assigned for the belief thus expressed. We can only say, that the tide of public opinion is decidedly against the author, but that the real facts appear to be shrouded in mystery that is inexplicable.

By furnishing out these volumes from the press, is given, a great variety of incidents, characters, and occurrences arrest the reader's attention. In some of these, the want of manufacture is apparent; but making all due allowance for effort and exaggeration, much will be found to interest the reader.

The scenes throughout are so greatly dissimilar as to bear a much less resemblance to each other than might be expected. Generally, they conduct us to the metropolis, and its subterranean dungeons, and transport us to remote parts of the country, where new objects and unexpected events come forth to excite our sur-

prise, and either move our pity or awaken our indignation.

The dialogues partake of equal variety, at times displaying exalted sentiment, pointed sallies of humour, and provincial expression, corresponding in no small degree with the station of the speakers, and the characters they are called to sustain.

In a work of this description we do not look for a strict adherence to historical fact. It is sufficient that the basis is stated, but beyond this we follow the excursions of fancy, watch the ebullitions of passion, and pass from the finer feelings of human nature, to the vengeance of tyranny, and the sufferings of unsubdued and exalted virtue. Viewed in this light, "Richard of York" is a work of considerable merit, which will be perused with intense interest by a large class of readers, and will hold an elevated station among the historical novels of the day.

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REVIEW.—*Manual for Emigrants to America. By Calvin Cotton, A.M. of America. 12mo. pp. 212. Westley & Davis. London. 1832.*

THERE are few places in the world where the aspect of things undergo more rapid changes than in America. This arises from the natural increase of population, the continual influx of emigrants from Europe, and the enterprising spirit of all. On this account statements that were correct twenty years since, can furnish no criterion for action at the present time, and such as are correct now, will perhaps be found unworthy of confidence, when another quarter of a century shall have passed away.

The manual which is now before us delineates America as it actually is at the present time, and, being written by an inhabitant of the United States, it cannot be doubted that the author possessed all the requisite means of information. The strain also of his publication pleads much in favour of his fidelity. He does not launch out into any extravagant praises, nor attempt to excite hopes which are not likely to be realized. He points out many causes of disappointment, which prudential conduct, industrious habits, and moderate expectations, teach their possessors to avoid, and furnishes replies to most questions of importance, that an intended emigrant wishes to propose.

Mr. Colton readily admits that the United States of America hold out stronger inducements to agriculturists than to any other class. But it is not to these that

encouragement is exclusively confined. He tells us that

"All the various arts of manufacture, which are too numerous to specify, are annually, and daily coming into greater importance in the United States. And it is scarcely possible to mention any species of those arts, for which there is not a very ample and generous encouragement. • • • Mechanics of every description, and all persons skilled in the useful arts, have a reasonable share of encouragement in the cities, towns, and over the wide country of the United States."—p. 158, 159.

For persons intending to emigrate, this will be found a valuable book, and as the price is only two shillings and sixpence, in cloth, the sum is not an object of importance.

REVIEW.—*Lessons on Arithmetic, in Principle and Practice, for the Instruction of Youth, &c.* By Thomas Smith. 12mo. Longman, London.

WHEN science is made subservient to practice, it acquires from the association a sterling value which mere theory never can confer. Many books are excellent in principle, and beautiful in detail, but, when reduced to practical application, defects appear, that had previously been concealed. Others again may be found in abundance, that seem adapted for those only who scarcely need instruction, while the novice, who seeks after elementary principles, finds disappointment in almost every page.

Aware of these defects, Mr. Smith has adapted his "lessons on arithmetic in principle and practice, for the instruction of youth of both sexes, and more especially for that of young merchants, tradesmen, seamen, mechanics, and farmers." This is precisely such a book as was wanted; a book whence intelligible learning may be derived, and which, by a moderate share of attention, may be rendered subservient to the purposes of fundamental utility.

This book is not numbered in its pages, but each paragraph is distinguished by successive numerals, so that immediate reference is attended with no difficulty. The plainness and simplicity of the author's style are evinced from paragraph 202 to 212, and its application in the development of principle, in subsequent parts, will further tend to shew the utility of his book.

On fractions and decimals, we have some commanding specimens in paragraph 160 and 174, while other branches follow in regular succession. In all these, the author's statements are luminous, and his reasonings are strong and convincing. On many obscure portions of arithmetic, he has thrown a steady but undazzling light, and in various departments rendered essential service to the science of figures.

REVIEW.—*The Annual Historian, a Sketch of the Chief Historical Events of the World for the Year 1831.* By Ingram Cobbin, A. M. 12mo. pp. 338. Westley and Davis, London, 1832.

IN this volume Mr. Cobbin makes a tour of the world, and seizes upon the most prominent occurrences that have appeared in its various countries throughout the year 1831. England, however, claims his first attention; and whoever views in retrospection the questions that have been agitated, and the events which have taken place, will easily conceive that materials are by no means scanty.

Independently of all foreign matter, this book may be considered as a compendium of English history for the year; for, although its notices are brief, they embody every thing of moment which the generality of young readers can be solicitous to know. A brief chronology of events at the close, will serve to impress upon the memory the leading incidents of this eventful period. Some general observations register what is most remarkable in the discoveries of science, the ravages of war, natural phenomena, the empire of legislation, theatres of amusement, or institutions of general utility.

The *Annual Historian* is a work of fair promise, which we doubt not will receive the patronage it so justly deserves. This precursor will establish for itself no mean reputation; and presuming that the volumes which may be expected to follow, will support the same character to which this is entitled, each may be considered as an epitomized annual history of the world.

REVIEW.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library. Vol. VI. British India, Vol. I.* 12mo, pp. 416. Simpkin London. 1832.

THE portion of this interesting publication, devoted to an historical and descriptive account of British India, will consist of three volumes, of which this is the commencement, while the others are intended to follow in regular succession.

"Of all the countries on the Asiatic continent, (the author justly observes,) India, from the earliest ages, has excited the greatest interest, and enjoyed the highest celebrity. The exploits of the conquerors, who made it the object of their warlike expeditions, and also the splendid productions of nature and art which were thence imported, procured for it a great name, even in the remotest eras of classical antiquity. It has all along appeared to the imagination of the western world, as adorned with whatever is most splendid and gorgeous; glittering as it were with gold and gems, and redolent of fragrant and delicious odours. Though there may be in these magnificent conceptions something romantic and illusory, still India forms, unquestionably, one of the most remarkable regions that exist on the surface of the globe."—p. 18.

The country thus eulogized, these three volumes of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library are undertaken to describe; and from the able manner in which the preceding portions of this work have been conducted, the reader can have no occasion to anticipate a disappointment, even though his expectations should be exceedingly sanguine.

The present volume takes a general survey of India, as exhibited in the face of nature, and in its varied productions. It then proceeds to trace the extent to which this country was known among the ancients, whose writings have survived the corrosions of time, to follow early discoveries, conquests, dynasties, and revolutions, until British enterprise laid the foundations of a dominion which has placed the destinies of a hundred million of human beings under her control.

This history of India has a very auspicious beginning, and promises not to discredit the preceding volumes, which conducted us among the icebergs of the northern regions, and then transported us to the burning sands, and arid wastes of the African desert. With this volume we have been much gratified, and, presuming it to be a fair specimen of the succeeding portions, the historical and descriptive account of British India will be highly creditable to the whole work.

REVIEW.—*Flowers of Fable, selected from various Authors.* 12mo. p. 352. *Vizetelly.* London. 1832.

THIS little book is both intended and adapted to instruct and amuse children. It has a delicate splendour in its exterior, and within is ornamented with one hundred and fifty engravings on wood. The fables exceed the number of pictures, and in nearly equal proportions appear before the public in the varied costume of prose and verse. These fables have been selected from the most approved writers in this department of literature, both in our own country and in foreign parts; and some few have been drawn from remote sources of antiquity. The name, however, of each fable, and of its author, is preserved in the contents which immediately refer to the pages in the volume.

In these fables we find nothing at which modesty or delicacy can take offence. The little narrative is conducted with sprightly familiarity, and at its conclusion a few lines give the moral and its application. With children, we expect that this elegant little volume will be a particular favourite; and

we feel assured, that no parent will hesitate to see them peruse it with eagerness, and even to commit various portions of its contents to memory. The compiler has concealed his name; but whoever he may be, he deserves well of his country.

REVIEW.—*The Adventures of Barney Mahoney.* By T. Crofton Croker, 12mo. pp. 300. *Fisher, Son, and Jackson,* London, 1832.

MR. Crofton Croker, we presume, from his intimate acquaintance with Irish manners, is a native of the emerald isle. But whether this conjecture be right or wrong, his book bears evidence of his ingenuity, and of his peculiar tact in painting the national characteristics of the people whose customs, susceptibility of feeling, humorous expressions, and native eloquence he happily describes.

The hero of this tale, during his adventures, visits various grades of society, but wherever Mahoney comes before us, every thing about him is truly Irish. Generosity, pride, obsequiousness, quaintness, and blunder are always prominent, so that whether he appears in Ireland or England, his nationality is invariably kept in view. There can be no doubt, that at times these adventures are embellished by the author, and that he has selected his scenes and circumstances to suit the purpose of his tale. The delineations are, however, drawn with an able hand, and are true to the character of the ideal Mahoney family, with which Ireland abounds.

From first to last, this is a work of humour, and no one can deny that the occurrences portrayed are in a high degree comic and grotesque. A peculiar vein of merriment runs through the whole volume, which, amidst its enlivening pleasantries, contains nothing offensive to genuine morals. Among young readers, and others, who are attached to light compositions, we expect this book will find many admirers.

REVIEW.—*The Byron Gallery, being a Series of Historical Embellishments, to illustrate the Poetical Works of Lord Byron.* Smith, Elder, & Co. London. 1832.

EVERY reader acquainted with the poetical works of Lord Byron must be fully sensible that they contain admirable subjects for the pencil and the graphic art. Many, indeed, have already appeared in a detached manner, but we are not aware of any thing like a regular series that has ever been attempted, until the present time.

Aware of this circumstance, and that Mr. Murray is now publishing an elegant and uniform edition of his lordship's works, the proprietors of these illustrations have commenced their arduous and delicate labours, by laying before the public an attractive specimen, which contains five engravings. The whole, it is presumed, will be comprised in six, or at the utmost in eight, parts.

Adequately to describe the delicate beauty of these plates, does not appear to lie within the power of language. There is an exquisite something by which each is characterized, that no word can fully express. They must be seen and contemplated at leisure by every one who would wish to become acquainted with their beauties; and unless we are greatly deceived, every minute inspection will furnish fresh occasions for admiration.

An appropriate quotation from the noble poet is inserted at the bottom of each plate; and when the whole shall be completed, ample directions, we are informed, will be given to the binder, how to distribute these superb illustrations among his lordship's various works. The names also of the celebrated artists by whom these plates have been drawn and executed, appear in connexion with their respective productions, which are admirably calculated to extend their well-earned fame.

REVIEW.—*Map of Palestine in the Time of our Saviour, illustrative of the Books of the Evangelists. Sunday School Union. London.*

THIS is a remarkably neat article, in which all the portions of this very interesting country are clearly defined, and arranged according to the historical delineations of scripture. This map in its extent is thirty-three inches by twenty-two; it is stretched on canvass, bound with silk ribbon, attached to an elegant roller, and varnished; so that it is a useful ornament for the library, the study, or the parlour. In this superior state, the price is seven shillings; but the same map folded, and in a case, may be procured for four shillings and six-pence. It is not to be supposed that, on a scale of these dimensions, any peculiar features of towns or cities should appear. Their situations and relative positions are, however, distinctly marked; and if many places are too diminutive to be rendered visible, the inspector may satisfy himself from their proximity to those that are set before him, in what portion of the territory they should be found.

BRIEF SURVEY OF BOOKS.

1. *Letters to a Daughter on Practical Subjects.* By W. B. Sprague, D. D. (Tract Society, London,) are at once comprehensive in their range, and minute in their detail. Being twenty-three in number, they enter into the varied duties and features of association which in general give worth and dignity to the female character. The author is evidently a man of observation, and it would be well if the young females, into whose hands this book may fall, would profit by his advice. His twelfth letter relates to marriage, on which subject we find the following wholesome admonitions. Do not marry a fop, a spendthrift, a miser, a man whose age is greatly disproportionate to your own, a man without industry and some honourable vocation, a man of overbearing or irritable temper, one deficient in understanding, one of sceptical principles, or one of questionable morality. We will only add—Young ladies, take these friendly hints.

2. *The Plain Man's Guide to Heaven, from Baxter's Family Book,* (Tract Society, London,) contains truths too firmly established, and too highly valued, to require either elucidation or recommendation. The name of Richard Baxter is a passport of which most readers know the excellence.

3. *Latin Delectus, with a copious Vocabulary, &c.* (Simpkin, London,) brings with it all the claims which books of this description have on public patronage: Its extended vocabulary will be found highly serviceable to the pupil; and, in combination with its other excellencies, will recommend this delectus to many seminaries, besides the Edinburgh academy, for whose use it has been compiled.

4. *Analysis of the Seven Parts of Speech of the English Language, &c., by the Rev. Charles J. Lyon, M. A.* (Simpkin, London,) enters with spirit and ability into this very useful, but much neglected branch of science. In most of our schools, the philosophy of language engrosses but a small portion of attention; the master disregards it, and the pupils remain in ignorance. It is of little consequence whether we call the parts of speech seven or nine, as the result will ultimately be the same. It is, however, of essential import that the nature, influence, and operation of words, are perfectly understood, for, without this, the learner will acquire nothing but mere verbiage. This little volume will give him an admirable and extended insight into the principles of his mother-tongue, and, from a careful perusal of its contents, he may derive considerable advantage.

Lectures to Young Men, on the Education of Character, &c., by Joel Wardlaw, D.D. with a Preface by the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, D.D. (Holdsworth, London,) is a book of American origin, printed in Glasgow, and now circulated throughout the British empire. The subjects are: 'The claims of society on young men; The danger of young men; The importance of established principles; The formation of the importance of character, and, Religion is of chief concern.' We cannot more adequately express our opinion of these lectures than in the following words of Dr. Wardlaw. 'These all-important subjects are here treated in no common-place style. The treatment is judicious and salutary; vigorously handled, and happily and forcibly expressed. The discussions are occasionally enlivened by illustrative anecdote and classical allusion.'

Paternal Advice, chiefly to Young Men on Entering into Life, (Groomsport, London,) has a beautiful exterior, the gilding and silk without, suffer none from the sterling gold that is lodged within. Aphorisms, anecdotes, and principles illustrated by examples, entitle this to particular attention. It can scarcely prove very interesting to every youth-reader; and we pity him to whom it does not prove beneficial.

A Sermon occasioned by the Death of Mrs. Mary Skinner Stockton, by Theophilus Lessey, (Mason, London,) illustrates a subject that momentous truth, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." The reality of death is inferred from several instances; but victory over sin and its consequences, extracts the tyrant's sting and renders the departure of all true saints triumphant. This discourse unfolds many sources of sorrow and of consolation; but the necessity of regeneration is invariably kept in view. Mr. Lessey is a workman who needs no ashamed.

The Moral Obligations connected with Talent and Science, a Lecture, by Davies, B.D. (Williams, Chichester,) is replete with sound sense, and fair arguments deduced from historical fact and universal principles. The influence of talent and science, he considers to be stupendous, and hence he infers the moral obligations which all able individuals are under, to devote their abilities and acquirements to the benefit of mankind. The lesson thus stated, the author has happily enforced by his own example.

Assurance and its Grounds, a Sermon, on the Ordination of the Rev. John Laurie, Minister of the Church, at Row, with

a Charge; by Wm. Fleming, D.D. (Longman, London,) few persons, we presume, can peruse with indifference. The ordination of a minister is a solemn work, and on such occasions the preacher generally exerts himself to meet the claims of expectation. This, Mr. Fleming has done in the discourse before us, and the charge which follows sustains a correspondent interest.

10. *The Islington Popular Library of Religious Knowledge, Nos. 1, 2, & 3,* (Hughes, Islington,) is a cheap periodical, containing useful articles, chiefly in prose. They are exclusively of a religious character; but more animation would be a valuable acquisition. In its future numbers we hope to see this invigorating spirit diffused through its pages, without beholding any deterioration in its character.

11. *Portrait of Robert Raikes, Esq.,* (Sunday School Union, London,) is handsomely executed, and surrounded with numerous expressions, all having some relation to this immortal founder of Sunday-schools. He was born Sept. 14th, 1736, and died April 5th, 1811. In 1831, Great Britain contained 10,000 schools, 100,000 teachers, and 1,250,000 children. This picture is quite an ornament.

12. *The Trial of the Rev. Edward Irving, M.A. before the London Presbytery, by W. Harding,* (Harding, London,) is a subject that has excited a considerable degree of interest in the metropolis. This has arisen from the great popularity of Mr. Irving, and the strange cause for which he has been called to an account, and finally excluded from the Scottish Church in which he had uniformly officiated. On the cause of his expulsion, the fairness or unfairness of his trial, or the justness or injustice of his sentence, it is not our province to decide. The thick, closely printed pamphlet before us professes to detail the whole proceedings with impartiality, and we perceive no reason for impeaching the author's fidelity. The whole affair seems to have been conducted with stern and uncompromising resolution; and nothing less was to be expected; for he who anticipates lenity from a Scotch Presbytery in London, must have crude conceptions of a throne of mercy.

13. *The Voice of Humanity No. VIII.* (Nisbet, London,) advocates with much feeling the cause of mercy towards the animal tribes, and proposes several humane regulations to mitigate their sufferings.

14. *The Work of a Christian Pastor, a Charge to the Rev. John Gipps, Essex, by James Hargreaves,* (Holdsworth, London,) enters with due solemnity into the duties of a christian pastor; and we doubt

not that it was deeply impressive on the mind of Mr. Gipps, and proportionally interesting to all who heard it. It contains a fund of very wholesome instruction and advice, which cannot be too strongly recommended, or too generally adopted.

15. *The Diamond Gazetteer of Great Britain and Ireland*, (Simpkin, London,) is a beautiful little book, which comprises a large quantity of matter within a narrow compass. The general character of gazetteer is too well known to require any elucidation. This little volume embraces all the common topics included in such works, but the accounts are brief, and the print is too small for aged eyes. The population, according to the late census, in 1831, adds much to its value.

16. *The Missionary Church*, by W. H. Stowell, (Westley and Davis, London,) though somewhat superficial in its details, contains a comprehensive survey of the diffusion of Christianity. It is an outline which every reader may fill up at leisure. The author's great object is to promote the missionary cause, by enforcing its advantages and necessity, and answering objections urged against the noble efforts that are now making throughout the christian world.

17. *An Anglo-Saxon Grammar and Derivations, &c.*, by William Hunter, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Logic, and Rhetoric, Anderson's University, (Longman, London,) will be found a pleasing work to all who delight in tracing the English language from infancy to its present state of maturity, and in contemplating the cradle where it was cherished, and whence it arose to gigantic strength. To students of etymology, this volume will be of essential benefit, throwing light on terms that are involved in obscurity, and re-establishing an affinity which time seemed to have almost obliterated.

18. *Maternal Sketches, with other Poems*, by Eliza Rutherford, (Holdsworth, London,) is entitled to more attention than three-fourths of the rhyming publications which issue from the press; or than we can find either time or room to devote to an analysis of its merits. In the first canto, much exquisite feeling is displayed towards the new-born infant, and many delicate touches appear that can only be supposed to emanate from a mother's heart. The second canto has a deeper sound, and darker shades; it is also more dignified in thought, and more vigorous in expression. The third Canto is at once pathetic and interesting, and the incidents which it contains are quite in keeping with the general character of the book. The fourth Canto

brings us into the regions of royalty, where the dictates of ambition too frequently stifle the voice of nature, but in which some happy exceptions appear. The minor poems have excellencies in their respective departments.

19. *A Solemn Appeal on the Subject of Church Communion and Evangelical Ordinances*, by an Ordained Minister of the Church of Scotland, (Holdsworth, London,) will be perused, we expect, with more interest on the northern than on the southern side of the Tweed. It appears to attach more importance to the subject than it has a right to demand, and, by agitating a doubtful question, is more likely to excite discord than to promote peace.

20. *The Novelist's Library*, vols. I. II. edited by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. (Cochrane and Co., London,) have a beautiful exterior, and all the filth of Sterne's Tristram Shandy within.

21. *An Investigation into some of the Causes of Commercial Distress, considered upon Christian Principles*, (Hamilton, London,) traces calamity to vice, and infers that, until the cause be removed, the effect may be expected to continue.

22. *The Latest Heresy, or Modern Pretensions to Miraculous Gifts, &c.*, by the Rev. Thomas Greenwood, B. A. (Harding, London,) is a pamphlet which drives hard at Mr. Irving, who is viewed as a theological Ishmael, against whom every one is bound to lift his hand. We do not conceive that Mr. Irving's aberrations partake so much of heresy as of delusion; and if left alone, there can be little doubt that they will die away, and be almost forgotten. We readily admit that Mr. Green has been successful in his attack on the unknown tongues, and in his exposure of their pretended divine inspiration, nor are we aware that he has used on the occasion any unbecoming language.

23. *Two Sermons preached at the New Tabernacle, Plymouth*, by Thomas Wood, A.M. (Westley, London,) contain clear views of salvation by Christ, and place good works on a scriptural foundation. To the self-righteous and the antinomian, they afford no shelter. The author justly argues, that the only way in which faith and love can be proved to exist in the heart is, by an appeal to the life and character.

24. *Remarks on the New Bible Society*, (Ellerton, London,) might have been spared, for we much doubt if it will survive the explosion it has lately received in the disunion of its members.

25. *British Chronology made easy and entertaining*, by Thomas Keyworth, (Hold-

, London,) proceeds upon much the same principle that the promoters of all memory have adopted. It may be as obscure as some other systems of a kindred nature, but we are not altogether satisfied that this will furnish a passport to real utility.

A Call to Professing Christians on Emergence. By the Rev. Austin Dickinson, M. A. (Bagster, London,) is of American origin, but it is pungent, powerful, commanding. The evils resulting from use of ardent spirits are pointed out in a masterly hand, and supported by statistics which none but drunkards will oververt. The author gives no quarter; language is stern and inflexible, and in some instances is rather intemperate.

An Introduction to Goldsmith's Grammar, by J. Dowling, (Longman, London,) is deserving a place in every library, and among the early acquisitions of every pupil.

ANNIVERSARIES OF BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS IN THE METROPOLIS.

(Resumed from page 294.)

London Hibernian Society.—This is an establishment, the present anniversary being the twenty-sixth from its commencement.

It was held in Exeter Hall, on Friday May 5th, 1832, the Marquis of Londesborough in the chair. The object of the society is, to promote scriptural education in Ireland, taking the Word of God as the basis of what is taught. The results were stated to be in a respectable position.

The number of schools were 2,569, which contained about 94,000 scholars. Of these pupils, very many were the children of Roman Catholics, and among the members of this communion, the wish for moral instruction was almost everywhere apparent. So far as human means were concerned, the prospects of the society were cheering, and from past success they took encouragement to renew their exertions.

The chief speakers were Lord Mountstuart, the Rev. Horace Townsend, Lord Radstock, Hon. and Rev. Baptist Rev. Dr. Burton, Rev. Mr. Robins, and Rev. Gerard Noel, James Leeson, Esq. M.P. Rev. Mr. Bradwith, Rev. Mr. Flood, and Rev. Mr. Webster.

By the above gentlemen, the speeches were animated and appropriate, and the assemblage present furnished evidence on several occasions, that they were not idle hearers.

British and Foreign School Society.—On Monday, May 7th, the twenty-seventh anniversary of this institution was held at Exeter Hall, Lord John Russell in the chair. The appearance of this nobleman called forth the warmest plaudits from the several thousands who filled the spacious hall.

The report took a general survey of the society's operations throughout various parts of the world, and detailed with perspicuous brevity the obstacles they had to encounter, their disasters, and their successes. The funds, it was stated, were not equal to the magnitude of the great object which they had in view. It was a gigantic undertaking, which aimed at the instruction of the human race.

Among the speakers were William Allen, Esq., treasurer, Rev. Dr. Bennett, Rev. J. Dixon, Hon. and Rev. Gerard Noel, Rev. Dr. Cox, Lord John Russell, Rev. John Campbell, Rev. Robert Redpath, Henry Pownall, Esq. Dr. Wahlin, chaplain to the Swedish embassy, and several others.

This was an interesting meeting. The occasion was patriotic and philanthropic. The object was calculated to raise the mind from sectarian trammels; and the well-known character of the chairman nobly harmonized with the general feeling.

At the conclusion of many pointed and pathetic observations, respecting the condition of poor children in our manufacturing towns, Mr. Allen quoted the following passage from a speech delivered by Mr. Sadler, in the House of Commons; and its effect on the assembly may be easily conceived.

"It is impossible to furnish any uniform account of the hours of labour endured by children in these factories, and I am unwilling to represent extreme cases as general ones, although it is the bounden duty of parliament to provide against such, as it does, for example, with respect to atrocious crimes, which are extreme cases in civilized society. I shall, therefore, only give one or two instances of the extent of oppression to which the system is occasionally carried. The following were the hours of labour imposed upon the children employed in a factory at Leeds last summer:—On Monday morning, work commenced at six o'clock: at nine, half an hour for breakfast; from half-past nine till twelve, work. Dinner, one hour; from one till half-past four, work. Afternoon meal, half an hour; from five till eight, work: rest for half an hour. From half-past eight till twelve, (midnight,) work:

an hour's rest. From one in the morning till five, work : half an hour's rest. From half-past five till nine, work : breakfast. From half-past nine till twelve, work : dinner. From one till half-past four, work. Rest half an hour ; and work again from five till nine o'clock on Tuesday evening, when the labour terminated, and the gang of adult and infant slaves was dismissed for the night, after having toiled thirty-nine hours, with brief intervals, (amounting to only six hours in the whole,) for refreshment, but none for sleep. Wednesday and Thursday, day-work only. From Friday morning till Saturday night, the same prolonged labour repeated, with intermissions, as on Monday, Monday night, and Tuesday ; except that the labour of the last day closed at five. The ensuing day, Sunday, must, under such circumstances, be a day of stupor ; to rouse the children from which would only be to continue their physical sufferings, without the possibility of compensating them with any moral good. Clergymen, Sunday-school masters, and other benevolent persons, are beginning to feel this to be the case ; physicians, I find, have long observed it ; and parents, wishful as they are that their offspring should have some little instruction, are yet more anxious that they should have rest. Sunday-schools have long been rendered appendages to the manufacturing system, which has necessarily emptied the day-schools of the poor wherever that system prevails : not content with monopolizing the whole week with protracted labour, the Sabbath itself is thus rendered a day of languor and exhaustion, in which it is impossible that due instruction can be received, or the solemn duties which religion enjoins duly performed ; in fact, it is a mere fallow for the worn-out frame, in order that it may be able to produce another series of exhausting crops of human labour. If some limits, therefore, are not prescribed to these constant and cruel encroachments, our labouring population will become, ere long, imbruted with ignorance, as well as enslaved by excessive toil."

Port of London and Bethel Union Society.—The thirteenth anniversary of this society was held at the City of London Tavern, on Monday May 7th, Lord Mountsandsford in the chair. The object of this society is, to furnish spiritual instruction to the many thousands of seamen who visit the port of London. For this purpose, a floating chapel has been provided, schools for their children have been established, and books are lent and distributed to a very

large amount. It was stated that the floating chapel was well attended, that during the past year there had been 10,168 hearers, of whom more than half were sailors ; that twelve meetings had been held weekly on various parts of the river ; and that the exertions of the society had been rendered spiritually beneficial to many souls.

The Rev. J. Clayton, Rev. J. Robinson, Rev. T. Luke, Robert Humphrey Marten, Esq., W. Cook, Esq. Rev. Dr. Styles, Rev. Anthony Brown, Rev. Calvin Colton, Lieut. A. Browne, R.N., Rev. Dr. Bennett, with some others, severally addressed the meeting.

London Itinerant Society—This anniversary was held in Finsbury Chapel, on the evening of Monday, May 7th, the Rev. Dr. Collyer in the chair. The object of the society is to carry the gospel to those who will not come to hear it preached in places of public worship. The necessity of such an establishment, it was justly argued, arose from the great mass of crime and profligacy with which London and many other places abounded. The cause was warmly advocated by several well-known speakers, and sanctioned by the concurrent approbation of the assembled audience.

Irish Evangelical Society.—On Tuesday May 8th, Thomas Walker, Esq., president, in the chair, the eighteenth anniversary of this society, was held in Finsbury Chapel. The attendance was large, and highly respectable.

The design of this institution is, to diffuse evangelical religion in various ways, among the population of Ireland. For this purpose, readers, expounders, school establishments, and preachers, have been appointed to promote the great and important end. The interests of this society were advocated with much pious zeal, and with considerable ability. The speeches were long and animated, and perhaps nearly every influential motive was urged, that could be supposed to operate in its favour.

Among the advocates of this society, or rather the object which it has in view, we find the names of Rev. A. Tidman, Rev. J. Liefchild, Rev. Dr. Burder, Rev. Dr. Fletcher, Rev. J. Burnett, Rev. Henry Townley, and the Rev. Noble Shepheard. It was a meeting highly gratifying to all who had the spiritual interests of Ireland at heart.

Congregational Union.—The anniversary of this association commenced on Tuesday, May 8th, and was adjourned to the Friday following, when resolutions were passed on various subjects, among which a most ob-

le one was, "that it is desirable to it to the public a declaration of the g articles of our faith and discipline." *e Book Society.*—The anniversary of ciety, now eighty-two years old, was n Exeter Hall, on Friday, the 8th of and, prior to its commencement, interest was excited, by an expecta- at the venerable Rowland Hill, still d years older than the society, was, as about to preside. Age, indisposition, odily infirmities, however, prevented endance, to the no small regret and ointment of many present, who had ntly been cheered with the sallies of t, instructed by his wisdom, and ani- by his piety. In consequence of his ce, the chair was occupied by Mr. man Wilson.

e distribution of useful books, either t or sale, at very low prices, is the object which for nearly a century this y has pursued. The sphere of its tion is, however, very contracted, com- with that of others, and its means are ed within narrow limits. Several ers, and other gentlemen present, ad- d the meeting, which was concluded a vote of gratitude to the Rev. Row- Hill, who had been a member upwards ty years.

Religious Tract Society.—The anniver- of this powerful engine on the public was held at the City of London n, early in the morning of the 8th of The chair was taken by W. B. Gur- Esq., at six o'clock.

e report was very long, but it was ex- gely interesting, and we scarcely know : could be curtailed without doing it a s injury. The whole world is the field operation, and no human ingenuity lescribe the circumnavigation of the in a few words. The aggregate amount contents may be comprised in the fol- g statement :

e receipts for the present year amounted 1,376, being an increase of £4,315 e preceding year. The publications ; the same period were 11,714,965, an increase of 624,706, beyond any ling year, without adverting to nume- acts published in foreign countries at ciety's expense. The total circulation society, since its commencement, me and abroad, in about seventy nt languages, amounted to nearly 30,000.

Naval and Military Bible Society.—The xcond anniversary of this useful society d in Exeter Hall, on Friday the 8th y, the Marquis of Cholmondeley in

the chair. In general character and prin- ciple, this institution resembles the British and Foreign Bible Society. The chief dif- ference is, that its distribution of the scrip- tures is confined to soldiers and sailors. This anniversary was numerously attended, and the interests of the society were ably advocated by Lord Mountsandford, Capt. Harcourt, R.N., Rev. Mr. Polk of Virginia, Mr. W. Marshall, Surgeon, R.N., Viscount Mandeville, Lieut. Simmons, R.N., Hon. and Rev. G. H. Curzon, Rev. J. Davis, Colonel Phipps, Lieut. Brown, and Rev. George Washington Phillips.

The distribution of the society, during the year, was stated to be 12,432 bibles and testaments ; making a total, since the for- mation of the society in 1780, of 264,560 copies among soldiers and sailors, in various parts of the world.

London Missionary Society.—On Thurs- day, 10th of May, the thirty-eighth anni- versary of this important society was held in Exeter Hall, which was filled at an early hour, to the exclusion of some hundreds who could find no room to enter. To fur- nish these with accommodations, another meeting was opened in the small Hall, which was also filled to overflowing. In consequence of the resignation of their for- mer treasurer, W. A. Hankey, Esq. John Dyer, Esq., Secretary to the Admiralty, was called to the chair.

The report, which was voluminous, took a general survey of the various parts of the world, in which the society had established Missionary stations, and in a luminous manner detailed the proceedings and pro- gress of the society. The stations were one hundred and thirteen, and the number of missionaries ninety-two. The contributions during the year amounted to £35,568, and the disbursements to £39,240, thus leaving the society a considerable sum in debt to the treasurer. The principal speakers on this occasion were, Rev. J. Clayton, W. A. Hankey, Esq., J. Conder, Esq. Rev. W. Swann, Rev. J. Liefchild, Rev. W. Jones, Rev. J. Dyer, Rev. J. Dixon, Rev. J. A. James, Rev. Dr. Wahlin, Chaplain of the Swedish Embassy, and the Rev. Dr. Ben- nett. These gentlemen were heard with the deepest attention, but our limits will not allow us to follow them in the range of thought and strain of eloquence which they displayed. The principal occurrence, which excited the deepest interest was, the account given of the indignities and persecutions to which the Baptists had been exposed in Jamaica, and the christian sympathy which manifested itself in their behalf.

This amiable feeling was suitably ac-

knowledge by the Rev. John Dyer, Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, who was present at this anniversary.

Anti-Slavery Society.—On Saturday the 12th of May, the anniversary of this humane and benevolent institution was held in Exeter Hall, which was too scanty in its dimensions to accommodate the vast multitudes who wished to attend. The assemblage was highly respectable, and the occasion rendered it the most generally interesting anniversary that the metropolis could produce, during the whole period of this religious festival.

It had been expected by many, that the chair would be taken by the Duke of Gloucester, but, through his absence, James Stephens, Esq. was called to fill his place. This gentleman, in a short address, called the attention of the people to the occasion for which they were assembled; but without entering into any frightful details of slavery, he consigned the development of the monster to those who were better prepared for the painful task.

The first resolution was moved by Lord Suffield, who, in delineating the character and effects of slavery, observed, that the average hours which the slaves worked, according to the statement of the planters themselves, was fifteen hours and a half for seven months, and eighteen hours each day for the remaining five months of the year. The decrease by death in thirteen West India colonies, which were named, amounted, in eleven years and a half, to 50,435; and in the Mauritius, in ten years and three quarters, the decrease was 10,767.

Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq. seconded the resolution, and, in a fine strain of argumentative eloquence, contended for the necessity of abolishing for ever this disgrace of humanity, and of wiping away this foul stigma on the christian name.

The Rev. J. W. Cunningham, next addressed the meeting in a happy strain of ironical compliment to the humanity and logical powers of those who defended slavery; exposing the absurdity of their arguments, and tracing every advocacy up to mercenary or interested motives.

Dr. Lushington next appeared on the platform, and, in a speech of considerable length and energy, advocated the negro's cause. The committee of inquiry in the house of lords, he viewed as a mere farce, as several members, whose names he mentioned, were well known to be holders of slaves in the West Indies. The late revolt he considered as the natural consequence of the system they were anxious to have abolished.

Mr. William Smith, in a forcible and animated speech, traced the gradual progress that had been made towards the glorious crisis they now anticipated. He adverted to the labours of Wilberforce, Clarkson, and others, and urged the necessity of following up the Herculean labour they had so auspiciously begun.

Daniel O'Connell, Esq. appeared next, amidst strong testimonials of applause, and avowed himself a foe to slavery wherever it existed, and argued strongly and eloquently for complete and immediate abolition.

The Rev. John Burnet joined in the same common strain of powerful argument against the continuance of this diabolical evil. In a peculiar vein of humour, he contended that the planters were enemies to slavery in the abstract, but friendly to the continuance of its practical effects. He cared little about slavery in the abstract, if he could see it abolished in reality, and to this object their attention must be uniformly turned.

William Evans, Esq. the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, Mr. Crampton, the solicitor-general for Ireland, and some others, addressed the meeting, which was protracted until a late hour; but no one, we believe, would have wished that any part had been omitted.

Society for Promoting a Due Observance of the Lord's Day.—On Monday, May 14th, the friends of this association met in Exeter Hall, and called the Rev. Daniel Wilson, now Lord Bishop of Calcutta, to the chair. It was stated in the report, that on the 17th of July 1831, which was the Sabbath, at an extensive tea-garden in the environs of the metropolis, there were found at one time, about four in the afternoon, 2700 men, 1500 women, and 200 children, drinking and carousing, as in one common den. The whole number of persons who had visited the gardens during that day was estimated at eight thousand.

The Rev. Mr. Sims, the Lord Mayor of London, Rev. Haldine Stewart, Rev. W. Robins, J. M. Strachan, Esq. Sir Augustus Fitzgerald, Robert Chambers, Esq. Alexander Gordon, Esq. Andrew Pringle, Esq. Josiah Condor, Esq. the Earl of Chichester, and the Rev. S. C. Wilks, successively addressed the meeting, the object of which was, to use every exertion to prevent the awful profanation of the Lord's day.

Home Missionary Society.—On the evening of Tuesday, May 15th, the annual meeting of this society was held in Exeter Hall; Thomas Thompson, Esq. was called to the chair. This society was established

tend and support village preaching, otherwise to assist in promoting the of God. It now supported sixty day-schools, and thirty missionaries, also assisted twenty pastors. Of the special effects produced by this society, instances were given, but we have no time nor room to enter into any

British and Foreign Temperance Society.—The anniversary of this ginshop-maniated, but otherwise praise-worthy institution, was held at Exeter Hall, on Friday 22d of May, when the chair was occupied by the Lord Bishop of London. Several prelates, with other distinguished individuals, were present, and the hall was filled with a highly respectable audience, among whom were many of the Society of Friends. During the meeting the vice of intemperance, and its attendant miseries, depicted in colours truly awful. The result, however, in the opinion of those present, was, that nothing but abstinence could meet the evil. Drunkenness is a sin that goeth not out but by prayer and fasting. Already the efforts of the Society had rescued multitudes from this eating vice; and as its utility became day more apparent, its converts were rapidly increasing on each side of the Atlantic.

Piety for promoting permanent and universal Peace.—This anniversary was held on Tuesday, May 22nd, in the Friend's Meeting House, Gracechurch-street, London. Robert Marsden, Esq. in the chair. Among several sects, this humane Society found able advocates; and those who have been accustomed to the delusions of the varnish of war imposes upon the eyes of men, would be terrified on being reminded of the bloody and desolating monster by the lettering and gilding. Many other anniversaries of a benevolent Society, have been held in the metropolis during this season, but we cannot extend our observations beyond their present limits. It will be a source of less regret, as detailed accounts of these meetings have been published in two excellent newspapers. "Christian Advocate," now united with "The World," and "The Patriot," which have been recently established. In these papers, we think a faithful account of these meetings, and the speeches delivered, may be found. To them, therefore, we acknowledge our obligations, and to them we refer our readers.

We have only to add, that in all these meetings the utmost harmony prevailed, and a spirit of genuine liberality was mani-

festated in all its vigour, and that, in the aggregate, this festival of benevolence presented to the world a noble trophy of christian triumph.

THE ORIGINAL TESTATION OF HUMAN PIETY; OR, THE TEST OF PIETY IN PARADISE.

"And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it. And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat. But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

Gen. ii. 15—17.

SUCH, we are informed, by divine authority, was the wise and gracious provision which the Deity had made to preserve mankind in the secure possession of the innocence and happiness in which they had been originally created, and such was the original test of their piety to God. The history of that important affair, as recorded in the sacred volume, has indeed been matter of raillery by unbelievers, although their impious raillery would clearly betoken their ignorance both of the nature of piety, and the nature of human innocence; for, upon a careful and impartial review of the sacred history, it will fully appear, that the provision which the Almighty had made for the preservation of our primitive innocence and happiness, was every way worthy of its wise and gracious Author, and was every way adapted to answer all the purposes for which it was divinely designed.

It has appeared very strange to men of sceptical minds, that the only verbal law which was given to our parents in paradise, should have consisted in a rigid prohibition on their animal indulgences, and more especially in an arbitrary prohibition of the fruit of a particular tree. But it ought to be remembered, that the appetites and passions of our nature must have supplied our first parents with a sufficient excitement to all the active duties of human life; and that the law of moral obligation which had been written on their consciences, together with the native inspirations of the eternal Spirit in all their rational and moral faculties, must have contained an intuitive restraint on every criminal indulgence. Hence, the prohibition on the interdicted tree would of itself imply the fact of their moral probation, and the doctrine of a future state; and the terrible alternative of death, and everlasting life, would imply the momentous doctrine of an everlasting retribution.

The condition upon which our original

parents held the native blessings of their primitive innocence and happiness, must have indicated to the clear and upright minds of Adam and his wife, that they were actually on trial for an everlasting state; and their condition must have supplied them with the joyful hope of an everlasting life: for if they had maintained their primitive innocence to the end of their probation, they must have happily secured the possession of a glorious and everlasting retribution; because these things were all involved in their primitive condition, and in the primitive testation of their piety to God. A perpetual probation is of itself a contradiction: and, therefore, if they were really on trial in their original condition, a state of retribution must have been before them; and since their exemption from the evils of mortality had been suspended on the maintenance of their primitive innocence and integrity, their fidelity to the end of the term of their probation, must have secured to them the ultimate possession of eternal life. And a state of absolute security, an everlasting exemption from all temptation to evil, is equally the object of our religious faith, and of all our native hopes, and most ardent desires.

It has appeared exceedingly strange to some persons, that our primitive ancestors should not have been formally and verbally warned against all the different crimes into which human beings have subsequently fallen, and that the only verbal law which was given to Adam in paradise was, a rigid prohibition on the produce of a single tree. But such persons do not seem to recollect, that it would not have been consistent with the character of God, as the wise and righteous governor of the world, to have actually described, or formally anticipated, all the guilty practices which have subsequently disgraced the conduct of mankind, because it would have supplied them with additional temptation, by instructing them in the practice of criminal things, and it would have strengthened the adverse agency of the great enemy of our souls. Hence it is, that the holy scriptures have never once supplied mankind with occasions to any criminal desires, by describing sins before their actual commission by mankind. And in this matter, therefore, the fact, will fully bear out the argument of the case—that we have no example in which the sacred writers have anticipated unexisting crimes.

As to the testation of the human character, by prohibitions laid upon the fruit of the forbidden tree; it ought to be remembered, that the fruit was forbidden on account of any noxious qualities which it contained, or be-

cause it would be injurious to the human constitution, or because the eating of it would be a moral crime, but the prohibition was intended as a test of human piety, and to remind mankind of their probation for a future state, and to give additional security against all criminal indulgences. Hence, the evil of transgressing that particular command, was but the sad forerunner of all criminal indulgence, and of all the guilt and of all the misery of fallen men.

Piety to God, in a probationary state, must of necessity imply, an uniform submission of our appetites and passions to divine authority, and it must recognize the generous solicitude of our heavenly Father for our everlasting welfare. It recognizes also that important fact, that the will of God is really the rule of human happiness; and also that the unrestrained indulgence of our appetites and passions is incompatible with piety, and with the noblest purposes of our existence.

Indeed, the probation of creatures, living in an elemental state, and subject to the laws of organized existence, must mainly and of necessity consist in the temperate indulgence of their appetites and passions; and in bringing their desires into an uniform agreement with the will of the Almighty, as the natural and everlasting rule of right and wrong, and good and evil. And as the law of moral obligation was already written in their hearts, all verbal laws must needs be positive, and consist of arbitrary prohibitions on the otherwise legitimate indulgence of their animal desires.

It would be very easy to perceive, how well adapted this probation was, to test the piety of Adam and his wife. Because a paramount regard for the divine authority would have certainly restrained them from touching the forbidden tree, and their habitual forbearance would have been an effectual security against every criminal indulgence; because it would have given a constant activity and an invincible energy to the fear of the Lord in their hearts.

A positive and arbitrary law, could never have been more benevolent in its form, or more liberal in its purposes, than was that arbitrary prohibition on the interdicted tree. They had free access to every other tree in paradise; and even this single prohibition was an act of goodness, and was made for purposes far more important than their animal indulgences, even for their probationary good, and for their everlasting welfare. At a small expense of animal forbearance, it procured for them advantages of infinite importance; it embodied, in a manner, all the discipline of their probation

in one single prohibition, and encircled them in their primeval innocence, as with a cordon of celestial fire. "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

The original testation of our parents' piety did not consist in their abstinence from the natural indulgence of their own appetites and passions, nor in any bodily austerities, as though their moral habitudes depended only on organic laws; but the prohibition was intended as a test and guard of human piety, and as a means of bringing all their appetites and passions into a due subordination to the will of God, and to keep their hearts alive to their probationary trust, and to all the expectation of an everlasting retribution of security and joy.

March 15, 1832.

GLEANINGS.

The Action of Acids and Alkalies on Vegetable Blues.—Tear two red cabbage leaves into shreds, and pour upon them a pint of boiling water; after remaining an hour, pour off the liquid into a bottle, take four wine glasses, and into one put four drops of sulphuric acid, into a second six drops of solution of soda, into the third six drops of a strong solution of alum, and let the fourth glass remain empty. Fill each of these, apparently empty glasses with the liquid contained in the bottle, and the first will become a beautiful red colour, the second a fine green, and the third a purple, while the fourth will of course remain unchanged. By adding a little of the acid to the green, it will become red, or by adding a little of the solution of soda to the red, it will become green &c.

Facile Metal.—Melt together eight parts of bismuth, five parts of lead, and three parts of tin. If a portion of this alloy, when cold, be put on a piece of turpentine paper, and the paper held over a lighted candle, it will melt before the paper burns.

Penitential War.—The owners of the grain feared the loss of their stores without any remuneration, and the poor of the towns and villages, dreading scarcity and want, would not divulge the secret of the existence of such stores, or of the places of deposit. "My children cannot eat gold," was the reply of a peasant, upon one occasion of great scarcity in Spain, when an officer, in a hunger he could scarcely endure, offered a doubloon for a loaf of bread. It was the invariable custom of the Spaniards during the war to bake by stealth, and the poor wives would move about their dwellings, while the important business was going on, as if they were engaged in some guilty matter, and feared detection.—*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library—Memoirs of Wellington.*

An Indian Tree.—This grotesque tree (the banyan of India,) grows upon one side of a rock, nearly perpendicular, over the front of which (being from thirty to forty feet high, and as many broad) hundreds of its roots descend, singularly imbricated, and forming a kind of net work. The stems of the tree above rise up thirty feet at least from the rock, being supported by multitudes of roots, which find their sustenance in the soil below. These occupy a space nearly a hundred feet in compass, and display various arches and recesses, of most curious appearance. On one side, the impending branches have sent down a root of forty feet, which, having got footing in the ground, has given birth to a young tree. Multitudes of other long fibrous shoots, of a black colour, are growing downward from the horizontal branches above, which, though dangling wildly in the air now, will strike root as soon as they reach the ground, and add their antic columns to the pillared shade. The natives have a tradition, that the seed of this gigantic plant was brought by a bird from the moon.—*Missionary Magazine.*

History of Wigs.—The Abbé Thiers, that learned and zealous despiser of the superstitions and abuses of the Roman church, has composed a book of nearly five hundred pages against the perukes of ecclesiastics. He speaks of those of the laymen, the use of which, commenced in France about the year

1666. At first they only covered one side of the head, afterwards two sides, and at last, they enveloped the whole head. "The courtiers, the red-haired, and the scarf-headed," says the author, "first wore them the courtiers from delicacy, the red-haired from vanity, the scarf-headed from necessity." The number of peruked heads increased to such a degree, that in 1669 an edict created two hundred barbers, bath-housekeepers, and perukiers. It was not till 1680 that ecclesiastics were seen with perukes. "The abbots, or those calling themselves such, the abbés de éper, the abbés Desmarctes, and the abbés à la mode, began to wear perukes. They were short, and were called perukes d'abbés." This author enumerates the different species of perukes, the great peruke, also called peruke in folio, the little peruke, the peruke à caillots, these are the most ancient, the peruke de Hickam; the peruke à la-montagne, the peruke abbe, &c.—*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library.*

Byron Lost in the Labyrinth of Kereke.—The travellers wandered from one grotto to another until they came to a fountain of pure water, by the side of which they lingered some time, till, observing that their torches were wasting, they resolved to return; but after exploring the labyrinth for a few minutes, they found themselves again close by the side of this mysterious spring. It was not without reason they then became alarmed, for the guide confessed with trepidation that he had forgotten the intricacies of the cave, and knew not how to recover the outlet. Byron often described this adventure with spirit and humour, magnifying both his own and his friends' terrors, and though of course there was caricature in both, yet the distinction was characteristic. Mr. Hobbhouse, being of a more solid disposition naturally, could discern nothing but a grave cause for dread, in being thus lost in the bowels of the earth. Byron, however, described his own anxiety as a species of excitement and titillation which moved him to laughter. Their escape from starvation and being buried alive was truly providential.—While roaming in a state of despair from cave to cave, climbing up narrow apertures, their last pine torch fast consuming, totally ignorant of their position, and all around darkness, they discovered, as it were by accident, a ray of light gleaming towards them; they hastened towards it, and arrived at the mouth of the cave. Although the poet has not made any use of this incident in description, the actual experience which it gave him of what despair is, could not but enrich his metaphysical taste, and increase his knowledge of terrible feelings, of the workings of the darkest and dreariest anticipations—slow famishing death—consumption, and the rage of self-devouring hunger.—*Lord's Life of Byron.*

Queen Elizabeth.—Her Majesty was far from being always accommodating, and it often required an unusual degree of patience to bear the effects of her violent passions and unreasonable caprice. The manners of that age were much less refined than those of the present, yet, even then, it appeared no ordinary breach of decorum in a queen to load her attendants with the coarsest epithets, or to vent her indignation in blows. The style of gallantry with which she encouraged her courtiers to approach her, both cherished this overbearing temper, and made her excesses be received rather as the ill-humour of a mistress than the affronts of a sovereign. It was customary for her statesmen and warriors to pretend not only loyalty to her throne, but ardent attachment to her person, and in some of Raleigh's letters, we find her addressed, at the age of sixty, with all the sentimental capture of a fond lover. To feign a dangerous distemper, arising from the influence of her charms, was deemed an effectual passport to her favour, and when she appeared displeased, the forlorn courtier took his bed to a paroxysm of amorous despondency, and breathed out his tender melancholy in sighs and protestations. We find Leicester, and some other ministers, endeavouring to introduce one Dyer to her favour, and the means which they employed was, to persuade her that a consumption, from which the young man had with difficulty recovered, was brought on by the despair with which she had inspired him. Essex having, on one occasion, fallen under her displeasure, became exceedingly ill, and could be restored to health only by her sending him some broth, with kind wishes for his recovery. Raleigh, hearing of these attentions to his political rival, got sick to his ears and received no benefit from any medicine till the same sovereign remedy was applied. With courtiers who submitted to act the part of sensitive admirers, Elizabeth found herself under no restraint; she expected from them the most unlimited compliances, and, if they proved refractory, she gave herself up to all the fury of passion, and loaded them with appropriate epithets.—*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XXI.*

Book Collectors.—The passion of book collecting arises as often from daily and vanity, as from a real desire to possess a work of unique value. One purchases a book because it is the first edition; another because it is the last; another learned collector purchases a work, not because he cares for the author, but because some learned man's name or autograph, according to the modern fashionable literary nomenclature, is written on the title page. This rage for collecting has not been confined to Europe alone, but Asia and Africa have been respected for manuscripts, whose sole value was, that nobody could understand them. It was, however, perhaps more prevalent in the seventeenth century than in the present; at that time some ingenious glossaries in the literary harpocrasms brought to Paris a number of very valuable Arabian manuscripts, well preserved and labelled, with names of high import and sounding fame. The collectors rushed to the scene of action eager to purchase and not bid each other, and the sellers well knew how to take advantage of this unbridled literature, high prices were asked and given, and happy was he who could add to his library a book which he could not understand. The Barbours, the academy royal, and all the academies, were in raptures with their acquisitions when at length their excessive joy permitted them to trust these marvellous persons to the inspection of those who really understood the Arabic language, it appeared that the manuscripts certainly contained accounts of great value, for they were the ledgers of Persians and Arabian merchants in Bassora and Bagdad.

Lawrence and Lucile. The very interesting and interesting it seems paid court to the former of these great painters. Alexander inserted the page of his novel, and even Lawrence put on a smile of benevolence when the aristocratic looking representative of English art was presented to him. The Pope was favourable to him and his famous minister, Guicciardini, entered his friendship. On the other hand, Lawrence knew himself and his position and arrogant thought of him never escaped him, and if Alexander performed a moral office for him, he placed it not to his own greatness but to the Emperor's condescension. But if Lawrence was sensitively alive to the distinctions of rank, I need stand upon the equality of men the nobility of genius. The life of Lawrence just published, is illustrated with three portraits of this eminent painter taken at various periods of his life and the life and writings of Lucile have a portrait of this original artist pressed exquisitely engraved by Dean. These two biographies may be ranked among the most popular and entertaining of their class recently published.

Literary Notices.

Just Published.

The Adventures of Percy Mahoney. By T. Crofton Croker. 1 Vol.

Richard of York, or, The White Rose of England. 3 Vols. post 8vo.

Love of Famous Missionaries. By J. Carpe, Esq. Author of "Letters from the East," forming Vol. VI of the "Solar Library."

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Part I of Wootton Bassett, Cambridgeshire, Durham, and Northumberland illustrated, from Original Drawings, by Thomas Allen, containing 17 Engravings.

A Letter to the Rev. Richard Bingham, A. M. Curate of Gosport Church proving, that on the principles which induced him and other Foreigners to secede from the British and Foreign Bible Society they ought immediately to dissent from the Church of England. By Bingham.

The Self-Confidence of Jehovah Pledged for the Ultimate Revolution of His glory to all Nations. A Sermon. By John Mearns. 111.

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THE RT HON^{BLE} WILLIAM LAMB, BARON MELBOURNE.

W. Melbourne

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THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1832.

MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HON. LORD VISCOUNT MELBOURNE, SECRETARY OF
STATE FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

(With a Portrait.)

cannot be denied that times and seasons frequently occur in the history of individuals, for the exercise of talents, which, under less favourable circumstances, would either have slumbered like latent fire, or “wasted their sweetness in the desert air.” That many such characters may be found in every community, common observation on the faculties of man, will scarcely permit us to entertain a moment’s doubt. Hence, in all such cases, candour and civility induce us to give them credit for mental energies which they had no opportunity of displaying, and to view them on the list of reserve, ready at the call of their country, to fill up, in the ranks of life, those vacancies which death and the vicissitudes of time occasion.

In our estimates, thus founded upon analogical calculation, it is very obvious that sanguine expectation may sometimes be deceived; but when talents are brought to the test of exercise on the bench, in the senate, or at the bar, theory gives place to fact, and the powers of intellect appear before us in all their native and acquired greatness. It is precisely in this light that Lord Melbourne now appears before us.

The present nobleman, William Lamb, Viscount Melbourne, Baron of Kilmore in the county of Cavan; in the peerage of Ireland; and Baron Melbourne of Melbourne in the county of Derby, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, and a baronet, was born on the 15th of March, 1779, and succeeded his father, Sir Peniston Lamb, first Viscount Melbourne, on the 2nd of July, 1828.

The family of Lamb was first exalted to the peerage in 1770, when Sir Peniston, who had represented the borough of Malmsbury in parliament, having been appointed Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to his late Majesty, George IV., when Prince of Wales, was advanced to the dignity of Lord Melbourne, Baron of Kilmore, on the 8th of June. In 1801, he became an Irish Viscount, and in 1815, a Baron of the United Kingdom, as Baron Melbourne, of Melbourne, in the county of Derby; an estate inherited from his mother Charlotte Coke, daughter, and eventually heiress, of the Right Hon. Thomas Coke, Teller of the Exchequer, and Vice-chamberlain to Queen Ann. The wife of his lordship was Elizabeth, the only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, baronet of Halnaby in the county of York. This lady was the mother of William, the present peer; of Sir James Frederick, Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Madrid; of the Hon. George Lamb, Member of Parliament for Dungarvon, and Under-secretary of State for the Home Department; and of the Countess Cowper.

William, the present Viscount, who, as already stated, was born March 15th, 1779, received his early education at Eton, whence, after some years, he removed to Oxford, and at both of these seminaries, his attainments were such as to evince early presages of that greatness which future years have not disappointed. In 1805, his lordship, then Mr. Lamb, married Lady Caroline Ponsonby, only daughter of Frederick, third Earl of Besborough. By this lady he has a son, George Augustus Frederick, born August 11th, 1807, to whom his late Majesty George IV. stood sponsor.

Having obtained a seat in Parliament, Mr. Lamb speedily displayed considerable mental powers, as a constitutional advocate; and in the early stages of his public career, having attached himself to the Whig party, he took a prominent part in the discussion of several important questions which involved the principles he had deliberately espoused. On these occasions his speeches were distinguished by fluency and gracefulness, which always commanded attention, and by their peculiar adaptation to make a deep impression on the minds of those who heard them delivered.

Prior to his elevation to the peerage, Mr. Lamb filled the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, during a period of two years. In this school he acquired an extensive acquaintance with the nature of public business, and prepared himself for that still more exalted station in the service of his country, which he now has the honour to sustain.

Uniformly maintaining with firmness and integrity his character for superior ability, and his attachment to political freedom, when his friends came into office, Lord Melbourne was chosen to fill the high and responsible office of Secretary of State for the Home Department. This is at all times an important post, but in few instances has it ever been more so than since it has been held by him. Aware of this circumstance, his sentiments on passing events and public measures are in general delivered with much caution; and being in tone and emphasis less ardent and sanguine than many of his colleagues, some fiery zealots in the cause of reform have not hesitated to brand him with indifference in the great national conflict. His speeches, however, which have been preserved, most triumphantly repel these high-temperature insinuations, and exhibit his lordship as a genuine friend to the cause he espoused, and every way entitled to that public confidence which has been placed in his integrity.

When the first reform bill came under discussion in the upper house, October 3d, 1831, Lord Melbourne rose to defend the measure, in answer to the Earl of Harrowby, who, in a long and able speech, had inveighed against the democratic tendencies of the bill, which he contended would strengthen, though it would not satisfy, the radical party. The arguments of the noble earl, he said, were founded on these two grounds—first, that the clamour out of doors had been produced within the walls of parliament; and, secondly, that it was temporary, and, though momentarily strong, would, if resisted, fall back, and be heard no more. Suppose he admitted the first, it was incidental to a popular assembly. Blots upon our constitution were seized hold of by eloquent men, and made the most of in their speeches; but this was the case at all times, and belonged to the very nature of a representative assembly. As to what the noble earl said about the excitement being temporary, and the advantage of delay, it were well if the excitement had been produced at this moment; but when it was seen that year after year, and on every occasion of public distress, the people raised the cry for an alteration in the representation, what conclusion could be formed, but that there resided in the heart of the country a deeply-rooted sense of injustice on this subject—a feeling that there was

something usurped of the rights of the people, and that those usurped rights ought to be restored? And he conjured their lordships not to be insensible to the danger they were in, if they suffered themselves to be considered as parties to the continuance of that injustice.

Lord Melbourne put it to the house, whether they were prepared to reject a measure which had been so amply and deliberately considered by the Commons; and if so, whether they had contemplated the consequences of their rejection? Would they get rid, by a negative vote, of a measure of this importance, upon a promise of, he knew not what, that some other measure might probably be brought forward hereafter? Their lordships would well and fairly consider the step proposed to them, and he implored them to pause before they disappointed the wishes of so great a body of people.

In reply to an argument often urged—namely, the difficulty which might in certain cases occur under the new system, of finding seats for official persons; he said, this might, if necessary, be the subject of another enactment. There was nothing either in the present or contemplated system, if such a difficulty occurred, to forbid the application of an adequate remedy. He concluded by warning their lordships, above all things, not to imagine that by delaying they could gain any thing but an increase of force in the popular demands. When the Roman consul pressed the march of the army against the great Cathaginian general before he could join his other forces, and thereby, perhaps, change the destiny of the world, he addressed advice to the senate, which he would presume to repeat to their lordships:—"Above all things, do not procrastinate; do not make that measure, which is safe if adopted immediately, dangerous by delay."

The second reading of the second reform bill came forward on Monday, April 9th, 1832, on which occasion Lord Ellenborough made a grand flourish, and afterwards moved that the bill be read that day six months.

Lord Melbourne rose, and said, that he felt extreme unwillingness to address their lordships at that period of the night, being perfectly aware of his incapability to offer any new arguments on the question. He differed from the statement of the noble baron who had just concluded, that the present question was not a question of general reform; for he considered that their lordships would, by their vote on the present bill, decide whether they would agree to entertain the general subject of reform, or whether they were determined to negative the principle of all reform. The speech of the noble baron who had just sat down was completely and entirely a speech against any reform whatever. All the facts which the noble baron had stated with respect to nomination boroughs, and all the arguments which the noble lord drew from those facts, if admitted, went to this extent—that the whole of those boroughs ought to be preserved, and that no change or alteration whatever should take place. The arguments employed by the noble lord, went against the whole question of reform; and those who were prepared to maintain things as they were, would do well to stand upon those arguments, and vote with the noble lord. But those noble lords who thought that some reform was necessary, and who, upon looking at the signs of the times, believed it to be impossible to maintain the present system of representation, would require no reply to be made to the noble lord's arguments; because they were all answered by the great and overwhelming consideration that reform there must be, and that the present constitution of the House of Commons could not be maintained.

He felt that he could, on the present occasion, do very little more than repeat those observations which he had the honour of addressing to their lordships when the former bill was under consideration. He begged leave

to say, that in giving his support to the present bill, he had no intention to hold out any delusive expectation to the country, that the condition of the general body of the people would, on its passing, be ameliorated. He supported the measure strictly because he believed that the feeling of the country was so strong on the subject, and public opinion so disjoined and separated from the existing state of things, that it was impossible for any government to refuse with safety to place the representation of the people on a broader and more extended basis. The vices and imperfections of the present system were plain and prominent. They stood upon the surface, and struck every body's view, and had excited the indignation of the people. On the other hand, all the advantages of the system, and he did not deny that it possessed many, were concealed and hidden from observation, and could only be discovered by abstruse reasoning. When he saw that the feeling of dissatisfaction with the existing state of things was deeply rooted in the public mind, he felt it to be absolutely necessary for parliament to try and extend the basis of the representation, and place it on a foundation more agreeable to the feelings, and more suited to the understanding, of the country. When the noble lord told him, that by so doing he was yielding to the mob, and giving himself up to the winds and waves of democracy, he replied, that he was yielding to the understanding of the people. To that alone he would yield, and to that, it was one of the terms and conditions of a popular government to yield.

The noble lord then proceeded to refer to the opinion expressed by the Duke of Wellington when in office, on the subject of reform, and attributed the breaking up of his administration to his determination not to bring the question under the consideration of parliament. He did not remember that at the time the present ministers accepted office, and declared that they would propose an efficient measure of reform, any other person but the noble duke had expressed his disapprobation of the principle upon which the government was determined to act. The principle seemed to be generally acquiesced in ; and government felt themselves bound to propose their measure as soon as they conveniently could. But it was objected that the present measure went too far. He was of a very different opinion ; and he thought that when the legislature determined to make concessions, it was absolutely necessary that the concession should be full, fair, and complete. It was impossible to bring in a bill of less extent than that which was now before the house ; and if those persons who objected to it had an opportunity of trying a plan of moderate reform, they would find themselves involved in much greater difficulties, absurdities, and contradictions, than those of which they accuse the authors of the present bill. He implored the house not to conceive that the silence which at present prevailed in the country was the silence of indifference. He admitted that the bill proposed great changes ; but he was convinced that not only would the advantages which were anticipated from it be produced, but there would also arise on every side collateral blessings and unexpected benefits, which would shew the genial nature of the soil in which the seed had been planted.

Few persons, we conceive, can peruse Lord Melbourne's speeches, of which the above specimen are but detached fragments, without being convinced that he was not languid in the great cause of Parliamentary Reform. Tempering his zeal with prudence, offensive epithets, and terms of violence, are of rare occurrence in any of his harangues. With calm deliberation, he always kept the great object in view, and having seen the all-important *question* brought to safe anchorage, he now enjoys, with his veteran colleagues, the triumphs of liberty, and the plaudits of a grateful country.

REMARKS ON DEVOTION.

on, when lukewarm, is undevout,
 en it glows, its heat is struck to heaven;
 an hearts her golden harps are strung;
 eaven's orchestra chants Amen to man."
 YOUNG—*Night 4th.*

contemplate the soul of man in its state with feelings similar to those which the traveller ponders over the ruins of a magnificent temple. Ruin and decay have spread their melancholy around; yet fragments of former grandeur are still scattered on every side, and its ancient symmetry may be discerned, so that we may say with the poet, "Beautiful fabric! even in decay and desolation, beauty still is thine."

There are undoubtedly many noble qualities yet remaining in the soul of man, from its divine birth and sinless origin descended. Though his nature at present is mournfully depraved, yet various qualities manifest themselves amidst his various inclinations, which stamp him as a being that was once the image of God. Such reflections as these, we may be led to acknowledge that there is a spark of divinity in man, even in his natural and unregenerate state, a disposition to venerate the Supreme Being.

According to the constitution of his mind, man is peculiarly susceptible of all that is vast and sublime; nay, in the contemplation of infinity, his mental qualities are absorbed in astonishment and awe. For vicious he himself may be, there are seasons when virtue will command respect, and noble generosity melt the hardest hearts. So that the silence of the desert will often impress upon the mind even of the thoughtless, such ideas of the Deity, that, overcome with his majesty, he perceives at a glance the vanity of their own existence. Thus the untutored savage, that gazes in awe and admiration over the magnificent tracts of the wilderness, receives, from a frequent contemplation of the beauty and grandeur of the Creator's scenery, a veneration for the Supreme Spirit, equal, if not superior, to his own civilized fellow-creatures. Such perceptions, as have been in the habit of resting upon the benevolence and goodness of God, are constrained to confess the mercies of the Most High far outweigh the aggravated iniquity and rebellion of man.

It in some measure accounts for the ascendancy of priests, even in the idolatrous nations. For though there have always been a few exceptions, yet the

great mass of people have ever professed a veneration for their Maker. It is true, that the numerous heathen rites had turned them from a just conception of the nature and attributes of the Supreme Being, yet, comparatively speaking, the individual that disbelieved the existence of God, was a solitary one. A certain undefinable awe crept over their feelings, as they gazed upon the mysterious ceremonies and veiled solemnities of religion. Their temples were placed in sacred groves, that, with impenetrable shade, cast an indistinct gloom over every transaction, and served to aid the production of that sensation of the sublime, which operates so strongly on the devotional capacities of man. Yet it must be confessed, that the principal feeling which priestcraft excited, was terror of an offended Deity. The kind affections of man were untouched, and, though he feared, he scarcely loved his God.

It was left for the Christian religion to develop the veiled character of Jehovah in such a manner, that the lustre of his attributes might be less dangerous to the overwhelmed sight of mortality; that fear might be softened into love, that man might be reconciled to his Maker. The terror that an uninformed judgment would feel in contemplating divine justice and power would in some measure be dispelled by the scheme of salvation revealed in the New Testament dispensation, where "mercy and truth meet together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." Difficult must it be, when the mind has dwelt on these revelations, to refrain from giving way to feelings of penitence and gratitude; feelings that are of themselves the sincerest evidences of devotion of which man is capable. Yet it is not to be supposed that any feelings, however wrought upon, while the heart remains in its unregenerate state, are entirely acceptable to God, since even these are mournfully soiled with sinful motives and unhallowed thoughts. According to scripture, it is the intercession of the Spirit alone that availeth with God, for the bosom in which this does not reign is still at enmity with God.

In devotion there are two extremes into which man is prone to fall. The first leads him to mistake the fervour of animal feeling, for those aspirations which nothing but true piety can inspire. Hence, seasons of solemnity, scenes of mournful grandeur, the rich cadence of sacred music, the irresistible appeal of eloquence, when enforcing divine love or justice—above all, the painful events of Providence—tend to leave such powerful impressions on the mind.

that he is often deceived as to the state of his heart. He imagines that nothing but divine grace could have wrought the powerful change in his feelings which he experiences, while his heart may still remain the same, and its failings may gradually re-appear as the impressions subside. These impressions, it is true, are often, perhaps generally, the means of leading the sinner to God, because they serve to incline him to seek after salvation with deep and heartfelt sincerity; yet they are as often no more than the mere evanescence of feeling, which will soon subside, and leave his dispositions entirely unchanged. And as fancy leads her deluded votaries through her

"——— airy halls,
With moon-beams paved and canopied with stars,
And tapestried with marvellous energy,"

so does mental excitement in religion lead many beyond the regions of experience and truth.

But there is another extreme to which some are liable; and that is, to divest devotion of the warmth of feeling, and the fervour of passion. Observing the errors of enthusiasm, they place the whole of religion in cold mental speculations and dull formality. But let us mark the scriptural graces of the Christian character. Faith, it is true, is an operation of the mind, yet it is likewise a firm and lively persuasion of the heart; so lively, that it clears the film of depravity from the exercises of reason, overcomes the solicitations of sin, and induces a love towards that to which it was formerly most repugnant. Then springs hope in his bosom, which, piercing into futurity, realizes all that the imagination can conceive of, when expatiating through the regions of happiness and love; and this, it must be confessed, is a feeling far beyond the frigidity of mental speculation.

Finally arises love, the breathing energy of the Christian's character, that which gives life to the most exquisite sculpture. A grace like this, it must be confessed, so far from rising on the basis of rational disquisition, is the grand master-passion of the human breast, ruling it in all its actions, words, and thoughts. Perfectly distinct from vague and mysterious feelings, that have their source unknown to the possessor, it is founded on a due perception of the excellence of God, united to a grateful sense of his goodness. If these are, then, the distinguishing features of a Christian, it is certain that they must display something of their character in his devotion.

Sterling devotion, it is true, can rise upon no foundation but the sober exercise of reason, yet how faintly would be its

effects, if it had no other auxiliary! Sin and evil passions are of such a nature, that unaided it could never be a sufficient opponent to them, in the frail and guilty bosom of man. On the other hand, if devotion sprang only from supernatural influences and unaccountable excitements, it could never be depended upon. It therefore, properly consists in a union of the mental faculties with the lively feelings of the heart,—an harmonious union, which constitutes its intrinsic excellence, and displays the wisdom of God. When devotion, assuming this character, tunes her seraph strains, the notes are resounded with all their beauty in the heavenly world, and

"The bower of interwoven light
Seems at the sound to grow more bright,"

These observations receive some testimony of their truth from a contemplation of the different modes of worship among Christians. Such a regular gradation is there in the forms of the different religious denominations, that a character can scarcely be conceived of, which is not by nature or education adapted to receive one of its existing modes. Those who place the chief part of religion in warm feelings and a lively imagination, prefer those forms and ceremonies which, from their pageant, are most imposing. The cold and phlegmatic, on the contrary, endeavour to abstract from religion all that nature bestows as auxiliaries in its favour.

That man acts the wisest part, who in his devotion dispels the deluding mists of enthusiasm, and cultivates the nobler exercise of reason; who, notwithstanding, does not disdain the assistance his Maker has given him, in inducing a suitable solemnity of feeling when coming into his presence.

These remarks might furnish a theme of speculation on the peculiar adaption of different individual temperaments to the different denominations of Christians; for it seems that the disposition of a man, whether phlegmatical or of a delicate susceptibility, generally directs him in the choice of that sect of religion which he joins.

Devotion may, perhaps, be defined the religious exercises of the soul; not of some faculties to the prejudice of others, but the complete union of the heart and mind in the service of God. Of these, the exercise of prayer stands foremost, the unveiling of the soul to God in all its destitution, sincere humility, and ardent desires after that holy perfection which is the attribute of Jehovah alone:

"Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near."

evident that prayer can neither be nor effective, if the feelings be dormant in this case it would be nought but mere passive ejaculations of the and must soon become the empty motions of formality.

And, the lively imagination of him may in some respects be sincere, and others deceives himself, will often lead a man to conceive too highly of himself because of his seemingly ardent devotion and yet, in the words of an elegant writer, "If we imagine that we experience feelings or pleasures of devotion, while we are in any known or habitual sin, we deceive ourselves; they are the feelings of a heated fancy, or the delusions of a heated imagination."

In conclusion, it may be observed, that devotion may exist in the mind or heart of an unregenerated man, it only becomes complete and effective exercise when directed by the Spirit of God. As Homer truly describes them, prayers are the gifts of God, and He will hear them, here no other reason. That which flows from God, must, according to the laws of nature, return to God, and the love of holiness must be communicated from its source. "Devotion allied to any unregenerate sin, is enthusiasm and hypocrisy."

It scorns the indulgence, nay even the thought, of sin. Cursed is the heart that enters the holy of holies with defiled fire. It shall consume the guilty in all the anguish of remorse.

Prayer is too pure to be sullied with enthusiasm or hypocrisy. She is the messenger from earth to heaven. She brings to man the realities of an unseen world.

She draws from their perennial springs the enduring virtues of the Christian. While his heart is fixed on heavenly and celestial employments, the world loses some of its fascination, and he sighs like a poet,

Alas the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even,
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
And blossoms gathered for the tomb,
There's nothing bright but heaven."

.. B. Beaconsfield.

GENIUS AND PIETY COMBINED.

. EDITOR,

-I have always considered that part of your valuable Magazine, which occasionally records a short memoir of the lives of pious persons, exceedingly interesting. By inserting the following short

account of Mr. John Downs, one of the first lay-preachers sent out by Mr. J. Wesley, a man of eminent piety, of great affliction, and of uncommon genius, I am persuaded you will gratify many of your readers, and perpetuate the memory of a man who deserves to "be had in everlasting remembrance."

Blagdon, May 15th, 1832.

EDMUND DYER.

Of this good man, Mr. John Wesley says, "I suppose, he was, by nature, as great a genius as Sir Isaac Newton. I will mention but two or three instances of it. When he was at school, learning Algebra, he came one day to his master, and said, 'Sir, I can prove this proposition a better way than it is proved in the book.' His master thought it could not be; but, upon trial, he acknowledged that the pupil was right. Some time after, his father sent him to Newcastle with a clock which was to be mended. He observed the clock-maker's tools, and the manner how he took it in pieces, and put it together again: and when he came home, he first made himself tools, and then made a clock which was as fine as any in the town.—Another proof of his genius was this: Thirty years ago, while I was shaving, he was whirling the top of a stick; I asked, 'What are you doing?' He answered, 'I am taking your face, which I intend to engrave on a copper-plate.' Accordingly, without any instructions, he first made himself tools, and then engraved the plate. The second picture which he engraved, was that which was prefixed to the Notes upon the New Testament. Such another instance, I suppose, not all England, or perhaps Europe, can produce.' For several months past, he had far deeper communion with God than ever he had in his life. And for some days he had been frequently saying, 'I am so happy, that I scarce know how to live. I enjoy such fellowship with God, as I thought could not be had on this side heaven? And having now finished his course of fifty-two years, after a long conflict with pain, sickness, and poverty, he gloriously rested from his labours, and entered into the joy of his Lord."

The circumstances of his death, which were singularly remarkable, are thus related by Mr. Charles Wesley.

"John Downs has lived, and died the death of the righteous. For several months past he has been greatly alive to God, walked closely with him, and visibly grown in grace. On Friday morning, November 5th, 1774, he rose, full of faith, and love

and joy. He declared it was the happiest day of his life, and that he had not been so well in body for years. He expressed his joy in showers of tears—he was led to pray for the people so as he never prayed before. Going out to the chapel at West-street, he said, “I used to go to preach tremblingly, and with reluctance, but now I go in triumph. His text was, “Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” His words were unusually weighty and full of power, but few. He perceived that he could not finish his discourse, and gave out this verse of the hymn,

“Father, I lift my heart to thee,
No other help I know.

His voice failing, he fell on his knees, as meaning to pray; but he could not be heard. A preacher ran, and lifted him from his knees, for he could not raise himself. They carried him to bed, where he lay quiet and speechless till eight on Saturday morning, and then fell asleep. O for an end like his! It is the most enviable, the most desirable, I ever heard of! His widow I visited yesterday afternoon. She surprised me, and all who saw her; so supported, so calm, and so resigned. A faithful friend received her into her house. She had but one sixpence in the world. But her Maker is her husband. We are all agreed it is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.”

DUTY OF THE PHYSICIAN:

(From *Sir Henry Hallford’s Essays*.)

THE question has frequently been agitated among medical men, whether, when visiting their patients, it is their duty to conceal or to make known the danger that is perceived. (On a point of such delicacy and moment, the following opinion of Sir Henry Hallford may not be unacceptable to the reader.

“And here you will forgive me, perhaps, if I presume to state what appears to me to be the conduct proper to be observed by a physician in withholding, or making his patients acquainted with, his opinion of the probable issue of a malady manifesting mortal symptoms. I own, I think it my first duty to protract his life by all practicable means, and to interpose myself between him and every thing which may possibly aggravate his danger; and, unless I shall have found him averse from doing what was necessary in aid of my remedies, from a want of a proper sense of his perilous situation, I forbear to step out of the bounds of my province in order to offer any advice which is not necessary to pro-

mote his cure. At the same time, I think it indispensable to let his friends know the danger of his case, the instant I discover it. An arrangement of his worldly affairs, in which the comfort or happiness of those who are to come after him is involved, may be necessary; and a suggestion of his danger, by which the accomplishment of this object is to be obtained, naturally induces a contemplation of his more important spiritual concerns, a careful review of his past life, and such sincere sorrow and contrition for what he has done amiss, as justifies our humble hope of his pardon and acceptance hereafter.

“If friends can do these good offices at a proper time, and under the suggestions of the physician, it is far better that they should undertake them than the medical adviser. They do so without destroying his hopes, for the patient will still believe, that he has an appeal to his physician beyond their fears; whereas, if the physician lay open his dangers to him, however delicately he may do this, he runs a risk of appearing to pronounce a sentence of condemnation to death, against which there is no appeal—no hope; and on that account, what is most awful to think of, perhaps, the sick man’s repentance may be less available. But friends may be absent, and nobody near the patient in his extremity, of sufficient influence or pretensions to inform him of his dangerous condition; and surely, it is lamentable to think, that any human being should leave the world unprepared to meet his Creator and Judge, “with all his crimes broad blown!” Rather than do so, I have departed from my strict professional duty, and have done that which I would have done to myself; and have apprised my patient of the great change he was about to undergo.”

PRIDE EFFECTUALLY REBUKED.

WILLIAM PENN and Thomas Story, travelling together in Virginia, being caught in a shower of rain, unceremoniously sheltered themselves from it in a tobacco-house; the owner of which, happening to be within, accosted them with, “You have a great deal of impudence, to trespass on my premises,—you enter without leave. Do you know who I am?” To which was answered, “No.” “Why, then, I would have you to know I am a justice of the peace.” Thomas Story replied, “My friend here makes such things as thou art—he is the Governor of Pennsylvania.” The would-be great man quickly abated his haughtiness.

ON THE OBSERVANCE OF THE NINTH
COMMANDMENT.

(BY JOHN PHILIP WILSON.)

“Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.”

It will be acknowledged without scruple, that, to perform our duties in a becoming manner, we must view scripture precepts in the broadest and most comprehensive light possible, for, although the most essential rules of conduct, both in the law and gospel, are remarkable for brevity, yet they are aphoristical, and their principles and provisions extend much further, and comprise more, than could be expressed by the most prolix verbosity. If, therefore, we are merely careful not to infringe the absolute and express prohibition of any established law,—thinking thereby to avoid the penalties attached to a non-observance,—but yet do not hesitate to perform acts which bear a similarity or analogy to the forbidden one, and which may probably in effect be the same, though, strictly speaking, not within the pale of the commandment, we do not perform our duty either as christians or as citizens. Let it be remembered, that our duty does not only consist in a mere abstinence from gross error, or a ceremonial observance of outward form, but in moral obedience.

The conclusion naturally following the foregoing premises, as applicable to the present subject, is, that the ninth commandment extends, not alone to mere perjury, (although that be the main feature of its detail,) but also to calumny, evil speaking, false assertions, and other habits as prevalent as they are pernicious,—a position established under the authority of the gospel and the epistolary precepts of the apostles. Before, however, proceeding farther, I will observe, that the purity of the Mosaic law had become soiled and encrusted, previously to the coming of our Saviour, by superstitious rites and senseless restrictions, arising from a false view of the letter, which were observed from tradition and habit, but were foreign to its spirit and original intention. These the hand of the Messiah pared away, and in their stead substituted a more extended *moral* observance of the law of God. He cast the refulgent and unshadowed light of truth upon the system of good and evil. He caused virtue to stand forth divested of the extraneous matter with which bigotry, superstition, or false philosophy, had deformed her; and He made clearly manifest, that, in all dealings with our fellow-men,

we were not to be guided solely by the exact limitations of a fixed rule, but by its intention, and our own moral sense of duty.

Having premised thus far, I cannot commence my present theme better than by quoting a small portion of the general epistle of St. James, chap. iii. “If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body. - - - The tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell. For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind: but the tongue can no man tame, it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be. - - - Who is a wise man, and endued with knowledge among you? let him show out of a good conversation, his works with meekness of wisdom. But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth,” &c.

The chapter from which the preceding passages are selected, is particularly worthy a most careful perusal and study, inculcating as it does a grand and important lesson. It shews us the difficulty, but points out the necessity, of guiding our speech as well as our actions. “The tongue is a little member,” but withal may inflict wounds more deadly than the sharpest arrow, though tipped with the poisonous upas. One slight motion may create throes of agony in an undeserving bosom, which no consolation can assuage—one word, one little sound, may banish from a heart some fondly cherished jewel, some well-loved object, causing a chasm which thousands of words cannot again fill—a loss which millions cannot recompense. One fleeting breath may taint a thing erst beautiful and bright, may dry up a source whence long flowed a stream of felicity full and unbroken.

But let us not look only at the gloomy side. “The tongue is a little member,” but its power is as availing in a good as in a bad cause. Words may breathe consolation to a bereaved spirit; words may accommodate dissension and strife—may impart happiness. By words we may dissipate the mists of error, and substitute

sunshine of truth—by words we may prevent crime—by words, prompted by feeling, we petition the God of all; and glorify the Ancient of days.

On the government of speech, therefore, by reason and sense of duty, or by imprudence and malignity, depends the use to which it is applied, and the effects which it will produce; for it would be idle to suppose, that words ought not to be governed as well as actions, when they are equally capable of producing good or bad consequences. Speech is one of the grandest faculties of man, and therefore ought to be the last put to wicked uses: few are, however, more abused. Some talk is idle, useless, and uninformative, and, from the want of guiding intellect, may be compared to any continued sound made articulate by mechanical means. The subject matter of other, is disgraceful, false, and malignant, which last it is my present object to discuss.

The importance and obligation of a strict observance of the leading feature of the ninth commandment, expressed by the words “false witness,” is sufficiently evident to be indispensable as a rule of conduct, when we consider that the proper and equitable administration of justice must necessarily in a great measure depend upon true testimony: false evidence must, therefore, as an inevitable consequence, defeat or neutralize the ends of justice. This part of the subject being so clear, I shall not pursue it further, but at once proceed to those conclusions which may not be quite so apparent.

The psalmist says, “the tongue is the pen of a ready writer.” Let us reverse the apophthegm, and say, that the pen may be as an hundred tongues to a mischievous talker, and the commandment equally infringed by writing as by words. The means which the pen affords for disseminating lies and misrepresentation, is diurnally illustrated by the abuse of the press, the disreputable portion of which teems day by day, week by week, and month by month, with injurious scandal against both public and private character; and so far has the vitiated taste for this unwholesome food increased, that hundreds support themselves and families by pandering to it. But it has been urged, forsooth, that this is necessary for the spiritual well-being of the community, and that these men are the guardians of the public morals! Ay, indeed? But *so be it*. Let these persons assume the task, but, let them first see that they are free from those faults with which they *charge others*,—let them examine themselves closely, and then he who is without

sin may cast the first stone. With this restriction, methinks we should have fewer self-constituted public censors.

By comparison of the Mosaic law with the Gospel, bearing in mind the moral extension of the former by the latter, we shall find that, by an easy and natural transition, christian duty embraces, not merely the limits expressed by the wording of this commandment, but, as before observed, all that evil-speaking which we comprehend by the words obloquy, calumny, and scandal. Little, perhaps, do some of those persons imagine, who, for the gratification of a base and mean-souled propensity, indulge in this practice, which has been made the subject of ridicule, of serious censure, and of satire, that they are actually infringing a solemn command of the Most High, ratified by the special and solemn injunctions of the Redeemer. The vice of scandal has been particularly attributed to the female sex, and perhaps correctly, not from the construction of the female mind, but from the influences of female education, which, not being conducted on such enlarged principles as that of the male, naturally reduces the mind to a lower scale, and confines the objects of its contemplation to more petty matters. But, altogether waiving disquisition on this point, I shall consider the principle of the act alone, without reference to those who are its actors.

It is a dark spot on the character of man, particularly the lower classes, that he seems to dwell with more eagerness in his conversation upon misfortune and vice, pain and misery, than upon happiness and virtue; and to disseminate with greater eagerness, intelligence of the former than the latter. This is exemplified not only in his conversation, but in his habits. Now we cannot arise from a perusal of the Gospel, or a careful consideration of our social duties, without being impressed with a sense of the necessity of endeavouring to root out and erase from our nature this unamiable trait. The pages of the New Testament teem with exhortations to charity and brotherly love; and how at variance with that beautiful principle must be the feeling which would prompt us to speak to the injury of our fellow-sojourners in mortality. All men, be they rich or poor, humble or exalted, wise or foolish, brave or timid, good or bad, are placed here with one grand view—all have allotted duties to fulfil, apportioned by their Creator, all are in a state of probation, all are fellow-partakers of the joys and ills of existence, all hold life as a frail tenure dependent on

the will of the Giver, and all are equally objects of the Almighty care and regard. Jesus hailed those who performed their duties as brothers, without distinction of age, class, or adventitious qualifications; "For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother," Mark iii. 35.

It is clear that the detestable vice of lying is pointed at directly in the present commandment. We find in Exod. xxiii. 1. "Thou shalt not raise a false report: put not thine hand with the wicked to be an unrighteous witness:" also in Lev. xix. 11. "Neither lie one to another." In the New Testament we find corresponding texts, such as, "Speak every man truth with his neighbour, for we are members one of another," Ephes. iv. 25. In speaking of lying, let it be borne in mind, that the term comprehends more than an actual falsehood, boldly and absolutely asserted. A lie may be expressed passively, by a look, a wink, a shrug, or the truth so told as to express a meaning different from the real one. In either case, the criminality is the same, from the object being the same, though there may be a trifling variation in the means employed. The intent with which a falsehood is framed is generally bad, and, even if it be not so, the means used for the accomplishment of a good purpose ought not to be contrary to moral law.

No further demonstration is required of the wickedness of evil speaking, than that it must originate in evil feelings—in envy, hatred, or malice. Many political speakers and writers, violent party men, when they have exhausted their store of arguments against the public conduct and measures of their opponents, or when they do not feel their own faction strong or popular, proceed to anatomize their private characters, and hold up any blot or imperfection which they may discover, to public view, with an invidious exultation, disgraceful to themselves, and the cause they are defending. Such conduct is in the worst possible taste, to say nothing of its moral impropriety, and completely unjustifiable, unless, indeed, such private blots or imperfections can be proved to have influence, either actually or presumptively, over public measures. But political calumny is not confined within such a limit, for some men, in the rancour of faction's spirit, scruple not to set on foot reports, which have no foundation in truth, to the prejudice of an adversary; and, even at the best, family occurrences, which perhaps rather deserve the name of misfortune than of crime—youthful and long past errors—the infidelity

of a wife—the profligacy of a son—are remorselessly dragged from obscurity, the decent veil of oblivion torn from them, and they are then cast in the teeth of a political adversary, with a cruelty and taunting acrimony at once unchivalrous and ungentlemanlike.

With such public examples, it is not surprising that scandal finds its way into the quieter walks of domestic life, where conversation on the affairs of our neighbours and acquaintance seems to be far more interesting than a proper attention to home concerns. We have a wonderfully acute vision in discovering the smallest mote in the eye of our neighbour, but fail in observing the huge beam which deforms our own, and is the mark of censure, or the laughing-stock of those on whose defects we have been so peevishly or satirically animadverting. How supereminently ridiculous to conceive, that whilst we are so liberal of remarks upon others, our own conduct escapes their scrutiny! and yet at the very moment that we are passing strictures, disseminating lies or scandal, or indulging in remarks upon the frailty of others, we should be highly indignant, were we informed that precisely the same conduct had been pursued towards ourselves in our absence! Oh! for the consummate folly of man—the incongruities, the strange anomalies, of his nature!

Universal philanthropy is, perhaps, the noblest and most magnificent sentiment that can exalt a mortal breast. It is a patriotism bounded only by the limits of the globe, and the number of habitants, a feeling which swells the soul beyond the ordinary attributes of humanity, and excites it to efforts which, if not splendid and imposing from outward show—to schemes which, even if hopeless and utopian—are intrinsically beautiful from principle. How antipodal with so sublime and expanded a feeling is the petty malignity which prompts men to use one of the blessings of God to the injury, perhaps destruction, of our fellow-creatures—how inconsistent with the spirit of charity is the wish or the attempt to work an injury to another, be it in person, purse, or fame, even though in retaliation for damage done to ourselves. Most persons wish to be thought great-minded, yet what can be more indicative of a narrow and cowardly soul, than the common habit of calumniating and reviling our neighbour in his absence: petty in its own nature, it takes its rise from a source equally contemptible—envy—which can be the origin of nothing but what is base and low-minded.

That it is wicked both in the estimation of God and man, to promulgate a base and deliberate *lie* to the prejudice of any one, it of course needs no logic to prove; but even to disseminate with malicious joy, reports, though founded on truth, when the intent and object is to ruin a fellow-creature, and consign him by obloquy to the scorn, hatred, and reproach of society, proves a man either not to understand, or completely to disregard, the doctrines of Christianity. However, (as some qualification may be considered necessary to the foregoing sentiment,) when the calls of justice are to be satisfied, or when our true object is the prevention of sin, it becomes a duty to state all we know, without reservation and without addition, of the evil doings of another; but let it be remembered, that God looks at the intent of a deed, and when our object is merely to slake the thirst of revenge, the attainment of some sinister view, or the gratification of the splenetic feelings arising from envy and hatred, that the act is unjustifiable in His all-just and all-wise estimation. Let us also bear in mind, that as we are in the same measure answerable for the effects of our speech as our deeds, it behoves us to guide it with equal caution to any other voluntary motion for which we feel ourselves responsible.

To perform our duties according to evangelical principles, we must not only abstain from lies and perjury, but from "all uncharitableness." It is not sufficient that we refrain from forswearing ourselves, but also from sayings or writings which may create discord or unhappiness. The pleasure or gratification arising from such a practice can only exist in a black and vitiated mind; and the principle is so entirely bad, that it is certain, those who derive pleasure from such a source, are far, very far, from being good Christians or good citizens.

AN ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, when it springs from right principles, and is directed to proper objects, is one of the greatest of sublunary blessings. The term friend is, indeed, often made to bear a loose and unmeaning signification, by being too indiscriminately applied; but friendship, in its true and legitimate acceptation, is an affection of the heart, and a reciprocal feeling of good-will entertained by different parties for each other. There should be no wavering, no vagueness, no perfidy between professed friends. *No person is worthy the name of friend*

who cannot be implicitly confided in, and for whom a decidedly favourable opinion cannot be entertained. Hence, friendships should be cautiously and judiciously formed, and, when once formed, maintained with a firmness becoming the important nature of the compact.

As no man's feelings ought to be tampered with, it is amazing to see with what rapidity friendships are often formed, and how suddenly they are broken off! Those who can so slightly esteem the obligations of friendship, ought to be watched with jealousy; for to-day they may appear warm in their professions of regard, and to-morrow they may be wholly estranged. With the fickle-minded and the designing, it is equally dangerous to have any connexion. No favours can bind the latter; they are always plotting and scheming to betray and ruin those to whom they pretend to be attached; and the former, whatever degree of kindness they may imagine themselves to feel for others, are either too weak, or too fond of novelties, to remain long in the same mind, and are, therefore, not persons who can be safely trusted.

Hasty attachments are frequently followed by bitter repentance; for it seldom, if ever, happens that they are of long duration. Formed without consideration and discernment, their shallowness will soon appear, and cause the unfortunate party to deplore the effects of a misplaced confidence. A friend, with whom an unreserved interchange of sentiment may take place without fear of betrayal, is so rarely to be met with; and the proper selection of one is so difficult, and withal so necessary to our credit and happiness—that, rather than select without discrimination, we had better live without an intimate, and bury our secrets in our own bosoms.

We cannot look around us in the world without viewing multitudes associating with their respective friends, with whom they have familiar intercourse; but of these, how few are to be depended on in the time of need! Then, indeed, their apparent regard degenerates into cold indifference, if not avowed contempt. Conscience is abused, promises are broken, and the loudest notes of praise and admiration are changed into the murmurs of disaffection, and the evil surmises of a vindictive spirit. Surely a lamentable want of firmness of principle, and of every thing amiable and excellent, exists, where a man can thus act a base and double part; and yet daily experience teaches, that no ordinary degree of prudence is wanted, to enable men to guard against the wiles of the underminer,

the schemes of the selfish, or the faithlessness of the giddy, and that a friend should be chosen with the most anxious care, and be gradually confided in, as he may seem to merit confidence.

But whilst connexions are cautiously formed, we should especially beware not to entertain too high notions of the perfections of friendship. We are all naturally fallacious and fallible creatures. Hence, the absurdity of any one conceiving higher notions of the perfections of human nature than human nature can attain. The depravity, which we may, on a narrow and impartial inspection, find in ourselves, we may conclude, is inherent in the breast of every one in a greater or less degree. Absurd, therefore, to look for perfect happiness on earth, or to expect from a friend faultless demeanour towards us, and undeviating and unceasing endeavours to administer to our gratification and delight. A far wiser course is that which leads well-designing men, who hope to enjoy the pleasures of friendship, to judge of their chosen companions by themselves, and not to expect that superhuman elevation of sentiment, and that singleness of heart and purpose, which belong not to human nature. The nature and degree of the happiness to be derived from friendship will thus be correctly ascertained, and the vain phantoms of the imagination, which lead men to dream of ideal and indefinable pleasures, will be speedily dissipated.

The cause of much uneasiness will be removed by a proper regulation of our thoughts, and by our looking for nothing more from a fellow-creature than what a fellow-creature can perform—acts well-intended, though liable to error; and offices of kindness sincere, though by no means perfect. The tempers and dispositions of all will needs show themselves at times, curbed though they be, and in the main held under a proper degree of restraint. This observation holds good with men united in the bonds of friendship, as well as in all the relations of life; and it follows, that the more our judgments break from the trammels of fancy, and become enlightened by dispassionate reflection, the greater happiness we shall experience from social intercourse with our friends, and the less danger we shall be in of encountering mortification and disappointment.

In all the stages of human life, men may have to lament the uncertainty of earthly attachments; but the young are peculiarly apt to be deceived in the selection of friends. Wholly inexperienced in the affairs of the world, they set out in life

with high expectations, form friendships without consideration, and, entertaining loftier notions of their confidants than can be realized, communicate their sentiments, and disclose their thoughts, with an unrestrainedness bordering on indiscretion, inasmuch as, for the most part, no trial is made, no test applied, to prove the sincerity of those in whom they confide, but every representation readily assented to, and every declaration of regard blindly credited. The consequence is, that the information necessary to be collected previously to the formation of an attachment is often obtained by dear-bought experience, and not until their confidence is abused, and their reputation traduced, by worthless and mischievous characters. And even were youth to meet with a sincere well-wisher, their too sanguine minds would lead them to expect greater things from him than could be reasonably looked for from any mortal, and vexation and disagreement would consequently follow without just cause, purely because of the incompetency of the human mind to sustain the exalted notions of friendship, conceived by fiction, and imbodyed in pernicious books.

In consequence of a too great precipitancy in forming connexions, and a culpable indifference as to the qualities of friends, we often view, in taking a survey around us, breaches of friendship occurring, and an implacable animosity excited, by malevolence on the one hand, and wounded feelings on the other. Sudden intimacies forbode sudden alienations; and that animosity is the most obdurate, which succeeds an ill-requited attachment. The idea that injuries have been sustained, is a strong inducement, in too many minds, to have recourse to measures of retaliation; and that reconciliation of the parties at issue, which was at first doubtful, soon becomes hopeless. As a preventive to such distressing results, in which the worst passions of human nature are elicited, a timely recollection that the sincerest attachments cannot be free from imperfections, would be of essential service.

From the state of our own minds, and our experience of the ruggedness of the road of human life, we may infer that the feelings of friendship cannot be always equally glowing. Enough that they are cherished and improved; and those who are the most successful in the cultivation and enjoyment of them are ever ready to make allowances for human infirmities, and bent upon securing the great objects of friendship without being annoyed by minor obstacles. Those are undoubtedly the best

friends who have the fewest faults, and whose faults are eclipsed by the splendour of their great and noble actions; and an attachment formed with such surely bids fair to be both permanent and delightful.

There is the best prospect of its being permanent, because nothing is expected but what is possible, and, indeed, essentially necessary to the promotion of mutual esteem,—and of its being delightful, because it has merit for its object, and is productive of the most benignant feelings. Every man is pronounced respectable, or the contrary, according to his measure of good sense and discretion; and he may be said to participate his respectability, and to enjoy his fair and honourable fame, who has the good fortune and happiness to be connected with a discreet and pious man. His own interests are materially advanced, at the same time that he enjoys the highest personal gratification—the gratification of listening to his instructive conversation, and being thought worthy of his confidence.

Many worldly connexions are demoralizing, at variance with every thing decent and moral, and not unfrequently both irreligious and profane. The parties not having any ties strong enough to confirm their engagements and to cement their union, something or other soon arises to make them at first distrust, and then hate each other, and at last part, with the bitterest animosity. The case is widely different with those who have before their eyes the fear of God, and a regard for his ordinances. Their piety improves their tempers, and gives stability to their affections. The friendship of such is a bond of union of the most sacred nature, comprehending all the charities of human life, and a lively concern for the things of another and a better world. The rugged path of life is smoothed by the consolations of a sincere friend, and the opening prospects of eternity are brightened, when friendship is founded upon religious principles.

An unvaried uniformity of opinion cannot be expected among mankind, nor ought the different conclusions to which they come, upon different subjects, to operate as an impediment to an union of affection and esteem; for the human mind is so variously constructed, that two men cannot be found of exactly the same sentiments in every respect. The mind varies as essentially, and as distinctly, as the countenance. No two faces can be found precisely to resemble each other. Though some may *not appear* so distinctly marked as others, *yet the cast and expression* of each are suf-

ficiently distinct, to preserve their identity. Every man, too, has his peculiar method of thought, and mode of expression. In every man we find different views, different tastes, and different propensities; yet every one may find in others some one so nearly of his own mind as to be the object of his regard and confidence.

It is worse than folly, it is madness, for any one to dissolve an amicable connexion with another, merely because the opinions of himself and his friend do not happen to be entirely coincident. Nevertheless, the most trifling matters of dispute have often alienated friends. What more absurd than this! Has not every one a right to the just exercise of his own thoughts? And who that disputes this can shew himself entitled to exercise dominion over another! The answer is palpably plain, that men may entertain their own opinions, and yet be very good friends still. Their friendship is not in danger of being interrupted simply on this account, but only when bigotry interferes, and erects a standard of imaginary infallibility. Argumentative contests, conducted with good humour, tend to sharpen and improve the faculties, and, with the liberal-minded, such contests as these serve but to confirm attachment, and perpetuate friendship.

It is the part of a contracted mind to be captious and intolerant; and a friendship entered into under its evil influence, loses many of its most amiable traits. Nay, indeed, it loses its substance, and retains but an empty name. An easy familiarity and an artless frankness, the very essence of friendship, give place to a cold, calculating spirit, which deteriorates its quality, and banishes every consolatory and beneficial feeling. The soul of the narrow-minded is like the uncongenial soil, in which no useful plant can expand and fructify. The right which we claim to the free expression of our thoughts should incline us, not merely to pay a complacent attention to, but also to encourage, the claims of all, with whom we have communication, to the full exercise of the same privilege; for we may justly infer, that there may be as much sincerity in one who expresses an opposite opinion as in ourselves.

Mutual concessions should be made, or at least a mutual deference should be paid, to the conscientious opinions of friends, otherwise the warmest avowal of regard will be of a loose and unsatisfactory nature. A good man will not suffer his affection to be alienated from one who even argues for victory, and who holds untenable doctrines for argument's sake, provided those doc-

do not involve serious consequences. It is not but a sense of religious obligation, arising from a deep-felt conviction that he has been greatly deceived in his estimate of the moral and religious principles of his friend, can induce the generous-minded to dissolve a tie once deliberately formed; and it is quite foreign to his mind to expect or wish that any one should succumb blindly and heedlessly to the sentiments he may deem it his duty to express upon different subjects.

It is since true friendship is recommended as a balm to soothe the minds of men in their earthly pilgrimage, and as a quality most lovely and enticing to all, that we witness it in its native splendour, and have the prospect of tasting its delicious and uncorrupted fruits, a strict guard should be set over our hearts, to prevent its free spirit from degenerating into a selfish feeling of personal advantage, or its friendly tendency from being rendered less and injurious by an unwarranted indulgence in jealousy and intolerance.

It is in vain to expect that a friendly regard can long subsist between persons who mutually distrust each other's motives. The appearances of a cordial attachment may be kept up for a time to the eye of the world; but the illiberal spirit that dwells within will break out ere long, and expose the unprincipled pretenders to friendship to the derision of the world, and the reproach of all good men.

In reference to this subject, the question has often been started, whether men may not very properly treat their friends, without the apprehension that they may at some future time become their enemies, and with a distant reserve, or, at least, be wary in trusting them with matters of great importance. Addison, I think, has answered this question very satisfactorily. His decision to which he comes is, that cultivation of friendship is incompatible with such a reserve; and he argues, to allay the fears of the timid, that, in case of exposure, the world is just enough rather to condemn the perfidy of the false friend than to censure the unsuspecting confidence of the person betrayed.

It is by no means to be understood that the betrayer of friendship will meet with universal opprobrium, and the person betrayed with the commiseration of all: our experience cannot but open our eyes to the fact, that there are characters degraded enough to take a delight in propagating slander—characters far more eager to condemn the betrayer than to set the

example right with the world. Instead of making proper allowances for what has been artlessly and confidentially disclosed to a perfidious friend, it seems to be their chief aim to extend the circulation of every idle tale, no matter at whose expense, or on what a slender foundation. But these may be termed extreme cases of depravity. These are the practices of the very dregs of society, of persons who neither know, nor are capable of enjoying, the consolations of friendship.

It may, in the main, be safely affirmed, that persons whose confidence has been abused, will meet with sympathy from the generous part of the community, from all, in short, but the kindred spirits of the treacherous themselves, whose good opinion and good wishes it would be equally a misfortune and a shame to obtain. To our friends we ought not only to be open and candid, but sedulous to please, and active to do good, that there may be nothing in our conduct calculated to excite a suspicion respecting the purity and disinterestedness of our motives. The great familiarity that exists between friends is apt to beget too great a carelessness in outward behaviour. Under the notion that they can be free, and make free, their conduct sometimes sinks into absolute rudeness. Many friendships have been split on this rock.

An intercourse may be carried on in the most easy and familiar manner, with a due regard to the common courtesies of life. We may be familiarly free, without being rudely encroaching. Wherever true friendship exists, we find a desire to please associated with it; and what can be more calculated to please than a becoming and respectful deportment? A bland and obliging demeanour never fails to make a man agreeable to those around him. Even in the ordinary affairs of life, and among a mixed company, amiable and conciliatory qualities are highly appreciated. They are sure to command attention, and secure respect. If the display of a generous disposition, then, be of such essential service to a man in the common concerns of life, surely it must be held to be of still greater importance in the amicable intercourse of friends.

A guard, however, ought to be kept over our words and actions, that we may be guilty of no inadvertence calculated to alienate the affections of those we love. The greater the familiarity, the more careful ought we to be to make that familiarity as pleasing and agreeable as possible. An arrogant, overbearing disposition, is inconsistent with, and destructive of, the

of society : and the tender plants of friendship are often made to wither and decay before its blighting influence ; for a sense of inferiority begets jealousy, and, when this pervades the mind, there can be no hope that friendship can be successfully cultivated.

We view without surprise the severing of the friendships, if friendships they can be called, which have been formed through interested motives ; because we know that duplicity can rarely deceive long ; and, when an exposure of unworthy designs takes place, animosity or contempt usually follows. But the fate of those is to be deplored, who possess good intentions, but have not the prudence and self-control to consummate and perpetuate an attachment once begun. Many things may occur in the world to ruffle the temper : but friends ought to be careful to compose their minds ; for, in their intercourse with each other, the least manifestation of irritability, or appearance of peevishness, may shake their confidence, and dissolve the tie that knits them together.

When we find ourselves uneasy and impatient, we commonly look with a jaundiced eye around us, and discover, or imagine we discover, faults in others which in reality belong to ourselves. Hence, by taking unwarrantable liberties with those whose esteem and confidence we may happen to possess, we soon estrange them from us, and expose ourselves to the calumnious interpretations of a malevolent world. A friend is unworthy of the name, if he deserve not uniformly kind treatment ; and every person of right feeling will spurn the idea of being made a tool of, for another's convenience, or of winking at ungenerous and unfriendly conduct. That man who solely aims to compass his own views, or shews a disposition to contradict or reprove a friend, may expect to be left to bend his solitary course through life, exposed to its ills without enjoying its blessings, the benefits to be derived from the advice, the encouragement, and assistance of a sincere friend.

Fair professions of regard without the inclination to render effective assistance in time of need, and an apparent readiness to lend an helping hand in cases of extreme emergency, whilst the daily duties of social life are suffered to pass away unimproved, evince a complete destitution of all sound principle, and the absence of those sincere and upright intentions, which can alone obtain the approbation of the world, and *secure the affection of those who are addressed in the accents of friendship.*

In matters of friendship, as well as in every thing else of a relative, social, and religious nature, sincerity alone can give a charm to profession. Not only should we be ready to assist others in meliorating their condition, as occasion may require, but also anxious to make ourselves agreeable and cheerful companions. Opportunities are comparatively rare, when a man may be called upon to assist his friend under the pressure of adversity or distress, but, when these do occur, they should be eagerly embraced as a pleasure, and not encountered as a task. Man, however, has often occasion to hold intercourse with his friend, and it should, therefore, be his chief object to deport himself in a manner at once acceptable and attractive. The warm emotions of friendship can never be so strongly felt as when there is a manifest desire to please, associated with the duty of reciprocating benefits. The pleasures of life are made more pleasing, and its pains more tolerable, when the mind is soothed by friendship, and when a man is prepared to meet, with calm equanimity, whatever may befall him on the stage of life.

Friendship, like every other earthly benefit, is in danger of being forfeited, if proper care be not taken to preserve it ; if its blessings be not viewed with a discriminating eye, and remembered with a grateful heart. No sooner do men reap, or appear to reap, the fruits of friendship than the bad passions of the evil-disposed are set to work, in order to effect a separation of interests, a difference of views, or a serious misunderstanding in some shape or other. The insidious attack is made in a variety of ways. Sometimes a man is told to his face that he has been treacherously betrayed by his friend, and the real or fictitious circumstances of the betrayal are specifically related. At other times, dark hints are given that disrespectful words have been uttered, and that there is, therefore, much cause to apprehend an abuse of confidence. Whatever shape the attack upon the happiness of friends may assume, it will succeed, unless prying curiosity and unmanly jealousy be rooted out of the mind.

If the malevolent can but excite a fear that their reports may possibly be true, or provoke a suspicion that their insinuations may have some foundation, the work is done, their object is attained, dissension and discord are made to bear sway in minds where aforetime dwelt harmony and peace, and, notwithstanding the warning of the inspired penman, that a "whisperer separateth chief friends, and a false witness soweth discord among brethren ;" the snare

ads in entrapping its victims, and the calumniators exult in their infamous as.

must be admitted, that it requires considerable firmness of mind to withstand the insinuations of those who, under pretence of concern for our welfare, seek to destroy the connexions we may have formed by falsely insinuating that we have been deceived with ingratitude and treachery. The facility with which the communication is often made, and the air of friendship assumed in the relation of it, is apt so far to disorder the mind as to make it unreasonably credulous, and a blind is thus thrown over interested motives by which the mischievous are invariably actuated. The most usual way to guard against being deceived on this point is, thoroughly to consider the conduct of those who appear to possess an uncommon zeal for our welfare, who interest themselves in our private concerns, that, forsooth, as they say, we may be rescued from the hands of interested and designing men. If we have not the most convincing proofs, from a long period of friendly intercourse, that their protestations are sincere, it will be our wisest course not to act on their information, but to impute their interference to motives arising from secret rivalry or malice.

There are characters who cannot bear to see their friends happy in each other's society, who envy others the happiness which they do not themselves enjoy, and detract from their merit with the hope of sinking them to their own insignificance. Rather than discover our minds, then, with unfounded apprehensions about the conduct of our professed friends, let us look well to the motives of those who seek to effect a disunion. A clear and firm mind is a blessing of such inestimable value, that we should be very slow in giving credence to any reports that may have a tendency to disturb it, or to throw an impediment in the way of those social enjoyments which have hitherto given us the greatest consolation and happiness.

Among interested friends the world is full of snares. With the best intentions, a man may find himself unable to secure regard from all with whom he associates, yet it is the part of a prudent and good man not to desist from doing good on this account, nor to condemn any one because some are worthy of reprehension.

Rank, fortune, and success in life, render a man peculiarly the object of adulation, and bring around him a host of sycophants for his favours—men who feign a warm attachment, and embrace every opportunity to shew respect and deference. Alas! How greatly do prosperous cir-

cumstances expose a man to the danger of being deceived by false pretenders to friendship. We do not mean to assert, indeed it would be temerity to do so, that men of rank and station are approached by none but ambitious aspirants, more eager to raise themselves by their connexions than to serve those whose society they seem to court. But this much may be safely asserted, that adversity is the test by which true friendship is most certainly proved. He who can follow his friend through prosperous and adverse circumstances, and shew the same alacrity to raise him when sinking under the load of oppression and want, as to participate his pleasures when basking in the sunshine of worldly honour and prosperity, may, with the utmost propriety, be denominated a sincere friend. Such characters are valuable, because they are scarce; for whilst the vast multitudes of false friends, with interest only in view, fall off in critical times, when their assistance is needed, the sincere lend helping hands with feelings far more animating and delightful than those of the ambitious, even when most successful in their schemes.

The wealthy possess the means of supplying their wants. They have a numerous retinue, and are surrounded with numberless apparent friends, and yet, if, among all their followers, they have one real well-wisher, their condition in life is such, that his services are seldom required. Friendship is most wanted in time of need, and a friend then is a friend indeed. His heart is truly affected and rightly impressed. Who can bear to see his friend embarrassed in his circumstances, and not try to relieve him; injured by the tongue of slander, and not strive to vindicate his cause and clear his character; or sick and infirm, neglected and forlorn, and not endeavour to console and comfort his mind? Who, I say, can bear to see him visited with any of the ills of life, without panting for an opportunity to be of service to him? No one with a spark of generosity in his frame.

To the man of feeling, there is a thrilling interest in every thing appertaining to friendship, particularly when cases of necessity occur to prove the sincerity of his professions. Then his mind is lit up with a glow of affection. He feels more satisfaction in works of charity and labours of love, than the most elevated in society can do with their splendid equipages and their obsequious attendants. To receive the blessings of the grateful, and enjoy a self-approving conscience, is to him a sufficient recompense for all his exertions to do good, yet, in addition to these gratifications, he wi-

obtain the esteem of the world, even of that part of it which is the least disposed to acknowledge merit in any shape; for there is something so noble, so indescribably delightful, in seeing the friendly hand held out, and help effectually given, to a sinking brother, that no man, with ordinary feelings, be he friend or foe, can look on without experiencing the most pleasing emotions. True friendship is desirable in any sphere, but it is most serviceable in the hour of danger, and in the time of need.

All histories, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, afford examples of genuine friendship. Be it our business to select a few from the sacred volume. Who can read David's pathetic elegy on Jonathan's death without feeling something of the poignancy of his grief, and exclaiming, Behold the sacredness of an heartfelt affection! The assistance afforded David by Barzillai, when he was fleeing from his rebellious son Absalom, is another instance of disinterested friendship which cannot be perused without perfect admiration, nor was it forgotten by the grateful David. After the death of Absalom, and the consequent termination of the unnatural rebellion, he desired Barzillai to return with him to Jerusalem, to partake of the king's fare. Barzillai respectfully declined the acceptance of his kind offer, on account of his great age, and his desire to die in his own city, and be buried by the grave of his father and his mother; at the same time lessening his services to David, and magnifying David's return for them. David seems to have carried to the grave the remembrance of the timely assistance received from Barzillai's family; for one of his injunctions to his son Solomon was, that he should shew kindness to the sons of Barzillai, the Gileadite, who had assisted him in the time of his distress.

To these noble instances of friendship, we may add another of the utmost importance. Our blessed Saviour has shewn a pattern of the love that ought to subsist among mankind. He wept over the grave of Lazarus. So much, indeed, was he affected, that the spectators exclaimed, Behold how he loved him! This affecting tale of love should come home to every mind; for we have all a particular interest in Christ's love. He is our elder brother, and loves all who serve God, all true Christians, with a fraternal affection, yea, he is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother; and a careful observance of his precepts will give a sacredness to all virtuous attachments, which no secular consideration can induce his followers to forego or abandon. Let us, therefore, imbibe the christian spirit, which will teach us

not only to assist our friends in all their earthly difficulties and dangers, but also to adopt every means to promote their and our own eternal salvation.

THOMAS IRELAND.

Edenhall, May 27th, 1832.

ON THE CAUSE AND CURE OF IMMORALITY
AND CRIME.

"From education, as the leading cause,
The public character its colour draws."

THE awful increase of crime, the crowded state of the jails, the enlargement of the old, and the building of new receptacles for criminals, prompt us to inquire into the cause of so much evil, and how it may be rectified. The legislator would ascribe it to inefficient laws; the moralist, to bad example and defective instruction; and the divine, to inward depravity, and the influence of evil spirits. Admitting the truth of these various opinions, I would humbly venture to suggest, that the cause would be more correctly stated, if we said it originated in the uncultivated state of man's intellectual powers.

Man is a compound being, combining a perfect animal with an immortal, intellectual, and immaterial spirit. In such a being, the spirit should have an ascendancy over the animal; and consequently, mere animal enjoyments and gratifications never can satisfy him. What would yield perfect happiness to a mere animal, cannot satisfy a compound being such as man is; it being impossible for the higher and nobler nature entirely to succumb to the lower and inferior. Besides, they are so widely different, that the spirit never can participate in enjoyments merely animal. Hence the stores of nature have been ransacked for stimulants, and the invention of man has been racked to contrive preparations of an exciting nature, until intoxication has been resorted to as a substitute for intellectual enjoyment, fermented liquors, opium, and tobacco, acting on the imagination through the medium of nervous excitement, and thereby producing a degree of gratification rather of a demi-mental than grossly sensual description. This, however, ultimately weakening the intellectual powers, and strengthening the animal passions, brutalizes the man; and thus, he who was made a little lower than the angels, is sunk beneath the beasts. Yet ignorant men seek no other gratification, although it is sure to produce such effects. From these considerations it is plain, that prevailing iniquity springs from ignorance;

is vain to think of correcting the one at removing the other, to think of improving the morals without cultivating the actual powers. For, while ignorant thoughtless men are prone to evil, hasty and contemplative habits subdue passions, and bring the animal into subordination to the spiritual nature, raising man above sensual gratifications, and enabling him to occupy the exalted rank in creation which his beneficent Creator designed him

to be. How are thoughtless people to be led to think? How are the dormant faculties of uncultivated intellect to be brought into action?

It has been asserted, that, in a spiritual sense, thought and existence are inseparable, so that to cease to think, it must cease to exist. It may be said, with equal truth, that in an animal being, motion and life are inseparable, and that to cease to move it ceases to live. But as there is a difference between mere motion and useful motion, so there is a difference between mere thought, or consciousness of existence, and intelligent reflection. What can be simpler than the art of walking, yet it requires years of practice to do it without stumbling. Were it possible for a person to arrive at maturity without ever having walked; his strength, if he had any, would be his first attempts but little superior to the futile efforts of the infant; but as strength is derived from exercise, he would be that, also, deficient. It is much the same with the reasoning powers: without exercise, the man is not only ignorant how to use them, but he is destitute of intellectual strength; and as it is scarcely practicable to make a person understand the value of what he never had, and of which he has no conception, so it is proportionally difficult to convince ignorant persons of the value of reason, and the importance of cultivating their intellectual faculties.

The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge has done much towards correcting immorality and vice, by improving the minds, and giving them a taste for more, and nobler enjoyments; and it might be supposed, were greater discretion used in the selection of their works, and more regularly observed in publishing, not allowing any to intervene between the numbers of circulation, and thereby rendering it, for the poor, useless.

The propriety of admitting the working-classes, gratuitously, to exhibitions of painting and sculpture, has been suggested as a means of improving their taste and exalting their minds; and I think if they were ad-

mitted freely to the royal palaces, parks, and gardens, the abbeys, cathedrals, and other public buildings, it would do much towards raising them from the grovelling pursuits in which, at present, they are engaged.

Mechanics' Institutions have been another powerful means of raising and improving the human intellect; and the establishment of coffee and reading rooms, may be said to constitute a new era in the history of the human mind, substituting, as they do, a sober for an intoxicating beverage, quiet for noise, and wholesome intellectual entertainment for gaming and strife. All these means united would do much towards forming the taste, improving the mind, and thereby refining and humanizing the man; for as it has been observed by a lover of natural sublimity, speaking of the majestic Snowden, "that it was impossible to ascend to its summit, and not come down a better man," so I believe it impossible frequently to contemplate the beauties and wonders of nature and art, without improving in morals, as well as increasing in wisdom.

"As when a wretch, from thick polluted air,
Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,
And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate discharged,
Climbs some fair eminence, where æther pure
Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise;
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load,
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change!
So joys the soul, when from inglorious aims
And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
To reason's region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies."

But while the success, attending the efforts made to raise the intellectual and moral character of the working-classes, has been sufficient to cheer the hearts and strengthen the hands of those philanthropists who have devoted time, talents, and wealth to this great work, past experience convinces us, that we must begin with youth, if we would accomplish any great and general improvement in the human mind. Our youth must be taught to think. They who suppose education consists in merely teaching children the knowledge of letters and figures, have but an imperfect idea of the "delightful task," which is

"—— to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast."

These are objects not to be attained by a mere knowledge of letters. Reason forms the grand distinction between the human race and the brute creation; but reason uncultivated is dormant, and a dormant faculty is wholly inoperative; consequently, where the intellectual powers or reasoning faculties are not cultivated, and brought into

action by a judicious system of instruction, no difference can be seen between immortal man, and the brutes which perish. Enough has already been said, to prove that reason cannot act unless properly trained; and while this noble faculty lies dormant, no benefit can be derived from its mere possession.

Much has been said, both by way of boast and sneer, respecting the "march of intellect." But, alas! where is it? We read of such a thing; but among men, where shall we find it? Much has been said, also, about the march of education, and it is echoed from place to place, that "the school-master is abroad." The ignorance I see on all sides, loudly proclaims *he is not at home!* I do not deny that the knowledge of letters is more widely diffused than formerly; but I do assert, without fear of contradiction, that little, very little, has been done towards the cultivation of the intellect, towards training and bringing into action that ennobling faculty, Reason, which raises man above the animal tribes. The "march of intellect" has scarcely yet commenced, neither will it, until an efficient system of mental cultivation is adopted in our schools.

It has been asserted, that memory is the only faculty of which the teacher can avail himself; a more erroneous and pernicious opinion could not be entertained. Yet it has been very generally adopted, and to this may be ascribed, in part, the past inefficiency of education, for no beneficial results can be expected from burdening the memory, while the reason is neglected; nor will any great improvement in morals be effected, until a more intellectual system of education is generally pursued; and, therefore, in conclusion, I shall submit to the reader the following brief outline of such a system.

The pupils having been taught reading, writing, and the first four rules of arithmetic, the teacher ought to commence a course of instruction in Geometry, which may be done by writing on boards the definitions, postulates, and axioms, and hanging them up in the school-room, frequently directing the attention of the pupils to them, and instructing and questioning them upon their import, until he is satisfied they are perfectly understood and remembered. He may then proceed with the propositions, by working one with chalk on a black board before the pupils, explaining and demonstrating it as he goes on, and questioning them until they understand it. They ought then to endeavour to work the same proposition on their slates without assistance, and shew it to him, when, if wrong, he must point out the error, and make them do it

again, after which they may proceed in the same manner with the next, and so on. This process may appear slow at first, but the pupils will soon become expert, and it will be found an easy and pleasant way of training youth to form comparisons and draw conclusions, which are the first steps towards correct reasoning.

From reasoning on geometrical questions, an ingenious teacher will find it easy to advance to questions in philosophy, and from thence to theology, thus gradually proceeding from things seen to things unseen, from things natural to things spiritual, not by encumbering the memory with words, but by enlightening the mind with clear and correct ideas. For however highly creeds and catechisms may be prized, and however valuable they may be in the hands of intelligent christian parents, who, teaching their own children, will explain them in a manner adapted to the juvenile understanding, it is well-known that they are more frequently learnt than understood; and much as some may think of committing to memory, in youth, words only to be understood in after life, ere which they will probably be forgotten, it must be admitted, that time might be more profitably employed in acquiring correct ideas.

The existence of the Supreme Being, his attributes, his cognizance of human actions, man's immortality, a future state of rewards and punishments, the inspiration of the scriptures, the duty of prayer, &c. &c., may all be demonstrated by a process that will not rise above the comprehension of a school-boy. Thus will the mind be improved by exercising its powers in reasoning on the great fundamental truths and doctrines of Christianity, teaching not the differences, but the agreements, of Christians, and preparing the mind to receive that charity which beareth, believeth, hopeth, and endureth all things.

Does any one object to reasoning on religious subjects, and assert it to be our duty passively to receive, and implicitly to believe, the doctrines contained in our authorized formularies? I would remind him, that it is the duty of all, at all times, to be able to give a reason for the hope which is in them, and thus put to silence gainsayers. He who takes his religious opinions without examination or reflection, cannot be steadfast in the faith; for "Reason is the root, fair Faith is but the flower," and he will be liable to be carried about by every wind of doctrine, and to fall an easy prey to the sophistries of designing sceptics. But those who have the truths of religion demonstrated to them, and their minds exercised by rea-

soning, will be established in its principles, and be proof against all the snares and temptations of man's arch enemy, and his most subtle agents.

The teacher ought further to use his utmost endeavour to implant in his pupils a taste for instructive and profitable reading, and to lead them to reflect on what they read, and to understand it, by frequent questions and explanations. Nothing will tend more to improve the taste, cultivate the intellect, and exalt the man, than extensive reading, where a judicious selection of books has been made, and it has been accompanied by suitable instruction.

To aid them in understanding what they read, they ought to be instructed in geography, and have maps explained to them; the latter might easily be done, by drawing a plan of the neighbourhood in which they live. As the mind expands, such pictures, figures, and other works of art as lie within their reach, may be exhibited, and their respective beauties and defects pointed out, and thus the principles of true criticism will be implanted in their minds, without which there can be no real taste. Further, the elements of astronomy, zoology, entomology, botany, mineralogy, conchology, and the various sciences embraced by natural philosophy, might be introduced to their notice, thus leading them

"————— for prospects of delight,
To some not steep, though philosophic, height,
Thence to exhibit to their wond'ring eyes
Yon circling worlds, their distance, and their size,
The moons of Jove, and Saturn's belted-ball,
And the harmonious order of them all;
To shew them in an insect or a flow'r
Such microscopic proof of skill and pow'r,
As, hid from ages past, God now displays,
To combat atheists with in modern days;
To spread the Earth before them, and commend,
With designation of the finger's end,
Its various parts to their attentive note,
Thus bringing home to them the most remote;
To teach their hearts to glow with gen'rous flame,
Caught from the deeds of men of ancient fame:
And, more than all, with commendation due,
To set some living worthy in their view,
Whose fair example may at once inspire
A wish to copy, what they must admire.
Such knowledge gain'd betimes, and which appears,
Though solid, not too weighty for their years,
Sweet in itself, and not forbidding sport,
When health demands it, of athletic sort,
Would make them—what some lovely boys have
been,
And more than one, perhaps, that I have seen—
An evidence and reprehension both
Of the mere school-boy's lean and tardy growth."

Not that I consider it possible or necessary for children to remain long enough at school to acquire a profound knowledge of *all* these sciences, but merely to give them an opportunity of making a choice of *one*, the study of which may furnish amusement for the leisure hours of after life. This will impart a sufficiency of preliminary instruction

to qualify them for future study, and provide a cheap, innocent, improving, and satisfying recreation.

Does any one object that "a little learning is a dangerous thing?" Admitting the truth of the assertion, I ask, What is a little learning? A knowledge of the alphabet is a little learning; there can be no less, and if a little learning is dangerous, the smallest possible quantity of learning must be fraught with the greatest possible danger; and as it is impossible to prevent the acquisition of a little learning, the only remedy is, to impart as much as possible, since it must be evident that every advance in knowledge must be a remove from the dangerous point. But as I have in a former article * answered the most popular objections to universal and unlimited education, I shall conclude with exhorting every true patriot and philanthropist to exert himself in the cause of universal education and mental cultivation.

London, June 5th, 1832.

G. Y.

ON TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—Having, in common with most of your readers, heard much of Temperance Societies, and believing the subject to be one of great importance, may I beg to suggest a few thoughts upon it, through the medium of the Imperial Magazine. In so doing, I have no wish to convey an idea that your readers in general need any remarks of mine on the subject of temperance as a christian virtue; but they may have many doubts on the subject of temperance societies, which I should feel it a high honour to be instrumental in removing.

If I should venture to remark, that much misconception seems to prevail on the subject, the observation will not be considered arrogant, when coupled with the confession, that few have participated more largely in this than myself. When I first heard of these societies, I scarcely thought them worthy of serious notice, and placed them amongst those well-intended but utopian schemes which sometimes float in the minds of worthy people, who have more zeal than knowledge, and yet are aiming to do good. However, an attentive reading of some of the publications of the society, brought home to my mind a conviction, which I felt it impossible to resist, that it was my immediate duty to abstain altogether from ardent spirits, except for medicinal purposes, and

* "On the Importance of Educating the Children of the Poor."—Imp. Mag. July, 1831, page [redacted]

to do all I could to persuade others to do the same. Still I felt a very strong objection to signing a declaration to that effect—it appeared to me, that having resolved for myself, my signature was, to say the least, quite unnecessary; and I thought it would savour a little of ostentation, and be like saying to all the world,—Come, see! how temperate I am!

But, upon a close examination, I became most deeply and thoroughly convinced of the fallacy of such reasoning; and felt it an honour and privilege to be permitted to add my humble name,—indeed, had not this been previously attended to, what I heard at the late important and memorable meeting at Exeter Hall would, I think, have decided the matter at once.

Amongst the tracts issued by the society, there is one written by the Solicitor-general of Ireland, entitled, “Objections to Subscribing a Declaration against the Use of Ardent Spirits, considered and answered.” To that tract I would most earnestly call the attention of those of your readers who may still hesitate; and thankful shall I be, if they will read and weigh its contents, following the perusal with prayer for divine direction. The fear of occupying too much space in your pages, alone prevents me from transcribing page 3, and requesting its insertion in connexion with these imperfect hints.

Let none imagine that they are out of the reach of danger from intemperance. No doubt, many have thought the same, who are fallen into disgrace and ruin, and on this subject, “let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.” And, let none imagine that neutrality here, is a matter of small importance. Let not the temperate man lend himself to the opposite side of this great question. By the providence of God, we are now furnished with an opportunity of doing that which may produce the most beneficial effects on the minds of our children, and many others within the circle of our influence. It may be said by some, that this applies only to public characters, or at least to those whose circle of influence is large,—this, however, is a great mistake. A certain writer remarks, “That every man has a circle of influence, whether he has clothes to his back, or not.” Let us then willingly, joyfully, give our influence on this point, to the side of temperance. Why should we *not* do so? If we think that on our own account it is unnecessary—still let us think of others—let us think of the general welfare—let us not on this subject live any longer to ourselves, but giving thanks to

God that such a noble stand is made against one great source of misery and crime. Let us not withhold our individual sanction from a plan which must be innocent, which has already been attended with innumerable personal and relative advantages, and which, if generally sanctioned, may be productive of the happiest effects in all classes of the community.

The tract to which I have referred, as well as the other publication of the society, may be obtained, I believe, either at the office of the Temperance Society, or at Mr. Bagster, Bookseller, Paternoster Row.—Permit me to subscribe myself, yours, very respectfully,

A CONSTANT READER.

June 22, 1832.

CREATION—NO. V.

Second Series.

ON concluding the last article, we noted, “Thus far our discourse has been solely upon that magnificent luminary—the Sun—the ascendant of day; under the impression that all which is related by the inspired penman, Moses, of and respecting this orb, had a direct reference to the whole universe. It remains, that we discourse on the inferior luminary—the Moon—the ascendant of night, separately; because what is said of the moon, refers to this one sphere, our earth, almost exclusively.”

Eternity knows no period, and it is the province of time to note its own progress; because its existence is short and fleeting, and passing away, it bears with it all its being, who, amidst the swift career on which they are borne forward, need to be warned of this at every stage toward that futurity, into which they must so soon be launched; and no note can be more striking than periodical orbs, alternately illumed and dark, in the stillness of evening, the gloom of midnight, or at the dawn of day. The moon, therefore, the ascendant of night, is at once an enlightener and a monitor to mankind. Light was pronounced to be beautifully perfect before the sun was, and, in concert with the moon, no addition is made to that crown of creation; but certainly the sun eminently, and the moon in its degree, tend to the diffusion of light, and of course increase its splendour and its usefulness in creation.

Light, while it does not appear to be one with the body of the sun, is certainly not attached to the moon; for the moon, like the earth, is an opaque sphere; but the rays of light which issue from the luminous circumambient assemblage of light near

the sun, and strike the surface of the moon, are reflected thence to our earth, in great plenitude; because the earth is near the moon, and being a much larger sphere than it, receives many of these rays, and thus prevents them from being diffused through space.

In the exercise, however, of this important office, the diffusion of light, the earth is a moon, or light to the moon; and by reason of its superior magnitude, and being of course equally near, it is to the moon a powerful light indeed. Every single planet is also a light to its fellow planets; and those planets which are furnished with satellites, have moons at hand, and are moons to these, in a manner similar to our moon and our earth; while the great planet Saturn is furnished with a luminous ring, and the yet greater planet Jupiter with splendid belts, all of which, by reflection, diffuse light. Thus, light, that essential substance to creation, is kept in incessant action; and diffused and re-diffused in and throughout the universe, in perpetuity; and thus the assemblage of light constituting the sun, by its incessant action converts every planet in this system into a moon or a star to all the rest.


It is the language of Elohim to us, upon our earth, which announces the moon, to be a light to rule the night, in concert with the stars; because of its immediate vicinity to our abode; knowing that its vicinity would erect it into a greater light, during the absence of the sun's rays, than any other orb in the system. Had inspiration been vouchsafed, (and who knows that it has not?) to an inhabitant of any other sphere, then, instead of our moon, the moon, or moons, or ring, or belt, or perhaps, the nearest sphere, would have been announced, to be a light to rule the night, in a manner somewhat similar to the announcement made to us in respect of our moon.

The sun is the ascendant of day. When he arises, every star is eclipsed; yea, even those which shine with light independent of and similar to his own: not a single luminary is visible throughout creation; in the blaze of his beams all other light is lost. The moon is, also, the ascendant of our night. When she arises, every star fades before her splendour, and the united light issuing from every orb in creation is by no means equal to the light which, reflected from her surface, lustres the earth. It is, therefore, true; "Elohim formed two magnificent luminaries: the grander, ascendant of day; and the inferior, of night." There they are, established in the expanse of

heaven, to diffuse light throughout the terrestrial—our earth—consisting of land and water. Lift up your eyes, O ye nations; behold these, and praise the Creator.

Were all the planets in a state of rest, certain portions of them would be involved in perpetual darkness, other portions would enjoy a twilight, and the remaining parts, in the full blaze of unceasing day, would be parched with heat intolerable. How salubrious, how beautiful, are the alternations of night and day; and with what serenity and ease do these flow out of the rotary motions of the spheres!

"For signs let these be." This is equally manifest, upon the earth, in respect of the moon as of the sun. The frequent and obvious changes in the position of the moon, in the area of its enlightened surface, and in the quantity of light reflected therefrom to the earth, are so obvious, that they are proverbial; and to say of any thing, that it is as changeable as the moon, is to mark it with a note of instability in the extreme. Yet, amidst all these changes, the precision of its full and wane, and of every intermediate period therein, are subjects to be calculated upon to a second of time, long prior to these results, and thus are the lunar months signs throughout the solar year.

What a sign from month to month, of light and darkness, in their alternations and separations, of influx and reflux in the oceans and atmospheres, and of the stability of creation in its orbs, does this fleeting orb present—ever changing and eccentric, yet precise in its periods as the earth, and stable as the mountains; whoso runneth may read, in letters of light there, the verity of inspiration from Deity to men, and the truth of God, in His word and in His works; for, of these is the moon a sign throughout the ages of the earth. "For seasons, for days, and for years." If solar days, months, and years, exist, so also do lunar; and the round of the seasons is meted out on earth, from equinox to equinox, by the phases of the moon, as distinctly as the hand of time can note his progressions and periods to mankind. We behold the sun and it is day; he is hidden behind the earth, and lo, it is night—thick darkness surrounds our dwellings, and the golden-tinted landscape of day, fraught with verdure and joy, ceases from before us; anon the silver moon arises, and its milder day diffuses, far and wide, that joy which fled with the setting sun, to remoter regions of our sphere; and anew, above, beneath and around, it reigns, in light, ascendant of night, recreating vision; 

no sooner does it sink in the west, than night returns, with all its gloom ; and even the unclouded horizon, blest with the rays of myriad astral orbs, compared with the lunar splendours, is night to man.

“Elohim formed two magnificent luminaries—the grander, ascendant of day ; the inferior, of night ; and the stars also.” Having treated at large upon these two luminaries, we now treat of, “The stars also.” The planets of the solar system, by reflecting the sun’s rays, are stars to us ; and because they each move in an orbit, thus wandering about the universe, they form a contrast with those which we denominate fixed stars, (of which hereafter :) thus have we a central sun, wandering stars, and a revolving moon, each at once useful and ornamental to our system. The planets always shine, like stars to us, when they are not eclipsed by each other, by the sun, or by our earth or moon, both of which are planetary stars to them also. For the rotary motion of these planets does not cause alternations of light and darkness to us ; however they may turn away one face and present another to the sun, being spheres, they perpetually reflect the sun’s rays into space, many of which continually reach us. Thus appropriately does the Great Creator call our attention, at once, to the whole host—central, primary, and secondary, of diffusers of light throughout the universe.

We proceed, finally, to “The stars also.” Those spheres which we behold far and wide through space, whose light evidently proceeds, like the light from our sun, from themselves—those suns of systems numerous and grand, of whose creative day we know not, formed long ere time with us began his note ; yet each of import equal ; yea, perhaps, more vast than midst this universe aught appears : all these were not, until He willed, who called forth all our spheres, for here the record stands, Elohim made the stars also.

The creation recorded by Moses so minutely, is that of a single star, namely, our sun, with all its accompaniments ; the notice, therefore, given on the day, when the grandeur of this star was consummated, that Elohim created all the other stars, leads us up to the astral regions, most opportunely, there to contemplate the majestic works of God ; and surely here we may, with every propriety, be employed, to advantage, on the detail of these radiant orbs.

Were we to contend that all the stars were formed prior to our own, by the creation of matter, in the first instance, and of

light, and the subsequent formations of this matter and this light into orbs and luminaries, in a manner similar to the creation and formation of this universe, we should be borne out by the text, which on the day of the erection of the sun into a luminary, asserts the same of the stars also. But, notwithstanding all the light which then existed, from previous creations, in space, such was in the beginning the declared darkness of that portion thereof, which was destined to receive our system, that a new creation of light, to subserve all its purposes, was deemed as necessary as if light had not existed in space at all. The darkness of our night, in the absence of the moon, notwithstanding the action of the sun is incessant, and even at midnight, we have only the shade of the earth between us and the sun’s rays—and also have a plenum of latent light above and around us, to be acted upon by the astral rays—must convince us that, in the absence of all these, darkness itself would have reigned in this portion of space, as it did in the beginning, maugre all the astral light in existence. The universality and plenitude of light, so obvious in and so necessary to the well-being of the universe, never could have been supplied from such distant sources as the stars,—the want was at once beheld and supplied by a creation of light.

Into whatever portion of space we turn our eyes, in a clear evening, there we behold the stars, at nearer or greater distances, differing each from each in radiance, but all shining forth, and forming in the concave of heaven one lustrous whole. But in that portion of space which we denominate the milky way, multitudinous stars, clustered thick, arrest our vision, and form a galaxy of light so brilliant, that the contemplating soul, carried out of itself, is amazed at the stupendous grandeur of the scene. Yet if, in addition to the eye, a telescope is resorted to, myriads, erst hidden, greet the extended vision, star beyond star, far and yet farther, amidst the boundless canopy, appears ; and a yet more powerful telescope still launches into space, disclosing at every step, whole hosts of radiance, countless, immeasurable, approaching infinite. Thousands, yea, millions of these glittering orbs rear thus within our ken, and by analogy, millions more, yet farther on, exist effulgent : all numeration ceases, in opening fields of light, and, lost in wonder, the enraptured soul exclaims, “O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth ! who hast set thy glory above the heavens. When I consider thy heavens, the works of thy fingers ;

on and the stars, which thou hast
ed; what is man, that thou art mind-
um? and the son of man, that thou
him?"

templating each of these stars, similar
own, to be central suns, and furnish-
revolving planets—a system each,
itself, fraught with verdure and with
are led up to innumerable millions
gs—beings of intelligence, meet for
fields of light, whose Father is our
—the Father of earths and heavens,
all in providence and grace, God
for ever. Who, that thus views
n the exercise of his glorious bene-
, feeding and upholding all these,
eive his good, and withhold the sole
of praise? "Praise ye Him, all ye
f light, and all ye sons of men!"

idst the milky way, the clustering
em too thick set to admit of pla-
systems, and therefore numbers of
are deemed by astronomers to be
le worlds, furnished with luminous
lages, like our sun, revolving round,
not round, near each other. Yet be-
ed amidst their immensity, each to
hining equally as to us, in the obli-
of the range of vision, we may be,
apprehend we are, deceived, as to
tances of these orbs from each other,
to the space required for a system.
netary system does not require a
, the diameter of which is equal to
ameter of the orbit of its utmost
, with its atmosphere, on its equator,
broad ring or cylinder, in space, for
tion of its orbs; and these cylinders
n parallel ranges, be so disposed that
appear to us, at this immense, this
surable distance, much nearer than
really are. Thus worlds to worlds
roll by us unseen and unimagined
t that field of light which, radiant
all, illumines heaven: and if there,
ere also; for what is the utmost
of our most extended vision? It is,
nite space, a mere point, compared
he immeasurable whole. In the con-
ation of such vastness, our utmost
es shrink back upon themselves,
than soar aloft, afraid to tempt the
height, and fall. Yet, "Lift up
eyes on high, and behold who hath
d these things, that bringeth out their
y number: He calleth them all by
; by the greatness of his might, for
e is strong in power, not one faileth.
He that sitteth upon the circle of the
and the inhabitants thereof are as
oppers; that stretcheth out the hea-
s a curtain, and spreadeth them out

as a tent to dwell in: hast thou not known,
hast thou not heard, that the everlasting
God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends
of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?
There is no searching of his understanding:
in his works, then, behold your God!"
Isaiah xl.

Yet there are stars which wander, yea,
more eccentric these than planetary orbs,
within this universe; and not within, alone,
do these wander, but, wide and far, from
systems into space. There may be truth in
the annexed lines,

"Behold, to all connecting mean,
Vast wandering stars of glaring sheen,
With luminous trail—huge comets speed,
System to system; as the reed,
Woof binds to warp, uniting fair
System to system, midst the air."

These eccentric orbs, the comets, while
their portentous glare often affrights whole
nations, do not appear to possess light
within or around themselves, like our sun,
but to derive light and heat by near ap-
proaches to the sun, on their periodical
returns to that luminary. We may even
conjecture, as above, that from sun to sun
these wander, deriving light from each and
heat, heralds of space to systems numerous,
and witnesses to all of His Almighty power
who called them forth, and onward bears
them in their course, by laws created for
their sole guidance, durable as time.

"And Elohim surveyed the whole, and,
behold, it was beautifully perfect." The
beauty and perfection of light is obvious:
the most learned philosopher appreciates
these, amidst his profoundest researches;
and this beauty and perfection are every
where so evident and splendid, that men of
every grade behold them with admiration.
If this is true of light, it is by no means
less so of the luminaries which were this
day called into existence by the omnific
Word: their beauty, their perfection, their
glorious ascendancy on high, even to this
day, bear unimpaired testimony to the
sublime truths expressed by Elohim on this
occasion; and to which we say, Amen.

"The evening was, and the morning was,
the fourth day!" This day, diverse to all
former days, completes the solar system:
the robe of light, heretofore worn by Elo-
him, is girded upon the central orb; and
it, in his stead, becomes the sun of the
universe—the ascendant of day therein.
In this robe, the sun shines forth to worlds,
the image of that uncreated light—that
glory which perpetually emanates from
Him, who was, who is, and eternally will
be, Lord of all.

King Square, Feb. 15. 1832.

W. COLDWELL.

THE FISHERMAN.

(Founded on fact.)

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep, in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will."

At a time of general sorrow, amid accumulated distress and devastation, such as storm and tempest leave behind in their career of confusion, destruction, and death, an isolated case is easily passed over; and the heart, in its pity for the suffering mass, can scarcely confine itself to one, however high the climax of woe may rise. Notwithstanding, there are persons to be found who can behold individual woe prominent in wretchedness, without feeling emotions of sympathy awakened in their icy bosoms; yet it is presumed that few, if any, can read the following brief narrative, though not a tale of yesterday, with indifference.

John Thomas was the only son of Richard Thomas, an industrious and skilful fisherman; who, after plodding through three-score and seven years, quitted "this vale of tears," to take possession of "an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." In less than twenty years, from the death of his father, John, with the fruits of his profession, and the gleaning of a transaction unknown to the writer, erected a small but convenient cottage, in one of the most beautiful and picturesque creeks in the west of England.

In this sequestered spot where

———— piled by God on high,
The giant mountains almost touch the sky,

he lived in the possession of Agur's wish, a stranger to "vanity and lies," and neither poor nor rich. He had a worthy sea-boat well furnished, decent and sufficient furniture for his house, a faithful dog, the constant companion of his nautical labours, and an affectionate sister, who for several years performed the simple domestic occupations of his humble mansion. A sister beloved indeed,

"———— and few are such,
Or torn by death away."

In the autumn of 1817, Mary Thomas left time, to appear before the tribunal of God. John was not insensible to his loss; but while he wept, he rejoiced that his beloved sister had finished her course, and bade adieu to the world, "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life." Time rolled on, and the fisherman pursued the "noiseless tenor of his way." Often at the dawn of day, as he passed the door of

Harry Jones the mason, he heard with delight the merry voice of the old man's daughter, vying with the lark, as he beat the morning air with rapid wing, and soared beyond the scene of mortal eye—and as he returned in the evening, John knew no creed of politeness which should prevent him from peeping through the window, and listening to the same sweet voice reading to her aged parents the word of God. He sought opportunity, and hesitated not to tell her he loved:—ere the sun had finished his annual race, Jane was in possession of his heart and his hopes, and, with the ready consent of her parents, became the fisherman's wife. "The house is not very nice now," said John when he took his bride to her new home, "but I know you will soon make all shine like a shilling." Jane speedily planned many improvements; and as she was telling John her little plans, he caught her to his throbbing bosom, and, as she returned the gentle pressure, each whispered, "Shall we not be happy?" and they were happy. Content in the situation in which a benevolent Providence had placed them, and happy in the possession of each other,

"They thought, they felt, they wish'd the same,
They seem'd for each to live;
And yet a hand was sent to strike
What mercy seem'd to give."

Only a month and a few days had glided away, since the morning of their nuptials, when, on the evening which preceded the tempest, the recollection of which will never be effaced from the memories of the inhabitants of the west, John, as usual, secured his boat, and returned to his home; and as he sat with his spouse at their plain but ample repast, the hollow rush of wind without gave indications of a coming storm. "Louder and louder still," said John; "if it continues in this way much longer, I shall wish my boat hauled up." They bent their knee at the family altar, and retired to rest; but as the storm continued to increase between two and three o'clock, he quitted his bed, at the same time observing to his wife, "The tide is coming in, and if I don't get my boat up, she'll go to pieces." "But there is danger, do not go, my dear," said Jane; "the night is so dark and terrible, that I am afraid some harm will befall you." "Jane," replied the affectionate husband, "don't alarm yourself, I am not afraid of storm and tempest. Is not my life in the hands of my Maker? Is it not my duty, and interest too, to save my boat? I go then in the path of duty, under the providential care of Him who doeth 'all things well.' 'May our heavenly Father be with you, and

ct you," said she, as John and his faithful Swim departed.

She made no efforts to sleep; with many fears for his safety, she accompanied her husband in imagination, along the path of sorrow, and each gust of wind to her appeared to increase in violence, as the period of his absence lengthened. She calculated the distance he had to go—allowed for de-doubled that period—and her husband returned not. Wearied with watching, she fell asleep, and saw the awful night departing, giving to the doubtful morning the legacy of her terrors. Her fears now increased, for she gazed, she saw only one drear, turbulent, watery expanse; and the confused roar of wind and waves, which swelled upon her ears, convinced her that the waters had become a mighty destroying flood. A few thoughts darted through her mind, and she resolved to share her husband's fate, and, if it might be so, his grave. She quickly dressed, and, drawing her cloak around her, with hasty steps proceeded to the place where she knew the boat was kept; but ere she had gone a hundred paces, her way was stopped by the rising storm.

Before her lurked certain destruction, and why should she return to the solitariness of her home?

While yet she paused in an agony of doubt and fear, the quick barking of a dog reached her ear—again the same sound, but more caught her ear, and she recognized the voice of Swim. She turned toward the spot; wind and rain continued in unabated rage—the lightning gleamed fearfully upon the foaming billows of the deep, revealing in quick succession heaps of floating ice, and the loud thunder in repeated peals proclaimed the terrors of agitated elements.

At length she heard the voice of Swim; his cry was now brief, and followed by a muffled howl, which seemed to pause because the power of utterance was past—it seemed to speak to her of a certain and unalleviable by mortal.

She cast her streaming eyes towards the spot, "Father of mercies," she cried, "will be done!" and in breathless expectation sunk on the ground. At length the storm in a measure subsided, and increasing light rendered the scene around her partially visible. She rose, and the first sight that met her view, were the remains of a man and a dog, in the water, floating in the rigging of a boat, the man holding the leg of the man's trousers in his teeth, but the man was dead. She looked at the fearful sight for a moment, and knew it to be her John, and his

faithful Swim. Again she gazed—trembled—clasped her hands—looked up, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be"—she would have finished the sentence, but the words died away on her quivering lips—her eyes closed, and she sunk down in a state of insensibility.

The fisherman's cottage and boat were destroyed on that dreadful morning; and old Jones's house is again inhabited by her whose voice was wont to vie with the lark's. But when shall it be heard to utter notes of rejoicing again? When shall she rejoin her husband in that place, where "God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes" of his people, and cause them to dwell where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

Polperro, May 15th, 1832. F. H.

AMERICAN NEGRO COLONY, ESTABLISHED AT LIBERIA ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

THE following article, which furnishes some gleams of hope to the progeny of Ham, will be perused with much interest by every friend of negro emancipation. In their report for the year 1831, the Pennsylvanian Colonization Society thus introduce this important subject.

"Slavery, and its inconsistency with the dictates of Christianity, have long been freely acknowledged and deeply lamented by the people of the United States,—and its removal, is the great problem which has occupied the attention of her best and wisest men.

"So far back as 1698, the Assembly of Pennsylvania, to put an end to the introduction of slaves, laid a duty of £10 per head, upon their importation; but this benevolent law, together with about fifty of similar tenor, which were passed by the neighbouring colonies up to the period of their Revolution, were all refused the sanction of the mother country. The introduction of slaves was one of the great causes of complaint, which led to their Declaration of Independence, dated July 4th, 1776.

"Scarcely had that struggle ceased, when a colony on the coast of Africa, similar to that of Liberia, was proposed; but the prosecution of the slave-trade, by every civilized power, defeated these benevolent views. In 1796, the plan was again revived in a series of luminous essays by Gerard T. Hopkins, a distinguished friend in Baltimore; and shortly afterwards, the legislature of Virginia, a state containing

one-third of the black population of the Union, pledged its faith to give up all their slaves, provided the United States could obtain a proper asylum for them. President Jefferson negotiated in vain for a territory either in Africa or Brazil; but that great state again renewed its pledge in 1816, by a vote of 190 to 9, (most of the members being slave-holders,) upon which, Gen. C. F. Mercer, the Wilberforce of the American Congress, opened a correspondence with the philanthropists of the different states, which led to the formation of the American Colonization Society, on the 1st of January, 1817.

“The great objects of that Society, were—the final and entire abolition of slavery, providing for the best interests of the blacks, by establishing them in independence upon the coast of Africa; thus constituting them the protectors of the unfortunate natives against the inhuman ravages of the slaver, and seeking, through them, to spread the lights of civilization and Christianity among the *fifty millions* who inhabit those dark regions.”

For the following particulars of this very interesting colony, we are indebted to Hinton's History and Topography of the United States.

“For this unhappy race, a star in the East has appeared, and the dawn of a brilliant day has risen upon them.

“Fourteen years ago, some benevolent individuals formed a society for establishing a colony of free negroes on the shores of Africa. Like other noble institutions, it has had difficulties to contend with which have impeded its early progress. Very much has, however, already been effected by it—much in point of number of individuals benefited—but infinitely more in the convincing proof afforded them, that, placed in circumstances reasonably favourable, the negro is capable of forming a character which may make the pride of distinction all his own.

“One of the earliest acts of the Society was, to despatch a competent agent to Africa, to explore its coast, and the countries bordering upon it, and to select a suitable spot for the establishment of the contemplated colony. The Society was eminently fortunate in the choice of its agent, as it has been generally in those whom it subsequently engaged in its service. A selection was finally made of a proper district, and a purchase of it was effected from the native authorities in December, 1822, to which, additions have been made, as the growing wants of the colony, actual or anticipated, required.

“The country so acquired, upon terms

as moderate as those on which the government of the Union extinguishes the Indian title to the soil within the United States, embraces large tracts of fertile land, capable of yielding all the rich and varied produce of the tropics, possesses great commercial advantages, with an extent of sea-coast of from 150 to 200 miles, and enjoys a climate well adapted to the negro constitution, but providentially fatal to the whites. Within that district the Society founded its colony, under the denomination of Liberia, established towns, laid off plantations for the colonists, and erected military works for their defence. Annually, and as often as the pecuniary circumstances of the Society would admit, vessels from the ports of the United States have been sent to Liberia, laden with emigrants, and with utensils, provisions, and other objects for their comfort. No difficulty has been experienced in obtaining as many colonists as the means of the Society were competent to transport; they have been found, indeed, altogether inadequate to accommodate all who were willing and anxious to go. The rate of expense of transportation, and subsistence during the voyage, per head, was greater in earlier voyages; it was subsequently reduced to about twenty dollars, and is believed to be susceptible of considerable further reduction. The number of colonists, of both sexes, amounts now to upwards of 2,000.

“The colony, in the first period of its existence, had some collisions with the native tribes, which rose to such a height as to break out into open war. The war was conducted by the late gallant Mr. Ashmun with singular good judgment and fortune, and was speedily brought to a successful close. It had the effect to impress upon the natives a high idea of the skill, bravery, and power of the colonists; and having since become better acquainted with them, perceived the advantages of the colony, and gradually acquired a taste for its commerce and arts, no further misunderstanding with them is apprehended, and the colony is daily acquiring a salutary influence over them.

“The colony has a government adequate to the protection of the rights of persons and property, and to the preservation of order. The agent of the Society combines the functions of governor, commander-in-chief, and highest judicial officer. The colonists share in the government, and elect various officers necessary to the administration. They appoint, annually, boards or committees of public works, of agriculture, and of health, which are charged with the superintendence of those important interests.

established schools for the instruction of the youth, and erected houses of public worship, in which divine service is regularly performed. And it has a public library of many volumes, and a printing-press, which publishes periodically a gazette.

The colonists follow the mechanical arts, or agriculture, or commerce, as their inclinations or attainments prompt them. The soil is fertile, and produces rice, cassada, coffee, sugar, and all kinds of garden vegetables; and is capable of yielding sugar-cane, cotton, and, in short, all the productions of the tropics. It is rich, easily tilled, and produces two crops of many articles in the space of a year. They carry on an active commerce with the natives by exchanging goods for ivory, gums, dye-stuffs, drugs, and other articles of African origin; and with the United States, which is annually increasing, and which amounted last year, to \$100,000 dollars, in the produce of the colony, and in objects acquired by their trade with the natives; receiving, in return, supplies of American and other manufactures as are best adapted to their wants.

Partaking of that general impulse which has to have pervaded American society in its civil and religious aspect during the last two or three years, the Colonization Society has become increasingly efficient, though it has met with opposition from many points, alike from the advocates of slavery, and from the friends of freedom as they are in the southern states; former maintaining that the tendency of the society was to perpetuate slavery by giving the free blacks,—the latter, that the society aimed directly at some project for hastening emancipation.

The occurrences of the last year, which have created a considerable tendency to insurrection in the slave states, have produced new friends to the Society in the south; and the satisfactory accounts of the prospering and happiness of the negroes on their new soil, have turned other opponents into friends. Many thousand slaves in Maryland, and other states, have been offered their freedom, without compensation on any quarter, as soon as the funds of the society would admit of their being emigrated for Liberia; while several of the legislatures have resolved to devote a sum, annually, to enable the free blacks to settle in their brethren in the new republic. And, within the last few months, the effect of the unfortunate African race has been heightened, in a manner calculated to excite the highest hopes for their future destiny."

p. 445.

Subsequent accounts describe this colony as being in a flourishing condition, and in every respect realizing the anticipations of its supporters. We have seen one number of the *Liberia Herald*, which is an honour to the colony, considering the disadvantages under which it has been printed. It mentions, among other things, that the colonists were industrious, their buildings increasing, their lands fertile, and their crops abundant.

NOTE FROM MR. ELLIOTT CRESSON.

IN immediate connexion with the preceding account, is the following note, which more than confirms all that has been stated in the preceding article.

Elliott Cresson's best respects to the Editor of the *Imperial Magazine*, and begs leave to commend to his favourable consideration, the unbound pamphlets relative to the civilization and christianizing the coast of Africa,—a cause which deeply interests the Methodist church in the United States, especially as they embrace a larger portion of our colonial population than any other sect,—and thus, while that coast is *providentially* fatal to the white man, they enter upon their missionary labours with safety, (only two having died out of eighty-five that sailed thirteen months since,) and tens of thousands of such (slaves,) being offered gratuitously, can be landed there at £7.10s. each for passage, &c.

Elliott Cresson, visiting England as the representative of the Colonial Society, brought with him the most affectionate recommendation of the cause from the Rev. George G. Cookman, late of Hull, to several of his brethren here.

Those venerable servants of Africa, Wilberforce and Clarkson, have given it their warmest approval,—and the latter thus expresses his views,—“For myself, I freely confess, that of all the things which have been going on in our favour since the year 1787, when the abolition of the slave-trade was first seriously proposed, that which is now occurring in the United States, under the auspices of your Society, is *the most important*. It surpasses any thing which has yet occurred. No sooner had the colony of Liberia been established at Cape Mesurado, than a disposition appeared among the owners of slaves in the United States to give them freedom voluntarily, and, without one farthing for compensation, to allow them to be sent to the land of their ancestors. This is to me truly astonishing! a total change of heart in the planters, so that you may now have a hundred thousand slaves redeemed without any cost for their

redemption. Can this almost universal feeling, this almost universal change of heart, have taken place without the intervention of the Spirit of God?"

Very recent accounts state, that new applications from the natives, to be received under the protection of the colony, and enjoy the benefit of Christian institutions, have been numerous; commerce, agriculture, and morals flourishing. Four expeditions recently sailed from the United States with emigrants; and, if funds permitted, many thousands more, who are anxiously waiting, would follow them. The government is a republic—*independent of the United States*, and the port free to all nations.

19, Adam Street Adelphi.

A WORD FOR THE SLAVES.

It is a pleasing feature in the signs of the times, that the voice of the British public is so generally lifted up against slavery; and that the cause of the oppressed slaves is now advocated both in the senate and in many other places. But there is one way of doing them good, which, perhaps, has not obtained so generally as might be desirable—that of a direct application to Heaven on their behalf. Should they not more generally have an interest in the public prayers of Ministers, and in the domestic and social supplications of Christians?

More especially, would it not be a most pleasing and interesting circumstance, if one evening in the month were set apart, in all our different places of worship, for special and united prayer for the blessing of God on the means adopted for their speedy emancipation?

Many considerations might be adduced in favour of such a practice; but most likely the hint is quite sufficient. * * * *

ON THE ELECTRIC SPARK BEING ELICITED FROM AN ORDINARY MAGNET.

THE early part of the present year has been rendered memorable by the advancement of the science of magneto-electricity; and the result some of the philosophers of the present day have obtained, in eliciting from the influence of an ordinary magnet an electric spark, thus opening a new and interesting field for philosophical research.

Mr. W. Sturgeon had found by experiment, that the magnetic energies of a galvanic conducting wire, were very conspicuously exhibited by exercising them on soft iron: and that a bar of such iron, properly bent into the horse-shoe form, and surrounded

by a helix of copper wire, the extremities of which were immersed in cups containing mercury, in which were the conducting wires of a galvanic battery, displayed considerable magnetic action, and became capable of supporting a very considerable weight, while under the influence of the galvanic action.

The largest electro-magnet is that constructed by the American philosophers. It is of a horse-shoe form, and weighs about sixty pounds: around it are twenty-six coils of wire, the united lengths of which are eight hundred feet. When excited by about five feet of galvanic surface, it is said to have supported nearly two tons. We here see that the exciting cause of magnetism is the action of the galvanic battery; and a variety of other interesting experiments in electro-magnetics, tends to the conclusion, that the magnetic and electric fluids are nearly allied.

In the hope of evolving electricity from magnetism, several persons have coiled a helix round a magnet, and connected both its extremities with a galvanometer; but no current of electricity was observed. Mr. Faraday, whose late researches has led to the elicitation of the electric spark, observed, that if the magnet be withdrawn, or introduced into such a helix, a current of electricity is produced, *whilst the magnet is in motion*: and thus is obtained the interesting result, viz. that the action of the magnet is due to electricity; and when a piece of metal moves near a magnet so as to intersect the magnetic curves, a current of electricity is induced in that metal.

About the end of the year 1831, Mr. Faraday communicated a notice of this and other phenomena to Mr. Hachette, who transmitted them to the Academy of Sciences at Paris; in this notice, Mr. F. states, "*that in a particular case he had obtained a spark.*" This induced Signori Nobili and Antinori to repeat the fundamental experiment, and study it under its various aspects. They found that a spiral applied to the central part of the piece of soft iron attached to the poles of the magnet, and termed the lifter, was in the most advantageous position to be subjected to all the influence of the magnetic force: and the fact of its inducing the electric current in a greater degree than when the spiral surrounds the magnet, as observed by Nobili, perfectly agrees with the observations of Sturgeon, as stated above. Nobili and his companion, considering that the currents circulated only for the moment in which they receded from or approached the magnet, concluded, that if they opened the circuit in one of those two moments,

night obtain a spark. They accord-
selected a good horse-shoe magnet,
lifter of which they surrounded with a
spiral; they also immersed the ex-
ies of the spiral in a cup of mercury;
when one lifted a wire out of the mer-
at the precise moment when the lifter
attached to, or detached from, the
et, a spark appeared.

se two philosophers obtained the
previous to Mr. Faraday, in conse-
e of that gentleman being much en-
in the investigation of other pheno-
connected with magneto-electricity.
ates, that he has great pleasure in
g witness to the accuracy of their
ing, and also to the success of the

His mode of operating is different
that ultimately adopted by them, but
sult is the same.

a spark has not yet been obtained,
t from a temporary magnet, i. e. from
magnet in the act of being made or de-
d. The first spark was obtained by
Faraday from a soft-iron magnet, made
influence of electric currents, as de-
d by Mr. Sturgeon. The second spark
btained by Sig. Nobili and Antinori,
a soft iron magnet, made so by the
nce of a common artificial steel mag-
And Mr. Forbes, of Edinburgh, first
ed a spark from a soft-iron magnet,
so by the influence of the natural
one.

comparing the experiments of Mr.
on, with those of Mr. Faraday and
Nobili, we see, that the magnetic and
c fluids are very nearly allied, if not
ly identified; and there remains but
o be done before they are completely
Some of Mr. Faraday's experiments
, that the magnetism of the earth is of
sufficient to develop currents of elec-
; and a wire carried to and fro
h the air, so as to intersect the mag-
urves, will produce them. Sig. Nobili
d, that a frog placed in the circuit of
irals, was powerfully convulsed each
the lifter was separated or attached.
Mr. Faraday believes he has obtained
rid and acidulous taste on the tongue,
e light before the eyes, so well known
common electric currents.

s highly interesting to consider, that
lendid and important discovery should
de by three philosophers, removed at
ance from each other, nearly at the
period. But it is undoubtedly due
Faraday; for, as Mr. Forbes states,
, of course, upon the recent discoveries
Faraday, that any experiments on
important point must rest:" and, as

stated above, Sig. Nobili pursued his expe-
riments in consequence of Mr. Faraday's
communication to Mr. Hachette.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCE-
MENT OF SCIENCE, HELD AT YORK,
SIXTH DAY, OCTOBER 1, 1831.

NO. VI.

THE chair was taken about half-past twelve
o'clock, by the Rev. W. V. Harcourt. Mr.
Thomas Allan of Edinburgh gave a de-
scription of a very fine aqua marine which
had been recently brought to this country
by Don Pedro.

A paper by Mr. Dalton, of Manchester,
on the specific gravity of the human body,
was read by Mr. Phillips. This was a very
elaborate composition, and upon a very
interesting subject. Its design was, to
ascertain the means by which the human
body is enabled to support the immense
pressure of the atmosphere upon it; which,
on a middle-sized man, is not less than
from fifteen to twenty tons. After detailing
a variety of experiments by himself and
others, Mr. Dalton came to the conclusion,
that the quantity of air in the lungs, and the
various internal parts of the human body,
enabled it to resist the pressure from without.

He also noticed some experiments by
Mr. Robertson, for ascertaining the specific
gravity of the human body as compared
with water. The results were, that out of
a given number of men, some were specifi-
cally heavier than water, some the same,
and some lighter. From these results, Mr.
Dalton made several remarks upon the
absurdity of the commonly received opinion,
that all men could swim, if their fears would
permit them. Now, as the gravity of some
men is greater than that of water, and of
others lighter, a piece of deal might as well
reproach a piece of *lignum vitæ* with its
alacrity in sinking, as the latter reproach the
former with not being able to swim.

Mr. Scoresby expressed himself as being
much pleased with Mr. Dalton's elucidation
of atmospheric pressure; for he thought that
many persons were misled by the accounts of
the pressure of so many tons of air on the
human body. In fact, it is only the pres-
sure of one elastic fluid on another. He
made several observations, and detailed
some highly interesting facts, on the nature
of the pressure of air in fishes, particularly
in whales. He observed, that when these
are struck by a harpoon, they frequently
descend perpendicularly for nearly a mile.
When they rise again to the surface of the
sea, they are always much exhausted, and
blood is expelled from their mouths. This
effect, he said, is produced by the pressure

of water, which is of much greater density than that of air; and forces the blood out of its proper vessels into the cavities of the lungs, from which it is expelled on reaching the surface. Fishermen, he observed, always like to see a whale descend perpendicularly; because they know that when he appears again he will be much exhausted, though they do not pretend to explain the cause.

Mr. Robison, of Edinburgh, explained his method of constructing a barometer with linseed oil; but having no diagram to elucidate his remarks, he was not so intelligible as could have been wished.

Dr. Brewster explained his method of constructing prisms from mineral substances, particularly from rock salt; a discovery of the greatest importance, as prisms are constructed so imperfectly by the English opticians, that those upon which reliance can be placed, are to be obtained only from Germany. The Doctor exhibited one which had been procured from Bremen and presented to him, the cost of which, he conjectured, would be between five and ten guineas; also another constructed by himself, of rock salt, at a trifling expense, which was much superior to the foreign one.

To a question by Mr. Scoresby, Dr. Brewster replied, that he had no doubt the discovery might be applied to the object-glasses of telescopes.

Dr. Brewster next explained his opinion as to the non-existence of dark rays at the extremity of the spectrum, in opposition to Herschell. This produced a colloquial discussion on colours, in which Dr. Daubeny, Mr. Potter, Mr. Dalton, Mr. Scoresby and several other gentlemen, engaged. Dr. Brewster, in opposition to Newton, holds the opinion, that all colours arise from structure, and not from the admission of colouring matter. Thus a union of iron with glass alters the colour, but it is from an alteration in the molecules. It might be said, that without iron there would be no colour. This is true, but the colour does not arise from colouring matter, as chemists suppose, for iron has no colour of its own.

Mr. Johnson had no doubt that the doctrine of chemical colour would soon be exploded; and that it would be universally admitted, that colour is produced by an alteration of particles.

Mr. Forbes of Edinburgh read a paper on the horary oscillation of the barometer.

Mr. Phillips then read a letter from Sir James South, Astronomer Royal, which was written for the purpose of calling the attention of the astronomers present to an anomaly which he, Sir James, had observed in the appearance of Jupiter's satellites, in

their transit over the face of that planet. The satellites were generally considered to be invisible, except when near the limits of the planet; but in several observations which he had made, the last on the 10th of September, he observed the satellite like a black spot passing over the middle of the planet. He wished to know why it was not always visible. He also called their attention to Saturn's Ring, an opportunity for observing which would soon be afforded.

Mr. Scoresby thought the appearance might be accounted for, upon the supposition that Jupiter had an atmosphere varied and changing like our own. The meeting adjourned till the evening.

The Evening Meeting.

About eight o'clock, the chair was taken by the Rev. W. V. Harcourt.

Dr. Daubeny commenced the evening proceedings by explaining the principle of some experiments made by the Rev. W. Taylor, honorary member of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, on certain modes of increasing the intensity of gas light, without an increased consumption of gas.

The Rev. W. V. Harcourt then exhibited to the meeting, and explained at considerable length, the principle of a new lamp, which he had invented for the purpose of economical illumination, by the consumption of the cheaper kinds of oil.

Mr. Phillips read a very elaborate and valuable memoir, by Dr. Brewster, "On a New Analysis of Solar Light;" which the learned author illustrated by diagrams. Some very interesting conversation, on the peculiarity of vision, followed the reading of this paper.

Mr. W. Gray, jun., read the translation of a Memoir, by Professor Gazzeri of Florence, "On a Method of rendering Visible the Traces of Erased Writing." In the conversation which followed, Dr. Brewster mentioned a similar evolution (by the application of heat) of the worn-out coins and medals, and observed that he was much surprised at first reading on a medal, when placed on hot iron, in flame, the legend *Benedictum sit nomen Dei*.

The scientific business being ended, mutual congratulations took place; when the thanks of the meeting having been voted to the Archbishop, and other inhabitants of York, for their liberality and kindness, and also to many scientific gentlemen who had honoured the occasion with their presence; the Rev. W. V. Harcourt concluded by declaring the meeting adjourned to Oxford.

"*Jussa viri faciunt, intermittuntque laborem.*"

Huggate, June. 1832.

T. R.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

mean temperature of June was 65 $\frac{1}{2}$ of Fahrenheit's thermometer. The sum, which was 71 degrees, was obtained on five different mornings; the 13th, 19th, 20th, and 29th; the winds with these temperatures occurred, were easterly, westerly, south-easterly, south-westerly, and north-easterly. The minimum of 58 degrees was noticed on the 11th when the direction of the wind was easterly. The range of the thermometer was 13 degrees, and the prevailing wind north-west. The direction of the wind was north-westerly 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ days; south-easterly 5 $\frac{1}{2}$; south-easterly 4; northerly 3 $\frac{1}{2}$; westerly 3; westerly 2 $\frac{1}{2}$; easterly 2; and easterly 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Thunder has fallen on 17 days, and six have been accompanied with wind. On the 7th, at one in the afternoon, a considerable shower of thunder and hail took place. Also in the afternoon of the 9th a storm of thunder and heavy rain occurred; the lightning on that occasion was very vivid. Heating was noticed on the evening of the 11th.

ANOTHER ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

For his betis transport, Lieutenant Hopkins, who arrived here a few days since from the Pacific Ocean, had occasion to touch at the island of Mocho, for water, the only place on which was an English sea-captain of the name of Joseph Richardson, formerly of Aldington, near Ashford, in Kent, who, like another Robinson Crusoe, Alexander Selkirk, had made choice of a solitary houseless spot, upwards of thirty years since, for a residence, when he fled, at his own urgent desire, from his ship of war, commanded by Captain Robertson.

The island is about sixty miles in circumference, and about sixty miles from the coast of Chili, in latitude 39 south. It is seldom visited by ships, as it does not possess necessary supplies of wood, but it has water, in abundance. It is remarkable for its fertility, and abounds with hogs and fowls.

Richardson has cultivated two acres, on the vegetable produce of which he lives with pork, young horse-flesh, and pigeons, he lives. He hunts the wild animals down with dogs, a fine breed of which he has broken in; the numbers are so numerous, that he has little difficulty in obtaining them, and a few kinds of birds, though the only fire-arms he possesses is an old musket, with

a broken lock, which he discharges by the means of a match; but by patient watching under the trees, he contrives, by such defective means, to vary his diet as often as he wishes.

About nine months since, the Indians hearing of his desolate situation, though not at all disposed to join in community, landed two of their native girls on the island. Richardson instantly made choice of one of them as his consort, and proclaimed her queen of the island, and the other he calls his cook. The distinction between these two individuals was quite perceptible on the present visit. Richardson having no means of amusement, beside the necessary employment of obtaining subsistence, at his own request, Lieutenant Hopkins supplied him with a Bible and Prayer-book. Lieutenant Hopkins offered to take him off the island, but he refused to leave it, declaring his determination of passing his life in his own government. He had commenced erecting a fort, to protect himself from the Indians. There was no present appearance of any increase to his subjects.—*Sydney Gazette, February 19th, 1829.*

OLD JOHN BROWN, THE SEXTON—OF HEXHAM, NORTHUMBERLAND.

"Go; of my sexton seek, whose days are sped:
What! he himself? and is old Dibble dead?
Yes! he is gone; and we are going all;
Like flowers we wither, and like leaves we fall."
Crabbe.

AMONGST the almost infinite variety of characters which present themselves to our daily observation, there are some so much influenced by their pursuits, and so identified with their professions, as continually to remind us of them. We cannot behold their persons, without thinking of their occupation, and feeling those sensations, whether agreeable or repulsive, which the recollection is calculated to excite. Of this description of character was old John Brown, the Sexton.

It mattered not on what occasion, or at what time or place, you saw him, he was still the sexton. As to place, the church was his centre of gravity; he lived in its neighbourhood, followed his occupations under its shadow, and seldom went beyond the precincts of his charge. Morning, noon, or night, if you met him, he was still about his business; commonly with the huge keys of the church-doors in his hand, or sticking out of his pocket. Ringing the morning-bell had naturally produced a habit of early rising; and the principal

recreation that he indulged in, was a walk as far as the great tree in the neighbouring abbey grounds, after performing this service.

Twice a week, besides the sabbath and holidays, the prayer-bell required his attention; for he added the office of parish-clerk to that of sexton, or held them jointly with his son, of the same name; and then he generally had the rope in his hand, when the clock struck six, to ring the evening bell.

His other avocations were of a still graver nature. Tolling the death-bell sometimes occasioned him to climb the belfry late at night, in winter as well as summer; and an alarm of fire would at any hour immediately call him to his post, to give the needful summons. But habit had rendered him proof against those fears, which to some minds would have peopled the old church, at such seasons, with ghostly inhabitants.

Digging of graves is an employment which, to most men, would be extremely revolting; it is, however, what all will allow to be necessary; it was, moreover, John's business, and he went about it with avidity. This is, in all respects, a serious occupation, and, what is perhaps but little considered, a very important one. No small skill certainly is necessary, in many churchyards, and Hexham is one of them, so to inter the dead, as not to disinter those who had been recently buried.

John knew as well as any man the difficulties of his profession, and, it seems, it had its mysteries too; for, though he did not by any means encourage the inquiries of the curious on these points, he sometimes let fall an intimation of certain liberties which, circumstanced as he was, he no doubt too often found it convenient to take with his subjects! "No one knows a sexton's duties but a sexton," he would say; and few, we are persuaded, have discharged them better. He was always about his business. If not employed in digging a grave, or burying the dead, his mattock was at work knocking down the weeds, collecting fragments of broken coffins, or removing exhumated bones from the surface of the grave-yard.

His most prominent and, at the same time, praiseworthy characteristic was, attention to the duties of his calling; and his care to prevent the interference of unqualified and prying persons, was scarcely less remarkable. Many a time have I dreaded his frown; and more than once felt the weight of his heavy hand. Sometimes I have fallen under his displeasure, for getting

into the church when there was no service, or remaining in the burying-ground after the funeral was over; and, once I was so unlucky as to be caught upon the leads of the church, after the ringers had left the belfry. On this occasion, after a severe handling in the capture, he brought his prisoner before the priest: this last affair left such a horror, both of the place and of the parties, as to have a salutary effect; but it was long ere I got rid of my deep-rooted grudge both against the minister and sexton.

John Brown was not a sexton of the description portrayed in Blair's Grave. I will not cite a line of that often-quoted poem; for, though exquisitely drawn, it is not the character I am describing. Indeed, they have scarcely any thing in common, except a knowledge of their profession. John Brown was not that facetious being, whose disposition is so little in keeping with his avocations. "Clerk's ale" is gone out of fashion now, and, save the Easter dues, little remains of the old customs. On occasion of going his annual round at this festival, he washed his earthly hands, and appeared comfortable in his person. Yet he was neither a droll nor a toper, but a stern and trusty man; and I am persuaded, that if every churchyard had a sentinel as uncompromising as was John Brown, a resurrection-man would have but "few temptations to violate" the sanctuary of the dead.

When old John drew near his end, he conducted himself with more than his usual gravity, and discovered a disposition the very reverse of ostentatious. It is the custom of the bell-ringers in Hexham, and probably in other places, on the death of any of their number, to honour them with a muffled peal at the funeral; and, as John was one of the eight, this tribute was his due, independently of his more important offices, which entitled him to still greater distinction. Indeed, when his long and faithful services are taken into the account, I do not know that half the parish would have considered it too high a token of regard, to have attended his funeral. But John, it seems, did not relish parade; and in his circumstances, it is to be hoped that his thoughts were employed on more profitable subjects than the anticipation of posthumous honours. Certain it is, that he forbade the accustomed peal, and discouraged the intention of any unnecessary ceremony. "I have been a plain man all my life," said he, to those around him, "and I wish to be buried in a plain manner—and hope you will make no needless fuss about me."

prohibition was a source of disappointment to many, and even to me, who time had got the better of my boyish pathy; and would have had some notice taken of a man who had so especially useful to society. But had given his protest against it, and sanction was carefully observed. This table old man had, however, the sin-honour to be buried by his own two he had initiated them into the mystery of his calling, and they have been able enough to succeed him respectively in his offices of parish clerk and

may not be amiss, in closing this, to glance at an event, in itself interesting, but rendered still more so as it led the way to John Brown's introduction to that station, which he occupied in a creditable manner for a period little of half a century. He came into the world when Francis Bell died. Poor old man, whatever might have been his faults, he had discharged his official duties with scrupulous attention, and a laudable and he died at his post.

He had climbed the belfry, one Sunday morning, as usual, to ring for church, and came down, as is customary, after reaching the ringing-loft, to recover from the fatigue of ascending the long winding stairs. One of the band observed, that all hands were there, the clock had struck ten, and had better *set in*. There are eight bells in Hexham church; seven of the bells were at their stands, and all won-dered that the old man was inactive. "He, Frank," said some of them.—"He was silent—all eyes were turned to him, as he had leaned his head against the bell-ringer, and they thought he slept. He slept long—but waked no more! On the day of his death, his son, of the same name, was a bell-ringer; and it is somewhat remarkable, that he, too, *died in the church*, standing the same bell-loft of which we had occasion to speak already; and in a manner still more deplorable. Thirty years have elapsed since; but it is, perhaps, too soon to enter into a minute detail of circumstances.

TAPH ON AN OLD SEXTON—INTENDED FOR JOHN BROWN.

Thy hand, relentless Death, spares none,
When thy servants share the common doom;
No squire from his post is gone;
He takes his spade, and finds himself a tomb.
To the dead! and sacred be this grave—
O earth, receive him to thy breast:
Thy sweet flow'ret o'er his ashes wave,
And a thousand of his kind to rest.

JOSEPH RIDLEY.

Hexham, Sept. 25, 1830.

POETRY

TO THE STARS.

YE midnight wonders of the firmament,
Bespangling heaven's high arch with light serene,
In countless millions scattered through the sky;
Whence flows the lustre which ye there display
In silver streams? Whence sprang ye into being?
What power sustains you in your vast abode,
Stedfastly fixed, nor suffers you to rush
In wild confusion through ethereal space,
Commingle, clashing, uncontrolled.

Are ye
The scintillations of the Eternal Mind,
Which glancing upon chaos, thence struck out
Your ever-burning sparks of trembling flame?
Does He uphold you in your beauty there?
Ye still proclaim that harmony divine
With which ye pealed your anthems loud to heaven,
And sang together morning songs of joy,
To celebrate creation's birth. Ye still
Your nightly visitations pay to earth,
As when Chaldean shepherds watched your course
Beneath unclouded skies, and told your names
In humble phrase, and on your forms sublime
Gazed—lost in wonder, sacred awe, and joy.

Say,—are ye lights of undiscovered worlds?
Does each of you light up a universe,
And thus become the nourisher of life
To mortal beings of a mould like ours,
Or bright immortals who have never sinned?
Or are ye globes of slumbering fire, restrained
From falling down in vengeance on our heads
By mercy's hand, reserved against the day
When mercy's plea shall cease, the day of wrath,
When God shall seal the changeless doom of all?
Or, though but dimly seen by mortal eye,
Are ye the gems that deck the throne of God,
Or glitter in his footstool? Is your light
The dim reflection of the glories there,
Where angels veil their faces?

O that I
On some swift seraph-wing could tower aloft
To your resplendent regions, 'till this earth
Were lost in distance, and our flaming sun,
Left far behind, became a speck like you.
What worlds on worlds would burst upon my sight!
What streaming glory pour on every side!
Could I alight on some far distant globe,
Now glimmering on perception's utmost verge,
Myriads would seem to me as far removed
As when from earth I took my 'aspiring flight.'
And should I wing again, from thence, my way
To where the faintest luminary shines,
Still there ten thousand times ten thousand orbs,
Around, above, beneath, beyond, would glow.

But could I *there* my pinions wider spread,
And darting, flee beyond creation's bounds,
Where I could soar above your dwindling spheres,
Sweep o'er creation's circumscribed extent—
What there would my enraptured vision fill?
In uncreated space! Nought—nought but God!
Pervading, governing, encircling all.
I lose myself in him.—Then, daring soul,
Contract thy wing, nor tempt th' immense profound,
Where Deity absorbs inquiring thought;
Where thou—art nothing.—Turn again to earth:
Thy narrow place of pilgrimage below;
There look to Him who deigns to hear thy prayer,
And, humble in the dust, adore that love
Which 'midst unnumbered worlds—remembers thee.

King's Cross, July 4th, 1832.

W. TAGG.

THE MORAL REFORM BILL.

(Spoken at a Sunday School, June, 1832.)

To this age of refinement, research, and reform
We all are expected of course to conform;
But while a political regeneration,
So fully has worked in our representation,
Why we should not attempt human errors to cure
By a Bill in provisions as ample and sure.

Remains as a question I long to debate,
Tho' I fear that the hour is at present too late.

But pray, Mr. Speaker, permit me to say,
The subject admits not a moment's delay ;
Philosophers tell us, what none can deny,
And that which admits not a solid reply ;
That man, when examined, disclosed, and unfurled,
Is a mere Microcosmos, or miniature world.
Now, as this, Mr. Speaker, is truly the case,
We shall find, to his shame, that his greatest disgrace
Is inward corruption ;—and all the electors
Are barefaced abettors, instead of detectors.
There may be exceptions, and who can e'er doubt
them,

Who knows that no general rule is without them ;
But there are some places that royal donation
Has raised to an eminent scale in the nation :
Now these, Mr. Speaker, I glory to say,
In my bill will retain a proportionate sway.
We know that the members they wish to return
Will have wisdom to govern, and hearts to discern.
Tho' few are their numbers,—some dozen or score,
Such a parliament never assembled before ;
They alone can preserve us a pure constitution
And set at defiance a mad revolution.
But for the remainder, I venture to say,
You'll disfranchise them all without any delay ;
Indeed, their corruption is now so complete,
Such bribery, juggling, and open deceit,
That not even Old Sarum can with them compare,
Such ruin and wild desolation are there.
Yet still were all these at the time of creation
Possessed of a good and pure representation.

In the Schedule A, I propose to combine
All such as their members must henceforth resign.
The first in this list is the borough of Joy,
Where folly and vice the electors employ.
Then Fear, that degraded and dastardly spot,
Where Fate gives the fiat, and God is forgot.
Next, Friendship, where once pure integrity reign'd,
But where interest now governs, while worth is
disdain'd.

Fidelity, where is thy former renown,
Thy zeal for the cause of the church and the crown ?
But now on the laws thou hast impiously trod,
And allegiance renounc'd to thy king and thy God.
Then Honour, what ties in thy confines can bind,
Where murder and rapine thy plaudits can find ?
Where the duellist dares in cold blood to contend,
And the gamester exults in the wreck of his friend.

To pass by some others, the next in rotation,
(I venture to call them a *close corporation*,)
Are all the Five Senses—what havoc is here ?
Of what had been virtuous and sacred and dear !
The Sight is corrupted by vainly dressed show,
And every disgraceful temptation below.
The Hearing, what folly and flattery seize,
That seek not to counsel, but only to please.
The Feeling diffusive thro' every nerve
Effeminate softness and indolence serve.
The Smell, which pure odours were wont to employ,
Art leads to corruption, and seeks to destroy :
To the Taste what idolatrous homage is paid,
What sums are expended, what banquets are made.

I shall now, Mr. Speaker, proceed to explain
What boroughs *my* Bill will propose to retain,
Since so many corruptions in nature abound,
And no genuine virtue is there to be found,
We must take those few places that royal donation
Has rais'd to an eminent scale in the nation.
Faith here will stand first, where the charter supplies
A mansion of glory and bliss in the skies.
To ev'ry elector whose actions conform
To the rules of religion and moral reform.
And Hope, which possesses a prospect as sure
Of eternal salvation to such as endure ;
With unshaken allegiance thro' good and thro' ill,
And the laws of their great Benefactor fulfil.
Then Charity, brightest and best of the train,
Where Philanthropy, Love, and Benevolence reign,
Whose charter enjoins all its subjects to prove
That the fabric of virtue is founded on love.
Next fervent Devotion, Zeal, Patience, and Prayer,
With Humility, Grace, and Experience are there ;
Each willing to aid in reforming the nation
By the best of all methods, pure representation.

To the friends of Reform, here assembled to day,
In behalf of the measure, allow me to say,
That inward corruption which all must deplore,
Will now be permitted to triumph no more.
Disfranchise the boroughs where venal election
Has met with the certain reward of detection,
And retain those alone where true principle reigns,
And vital religion her station maintains.
I trust that the house my desire will fulfil
And I, therefore, petition to bring in the Bill.

July 18th, 1832.

E. G. B.

THE ORPHANS.

PITY the poor orphan's lot,
We are by the world forgot ;
Nature's fugitives we stray,
No one to direct our way ;
Wanderers in this world of care,
We no mother's kindness share.

See our feet all bare and torn,
Garments ragged and forlorn,
Matted hair and faces pale
Tell the melancholy tale ;
Speak aloud in pity's ear,
There's no mother's kindness here.

Where for us the sweet repast ?
We are cradled in the blast ;
You who by your guardian's side,
Wrapt in downy peace abide,
Hear, O hear our artless prayer,
We no mother's kindness share.

Something whispers help is nigh,
God who dwells above the sky
Sees us from his lofty throne,
Listens to our plaintive moan,
Kings and houseless wand'ers share
Alike his kind paternal care.

Will he not our steps attend,
Be our never-ceasing friend ;
Misery's children he sustains,
Knows their sorrows, feels their pains,
He'll call us soon his joy to share
Then shall we need no mother's care.

Carlinghow New Hall, May 1st, 1832. J. W.

JESUS THE FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

WEARIED with this delusive show,
From earth to heaven, I fain would go ;
From this world's wilderness I'd flee
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.
Jesus, my Lord, my life, I'll prize ;
'Tis Thou alone canst make me wise :
Oh ! let me of thy beauties share,
For thou art fairest of the fair !

I'll love thee, O my Saviour, long
As thou in mercy dost prolong
My life, and may I ever be
United closely, Lord, to Thee.
Oh ! may this union be complete,
And may I thy protection meet,
While here below thy goodness share,
For Thou art fairest of the fair !

Encompass'd by my Saviour's arms,
Enraptur'd by his heavenly charms,
My soul would lie on Jesu's breast,
And there enjoy unruffled rest.
O may I never from Thee roam,
Jesus, my Lord, my heavenly home !
O make me thy peculiar care,
For Thou art fairest of the fair !

May I the glories now set forth
Of thine inestimable worth :
May I thy preciousness reveal,
Thy ardent, unexampled zeal.
Yes, Lord, I'll praise Thee while I've breath,
And, when about to sink in death,
The glories of thy grace declare,
For Thou art fairest of the fair !

T. W.

w. — Select Library. Vol. VI. of Eminent Missionaries. By J. Carne, Esq. 12mo. pp. 352. New York, Son, and Co. London. 1832.

is scarcely any employment more ant with the Christian character, than endeavouring to diffuse the light of religion among the benighted inhabitants of the world. To those indeed who stop beyond mere animal gratification, such attempts appear visionary and fantastic; and those who engage in the enterprise are considered as fools and fanatics, who merit the mingled emotions of pity and contempt.

very different, however, do these efforts appear in the estimation of men who are conscious of God, and who believe that all their labours shall receive their utmost fulfilment. Actuated by the same spirit, we see the Missionary leaving his comfortable home, his native land, with all the comforts and endearments of civilized society, to spend his days among savages, innumerable privations, and expose himself to danger, having no other object in view than that of bringing souls to God, and expecting only to be recompensed in the resurrection of the just.

Comparing with human beings in various states of darkness, the records which have been reserved of missionary adventures in the remote parts of America, the sultry climate of the tropics, and the frozen regions of the North, their account particularly interesting. In each zone the inhabitants have peculiar characteristics; and in the relation of the reader, the interest excited is considerably augmented by the variety which the travels of different Missionaries exhibit.

This volume includes the lives of Eliot, Crantz, Hans Egede, Kiernander, and several others of exalted celebrity; and whether we follow them among the wandering Indians of the western continent, the Hindoos of Asia, or the forlorn inhabitants of Greenland, the memorials are complete with incident, animated with pathetic pathos, and enlivened with striking delineations of character.

Among this diversity, many humorous incidents present themselves, intermingled with others that are awfully tragical. The interesting narrative of unparalleled distress, sustained by the Moravians on the coast of Greenland, will be perused with sympathy and interest:—

In the year 1774, Sørensen and Grillich, two Brethren, sailed from Lichtenfels, with the view of founding a third settlement in the south of Greenland. After a voyage of six weeks, they

arrived at the island of Onartok. Here they discovered a warm spring, at the mouth of which was a beautiful green meadow, adorned with many flowers, a sight very uncommon in this country. They took up their residence at a short distance, and called the place Lichtenau. Within the circuit of a few miles, it was supposed there were about a thousand inhabitants, so that there was an ample field for labour. In the course of a few months, it began to be successful; and after some years, a larger congregation was collected at Lichtenau than in either of the ancient settlements. In 1786, they had the misfortune to lose Königseer; a death felt greatly, but his place was supplied in some measure by Frederic Rudolf; one of the most memorable events in whose career was a storm, to which he was exposed with his wife and child:

“Early in the morning, after leaving Lichtenau, a violent wind arose, which drove the ice mountains close to their ship. Anticipating the concussion, the captain sprung into the small boat, with part of the crew, and, landing them on a large field of ice, returned for another party; but ere the latter could come back, the shock took place, the iceberg hung over the ship like the demon of the waters, whose only message is to destroy. ‘The scene,’ says Rudolf, ‘was awful and horrible. The captain and all the sailors having abandoned the ship, my wife and I were left alone above our knees in water, holding fast by the shrouds. Every moment the ice mountain, with its shivered peaks and trembling precipices, drew nearer, and every moment we expected to be crushed to pieces. At last Captain Keir came at great hazard, saying, I cannot possibly forsake these good people. We were now twenty-eight miles from Lichtenau; our boat was heavily laden with men and baggage, the sea broke over us continually, and the steersman, fearing the boat would sink, made for the nearest island. It proved to be a rough, pointed, and naked rock, deeply excavated in many places by the dashing of the breakers. After ascending some height, however, we found a small spot covered with low grass.

“‘We now endeavoured to land our provisions, but the waves beat frightfully against the rock, so that the boat broke from her moorings, and was hurried out to sea. Eight men immediately pushed off in the small boat, in the hope of recovering her: they succeeded in overtaking her, but the fury of the storm, which whirled the waves like smoke through the air, baffled all their efforts to regain the landing-place. They were driven to the other side of the island amongst foaming breakers, and we beheld with horror both our boats crushed to pieces. All our hopes now vanished, and the whole company gave themselves up to loud cries and lamentations, seeing no other prospect than that of miserably perishing by hunger on this naked rock. In the evening we lay down to rest without tent or covering; I clasped my wife in my arms, covered her with part of my garments, and strove to give her a hope which I did not feel myself. We were wet through, and lay in a pool of water. As it rained heavily and incessantly during the whole of this and the following day and night, the water flowed down in torrents from the summit of the rock. August the 26th, the captain, the mate, and the rest of the crew, made an attempt to gain the shore, by walking across the ice. They went on from one floating fragment to another, till they came to the plain of solid ice: we watched them long, and would gladly have ventured along with them, but, having fasted for two days, we were conscious that we could not bear the fatigues of such a journey. We were now alone on the rock.

“‘Whenever the sun shone, we employed ourselves in drying the few things we had saved from the wreck; but we were at last so enfeebled by hunger, that we were scarcely able to do even that, having nothing to support life but fresh water collected in the holes and crannies in the rock. In this dreadful situation, Anna and I strove to

fort each other; sometimes we wept bitterly, and said, how could we bear to see each other die? I prayed that I might be taken first; I could not bear to see the wife of my bosom perish miserably before my eyes. We felt that our daily hope and trust was in the Lord; we believed that he would not forsake us. All day long we looked out towards the opposite shores, in the hope of descrying some one coming to our rescue, but we could see nothing but an endless and dismal spectacle of ice, and waves yet more cruel. No Greenlanders came, and we gave way to the dreadful suspicion that the ship's crew had perished on the road. The thoughts of lying here unburied troubled us greatly at first: the ravens and sea-fowl were constantly hovering round us, and seemed impatient for their prey. But, after a while, we felt resigned to the will of God.

"At length, Anna happening to raise herself up from the hard couch on which our emaciated limbs were laid, espied two Greenlanders in their kajaks drawing near, and hailing us. A new life instantly seemed to animate our mind and body; we climbed to the summit of the rock, and shouted with all our might to make ourselves heard. It appeared that these men were sent by the captain, and had rowed about the island the whole day, but, seeing no person upon it, were just about to return, concluding that we were dead. If my dear wife had not raised her head from the rock at that moment, while I was buried in sleep, we had surely been the prey of the fowls of the air. From them we received a few herrings, after being without food for nine days. But, as the Greenlanders had no boat with them besides their kajaks, we were obliged to remain upon the rock till the next day, when they said they would return for us. We watched the boats disappear with a sorrow we could not restrain; it seemed as if this visit was only to mock us with vain hopes. Anna, who had borne all our sufferings with more fortitude than myself, was now moved like a child to complain and weep. All the next day we watched for the return of the Greenlanders, and never took off our eyes from the spot where they had last disappeared; but it was not till evening that they came. A woman's boat arrived for us, rowed only by the women, who helped us down the rocks with great kindness. On the 4th we came to an island, where we found the greater part of the crew. They had suffered extreme hardships, for they were quite emaciated. It was many days before we could return to Litchtenau, where we were received with the most affectionate welcome."—pp. 285—289.

A work which abounds with incidents not less interesting than the preceding extract, requires only to be known, to secure national popularity.

REVIEW.—*History of the Seven Churches of Asia, with Notices of several others, designed to show the Fulfilment of Prophecy.* By the Rev. T. Milner, A.M. 8vo. pp. 388. Holdsworth and Ball. London. 1832.

THERE is something in the names of these venerable churches, which renders every branch of their history deeply interesting to christian readers, without regard to creed, sect, or denomination. We seem to enter the sepulchres of the mighty dead, and, while treading on the ashes of fallen greatness, and mourning over the instability of every thing beneath the sun, to contemplate,

in tangible characters, the awful consequences of a lukewarm, or an apostatizing spirit.

The seven Asiatic churches mentioned in the Apocalypse, were once brilliant with gospel light, but their declension was noted by the voice of inspiration, and, without timely repentance, their final desertion by the Divine influence was plainly foretold. Unhappily, this friendly warning produced no salutary effect; their predicted ruin therefore followed as a natural consequence, and Mr. Milner here invites us to survey with him the scene of desolation.

The primitive state of these Asiatic churches, their vicissitudes, decline, and present condition, the author traces with unwearied diligence, commendable fidelity, and suitable talents. In every step we accompany him with increasing interest, and, in the result, behold a picture enveloped with immoveable clouds of gloom, and exhibiting in every direction the silence of despair. The fate of these fallen churches holds out an awful monument to the Christian world. What was true of them, under similar circumstances, may be considered as equally true in reference to all others. They present a mirror to the eye of serious reflection, and a lesson of wisdom may be learnt from the contemplation.

Independently of the occurrences which relate immediately to these churches, this volume presents to the reader many historical fragments which have been scattered on the stream of time, and traces to their source numerous incidents, which, though originating in superstition, found a genial soil in tradition, and, deriving a passport from age, are received by the unreflecting, as truths which it would be sacrilegious to dispute. Of this description is the marvellous tale of the "Seven Sleepers," which, having found its way into our nurseries, seizes the infant in its cradle, and secures an early lodgment, of which it cannot easily be dispossessed. This traditional legend the author thus relates:—

"There is indeed a story relating to Ephesus, during the persecution of Decius, told by Gibbon with considerable naivete, which may here be noted. When the emperor persecuted the Christians, seven noble youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in a cavern, where they were immured by the tyrant with a barrier of formidable stones. They immediately fell into a deep slumber, which lasted for the astounding period of one hundred and eighty-seven years. At last the slaves of Adolius, to whom the inheritance of the cave had descended, removed some of the stones for building-materials, when the Seven Sleepers were aroused. Being hungry, they despatched Iamblichus, one of their number, to the city to procure food; when the altered appearance of Ephesus, the age of the coin he presented to the baker, and his long beard, led to a discovery of the

sub adventure. The bishop of Ephesus, gy, and magistrates, visited the cavern, after conversing with the somnambulists, etly expired. The credit which was given story is more remarkable than the event ids to relate. James, a Syrian bishop of the tury, devotes a homily to its praise; and en Sleepers are found in the Roman, Abyss-d Russian calenders. Mahomet introduced in his Koran, and gives to Allah the honour erving the bodies from putrefaction, by them occasionally from right to left. The the Hartz mountains, and the adven-Rip Van Winkle, are closely allied to this fable."—p. 172.

n the marvellous in fiction, we now b the marvellous in fact, exhibited surviving memorials of departed is :—

Paul Ricaut remarks, and recent travellers the observation: 'This place, where once nity so flourished as to be a mother church, see of a metropolitan bishop, cannot now e family of Christians; so hath the secret ice of God disposed affairs, too deep and us for us to search into.' 'I was in Ephe-ys M. Arundel, 'in January, 1824. The n was then complete. A Turk, whose occupied, his Arab servant, and a single composed the entire population, some Tur-excepted, whose black tents were pitched the ruins. What would have been the ment of the beloved Apostle, and Timothy, could have foreseen that a time would hen there would be in Ephesus neither urch, nor city.'

changes which have occurred in the sweep since Ephesus emerged from the grey antiquity, give a far more striking lesson n vanity and littleness, than the most im-lecture of the moralist conveys; and the ation from the highest eminence in the the depth of Moslem superstition, should , beacon to the succeeding churches of dem, that the will of their supreme Head with impunity be disregarded. The city, busy scene of commerce and the arts of life, has vanished; the temple, which the wealth of Asia and the genius of n to create, is gone; the idol, at whose the Lydian, Persian, and Macedonian is no more; and Christianity, which in- into this emporium of pagan pomp and its bishops, churches, and councils, has disappeared. It is impossible to find a riking instance of the literal accomplish- prophecy, than in the fate of Ephesus. nging stroke has swept away every thing g to it, but the "eternal hills," the river, few mouldering columns; and excepting rnfal cry of the jackal, the night-hawk, owl, and the occasional voice of the way-the wild shout of the Turcoman, all is nd solitude."—pp. 199.

ecting all the other Asiatic churches, s similar to the above might be tran- from this volume. But in each and behold the same general features of olitude, and desolation. In its ex- outline, the picture is the same, ; only in degrees of shade, and cir- nces of horror. But we must now r leave of Mr. Milner, strongly re- nding his book to the reader as one most useful and interesting on this ; that we recollect ever to have l.

REVIEW.—*The Literary Pancratium, or, a Series of Dissertations on Theological, Literary, Moral, and Controversial Subjects.* By Robert Carr, and Thomas Swinburn Carr. 8vo. pp. 356. Simpkin & Marshall. London. 1832.

IF the authors of this volume could have anticipated the idea of affectation, which the word "Pancratium" conveys, we think they would have selected one more familiar, or even have left their title-page without any generic term. Pedantry is always calculated to create unpleasant surmisings, and to awaken suspicions, from which no advantage can ever be derived.

Names and titles are, however, of less importance to a book, than the subjects of which it treats, and the manner in which the task is executed. There can be no question that the topics discussed in these dissertations are deeply interesting, and of the utmost moment to the great family of man. They include "knowledge; the immateriality of the soul; the immortality of the soul; natural religion; origin of natural religion; mental associations connected with discoveries; language; the existence of the Deity; and Revelation." To each of these nine subjects a dissertation is devoted, and in every one we find some valuable observations.

We do not, however, conceive that these dissertations are very profound, or that they contain any large portion of originality. The authors admit that the source of consciousness is most probably immaterial, because they cannot conceive how those powers which we call mental, can originate in matter, either in its simple state, or under any peculiarity of modification. Their investigation is, however, not pursued with that vigour which its importance seems to demand, and of which several writers have proved that it is susceptible. Many objections they have omitted to urge and answer; nor have they concentrated that energy of reasoning which might be collected, to prove that matter cannot think.

In reference to the soul's immortality, nearly the same languid process is pursued. In favour of the fact, they have expressly informed us that no aid can be derived from metaphysical argument; but unhappily they have omitted to erect a more splendid or more substantial fabric in the room of that which they have thus demolished.

From some very respectable writers, many passages have been transplanted into the pages of this volume, and, if their number had been increased, its value would

have been diminished by the weight of the obligation.

We readily admit, that popular arguments are in general far more extensively influential than those which are profound. Being less abstruse, they are more easily understood, and, as a natural consequence, are more convincing to the great mass of mankind. We must not, however, attempt to infer from hence, that popular argument is more conclusive than any other. In its utmost elevation, it can never rise higher than strong probability; but he who seeks for certainty will rarely be content to travel constantly in the beaten track.

In every part of this volume a sacred homage is paid to the evidences, doctrines, and authority of revelation; and many primitive truths which have been ascribed to the discoveries of philosophy, are traced up to this divine source. We are well aware that the pride of human reason will hesitate to subscribe to this humiliating acknowledgment. But the more extensively and profoundly we prosecute our researches, the more plainly shall we discover how little can be known with certainty, without a humble reliance on the dictates of inspiration.

REVIEW.—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*, vols. XXV.—XXXIII. inclusive. Longman, London, 1852.

THE general character of this work is so well known, and its reputation so fully established, that it will be needless to expatiate on the distinguishing peculiarities and excellences of each volume. They issue from the press in rapid succession, and, in an extensive circulation, meet that patronage which the work very justly merits.

The twenty-fourth volume is devoted to the history and process of manufacturing iron and steel; and in the description, the progressive improvements which time, necessity, and genius have introduced, are followed in detail and rendered interesting by the great mass of information imparted in every chapter.

Volumes twenty-five and twenty-eight, are biographical, containing the lives of eminent British military commanders. This department furnishes strong indications of being carried to an immoderate length, and the two volumes contain the memoirs of only six individuals. If, therefore, this production may be considered as a fair indication of what will follow; so prolific has this country been in the production of biographies, another generation must arise before the subject will be brought to a termi-

Volume twenty-six describes, with intelligent minuteness, the manufacture of porcelain and glass. It is replete with valuable information to every one who feels an interest in the progress of arts and sciences, and in the growing prosperity and welfare of his country.

The twenty-seventh volume is devoted to the Italian republics; and in its history, like that of many other states, we find commotion, intrigue, ambition, perfidy, treachery, cruelty, and injustice among its distinguishing characteristics. Variety, however, renders it mournfully interesting; but we feel disgusted at the sanguinary operation of ferocious passions, and sigh to think that the history of a civilized community should be almost everywhere polluted with stains of blood.

Volumes twenty-nine, thirty, and thirty-two conduct us to the dominions of Spain and Portugal, the histories of which are chequered with a strange intermixture of light and shade. In many portions of these volumes, superstition, cruelty, and enterprise contend for the diadem of superiority, and each in its turn seems to triumph over its powerful rivals.

But neither the exaltation nor the degradation of a people can affect the character of the historian. In all his delineations, fidelity should be his guide; and while he rigorously adheres to fact, the preponderance of light or shadow, in the picture which he draws, is a circumstance over which he has no control.

The history of Switzerland, in volume thirty-one, is intrinsically interesting. We behold a brave and virtuous people groaning for a season under the wanton barbarities of oppression, till, goaded by cruelties no longer to be borne, they resolved either to shake off the yoke of tyranny, or to perish in the attempt. Success attended the heroic enterprise; and fame has erected a monument to the memory of William Tell, and his brave associates in arms, on which she has written an inscription that Time is forbidden to efface.

From this very interesting volume, many affecting incidents might be selected, but choice is attended with difficulty where a motive for preference is surrounded with a host of rival claimants. In almost every page, the reader will find something remarkable to arrest his attention, and the whole must be perused by those who wish to make themselves acquainted with its value.

Of Lardner's 'Cyclopædia,' thirty-two volumes are now before the world. The subjects which they embrace are multifarious.

rious and diversified, but, as a natural consequence, are not alike interesting to every reader. It is, however, pleasing to observe, that the exalted expectations, which this work, on its first appearance, excited, have never been disappointed. Its character is still sustained without any deterioration; and where honour, interest, and talents are happily combined, they furnish pledges that are too valuable ever to be forfeited.

REVIEW.—*Lardner's Cabinet Library, Vols. VIII. & IX. Longman. London. 1832.*

THE exact degree of consanguinity which this work bears to Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, we cannot accurately ascertain, but from their dress, magnitude, and character, should suppose they were brothers. The materials of the two works are certainly not identical; but such is the relationship between them, that an exchange of names would not be attended with much inconveniency or loss.

The eighth volume concludes the history of the life and reign of George the Fourth. The ninth proceeds with the military memoirs of the Duke of Wellington, tracing the heroic deeds of this great commander down to his victory at Waterloo, and leaving him covered with unfading laurels, and enjoying the plaudits of his grateful country.

The subjects of these volumes, being of modern date, are far more interesting than the history of transactions which took place some centuries since; and it must be within the recollection or knowledge of every one, that the periods to which we refer are pregnant with momentous events, that have an immediate bearing on the days in which we live. To all the prominent occurrences which their circle comprehends, the authors have respectively called our attention; and from many of the incidents lying within the sphere of our personal observations, we have an opportunity of estimating their historical fidelity. So far as our knowledge extends, this duty has been discharged in a very creditable manner; and hence we are naturally induced to place confidence in their integrity, where the topics of their researches elude our penetration.

From an advertisement, prefixed to the ninth volume, we learn, that the Cabinet Library is brought to a conclusion. This declaration excites in us no surprise. The ground seems to have been pre-occupied by the Cabinet Cyclopaedia, and to that work subjects may be easily transferred, which might otherwise have prolonged the

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continuance of this. Viewed in the aggregate, these nine volumes embody much useful information, and, without such an able substitute and auxiliary as it finds in the Cabinet Cyclopaedia, we should have sincerely regretted its discontinuance.

REVIEW.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vols. VII. and VIII. British India, Vol. II. and III. 12mo. pp. 460—476. Simpkin. London. 1832.*

THESE two volumes complete the historical and descriptive account of British India, the commencement of which was reviewed in our preceding number. We were then favoured with a general survey of our Eastern empire, and, so far as could be ascertained, with the early events of its history, until the British gained a footing in that extensive and populous region. We have now an opportunity of tracing the progress of our conquests in the various territories of the native princes, of marking the vicissitudes of successive wars until the final subjugation of all the countries over which we extend our dominion in the East, and of surveying the principles of government, and the nature of that commerce, which conquest has enabled us to establish.

From men and manners we are carried to the animal productions of nature, descending downwards from the "half reasoning elephant" to the "green myriads in the peopled grass." In this department the forests, rivers, and seas are explored; and when the author has ranged through the varied kingdom of exhausted life, he descends into the regions of geology and mineralogy, and contemplates the natives in their scientific researches. These volumes, therefore, which are exclusively devoted to British India, embrace nearly every subject of importance that belongs to the history of man, of animals, and of vegetable life, in this interesting portion of the globe.

So numerous and diversified, however, are the topics which claim attention, that in many cases a compendium only is given, and in no instance is the history extended in lengthened detail. These circumstances keep alive the interest which narrative, incidents, and occurrences excite; and, as much useful information is scattered through every chapter, he who stores his mind with the knowledge of India, which these volumes communicate, will have more accurate ideas of our Eastern possessions, and a more extensive acquaintance with them, than multitudes who

spent nearly the whole of their lives in these sultry climates.

The Edinburgh Cabinet Library began under very auspicious promises of high respectability. The first volume fixed the elevation of its character, and each in succession has tended to confirm the exalted rank which it sustains.

REVIEW. — *Family Classical Library, Vols. XXVII.—XXXI. 12mo. Valpy. London, 1832.*

IN our preceding numbers, we have had occasion to notice the early volumes of Plutarch, whose writings are concluded in the first three now before us. In their aggregate, they occupy seven volumes in the Family Classical Library, and many circumstances conspire to give them an intrinsic value.

The name of Plutarch is chiefly known by his biographical sketches of illustrious men; and, perhaps, his "Lives," is one of the most interesting portions of ancient literature, which the stream of time has brought to us unimpaired. It would, however, appear from the list of his writings, that several of his memoirs have disappeared; and if the catalogue which bears the name of his son may be deemed authentic, much more of his moral and critical compositions have been lost than preserved.

Throughout the whole of Plutarch's writings, there is a vein of strong morality, occasionally blended with a spirit of piety, but frequently degenerating into superstition. In depth of penetration, and eagle-eyed sagacity, he has not been thought to excel, but good sense and genuine candour almost invariably accompany his sentiments. It is vain, however, to expatiate on the writings of a man whose name has been inscribed on the tablets of fame for nearly two thousand years.

The thirtieth volume contains a translation of the works of Hesiod, Bion, and Moschus, Sappho, Musæus, and Lycophron. These ancient authors, though of less celebrity than Plutarch, are not unknown in the galaxy of ancient glory. Hesiod is presumed to have been contemporary with Homer: and from such of his writings as have reached us, we learn, that he was a man of strong intellectual powers, and highly favoured by the muse. Of Sappho, only a few fragments remain, but they seem to have been sufficient to secure her immortality. The writings of the other

authors in this volume bear evidence to the rank which they justly sustain among the classical authors of antiquity.

The thirty-first volume commences with Cæsar's Commentaries, written by himself; after which, an account of his future wars in Gaul, is continued by A. Hirtius. Few works, perhaps, that have reached us from what has been called the Augustan age, are better known, or more highly esteemed than the Commentaries of Cæsar; and, what is still of superior importance, they stand unrivalled in deserving the fame they have so extensively acquired.

In this translation, by Duncan, professor of philosophy in the University of Aberdeen, the spirit of the original has been admirably preserved. On its first appearance, in 1752, it was admitted by all competent judges to be both faithful and elegant; and although fourscore years have since elapsed, it still retains its original character. It is a translation which no one has the vanity to mend, or the temerity of attempting to supersede.

Of this excellent translation, Mr. Valpy has availed himself, and the very low price at which the volumes of this family classical library, are published, will give to the wisdom and learning of antiquity a diffusion far more extensive than any former age was ever permitted to enjoy.

REVIEW.—*A Three Months' Tour in Switzerland and France; illustrated with Plates, &c. &c. By the Rev. William Liddiard. 8vo. pp. 280. Smith, Elder & Co. London. 1832.*

TRAVELS, narratives, and tours, are in general very interesting compositions. The reader enters on a perusal of them with undefined expectations of pleasure, to be derived from a delineation of customs and manners, which bear little or no resemblance to those of his own country, and a description of scenery that will charm by its varied beauties, or absorb his contemplative faculties by exhibitions of grandeur, or displays of awful sublimity.

In works of these kindred classes, incident, episode, and anecdote are hailed with inexpressible delight. They tend to break down the monotony of narrative, and frequently communicate more accurate and more lively ideas of national character, and domestic habits, than the most laboured descriptions that are closely confined to simple detail.

It would appear from the contents of this volume, that the author passed over a

extent of territory, and visited, during journey, many places of a highly interesting character. But when we are told on the title-page, that no more than three hours were devoted to his observations and researches, we are naturally led to think that his survey was transient and superficial, and that this is a book not calculated to augment our stores of philosophical information.

Such is precisely the character of this volume. The author notices what he saw as he passed from place to place, mentions the parties into whose company he happened to fall, relates occasional conversations, dines, looks round the town, is tolerably well sometimes, and, after exertions arising from various causes, resumes his journey, and again relates the adventures of the day.

The whole of this three months' tour is comprised in twenty-six letters; and to the friends who received them, there can be no doubt that they were both welcome and interesting epistles, but, beyond the assistance which local friendship imparts, they afford very little to command public attention.

The style is sprightly and flowing, suggestive of that buoyancy of spirits which a flying tourist may be supposed to possess, who, on his return, will be able to count how many miles he travelled in three months. In all his epistles, Mr. Lidhas been careful to disfigure his language with scraps and terms of foreign languages, which, without any translation, no person is presumed to understand.

For a reader who wishes for amusement and will neither impose labour on thought, nor pay a tax on reflection, this volume will afford gratification. He will not be tired long in one place, and every one knows that rapid changes and sudden transitions add much to the felicities of travel. To this praise the volume before us is fully entitled, but beyond this we cannot extend our notes of approbation.

REVIEW.—“*Remember Me,*” a Token of Christian Affection consisting of entirely original pieces in Prose and Verse. 24mo. 192. Simpkin. London.

This elegant little volume being confined wholly to original pieces, the reader will be free from the danger of repurchasing articles which he has already seen. To this we must add, that all the compositions are of a religious character, and are associated with authors, whose names become vouchers for the

purity of their principles, and the beneficial tendency of what they have respectively written.

We are not aware, however, that a cloud of gloom is suffered to hover over the pages of this book; but we cannot be ignorant that a religious publication has no charms for any one whose heart is not in harmony with the songs of Zion. To the younger part of the religious community it will be an acceptable acquisition, and an elegant token of remembrance to be presented to any youthful friend.

We learn from an observation at the conclusion of the preface, that “*Remember Me,*” will be discontinued in its present form, but that it will be succeeded by a somewhat similar volume under a different title. In this we shall rejoice, as works of sterling utility are much wanted to counteract the delusive glare of tinsel glitter.

REVIEW.—*Illustrations of Political Economy*, Nos. 4, 5, and 6. By Harriet Martineau. 18mo. Fox. London, 1832.

EACH of these numbers contains an interesting tale, not merely a tale that is calculated to amuse the fancy without reaching the understanding, but one that bears in hard round numbers upon existing evils of enormous magnitude, and that makes a powerful appeal to every feeling heart.

“*Demerara,*” in No. 4, whips slavery with as much sincerity as a negro-driver would whip the slaves under his control. The castigation given to the accursed fiend, serves only to increase our detestation of its horrors, and our wishes to see it perish on the gibbet of infamy.

“*Garveloch,*” in No. 5, is both amusing and scientific. Its lessons are of high importance; and the genius displayed in the composition, impresses it with a character which any author might be proud to associate with his name.

“*Weal and Woe,*” in No. 6, coincides with the preceding. Its chapters have very interesting titles, and their contents invariably keep political economy in view. They exhibit nothing romantic, nothing to surprise belief, nothing to demand more evidence than occurrences of life and manners every day supply.

The first three numbers of this work we have not seen; but presuming that they are in accordance with those before us, such happy illustrations of political economy are, perhaps, not to be found, so condensed and yet so sprightly, within the whole compass of English literature.

REVIEW.—*The Conveyancer's Guide ; or, the Law Student's Recreation, a Poem.* By John Crisp, Esq. 8vo. pp. 234. Maxwell. London. 1832.

IF Alexander Pope acquired fame by turning the Grecian ships, and the names of heroes engaged in the Trojan war, into respectable verse, well may John Crisp, Esq. of Furnival's Inn, claim a niche in the temple of immortality, for leading John Doe and Richard Roe to the mount of Parnassus. This being the first visit that probably was ever paid to the sacred Nine by these august personages, we need not be surprised if their antiquated garb and technical phraseology should excite more than ordinary attention in the regions of harmony.

What could have induced the author to make the arduous attempt of versifying the whole nomenclature of conveyancing, we are at a loss to determine. There can be no doubt that many of its precepts will be more easily remembered than if they had appeared in the mere jargon of the profession ; but this seems insufficient to account for the trouble which he must have taken, and the ingenuity he has displayed, in the execution of his task.

We are not sufficiently initiated into the mysteries of law, to estimate with accuracy the soundness of the doctrines inculcated, but from the great number of authorities quoted, and the references that are made in copious notes inserted at the foot of almost every page, we have no doubt that the statements are as correct as if they had appeared in plain prose.

We learn from the title-page that this is the third edition, and we have no doubt that it will see many more. The author has embodied in his verse, reasonings as well as facts ; given supposed cases, and argued from them, to the results which the law is presumed to dictate ; and confined all the transactions between legality and the muse within very moderate limits. It is a production of talent, genius, and legal knowledge, which will afford to the reader both amusement and instruction.

BRIEF SURVEY OF BOOKS.

1. *The Museum ; by Charlotte Elizabeth*, (Religious Tract Society, London,) displays in its composition a pleasing specimen of that sprightly simplicity which rarely fails to captivate children. Its dialogues are so ingeniously contrived, that while mere amusement appears to be its predominant feature, it is in reality made subservient to useful instruction. With such

books as these, children play to acquire knowledge.

2. *The Present State of the Tea Trade of England, Europe, and America ; by R. Montgomery Martin*, (Parbury, Allen, and Co., London,) is chiefly commercial, and it is only by those who view tea, coffee, sugar, wine, tobacco, spirits, &c., on a grand national scale, that this treatise can be properly understood, and its importance duly appreciated. The author is certainly an advocate for "things as they are ;" and what he advances is well deserving the attention of all who are interested in the great question of "Reform in our trade with India." The important discussion must soon come before the public.

3. *The Nature of the Intercourse between the Soul and the Body*, by Emanuel Swedenborg, (Simpkin, London,) is a book of which we will give an opinion as soon as we understand it.

4. *Religious Consistency enforced, a Letter to the Rev. Richard Bingham*, by Biblicus, (Wilson, London,) is intended to shew that on the same principles that induced Mr. Bingham and friends to secede from the British and Foreign Bible Society, they ought to dissent from the Church of England. In this pamphlet, Biblicus has made out a strong case, which we suspect Mr. Bingham will be unable to answer.

5. *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, Nos. 94—98, is a periodical too well known to require any observations on its nature, character, or tendency. It began with espousing the cause of the enslaved negroes, and has uniformly continued steady to its purpose. The instances of cruelty which it has recorded are too horrible for serious contemplation. Every number brings some new atrocity to light ; and while slavery continues, the subject of cruelty will never be exhausted. The enmity manifested by the friends of slavery against this work, is no contemptible recommendation.

6. *Saturday Magazine*, No. 1, (Parker, London,) is a new weekly periodical, at one penny each number. Its contents are highly respectable ; and, in addition to many useful articles, it is embellished with six wood engravings. These must tend much to increase the expense, and, from the very low price at which it is sold, it must be obvious, that nothing but an extensive circulation can keep it alive.

7. *Treatises on several very important Subjects in Natural Philosophy*, by Captain Foreman, R. N., (Longman, London,) oppose the generally received opinions, and place before us theories which will amuse for a season, and then most probably disappear. Captain Foreman is certainly a

talent, and of deep research, and is to a more extensive hearing than his opinions are ever likely to obtain.

The Graphic Historical Illustrator, (Gilbert, London,) is a weekly three-periodical, confined almost exclusively to subjects of architectural antiquity. For delight in such researches it will possess considerable charms; and the name of Mayhew, as its editor, will be a sufficient guarantee for its stable respectability. *The Guide to Knowledge*, Nos. 1 & 2, (Hunt, London,) is another hebdomadal publication, at one penny each number. It endeavours to give, in a condensed form, the geography and history of the world, and to trace the origin of nations. The numbers before us enter with commendable lucidity into several branches of national history, and furnish strong indications that the expectations of those by whom it is perused will not be disappointed.

The Anti-Slavery Record, No. 3, (Hunt, London,) coincides in character with the Anti-Slavery Reporter. It exposes the crimes of those who hold dominion over the wretched slaves, and details in strong language the murders that are perpetrated in the colonies under the distortions of the law. No language is of sufficient energy to depict the horrors of slavery.

Report of the Proceedings at the Annual Meeting for Promoting Rationality towards the Animal Creation, (Hunt, London,) furnishes abundant proof of the necessity of such an institution, and shows that many beneficial effects have resulted from this establishment. The report states that their affairs wear a prosperous aspect, and, in conjunction with their quarterly volume lately published, that they make a strong claim on public attention.

Poems addressed by a Father to his Son, Diary of a Pedestrian, and Memoirs of the Author; by Henry Ingham of Plymouth, (Longman, London,) is a volume of motley appearance, made up of prose and verse, and embodying the waking and waking dreams of the author. The memoir appears to be distinguished by simplicity and truth; which, together with the incidents it comprises, unite to render it interesting. In general, the prose compositions are superior to the poetical, though perhaps, are more amusing than important. "Lines addressed to my wife on the twentieth anniversary of our happy marriage," display poetical talent, and evince a breathe an ardency of genuine affection, which art would find it difficult to imitate. On every occasion, the husband and wife appear to great advantage.

13. *A New History of London, Westminster, Southwark, and Parts adjacent, in monthly parts*, No. 1, (By Effingham Wilson, London,) promises fair to be an interesting work. This first part dives into remote antiquity, introduces the Druids to our notice, and amuses us with conjectures respecting the origin of the ancient Britons, the primitive foundation of London, its original site, and appearance, when this island was invaded by Julius Cæsar. On these obscure points we cannot expect certainty, and the author seems to have furnished all that conjecture can supply.

14. *Memoirs of Eugene Aram, who was executed for the Murder of Daniel Clarke; by Norrisson Scatcherd, Esq.* (Simpkin, London,) is an attempt to excite sympathy in behalf of a vile miscreant, merely because he was a man of talent and of learning. On much the same principles Fauntleroy found advocates, for no other reason but because he was a gentleman.

15. *Simon League the Traveller, a Poem*, (Bennis, Paris,) is a humorous travelling romance. The rhymes are quaint, but suitable to the occasion. To what extent it is to be carried we know not, as this Part (83 pages) ends only Canto I. No English publisher's name is mentioned.

17. *The Missionary; a Monitory Epistle to a Friend on his embarking as a Christian Missionary; and other Poems*, by Thomas Taylor, (Whittaker, London,) we have tried to consider in the most favourable light; and we readily acknowledge, that, although we cannot be blind to its imperfections, we have discovered many redeeming qualities. The fifth line from the commencement is an Alexandrine, although it begins a sentence; the eighteenth makes "thunder wrap the world in fire;" and the twenty-fifth presents us with "the watery wave." Of these and similar blemishes, this volume will furnish a tolerable crop, for which youth and inattention can make but a lame apology. On the contrary, the Missionary displays evident marks of genius, a commendable range of thought, and a dignity of expression, through which the harmony of numbers emits a pleasing sound.

18. *An Attempt to render the Art of Short-hand Writing More Easy to be acquired*, by John Wells, (Sherwood, London,) is worthy the attention of all who wish to become masters of this useful science. The radical principles of all systems are alike; but each author differs from every other in some subordinate particulars. This "attempt" contains several intimations that may be turned to good account.

PORTUGAL.

“From whence come wars and fightings?”—
James iv. 1.

For once, we depart from the calm and even tenor of our way, for the purpose of saying a few words upon a topic, of which all good men must deprecate the existence. But, although we have presented a scriptural motto, it is not our design to sermonize. The hand which now takes up the pen, though somewhat familiar with implements of destruction, has never been laid upon a pulpit cushion;—nor is it the expectation of its employer that it ever will be.

We have been for many days expecting accounts of the success or failure of Don Pedro's enterprise; but we have yet learnt nothing more than that the expedition under his command landed in Portugal upon a certain day, and easily obtained possession of Oporto, the second city in the kingdom.

The cause of the quarrel between the royal brothers would, in some degree, furnish an answer to the query prefixed to these observations; but there can be no necessity for reminding our readers of its precise or circumstantial nature.

Don Pedro is the elder son of the late reigning prince of the dynasty of Braganza; and Miguel is his junior by several years. Their father, it will be recollected—himself then Regent of the kingdoms of Portugal and Algarves, as also of Brazil and the other colonial dependencies—fled with his insane mother, Queen Donna Maria, and the greater part of the Court, to Brazil, upon the invasion of Lisbon by the French army, in 1807. In that inviting, and *literally* brilliant colony, the illustrious fugitives remained during many years; in the course of which, the brother princes arrived at man's estate.

Circumstances appearing favourable for the purpose, Don John (the father, now become king in regular order of succession) returned to his European dominions, leaving the sovereignty of Brazil in the hands of Pedro; and assenting to its assuming the rank of an independent, though relative state. This state, being erected into an empire, Pedro was stiled, and crowned, Emperor.

Upon the death of King John, an event which occurred in 1826, Pedro did not claim the right of succession to the crown of Portugal, because it was incompatible with the constitution of the kingdom that *the monarch* should reside beyond its limits; and being well aware that, in the event of

his removal from Brazil, the richest portion of his dominions, now long habituated to the advantages of supreme local government, as well as the actual presence of a royal family, to which the Portuguese, both in the mother country and in the colonies, are well known to be devotedly attached—being aware, we say, that the separation of the two countries would be the inevitable result of such a removal, he chose to remain, and considered his infant daughter, Donna Maria da Gloria, to be the Queen of Portugal *de jure*.

One person after another was appointed to manage the affairs of the nation in her name and on her behalf, until an arrangement was supposed to have been entered into for *the marriage* of her Majesty with *her uncle*; whereby the inheritance of all this splendour might continue in the house of Braganza. Upon this, Don Miguel became *Regent*, and shortly afterwards contrived to place himself in the situation of *absolute King*, rejecting the matrimonial proposition, and setting every thing, which stood in the way of his purpose, at defiance.

How, after having effected this, he has managed the affairs of the kingdom, there is no necessity for saying:—the number of executions which has taken place among members of the first families in the land; the insults and persecutions of foreigners of various nations—for which satisfaction has been taken by their respective governments, are matters of history, and not of party representation. But the question at issue is, between the right and title of Donna Maria, and that (or the usurpation) of her uncle. Her father, after being dismissed from the throne of Brazil, is now attempting to place the crown of Portugal upon the head of his daughter, by means of an armed force, in command of which he has invaded the soil of his nativity.

This is all which we have it in our power, at present, to state concerning the *progress* of the matter. We have, however, offered this brief review, in the hope, and with the purpose, of clearing the way for subsequent details. To advert to a purely military contest, or to an affair of bare politics, would not be compatible with our avowed plans, and hitherto observed mode of proceeding. We have something else in view; something which we trust will not be inconsistent with a *Record of Religious, Philosophical, Historical, Biographical, Topographical, and General Knowledge*.

Portugal is not an unknown region to us; and probably our readers will make some

as for partiality, arising from good will, if we add the following re-

mere affair of the invasion might, & be passed sub silentio, did we do no more from it than war, fight-
ed revolution; but we are tolerably
at that the general welfare of the
city more particularly concerned,
millions of people, will be the result

Pedro's success, *IF HE BE HONEST!*
must tell the truth in a witness-box;
are his imperial majesty has most
ly placed himself. — He is the ob-
of all,—squadrons of British men-
are, at least, watching the event;
Portugal is not to be bettered by the
all change in her government and
one, it is the acknowledged business
ty of our ministry to protect her from
under any circumstances.

Portuguese are a people much mis-
sioned. About three centuries ago,
and even stupendous contributions
improvement of the most important
and have we not recently seen them
by aggression, from an apathy which
is means natural?—have we not ob-
with admiration their diadems of a
ice, which has been erroneously im-
posed them?—have we not lauded, and
artaken in, their patriotism? and do
—Barrows!—owe them some com-
on, for having had terrible contests
upon their soil instead of ours,—
e having endured, through a long
horror which would, in all proba-
have been

His in our mouths as household words,
them?

our purpose to introduce the reader
a knowledge of a country, which, if
been proverbially said) a colony, or
a province of Great Britain, is both
and an interesting one:—reasons for
declaration, will probably be given in
it.

SEBASTIAN.

OLEANINOS.

angel Flower, and the Lycopodium.—In 1810,
and discovered in the island of Sumatra, &
which he named the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, and
a number has called with much justice "the
most like of the vegetable kingdom." The
mind indeed had never conceived such a
the circumference of the full expanded flower
has—its posterior calculated to hold nine
in plants are as large as cows' horns, and the
light of the blossom computed to be fifteen
—Temple, in his recent travels in Para, states
that a Cander and, from notes taken on the
its as the following dimensions of its stem:
the wings are spread they measure forty
grains, from point to point, the branches are
but in length, and the quilt part eight inches
inference. This almost realizes the fabled
told in the Arabian Nights, but its dimen-
sions have given, not on good and very recent
?—*Penny Magazine.*

Dante as his Task.—Not being obliged by neces-
sity to pursue any profession, and preferring inde-
pendence to wealth, he seems to have given himself
up from his earliest years to the free indulgence of
his natural taste, and to have loved poetry and phi-
losophy solely for the inexpressible pleasures they
opened to his mind. Nor was it, even in his youth,
his imagination only that he sought to gratify in
these pursuits: he endeavored, under the veil of
fable, to discover the divine features of truth, and
the solemn visions of religion seem to have held
dominion over his thoughts long before they were
transferred to his poetry. It appears also that, when
still very young, he entered the order of Minor
Friars, but his mind, though strongly inclined to
speculative theology, was too active for either the
studious or life of a monk, and he never completed his
novitiate.—*Letter of the London Press.*

Singular Anecdote of French: relates the following
curious anecdote respecting Aubert du Boyet. On
the evening of the same day (21st of October 1793,
we went to take a walk at Camp des Martyrs. Aubert
du Boyet, returning thence from his exile, and
taking me by the arm examined attentively the
sepulchral stones which covered the cemetery of
the Irish and Armenians, and told me that he was
looking for a place for his grave: for he was sure he
should end his life at Constantinople. After having
walked a long time he said to me that he could not
find in the whole of the place a fit spot to deposit his
body and that he should prefer to be buried in the
court of the Hotel de France near the tree of liberty,
which was planted there. I asked him on this pro-
positional but he did not come to repeat that he
should die at Constantinople and that he should not
live more than a year. His present mood was very
bad, as I have since learnt from several French
officers whom I had known at Constantinople. I be-
lieve that Aubert du Boyet died very nearly on the
anniversary of the day which I have just mentioned.
The reader will recognize a striking resemblance
between this tale and a poem fragment written by
Byron which Pichard is said to have made use of.—
Quarterly Review of Poland not published.

Coffee Test.—Persons desirous of ascertaining who
they coffee is pure or whether surertry has been
mixed with it will find the following an infallible
test.—Let a small glass vessel be filled with cold
water and a pinch of the coffee thrown into it. If
the water remain transparent, and be not in the
slightest degree discoloured the coffee is pure, but
should the liquid become tinged with red and red
purple or fall to the bottom as in the case of sugar
when being dissolved in water it is a sure proof that
the coffee has been adulterated with surertry. *Jour-
nal des Connaissances Usuelles.* This notice may be
of considerable use in detecting and defeating the
frauds now becoming very prevalent of adulter-
ating coffee with surertry. It has been clearly as-
certained that surertry contains no nutritive prop-
erties that should make it a substitute for coffee,
although it is quite true that a small teaspoonful of
surertry, if added to an ounce of coffee will improve
the flavor and render the liquid clearer and of a
more bright colour.—*Dreadful Mirror.*

The Egyptian Miss.—In the seventeenth century,
Miss applied to females was considered a term of
reproach. Miss Green, who is particularly noticed in
Hayne's epilogue to Farquhar's "Love and a Bottle,"
about 1700, was the first actress announced as Miss.—
Gall's Lives of the Players.

Sting of the Bee.—It may not be generally known
that common wheatear proves an efficient remedy
against the effects of the sting of a bee or wasp.
The wheatear is to be moistened with cold water,
and immediately applied. It may be washed off in a
few minutes, when neither pain nor swelling will
remain.

Wheels of Mules.—The produce of the Hensch
Chalk (a natural substance) mine in Pennsylvania, is con-
veyed to a village of the same name, in waggons,
running on an iron rail way and to each train of
fourteen waggons there are seven cars attached, con-
taining twenty eight mules, which are employed to
draw back the waggons when emptied. Professor
William Bates, that the mules readily perform the
duty of drawing up the empty waggons, but that
having once experienced the comfort of riding
down they appear to regard it as a right, and neither
will nor receive measures, not even the sharpest
whipping, can ever induce them to descend in any
other way.

Opening of London Bridge.—Upon Southwark bridge,
which commanded a capital view of the late aquatic
promenade, several persons stationed themselves on
Sunday night, and having waited till the night arrived,
had to pass eighteen hours for the gratification of
their curiosity.

THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1832.

THE ROUND TOWER, BELFRY, AND CHURCH OF SWORDS, IN THE COUNTY OF DUBLIN, IRELAND.

(With an Engraving.)

SWORDS is a long irregularly built post town in the county of Dublin, at no great distance from the sea, and about seven miles north of the Irish capital. Some singular ruins of great antiquity render it an object of interest to the curious traveller, but that which excites the greatest notice is, the ancient Round Tower, which, at about sixty feet distance from the church, is exhibited in the engraving. This venerable building, still in a high state of preservation, has suffered less from the corrosions of time than, perhaps, any other erection of a similar description throughout this large section of the United Kingdom.

These Round Towers are almost exclusively peculiar to Ireland. Some few have indeed been found in Scotland, but they never appear to have been numerous, and the greater part have fallen into decay. In their general character, the architecture appears to be much the same, but their origin, history, and use are involved in much obscurity. In height they vary from fifty to one hundred feet, and few among them are more than twenty feet in diameter at the base. They have a single entrance-door, of from five to fifteen feet from the ground, and a loop-hole to give light to the stories, of which each tower contains six or seven. These gradually contract in dimensions as they ascend, so that the uppermost chamber is not more than five or six feet in diameter. It is somewhat remarkable, that the upper story is furnished with four loop-holes, which, while admitting light and air, uniformly correspond with the four cardinal points of the compass.

From the nature and situation of these singular structures, they being always near to the site of some ancient church, it would appear that each was built for the accommodation of some recluse or hermit, who inhabited the upper chamber, and thus indulged in that seclusion and solitude, which constituted his chief evidence of devotion.

According to Giraldus Cambrensis, Ireland abounded with these towers in the twelfth century, and there is reason to ascribe the erection of them to the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries; namely, before the Danish invasions, and during the period when many enthusiasts of Ireland wandered into foreign countries, in quest of solitudes which they could not find at home. It has been conjectured by some, that the idea of the building and its use was primarily suggested by the columns and styrites of the anchorites and faquirs in the East.

Of these very singular structures, which are the principal architectural ornaments of ancient Ireland, there are at present probably about one hundred, that have not bowed their venerable pinnacles to the earth, although many centuries have passed over them; and no doubt can be entertained, that a rigorous scrutiny would lead to the discovery of fragments belonging to several others that have hitherto remained unnoticed. Ledwich has with much industry collected the names of sixty-two, but many are omitted by him, that are well known to others. Aghavilles, in the county of Kilkenny, Drumkleeve, in the county of Clare, others in Sligo and elsewhere, have not yet been inserted in the published catalogues of any learned antiquaries.

In an agreeable modern tract, and one which displays much antiquarian research and general information, entitled "An historical and critical inquiry into the origin and use of the Irish pillar tower, by Colonel De Montmorency Morris, K. St. L." these questions are fully and fairly examined; but, after all the learning and ability which the author has evinced, we are compelled to conclude, that conjecture is nearly the only foundation on which his hypothetical fabric stands.

The prudent and cautious Mr. Harris asserts, that their origin is Christian, and, that in use they correspond with the pillar on which Simon Stylites stood for forty years. Dr. Ledwich, however, seems decidedly of opinion, that they are of Danish origin, and that they were intended as belfries by these barbarian invaders. The late General Vallency attributes their origin to our heathen ancestors, and asserts positively, that they were the receptacles of the sacred fire of Baal, or the sun. A fourth opinion is, that they were intended to serve as land-marks by day, and beacons by night, and that the stories, lofts, and loop-holes, may be easily conceived as accommodated to this use. A fifth conjecture makes them sepulchral columns, bearing a miniature resemblance to such as are found in Syria, and more conspicuously in the pyramids of Egypt. Another conjecture is, that the pillar tower owes its origin to the first Christian fathers who visited Ireland, and who, in this pious work, were assisted by the newly-converted kings, and wealthy subjects, the monks and pilgrims from Greece and Rome, acting as architects; and, that the probable period of their erection was in the fifth and sixth centuries. Admitting this hypothesis to be correct, it is presumed that they served as the keep or citadel of the adjoining abbey or church, in which the monks deposited their books and relics, with all the other precious wealth belonging to the order, and whither they retired and immured themselves in seasons of danger, particularly on the approach of an enemy.

Dissatisfied with all the preceding conjectures, another agreeable writer and acute critic has the following observations respecting these antiquated, and very singular buildings. "I cannot help inclining to the opinion, that they are belfries, as their very name in Irish, *cloghad*, imports a steeple with a bell; and also from the following considerations. Over a great part of the Eastern world, they have tall round steeples called minarets, with balconies at the top, from whence a person summonses the people at stated hours. As the Irish derived their arts from Phenicia, we may suppose from thence also came the model of these towers, which served as the minarets of the East do at present, till bells came into use: for narrow as they are, about ten feet in the clear at the base, they might hold a bell large enough to summon the congregation as effectually as the voice of a man." From such diversified opinions, as to the origin and use of these towers, the silence of history may be easily inferred. In the records of

tradition, conjecture takes a still wider range; and, among travellers and tourists, almost every one has something to add to the general stock of probable or improbable supposition.

That all the preceding conjectures are liable to formidable objections, it would be useless to state, and in vain to deny. Some plausible adaptations may, perhaps, be found in favour of each hypothesis, but even the most imposing is very doubtful, and with little trouble may be swept away. On points involved in so much uncertainty, it would be indiscreet even to risk an opinion. It is not improbable that all may be erroneous, and that both their use, and the time when they were erected, are alike unknown. In the mean while, time, which sometimes withdraws its veil from objects that have been concealed for ages, and brings hidden things to light, may cover these round towers of Ireland with a darker mantle, too heavy for any human energy to remove, too dense for any human researches to penetrate.

But what theories soever may be formed of their origin and use, it is obvious that these venerable remains of decaying grandeur speak to the imagination in a strain of eloquence which no modern work of any magnitude can reach. They transfer their grand and solemn visages to the landscape; and, in the representation of elevated subjects, present, in a happy combination, their hoary aspects, the obscurity of their birth, and the altitude of their summits, to assist in the formation of sublime ideas, which are consummated by an assurance of the fact, that

“No record lives to tell what they have been.”

It is worthy of remark, that, in their relative positions, these towers are nearly all alike. They stand on the north-west side of the churches, with which they appear to have been morally connected, are about sixty feet distant, and generally occupy either a rising ground, or a conspicuous situation.

The Tower of Swords, represented in the engraving, is furnished with stairs on the inside, reaching from the bottom to the top, but these are evidently of modern construction. It is also finished with a cross, which surmounts the conical masonry with which it is covered. It stands in the church-yard, at a short distance from the steeple and church, the latter of which is rebuilt in a very elegant gothic style, with buttresses and finials, and on rather an extended scale. The tower measures seventy-three feet in height, by fifty-two in circumference, at an elevation of ten feet from the ground. It is a plain and simple structure, on which the lapse of many centuries, and the violence of elementary commotion, seem to have had but little influence. Mr. O'Halloran says, that “these ancient monuments, from their solidity at this day, appear to have been built with such firmness, as almost to defy the ravages of time.” The walls are about five feet in thickness, and the doors of these towers face the east.

There are no particular circumstances connected with the Round Tower of Swords, through which it has obtained a preference to our notice; and if another had been selected, similar remarks would be equally applicable. Where all are destitute of history, and of distinguishing characteristics, choice can be under no obligations to ingenuity or taste.

The description given, and the conjectures now placed before the reader, may, with trifling variation, be applied to the whole of these singular edifices. They stand foremost among the venerable artificial monuments of Ireland; but their real origin, age, and purpose have hitherto eluded all antiquarian scrutiny, and all historical research.

ON THE CHARACTER OF JONAH.

THE biography of the Holy Scriptures contributes materially to the proof of their inspired authenticity. While those characters which it exhibits as religious, are, generally speaking, worthy of the religion of the Bible, there is, both amongst them and all others, that vast and singular variety which all true history exhibits, and which precisely corresponds with the varieties of the existing generation: at the same time, most of the scripture characters bear strong internal marks of genuineness.

Writers of fiction are reluctant to attribute to their favourite personages mean or flagitious actions; and hence, the fabricated origin of their characters is often betrayed by nothing more than a consistency too uniform to be real. But there are few of the scripture characters that are not sometimes very inconsistent with themselves; and we know that anomalies are nowhere so abundant as in the human character. Modern history attests this: a Bacon is charged with venality and corruption; a Milton, with indevotion; a Cranmer, with cruelty; and even martyrs in prison, awaiting the sentence of burning, are said to have been betrayed into fierce contentions among themselves about minor points in theology. Hence the instances of prevarication in Abraham, of perfidy in Jacob, of cruelty and lust in David, should even add to our conviction of the truth of the Bible; because such occasional moral aberrations even in good men, are not only rendered probable by the deep and universal depravity of human nature, but they accord with all experience and all religious history.

There are in the world some persons whose real characters are but very superficially known, whose actions are an uncertain index to their principles. As the precious metals are sometimes imposingly imitated by a skilful combination of the baser; in like manner, dexterous hypocrisy, aided by favouring circumstances, enables many a corrupt character to impose himself upon the world as a man of virtue. On the other hand, sterling worth may be unnoticed, through want of opportunities for its development; it may be disfigured by ignorance, superstition, and rugged manners; or it may be so weak in itself, and associated with so many defects, as to lead us even to doubt its existence. These facts shew the necessity of caution in the judgments we form of human characters, and particularly of many of those mentioned in *Scripture*, the notices of whom are often *extremely* brief and incidental.

The piety and morality of most of the Jewish prophets were, in general, highly creditable to the religion they professed, and the office they bore, and as much superior to those of surrounding heathens, as the doctrines of the Bible are superior in truth and dignity to the wretched dreams of pagan superstition. Nevertheless, in this class of men we discover the usual variation in moral excellence that is every where to be found. While the piety of some was evidently of the most exalted and blameless description, of that of others we not unreasonably doubt the very existence, or, at best, believe it to be of the most imperfect kind. How very different, for instance, is the aspect in which the characters of the prophets Daniel and Jonah appear:—the former receives our unmingled admiration; the latter provokes only our pity or disgust. Daniel displays the courage of a hero, Jonah the pusillanimity of a coward.

The remarkable transaction in which Jonah bore so conspicuous a part, brings into view several features of his character, but in every view he appears to disadvantage.

But, notwithstanding the disadvantageous light in which the character of this prophet is presented to us, the charitable reader will pardon us for entertaining a belief that he was not wholly destitute of piety—that he was overpowered by strong temptation, rather than disobedient from irreligious feeling. The honour of religion requires us to believe that Jonah's piety, if he was pious, was of a very superficial kind, and that he manifested dispositions utterly at variance with the spirit of religion; at the same time common justice forbids us to consider his conduct, on one single and eminently trying occasion, as a proper specimen of his general conduct, or an adequate expression of the principle by which he was generally actuated. If many characters in scripture history, of whom we only just obtain a glance, had been more fully developed, it is probable they would present a different aspect to that which they now exhibit; some would stand higher and others lower in our esteem than they do at present.

Many, no doubt, are faultless, merely because their faults are not recorded; while others are apparently destitute of moral excellence, only because it has not fallen within the province of the inspired writer to notice their virtues. This we may hope is the misfortune of Jonah. The faults of this individual, glaring as they are, are unfortunately not uncommon ones, even amongst christian ministers; they are, in

re easily besetting sins of all whose is superficial. Such persons might, ere, find that the most edifying d of contemplating the conduct of , would be, to view it in comparison heir own, and thus make it subser- to the oft-neglected duty of self-exa- on. By this means, they would at mprove their humility and candour: ould suggest topics of self-condem- , and reasons for moderating their es of the prophet.

hen Jonah received the divine com- n, to proceed to Nineveh, and an- e to the inhabitants its approaching ction, he took ship, we are told, with ntention of going to Tarshish, and of eeing from the presence of the Lord, xcaping from the task imposed upon

Here Jonah betrayed a base sub- n to the fear of man, and a lament- ant of confidence in God. Why did : consider, that the Almighty Being, ad called him to the work, could preserve him in the performance of n all personal injury—that the Nine- could not kill him without the per- n of God—that a glorious death was able to an ignominious and miserable and that no danger ought to be so ng to a mortal as that which attends xdience to the divine commands? ps Jonah did consider all this; but, he finest moral sentiments, even when ched in conviction, are powerless he breath of divine love gives them

: it would be unjust to condemn the animity of Jonah, without recollecting ry hazardous service to which he was nted. It was no light matter, humanly ing, for an unknown, obscure, and less individual, to enter the streets of , the cry of whose wickedness had d to heaven, and to proclaim that ty days it should be overthrown. lly prudence, if it had for a moment listened to, would have suggested, he only effect of such a message, ng and unwelcome as it would seem m, would be to procure for the mes- : ignominious banishment, or a violent

: us inquire whether our faith and ge would have been equal to such a rous service. Perhaps, if we scru- our past conduct, we shall not find it ilt to discover, that, on more occasions one, we have betrayed even baser animity than Jonah. Probably we too often suffered the fear of man to over the clearest convictions of duty.

Perhaps to escape, not personal danger—for that we did not dread; nor loss of property—that we could not apprehend; nor even general contempt—for to that we were not exposed; but to escape the scoffs and indignation of those whose anger could do us no harm, and whose favour was of no value, we have dared to desert our duty, and brave the frown of an offended God. Surely, if such be the case, we ought deeply to repent ourselves, before we pass a single censure upon the cowardice of Jonah.

We have no means of knowing to what extent Jonah was employed in his prophetic capacity; it is scarcely probable that his mission to the Ninevites was the only official service in which he was ever engaged; and yet it might possibly be the only one in which any considerable unfaithfulness could be charged upon him. Perhaps many pious and heroic deeds of benevolence, unremembered and unrecorded by man, will appear in his behalf in the great day of retribution.

His conduct, even in this instance of cowardly dereliction, has in it some redeeming circumstances. He, at least, deserves commendation for the honest confession of his guilt to the ship's crew, and his magnanimous readiness to devote himself to destruction for their preservation. Nor must it be forgotten that he repented; and verified the sincerity of his penitence, by entering upon the work from which he in the first instance had shrunk.

It does not appear that any explicit exhortation to repentance, or promise of the remission of their doom thereupon, accompanied the denunciation of the prophet to the Ninevites; nevertheless, they did "repent at the preaching of Jonah;" the awful announcement was credited; and though uninformed as to its conditionality, they naturally conjectured that as wickedness was the cause of their approaching ruin, a contrite abandonment of it would be the only way, if there was a way, to arrest its progress.

Nor were they deceived or disappointed. The infinitely gracious God, in accordance with one of the established laws of his moral government, was moved by their penitence to defer the manifestation of his anger, and give them further opportunity for amendment. And was not this event a matter of great joy to the prophet? Such it certainly would have been, if he had possessed the views and the spirit suitable to his office. So far from this, however, it displeased Jonah exceedingly, and he was very angry. And he prayed unto the Lord

and said, "I pray thee, O Lord, was not this my saying, when I was yet in my country? Therefore I fled before unto Tarshish: for I know that thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil." So it appears that Jonah would rather have witnessed the destruction of this vast city, than be exposed to the imputation of a deceiver, and a false prophet. Every one must be shocked at the immeasurable selfishness and cruelty of the prophet; and we confess it merits unmitigated condemnation and abhorrence: it was the very spirit of Satan, who rejoices in the ruin, and repines at the happiness, of mankind.

But charity, and even justice, requires the greatest crimes to be contemplated in connexion with all their extenuating circumstances. Let us not refuse this justice to Jonah, which conscience informs us we so frequently need ourselves.

Some persons may think that he could not labour under any very powerful temptation to indulge so wretchedly unfeeling a spirit as he here manifested. But if these individuals could imagine themselves in the situation of the prophet, their views on that point would probably undergo a change. Let them suppose that they had received a special call from Heaven to perform some extremely arduous and dangerous service, without being permitted to expect any temporal reward, either in the shape of honour or gain, but, on the contrary, that the work was as profitless as laborious, and as humiliating as dangerous; probably it would require all the grace they possess, if not more, to prevent them from shrinking, like Jonah, from the task. Suppose the individual who is most disposed to think hardly of this prophet, should receive a divine commission, the validity of which he could not dispute, to go to some exceedingly wicked city or town, and proclaim in its streets, that at the expiration of six weeks it should be destroyed. Perhaps that individual would venture to expostulate thus with the Almighty: "Ah, Lord, the work thou hast assigned me is exceedingly degrading and perilous. I shall be placed in a painful dilemma: if the people disbelieve my announcement, they will despise and persecute me as an impostor; if they believe, and repent, then thou wilt pardon them, and recall thy threatening, 'for I know that thou art a gracious God and merciful, slow to anger and of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil; and *when the evil day is past, then I fear that many of them will relapse into unbelief*

and sin, and regard me as one that has mocked them."

Now, in some such way as this Jonah, it appears, had expostulated with God, before he entered upon his mission. Such expostulations we do not undertake to defend, nor are we attempting to vindicate any part of Jonah's conduct; we wish merely to shew, that from the evils into which he fell, we should not be secure, if placed in his circumstances; that, detestable as were the dispositions which he manifested, they are not uncommon even in persons who rank far above the worst of mankind. To compose or deliver a sermon, with a more direct intention of pleasing our hearers, and securing their applause, than of imparting spiritual benefit to them; or to shun a valuable opportunity of benefiting the souls of some of our fellow-creatures, merely because we cannot do it without debasing ourselves in the view of the carnal; would be to exemplify the very same spirit which induced Jonah to grieve that the Ninevites were spared—and that is, a preference of our own reputation to the salvation of souls.

We observe in the conduct of Jonah a very natural consistency. It was to be expected, that a man who had so little inward comfort, should overrate outward conveniences; and accordingly Jonah was "*exceeding glad of the gourd.*" Every one perceives the weakness and folly of being so excessively delighted with so trivial a object. All will acknowledge that an immoderate delight in merely earthly comforts, if it do not necessarily imply the want of religious joy, will assuredly end in the want of it. He who would be happy must "*delight himself in the Lord,*" and be moderate in all his earthly attachments and joys. The deeper we drink of the fountain of religious joy, the purer and sweeter it becomes; but "*when we dip too deeply in carnal pleasure, we stir a sediment that renders it impure and noxious.*"

But "*the gourd withered,*" and the *gladness* of the prophet withered with it; and such is always the termination of earthly blessings, and of the happiness that is solely founded upon them. Those things to which men are immoderately attached, often prove the occasion of bitter disappointment and vexation: the Almighty thus punishes idolatry by means of the objects that are idolized.

If we are disposed to accuse Jonah of excessive fondness for a paltry object, and unreasonable grief for its loss, it becomes us to remember, that if we are destitute of the happiness of religion, we shall commit the

auks; and if we are *exceedingly* glad
earthly blessings, we must expect to
exceedingly miserable when we are called
to with them.

W. ROBINSON.

THE DEAD INFANT.

It tasted of life's bitter cup,
Refused to drink the potion up;
But turn'd its little head aside,
Disgusted with the taste, and died,
"Sweet babe!"

Cunningham.

Oh of distress! the mourner feels thine aid:
I cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid?"

Crabbe.

in a village about one hundred and fifty
miles from London, in the west of England,
lived a gentleman of independent for-
tune, which, though small, was so ably ma-
naged that a great part of his income was
expended year by year in charitable pur-
suits.

He bore a character very similar
to that of the Man of Ross, so beautifully
described by the poet Pope. He was
devoted to devote the former part of
his day to visiting the poor of his neigh-
bourhood; and, by his assiduous attentions,
a great measure supplied the place of
an efficient minister of the parish: for a
time he had borne the title of father
of the poor, who gave him the name of
"the good man."

One day, in one of his walks into a distant
part of the parish, which was but thinly
wooded, though full of the most romantic
scenery, and of exuberant fertility, that the
instance occurred which forms the
basis of this tale. The good man left his
home one morning; and it was on a blessed
day—to bear the message of a Saviour's
love to a dying cottager. The sun shone
loudless heaven. It was in the latter
part of the spring; and his way lay through
a valley, which was formed by two high hills,
whose sides were so steep, as nearly to rise perpen-
dicularly: the sides were clothed with verdure
of the most luxuriant green; and through
the valley rushed a stream, by the side of
which the narrow pathway wound. Such
scenery are common in that part of the
country, and therefore but little admired by
the inhabitants, though the romantic nature
of the scenery, almost a Switzerland in
miniature, invites many a stranger from the
congested world to drink of the pleasure
of the solitude.

The good man was an enthusiastic ad-
mirer of nature; and its face at present well
pleased with the feelings of his soul: all
peace, perfect peace; his mind was

stayed on his God; and his imagination
rose above the lovely scene around him,
to one far lovelier, to a country far fairer
and a peace more pure than that of which
he was now tasting. "Yes, lovely moun-
tains," said he, "fair glens, and sweet fall-
ing waters—beautiful as ye are, you are far
surpassed by another country, to which I
am bound:

"The world to which I'm going,
Has fairer fruits than thine;
Life's rivers ever flowing,
And skies that ever shine."

There all is peerless; roses without thorns,
pleasures without pain, love without sorrow:
hasten thy kingdom, O Lord, when thy
glory "shall cover the earth, as the waters
cover the seas."

He walked on, meditating thus, till, on
turning the angle of a projecting rock, he
suddenly came upon an interesting group,
seated upon a large flat stone, under the
shelter of the steep side of the hill. They
were four in number, the cheerless children
of poverty; a father, a mother, a fine little
boy about seven years of age, and an infant
at the breast. The mother was gazing upon
it with intense interest, in which there
mingled sorrow such as none but a mother
can feel; and tears fell fast from her eyes
upon her threadbare garments. The father
sat close by; his hands joined together be-
fore him, and his eyes fixed on the same
dear object as those of the mother: but he
watched it "in all the silent manliness of
grief." No outward signs of sorrow were
visible; but care, that sat upon his brow,
indicated a deep contest within. The little
boy had strayed from his parents, and was
leaning down over a bed of rich moss, and
hunting for snailshells. Whatever was the
cause of the deep grief of his parents, he
seemed to partake but little of it: the
sorrows of childhood, like the dews of the
morning, are exhaled by the first ray of the
warm sun; and, except now and then a
solitary instance to the contrary, the deeper
evils of life pass over their heads like the
tempest, that spares the tender plant, but
lays in the dust the mighty oak. Such
was the scene which broke in a moment
upon the eye of the good man. He ad-
vanced towards them, and in a kind tone
inquired the cause of their distress.

"Our poor babe, Sir," said the father,
"is very ill; and its weary mother is unable
to proceed farther." "What is the matter
with the infant?" inquired the other,
stepping up to the cold hard seat on which
the woman was sitting, and just about to
lay his hand upon the little dimpled arm
of the infant. "Amy," said the father,
advancing with him, "this kind gentle-

will look at the poor babe." "Better not disturb him," said the anxious mother; "he's just fallen into a quiet sleep, and he'll be better when he awakes."

The good man looked into its little face, and started. The state of the poor babe was plain; he had indeed fallen into a quiet sleep, but it was one which knows no dream: and from which there is no waking till the last great morn.

"My poor dear woman," said the good man, dashing away with his finger a rebel tear from his eye,—“your babe's last sorrows are over!” She lifted up her infant from her bosom: its little mouth still clung to its mother's breast; but its chest no longer heaved with life, and the vital current had ebbed to its last confines. The poor bereft mother pressed the fast cooling clay to her lips, and fell heavily back upon the turf behind. Her husband, almost distracted, ran to lift her up, while the little boy, who on the approach of the good man had left his amusement, and stood at a respectful distance, began to cry. The good man assisted the trembling husband to raise his insensible wife, and, pouring down her throat a little cordial, which he was carrying to the dying cottager, she revived.

The interest of that moment was intense. Her almost broken-hearted partner was leaning over her, with one hand supporting her back, and with the other wiping away the blood which ran from her wounded head. The good man stood close, and silently implored the assistance of his heavenly Father. The little boy was kneeling on the grass by the body of the dead infant, which had fallen from the fainting mother's arms, and endeavouring to lift up with his finger the little cold eye-lid: at the same time calling to it by name, unconscious that it was now but dust and ashes.

The whole scene was indescribably affecting. At length the mother opened her eyes, and called wildly for her infant.

"He is in heaven, Amy," said the good man, calmly. She appeared thoughtful for a moment, then turned suddenly round, and, lifting her departed babe from the ground, bedewed its chill face with tears. "He is happy now, then," said she, "and why should I wish to bring him back again to starvation and woe? No: dear little Billy will never cry again for his food, nor shiver at his mother's cold breast; the cold winds cannot vex him now: it is all over, and thank God for it."

Her mind seemed to have received new energy, which imparted vigour to her emaciated frame: she rose up, and said she

would proceed on to the village. The good man would have relieved her of her dear lifeless charge, but she refused to part with it. While they walked on, the good man learned that they were from India; that the husband had been a soldier, and had risen to the rank of ensign, when, in consequence of ill health, he was compelled to resign, and embark for home with his wife and two children, the youngest but two months old. They were wrecked at the Cape, and brought home, destitute of every thing, in another vessel. Having been landed at Falmouth, they were journeying to London in search of his wife's relations, who were in comfortable circumstances, and had lived on the munificence of a stranger, till they had reached this place, when their resources had failed them; and they were in an almost starving condition when discovered by him.

The little boy, who had walked behind, encouraged by a benevolent look from the good man, now came forward, and took hold of his hand. God's blessing upon you, my dear boy," said he: "you have early tasted of the cup of affliction." "Where does God live?" asked the little boy. "In heaven, my dear," said the other. "Then little Billy is gone to God, and perhaps he is a little angel now," said the child, with affecting simplicity. The good man answered not: his thoughts had taken wing at the last words of the sweet little boy, up to the throne of God: for there he saw by faith, one "dear little angel," that he had once called his own, standing on the right hand of his Saviour, ready to wing his flight on some errand of mercy. He thought, (and passing sweet was the thought,) that perhaps he was now hovering over him, and shedding from his pinions that heavenly peace which entered into his soul: nor was he recalled back to the world, until he found himself, together with the poor mourners, at the gates of his own dwelling. He provided them with every thing that was necessary, and gave them beds in his own house: indeed, the good man saw plainly that the present calmness of the afflicted mother was but the effect of a strong effort, which would be followed by a rapid sinking of nature. His conjecture was right: she went to bed, and the next morning was totally unable to rise. In the mean time, a little coffin had been provided for the poor infant, and its body placed in a room by itself. Poor Amy grew worse and worse; and though the doctor of the village called every day to see her, and left her medicines, they seemed to have but little effect: for her constitution had been

broken down by unaccustomed hardship, and the last stroke of affliction had, as it were, put the finish to the matter. A slow fever brought her down in a few days to a very skeleton, and there seemed but little hope of her ultimate recovery.

William Oliphant, (for that was her husband's name,) watched day and night by the bedside of his dear Amy: and never left it, except to attend the funeral of his little William. This event took place five days after his death: and affecting was the scene at the grave! The little blue coffin was lowered into it: the father in speechless woe stood at the head; his eyes fixed on the narrow chest that held the remains of his beloved son: while the little boys of the village, collected from curiosity, stood round with childish sorrow depicted on their countenances, as they alternately looked upon the blue coffin and the agonized father.

The solemn words, "Earth to earth, and dust to dust," accompanied by the rattling upon the coffin lid, sunk deep into his heart; and when the service was concluded, and the last spadeful of earth had covered up the narrow tenement from his eyes for ever, he turned round, and with hurried steps retraced his way to the dwelling of the good man. Louis, his now only remaining son, met him at the door, and conducted him straight to the room where his mother lay. The good man was there, conversing with his Amy. Though the hand of death seemed upon her, yet it brought with it none of its fears: for Amy had remembered her Saviour in the day of her prosperity, and he now forsook her not in the dark season of adversity. "William," said she to her husband, as he entered the room, "do you think you can spare me too?" "If it be the Lord's will, Amy:" he answered, "I can do all things, through Christ which strengtheneth me;" but, oh! Amy, must it be? My heart is very, very sad." "I feel," she added, "that I must soon lie down beside my pretty baby: and then shall we both rejoice together in glory. Live, then, for the sake of my sweet Louis; and when the grass has grown green upon my grave, weep for me no more, but turn your whole thoughts to him, and bring him up in the fear of his God. I have nothing else delightful now, and what more can he desire, when the last foe shall come upon him? And now, empty world," said she, casting her eyes upwards, "I have settled all with thee: now, come, dear Jesus, come quickly." She seemed to gaze stedfastly upon some unseen object; and so vehement

was the desire that sparkled in her eyes, that all involuntarily turned theirs upwards, to see the same: they looked on her again; but her eyes had closed—for eternity had dawned upon them!

It was a clear summer's evening, when the pure spirit took wing: an hour afterwards, Mr. Oliphant entered the parlour where the good man had retired, with his little Louis holding upon his hand, and begged that he would take charge of him for a short time, while he walked out in the cool air, to tranquillize his feelings. He consented to do so; and the bereaved man retired. The sweet boy had scarcely been in the room one minute, ere he burst into an agony of tears. "Where is mamma?" said he, "is she gone for ever, like little Billy?" "No, my love, you will see her again," said the good man, "if you love God: and she is rejoicing now, where little Billy is; she will never be hungry or thirsty again; nothing can vex her now, Louis." "When shall I go to her, then?" asked the child, drying up his tears, "When you die, if you love God," answered the other. "Then I'll die now," said the boy, with an impetuosity in his manner which the good man had not before marked. He renewed his grief; nor did he cease, till, overcome with the fatigues of the day, and the depth of his sorrow, he fell asleep. The good man placed him gently in bed, and anxiously watched for the return of his father.

He kept not his appointment: and his benefactor passed a sleepless night, dreading lest some accident had befallen him; and as soon as the grey light of morning enabled him to see his way, he arose, and left the house in search of him. Several neighbours and servants were despatched in different directions, and it was ascertained on inquiry, that he took the path across the river to the meadows beyond, and was not seen again to return. They all hastened that way; but when they came to the bridge, the truth became quite plain. One of the planks that spanned the smooth deep flood was gone, and with it part of the slender railing. The river was dragged, but in vain; and after several hours' anxiety and search, all hope was given up.

With a heavy heart, musing on this mysteriously afflictive providence, the good man returned to his home, and gazed on the sleeping orphan boy. He awoke; and throwing his arms round the neck of his protector, inquired for his father. "God is your father now, my poor dear child," said he, returning the embrace of the sweet boy, "your father is gone to meet mamma and little Billy, and you must go too, when

pleases." The child looked frightened, and seemed not to understand him, but called vehemently on his father, till, weary with past weeping and present anxiety, he fainted away. A short time, however, restored him, and his grief gradually became more moderate. The remains of poor Anny were privately interred, lest a renewal of his woe should prove too much for the attenuated frame of Louis; nor did he again recur to the circumstance, till about a month afterwards, when the good man took him with a basket of flowers to strew upon her grave.

The little orphan was dressed in a suit of deep mourning; and when thus attired, there was an unspeakable something in his manners, which shewed that his education had not been neglected so much as might have been expected from a common soldier in India. They were returning from this sadly sweet duty, when a poor man, who was in the habit of working on the banks of the river, came up to the good man, and put a pocket-book into his hand, which he said his dog had discovered among the reeds in the river, that morning. Louis instantly recognized it as his father's; and, this seeming to confirm the idea that he had been drowned, from that time, all doubt of his fate vanished.

When the case was opened, it was found to contain but few things; in one of the inner pockets, and uninjured by the water, were found several little papers, each containing a lock of hair, severally inscribed with the names of his father, mother, and three brothers: on the former of these was written in an elegant hand, "Shall I ever see them again?" In another pocket was found a paper, containing so many interesting allusions to the early years of Mr. Oliphant, that the good man treasured it up, as a document that might be of the utmost importance to his orphan charge. Its contents were as follows:—

"Shall I ever see you again, beloved parents, dear home, and kindred ties, that have clung to this aching heart, like ivy to the elm? How often have I cursed the day, when, in a fit of anger, I left affluence and honour, and burst all the cords of love, to roam an outcast from the world, over its ungrateful soil! Can I forget the tender love of my parents, the fraternal affection of my brothers, the joys of my lovely home, the stately mansion, wild park, glassy lake, and dark blue mountains? No; when I forget these, may my callous heart cease to beat! May my right hand forget its cunning! Are you gone for ever? Shall I never return to you? Oh! no: I left you without cause, and now I can never revisit you. It

was, I remember, my nineteenth birth-day; on the day preceding that on which I left my home, and that was the last happy one I spent. Often do I grieve to think what my early follies must cost my sweet Louis, and then I determine to return home, and throw myself upon the mercy of my aged father: but now I have not the means, and, if I had, could I expect forgiveness? Oh! Sophia!—the memory of the loves of our childhood cuts me to the very core of my heart! Did I leave all that I loved, and esteemed, and thee too, and for mean hopes of revenge, that have long been blighted? Hast thou, my beloved, grieved in secret for thy William, lost to thee for ever? And have I, wretch that I am, caused thee pain? Oh! perish, stubborn heart, and let me bury for ever these vain regrets in my bosom! Father of mercies, unto Thee do I commit my only dear son! keep him in the hollow of thy hand, and raise him up, that he may adorn the name of a Christian, when I sleep in death: Into thy hands I commit all that is dear to me; keep them all in mercy against the great day. And now in mine own behalf:—I have sinned, Father, against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Yet the prodigal found acceptance with thee: turn thou, therefore, O God, look down, behold and visit this heart of mine; give it that peace which the world cannot give; and lead me at last to thy presence, where there is fulness of joy, through the mediation of my blessed Saviour: Amen."

This interesting document was dated about a year previous, at Calcutta, and bore the signature of William Oliphant.

In searching farther into the pocket-book, the good man found a picture of Louis, taken when he was five years old, and by its side, another small manuscript, which, on opening, proved to be a piece of poetry in the same elegant hand. It was dated at sea, and appeared to have been written about a month after his flight from Scotland. It was as follows:—

"Where shall the wretched find
Ease from his sorrow;
Slow on the weary mind
Rises the morrow.
Joy, like a falling star,
Gleams in the river;
Then sinks in the darkness,
To perish for ever.

The war-rousing beacon shines
Far on the mountain;
The hot panting quarry pines
For the cool fountain:
But to me, bonny Scotland seems
Lovelier far,
Than soft-falling waters,
Or glittering star.

Billows roll over me,
 Fierce in their motion ;
 Dark waters cover me,
 Deeper than ocean.
 Bear me, ye tossing waves,
 Back on your breast ;
 Waft me, ye storms,
 To the haven of rest.
 When shall the morning light
 Cease to bring sorrow ?
 When on the weary night
 Rises no morrow.
 Speed, tardy moments, then,
 Fleet as the wind,
 Sorrow is with you,
 But peace is behind !

There were two other papers ; the certificate of his marriage, and a memorandum of Louis's baptism. The good man deposited them all in their places, and locked up the pocket-book, as he considered that some time or other, they might be of great consequence to Louis.

It appeared from the lines transcribed above, that William Oliphant's native place was Scotland ; and that he was of a respectable family ; which led the good man to hope that Louis might be restored to them ; and accordingly he used every method which was available, for their discovery ; but it was for a long time unsuccessful.

In the mean while, Louis Oliphant developed more and more of his character, as his familiarity with his protector increased : he was about eight years old ; tall for his age ; his glossy black hair curled slightly, and parted upon an open high forehead, beneath which shone a pair of eyes of the same colour as his hair ; on common occasions these had rather a languishing air than otherwise ; but when excited, they could flash like the stricken flint, or shine like the sparkling diamond. With this description, a physiognomist would be content : for to persons accustomed to study the workings of the face of childhood, it is as easy to read the character in the countenance, as if drawn in black and white before them. His temper was generous and ardent ; affectionate by nature, and gentle as the lamb ; yet when roused, fierce as the lion. Endowed with intellectual powers of more than ordinary strength, their cultivation had not been neglected by the anxious parent. It was plain, that his father, even in his lowest circumstances, had never relinquished his claim to the character of a gentleman ; and having inculcated the same notions on the mind of his son, it needed no effort on the part of the latter to put on that courtesy which marks the gentleman, and it was this degree of polish that made his appearance so prepossessing, when in the garb of the lowest poverty.

Under the superintendence of the good man, the education of Louis proceeded

more rapidly than had been customary : and he had inculcated many good lessons upon the mind of his little pupil, and had laid many plans of future good, when one afternoon a carriage drove up to the door of the house, and a middle-aged gentleman alighted. He announced himself by the name of Oliphant : and it appeared that he was now the only remaining uncle of Louis ; his father, mother, and two brothers having all died : William Oliphant had been the second son ; while James, the present proprietor of the estates, was the fourth : and in consequence he held them only in trust for his brother and his heirs : but interested as he was in leaving the whole matter in silence, immediately on receiving the intelligence of his nephew's retreat, he set off, with the intention of carrying him back, and putting him in full possession, when he came of age, of his paternal estates.

After having amply explained all the circumstances of the case, and received in return a full account of the wanderings of his brother, he begged to be allowed to see his nephew. The bell was rung : but it was some time before he made his appearance, and when he did, a dead linnet in his hand, and his eyes brimming with tears, disclosed the cause of his delay. He had just discovered the death of his favourite. As he entered the room, Mr. Oliphant eyed him with a look of piercing interest, and turned deadly pale. He pressed his hand against his forehead, and exclaimed, "Oh ! my dear lost brother, it is thy very image !" He recovered himself in a few minutes, and clasped the dear child to his breast.

"It is now," "said he," thirty years ago, that my brother entered the room with tears in his eyes, to tell me that my beloved sister was fled to glory : and he was so like you, my sweet Louis, that the circumstance and all its feelings seemed to revive again."

It would require more than the pencil of painter, poet, or historian, to describe the scene which followed. The pleasure that beamed in the uncle's eyes, at having found his nephew, softened down by "pale grief and pleasing pain,"—the one for the loss of his brother, and the other in the memory of the sorrows of former days ; the joy of the good man in witnessing the transports of others, and yet the sorrow which he felt in being called to part with a companion so dear and interesting : and both these far surpassed by the more intense emotions of Louis, who felt that in accompanying his relation, whom in the ardency of his feelings he already loved, he must take leave of

his benefactor, who was dearer to him than he could express : and both these feelings intermingling with sacred grief for the memory of his father—all struck with so rude a hand the tender chords in his breast, that it went nigh to break them. He gazed on one, and then on the other, and, turning his eyes again upon his favourite linnet, ran out of the room.

The sorrows of youth, it has been remarked, are soon over ; but this is by no means correct in every instance : for there are times when the memory of past joys is interwoven with the affections so closely, that, in tearing them away, it leaves a rent which time heals but slowly. Many changes are rung upon the buoyancy of the spirits of childhood, and the elasticity of the mind of youth. That buoyancy may vanish, and that elasticity be destroyed by sickness of heart ; but a home deserted, or a mother lost, will not be forgotten till time has softened the pain down into melancholy pleasure.

* * * * *

“Is that P——,” said Louis to his uncle, as they came in view of a large stone mansion in the valley, having a broad sheet of water before it, and skirted by large trees on the back and sides. “It is,” answered the other, “and over those brakes have I many a time bounded with your beloved father, till the setting sun warned us back to our loved home. The last time that I was with him, the day before his final departure, he led me to the top of that wooded knoll to the left, and pointing to the sun, just on the verge of the horizon, “There sets,” said he, “the sun of my happiness. It is going ;—— it is gone : it is all over now, James ; and when it rises again, it will tell a new tale ; but, oh ! shall I ever see you again ?”—He turned round, and walked slowly towards the house, and I saw him no more. The next morning, he set off, unseen of us all, and never returned again. Louis listened with tears to the anecdotes of his uncle, and looked with rather a timid eye upon the scenes which he pointed out to him. The carriage now drove through the park-gates, and a few minutes brought them to the house-door. The servants crowded out to see their new young master ; and one very old woman, supported on a stick, as soon as she caught a sight of him, fainted, and fell into the arms of one of the by-standers. It was the faithful nurse of his father.

* * * * *

Nothing of consequence occurred till *Louis had reached his sixteenth year : he had regularly corresponded with his second*

father : but for six years he had never seen him.

One afternoon a post-chaise turned the top of the hill, and slowly descended the road that passed by the hall : Louis and his uncle were in a boat upon the lake ; but on its turning up the avenue that led to the door of the house, they soon landed, and the former reached it at the same time as the vehicle. It contained the good man.

The next morning he walked out with his adopted son, to see and hear all that the Lord had done for him. “Have you been happy, Louis, since you left me,” he inquired. “For the first five years,” he answered, “I was very happy : but about nine months ago, a circumstance occurred, which has often caused me hours of anguish.

I was walking along this road, by myself, when I met a blind man, of very venerable aspect : as I passed, he turned towards me, and rolling his sightless eyeballs, as though straining them to catch a glimpse of me, he inquired if my name was Louis Oliphant ?—I answered that it was : and he immediately added, “Then, young gentleman, I have a message for you.” He stood still ; and, with an expression of the deepest awe, yet in a tone of majesty, uttered the following words ; I fancy I hear them now ; and long will they reverberate in my ears.

“Flee from the wrath to come. Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming : destruction rides forward on the wings of the wind : the gulf of Tophet is before thee, and Almighty vengeance is behind. By all thy sins, open and secret, I charge thee, Louis Oliphant, prepare to meet thy God. Flee—for the day of vengeance is at hand ;—flee, for the tempest rolleth on ;—even now the heavens are departing, and the mountains shake : where, oh ! where wilt thou hide thee in the day of his anger ? Flee from the wrath to come !”

A dizziness came over me, and my brain reeled : how long it was before I came to my senses, I know not : I found myself upon the greensward, and the stranger was just disappearing over the hill-top yonder. I had not the heart to follow him ; for I felt frightened and sick : but we have never been able to discover him. He was totally unknown to any of the peasantry ; nor was he seen by any one but myself. But since that time I have never prayed to my heavenly Father, without a feeling of dread and terror : he is my Judge, and one that cannot pass by iniquity : oh ! how shall I

before him in the day of his fierce
!"

good man turned his eyes to heaven, and said, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. My dear Louis," he added, "the key of heaven is not a list of good works, but a heart of faith. That faith works by love: love, when it is perfect, casteth out all fear. Think not of the heinousness of your sin, but of Him who washed them all away. Think not of the horrors of hell, but remember the loveliness of heaven: think of an avenging God, but view him as reconciled to you through His Son, and your Father in heaven: and, lastly, let His love shed abroad in your breast: when there will be no more room for sin."—"Thou God of all grace," added the good man, turning to heaven, "look down, and dwell in his heart: cast out all sin: renew all his joys: make him to fly up on the wings of the eagles: be his refuge, and put underneath him everlasting arms: and finally, when he shall have been faithful unto death, do thou crown him with the crown of life, for his sake."

"All peace, Louis?" said he, after he had walked for some time in silence. "Yes," he answered, "all is peace, all peace, now." "Amen," said the good man.

"All peace, Louis?" said he, after he had walked for some time in silence. "Yes," he answered, "all is peace, all peace, now." "Amen," said the good man.

here any one among my readers inclined to scoff at this? to call Louis a sick enthusiast? one who laughs at trifles at his Maker's frowns, and who, in his conscience, hoping that "all will be well in the end?" In the name of the God, I say unto him, Consider your sin—Is all well? Are you as ready as you wish? Have you indeed a lease of life, and afterwards a passport to heaven? Or after all else has failed, does the Lord's merciful set all to rights?" Oh! teach you, by all your hopes, here and there, lay not that flattering unction to your soul! God is indeed a God of love—suffering and of great mercy;" but none who will by no means clear the way. "Who can save you? None but—none but Christ—the hope of this sick enthusiast must be yours, or hell will be your portion for ever.

word to the waverers. The time is passing; use then the world, as not abusing the fashion of it passeth away. It is time to trifle. The die is falling; and death hangs upon its issue. Is this ground to jeer at? Is this enthusiasm?

If so, it is enthusiasm to seek to save our life: and they only are truly wise who quietly sit down, and lose it!

Three years after this, it pleased the Lord to stretch Louis upon a sick bed. At first there was no danger, but several relapses, and a high degree of fever, reduced him very low, so that the medical attendant began to entertain some fears of the result. Louis earnestly requested that the good man might be apprized of his illness; his wish was complied with, and in four days he was by the bed-side of his adopted child. He gazed upon him for a few minutes with indescribable emotion, and then said, "You will soon see them all again, Louis!" "Yes, dear sir," answered he; "and where they are gone, Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown. I am bound upon my last journey, and that is my journey home.—Home, sweet home,—where there are pleasures for evermore." "I think, my dear son," said the good man, "your time here is short: are you sure that all is right? Have you no other trust than Christ?" "Oh! no," he returned, his voice faltering as he spoke, "where can a sinner look for hope, but to him? He in whom I have believed, will not leave me in the day of my death, but assuredly carry me through the black flowing river."

Four days more, and the sand of life had ceased to run. That day week he was buried in the village kirk-yard. All his own tenantry, and the poor of his parish, followed him to his grave: and "they were real mourners."—He lies buried about six feet to the south of the kirk of P——: nor is his memory yet perished; the villagers still point out the resting-place of the "blessed Mr. Oliphant."

The good man returned home a few days after the funeral: perhaps the reader may wish to know his name; but I will not repeat it: for angels have borne it in their songs to heaven, and my unworthy hand shall never bring it back to earth again. It is several years since he entered into his rest: but "the good man" will not be forgotten, till time has swept away another generation from the face of the earth.

It was about a week after the funeral of Louis Oliphant, that an old man, evidently more broken, however, by the weight of cares than of years, entered the village, and with slow step moved towards the kirk-yard. He entered it: a young man, who had just been paying a visit to the grave of his deceased parent, was returning, when he met him, and, with the respect due from youth to age, wished him a good

night. "The night is indeed coming for me," said he, as he seated himself upon a flat low tomb-stone, having but little to distinguish it from the rest. "Pray, who lies here," he inquired, reading aloud the inscription, "L. O. aged nineteen, died May 13, 1810." "There lies," said the young man, "the blessing of our village, father: his name was Louis Oliphant." "Oh! farewell, my son! my son!" exclaimed Wm. Oliphant, as he stretched himself on the tomb, and endeavoured to clasp the cold marble with his arms. The young man stood, in amazement, at the head of the tomb; all was still: even the long branches of the willow waved not, but seemed to weep with him that wept: a fleecy cloud came across the moon, and the stillness of nature sympathized with the mourner's woe: at length it was broken; one deep sigh, and the silver cord was loosed!

July 5th, 1832.

W. G. B.

DEATH OF DAVID HUME.

THE following is from a correspondent of the *Christian Observer*, and published in the number of that Magazine for November last.

I enclose a passage relative to the death-bed of Hume the historian, which appeared many years ago in an Edinburgh newspaper, and which I am not aware was ever contradicted. Adam Smith's well-known narrative of Hume's last hours has been often cited, to prove how calmly a philosophical infidel can die; but, if the enclosed account be correct, very different was the picture. I copy it as I find it, hoping that some of your numerous readers may be able to cast some light upon the subject. If the facts alleged in the following statement are not authentic, they ought to be disproved before tradition is too remote; if authentic, they are of considerable importance on account of the religious use which has been made of the popular narrative; just as was the case in regard to the death-bed of Voltaire, which, to this hour, in spite of well-proved facts, infidel writers maintain was calm and philosophical. The following is the story:

"About the end of 1776, a few months after the historian's death, a respectable looking woman, dressed in black, came into the Haddington stage-coach while passing through Edinburgh.

"The conversation among the passengers, which had been interrupted for a few minutes, was speedily resumed, which the lady soon found to be regarding the state

of mind, persons were in at the prospect of death. One gentleman argued, that a real Christian was more likely to view the approach of death with composure, than he who had looked upon religion as unworthy his notice. Another (an English gentleman) insisted that an infidel could look to his end with as much complacency and peace of mind as the best Christian in the land. This being denied by his opponent, he bade him consider the death of his countryman, David Hume, who was an acknowledged infidel, and yet died not only happy and tranquil, but spoke of his dissolution with a degree of gaiety and humour.

"The lady who had lately joined them turned round to the last speaker, and said, 'Sir, this is all you know about it: I could tell you another tale.' 'Madam,' replied the gentleman, 'I presume I have as good information as you can have on this subject, and I believe that what I have asserted regarding Mr. Hume has never before been called in question.' The lady continued: 'Sir, I was Mr. Hume's housekeeper for many years, and was with him in his last moments, and the mourning I now wear was a present from some of his relatives for my attention to him on his death-bed; and happy should I have been if I could have borne my testimony to the mistaken opinion that has gone abroad of his peaceful and composed end. I have, sir, never till this hour opened my mouth on this subject; but I think it a pity the world should be kept in the dark on so interesting a topic. It is true, sir, that, when Mr. Hume's friends were with him, he was cheerful, and seemed quite unconcerned about his approaching fate; nay, spoke of it often to them in a jocular and playful manner; but when he was alone, the scene was very different: he was any thing but composed; his mental agitation was so great at times, as to occasion his whole bed to shake. He would not allow the candles to be put out during the night, nor would he be left alone for a minute. I had always to ring the bell for one of the servants to be in the room, before he would allow me to leave it. He struggled hard to appear composed even before me; but to one who attended his bed-side for so many days and nights, and witnessed his disturbed sleeps, and still more disturbed wakings; who frequently heard his involuntary breathings of remorse, and frightful startings; it was no difficult matter to determine that all was not right within. This continued and increased until he became insensible. I hope in God I shall never witness a similar scene.'

ave you, readers, to weigh the probability of this narrative; for myself, I see it is very unlikely in it for a man; who had lost all his talents to deprive mankind of their dearest hopes and only consolation on the day of trial and the hour of death, to be expected to suffer remorse in the long hour; and the alleged narrator of the circumstance, who states herself to have been his housekeeper, is affirmed to have made the declaration on the spur of the moment, from regard to truth, and by no means for any pique or dislike towards Hume or his family. Some of your learned readers may perhaps be able to tell me who was Mr. Hume's housekeeper at the time of his death, and whether there is any proof, in writing, memory, or tradition, to the effect of her alleged state-

GIBBET LAW OF HALIFAX, YORKSHIRE.

from Allen's History of Yorkshire, vol. iii.
page 241—246.

The gibbet law forms a very peculiar feature in the history of Halifax. "The customs within the forest of Hardwick are, from time immemorial, that if a felon were taken within their liberty, and goods stolen, out or within the liberty of the said forest, either hand-habend, or perand, or confessand, any commoner of the value of thirteen pence halfpenny, he should, after three markets, or three long days, within the town of Halifax, after such his apprehension, and being condemned, be taken to the gibbet, and his head cut off from his body."

The process of the gibbet law was as follows. Out of the most wealthy persons, those of the greatest repute for integrity and understanding in the liberty, a certain number were selected for the trial of the felon; for, when a felon was apprehended, he was immediately brought before the lord's bailiff at Halifax, who, by virtue of the authority granted him from the lord of the manor of Wakefield, under charter of that manor, kept a common gaol in the town, had the custody of the axe, and was the legal executioner. On receipt of a prisoner, the bailiff issued out his summons to the constables of four several parishes within the precincts of the liberty, to appear before him on a certain day, to swear to the truth of the charge.

At the time of appearance, the accuser and the accused were confronted before the court, the thing stolen was produced, and the prisoner acquitted or condemned accord-

ing to the evidence, without any oath being administered. If the party accused was acquitted, he was instantly liberated on paying his fees; if condemned, he was either immediately executed, if it was the principal market-day, or kept till then, if it was not, and in the mean while set in the stocks on the less meeting days, with the stolen goods on his back, if portable; or if not, they were placed before him. But the executions always took place on the great market-day, in order to strike greater terror into the neighbourhood. And so strict was this customary law, that whoever within the liberty had any thing stolen, and not only discovered the thief, but secured the goods, could not receive them back without prosecuting the delinquent, but was obliged to bring him, with the stolen property, to the chief bailiff at Halifax, and to carry on the prosecution. Without this procedure, he both forfeited the goods to the lord of the manor, and was liable to be accused of theft-bote, or commutation of felony, for his private connivance and agreement with the felon. After every execution, also, it appears, that the coroners for the county, or some of them, were obliged to repair to the town of Halifax, and there summon a jury of twelve men, sometimes the same persons who condemned the felon, and administer an oath to them to give in a true and precise verdict, relating to the fact for which he was executed, in order that a record might be made of it in the crown office.

This custom has obtained the distinguishing appellation of Halifax law. It attracted the attention of Camden and his commentators, and is amply explained by Bentley, Wright, and Watson. It is first to be observed, that the felon was liable to suffer, if he was taken within the liberty or precincts of Hardwick. This refers us directly to the privileges of *infangthefe* and *outfangthefe*, the origin of which is of great antiquity. These privileges are mentioned in the laws of Edward the Confessor, which William the Norman afterwards confirmed, in the 21st chapter "*De Baronibus, qui suas habent curias et consuetudines*"—concerning the barons who have their courts of law and customs: In this article there is an express mention of *infangthefe* and *outfangthefe*, which is thus explained: "*Justitia cognoscentis latronis sua est, de homine suo, si captus fuerit super terram suam*"—he has the right of taking cognizance of felony, in respect of his own vassals, if the felon be taken within his own manor. But here is nothing said "*de homine extraneo*," or such as did not belong to the manor, whom the lord had

power to execute by the privilege of out-fangthese, if taken as a thief within his manor, let the robbery have been committed wherever it might. This power, however, was undoubtedly exercised at Halifax, as appears in the following entries in the register :—

“*Quidam extraneus capitalem subiit sententiam, 1^o Jan. 1542.*” A certain stranger suffered capital punishment, Jan. 1, 1542; and “Richard Sharp, and John Learoyd, beheaded the 5th day of March, 1568, for a robbery done in Lancashire.”

At this town it appears that the felon was to be taken within the liberty, and that if he escaped out of it, even after condemnation, he could not be brought back to be executed; but if ever he returned into it again, and were taken, he was liable to suffer, as was the case of a person named Lacy, who, after escaping, remained seven years out of the liberty, but, venturing to come back, was beheaded on the former verdict, in the year 1623.

In the next place, the fact was to be proved in the clearest manner: the offender was to be taken either hand-habend, or back-berand, that is, having the stolen goods either in his hand or bearing them on his back, or lastly confessand, confessing that he took them. This is what the writers on ancient laws denominate “*furtum manifestum*,” and perhaps the abhorrence which our ancestors had of that crime, might give rise to the ample power that was so long left to the barons, of punishing offenders of this description; for nothing surely could more effectually deter from the practice of theft, than capital punishment inflicted in this summary way, without much trouble or expense to the prosecutors. But it must, however, be remarked, that there was a great defect in this law; for unless the felon was taken with the stolen goods in his actual possession, which would seldom be the case, he could, by pleading not guilty, avoid conviction; and the person injured had no further redress.

The value of the goods was to amount to thirteen pence halfpenny, or more; and Dr. Grey seems to think, that thirteen pence halfpenny may have been called hangman's wages, in allusion to the Halifax law. Mr. Watson also supposes that this sum of money might be given, at this place, as a gratuity to the executioner.

When the condemned felon was brought to the gibbet, which stood a little way out of the town at the west end, the bailiff, the persons who had found the verdict, and the attending clergyman, placed themselves on

the scaffold with the prisoner. The fourth psalm was then played round the scaffold on the bagpipes, after which the minister prayed with the prisoner till he received the fatal stroke. The execution was performed by means of an engine, similar to the guillotine erected in France. It consisted of two upright posts, or pieces of timber, fifteen feet high, joined at the top by a transverse beam: within these was a square block of wood of the length of four feet and a half, which moved up and down between the uprights by means of grooves made for that purpose: to the lower end of this sliding-block was fastened an iron axe, of the weight of seven pounds twelve ounces. The axe, thus fixed, was drawn up to the top by a cord and pulley. At the end of the cord was a pin, which, being fixed to the block, kept it suspended till the moment of execution, when, by pulling out the pin, or cutting the cord, it was suffered to fall, and the criminal's head was instantly severed from his body. The mode of this proceeding has been differently described.

Harrison says, that every person present took hold of the rope, or at least stretched forth his arm as near to it as he could, in token of his approbation, and that the pin was pulled out in this manner; but if the offender was condemned for stealing an ox, sheep, horse, &c. the end of the rope was fastened to the beast, which, being driven, pulled out the pin. Camden informs us, that if this was not performed by a beast, the bailiff, or his servant, cut the rope; with which Bentley's representation of the matter agrees. From these descriptions of the Halifax gibbet, it evidently appears, that the French guillotine is not, as has been vulgarly believed, a recent invention. The Halifax engine was as nearly as possible of the same construction, and its operation was equally certain and instantaneous.

In regard to the antiquity of this custom at Halifax, it seems to have been nearly coeval with the town itself. It has already been observed, that in the Domesday book no mention is made of Halifax, and if it existed at that time it must have been only an inconsiderable place. Mr. Watson, therefore, with just probability, supposes that the gibbet law had its beginning about the time that the manor of Wakefield, which included the present parish of Halifax, was bestowed on the Earl of Warren. “In the reign of Edward I. at the pleas of assizes and jurats, John, earl of Warren and Surry, answering to a writ of ‘quo warranto,’ said, that he claimed gallows

at Coningsburgh and Wakefield, and the power of doing what belonged to a gallows in all his lands and fees, and that he and his ancestors had used the same from time immemorial; to which it was answered, on the part of the king, that the aforesaid liberties belonged merely to the crown, and that no long seisin or prescription of time ought to prejudice the king, and that the earl had no special warrant for the said liberties, therefore judgment was desired, if the seisin could be to the said earl a sufficient warrant. From hence it is evident, that even about the year 1280, no charter of these privileges could be produced, but the prescriptive right was deemed good, for upon the inquisition afterwards taken, it does not appear that any thing was found for the king.

It seems to have been universally agreed, that theft was the only thing cognizable in this court, but, as Mr. Watson informs us, in a MS. in the Harleian collection in the British Museum, under the title of Halifax, is the following entry:—"The court of the countess, held 30th January, 33 Edward III. it is found by inquisition, that if any tenant of this lordship of Halifax be beheaded for theft, or *other cause*, that the heirs of the same tenant ought not to lose their inheritance, &c."

"The difficulty," says Mr. Watson, "here is, how to account for their beheading for other causes than theft, at the above period, and yet no traces of this power remain in later times. This happened either through disuse, or some restraint put upon the power by the crown; for in 1359, a few months after the date of the above inquisition, the said countess died, and the manor came to the crown in the person of Edward IV. as son of Richard, duke of York, whose right it was, and who was killed at Wakefield fight. Now this Edward, if it was not done before, might think proper to reduce the excessive power of the barons, which seemed to infringe too much upon the royal prerogative, if they could put to death for other causes than theft; and this he might do without giving offence to any one, for the power which had gone out from the crown was returned to it again. And, as I take this to be the very period when trade made its first appearance here, it is not improbable but so much of the old proceedings might, at the suit of the tenants, be allowed as related to theft, in order to encourage the woollen manufactory, then in its infancy. But it seems they were not to take cognizance of any sort of theft but such as was proved in the clearest manner, and where the thing

stolen was of such a determined value, that the lives of the king's copyholders and others, might not be too much at the mercy of ignorant or ill-designing men, as perhaps it might be found they had long enough been."

It is a circumstance particularly worthy of remark, that this power of the barons to inflict capital punishment was kept up at Halifax a considerable time after it had ceased in every other part of the kingdom. This, however, seems to have been merely accidental. The privilege was not taken away from any place by act of parliament, but fell by degrees, in consequence of the alteration of circumstances; for as the "tenures in capite" ceased, the liberties annexed to them became extinct. But as Halifax was a place of so much trade, this custom, which was calculated to strike terror into thieves, was found to be so great a safeguard to the property of the manufacturers, that they kept it up as long as they dared. And very probably it would not have ceased when it did, if the bailiff had not been threatened after the last execution, that he should be called to a public account, if the like were again attempted.

It seems that theft was exceedingly common in this neighbourhood, and also that the law was rigidly executed; for the register books exhibit a list of forty-nine persons beheaded at Halifax gibbet between the 20th day of March, 1541, and the 30th of April, 1650. Of these, five were executed in the six last years of Henry VIII. twenty-five in the reign of Elizabeth, seven in the reign of James I., ten in that of Charles I., and two during the interregnum. The list of executions, as Mr. Watson observes, is so formidable, that there is no reason to wonder at the proverbial petition of thieves and vagabonds, "From Hell, Hull, and Halifax, good Lord, deliver us."

THE MASSACRE OF PROTESTANTS, CALLED THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S.

IN the reign of Charles the Ninth of France, who was contemporary with the English queen Elizabeth, the Hugonots, or Protestants of that kingdom, who had resolutely withstood the efforts of their adversaries to convert or crush them, were taught to consider themselves in a state of security and peace, from the altered feelings and policy of the court; and, as a guarantee of that security, an alliance was formed between Charles and Elizabeth, to whom all eyes were directed, as the chief protector on earth of the Protestant cause; while, to remove still further all apprehension from

the minds of the French Protestants, a marriage was projected between the sister of Charles and the young Protestant king of Navarre.

The admiral de Coligny, says Russel, the prince of Condé, and all the most considerable men of the Protestant party, went cheerfully to Paris, in order to assist at the celebration of that marriage; which it was hoped would finally appease the religious animosities. Coligny was wounded by a shot from a window, a few days after the marriage; yet the court still found means to quiet the suspicions of the Hugonots till the eve of St. Bartholomew, when a massacre commenced, to which there is nothing parallel in the history of mankind, either for the dissimulation that led to it, or the deliberative cruelty and barbarity with which it was perpetrated.

The Protestants, as a body, were devoted to destruction, the young king of Navarre and the prince of Condé only being exempted from the general doom, on condition that they should change their religion. Charles, accompanied by his mother, beheld, from a window of his palace, this horrid massacre, which was chiefly conducted by the duke of Guise. The royal guards were ordered to be under arms at the close of day. The ringing of a bell was the signal; and the Catholic citizens, who had been secretly prepared by their leaders for such a scene, zealously seconded the execution of the soldiery, embreuing their hands, without remorse, in the blood of their neighbours, of their companions, and even of their relations; the king himself inciting their fury by firing upon the fugitives, and frequently crying, Kill, kill! Persons of every condition, age, and sex, suspected of adhering to the reformed opinions, were involved in one undistinguished ruin. About five hundred gentlemen and men of rank, among whom was Coligny, with many other heads of the Protestant party, were murdered in Paris alone; and near ten thousand persons of inferior condition. The same barbarous orders were sent to all parts of the kingdom; and a like carnage ensued at Rouen, Lyons, Orleans, and several other cities. By this massacre, sixty thousand Protestants are supposed to have been massacred in different parts of France.

The best commentary on this event, and on the revocation of the edict of Nantz, which may be regarded as the second act of the same drama, will be found in the narrative of the French Revolution of 1789. *The persecution*, in either case, was the *joint act of the king, nobles, and clergy*, of

France; on whom, the consequences of all the murders of Charles, and the dragoonings of Louis, have been poured out in double fury. Verily, there is a God that judgeth in the earth.

But while the massacre of St. Bartholomew's remains unquestioned, various efforts have, of late years, been made, to give new colours to old events; and, by the suppression of some circumstances, and the alteration of others, to represent it as any thing else but what it appears in our older historians. In this spirit, a history of England has been written, "for Catholic youth;" that, but for the names of persons occurring in it, might as well pass for an history of Utopia or Atalantis. As an apology, says Russel, for this atrocious perfidy and inhuman butchery, Charles pretended that a conspiracy of the Hugonots to seize his person had been suddenly detected; and that he had been necessitated, for his own safety, to proceed to extremities against them. It is a sufficient answer to this, that, even admitting the accusation to be true, such a mode of proceeding, in reference to conspirators, is not consistent with justice, law, or the dignity of authority.

But the pope, in whose cause the act had been perpetrated, was above using any such equivocating apology; and the method adopted at Rome, to mark his approbation of the measure, must ever stand as evidence of the participation, or more than participation, of the pope, and Roman church, in the guilt of this blood. Three pictures were painted, and hung up in the hall where the pope gives audience to ambassadors. In the first of these, Coligny was represented as he was carried to his house, after he had been wounded by the assassin Morevil; and at the bottom of the picture were these words, "Gaspar Colignius, amirallius, accepto vulnere domum refertur. Greg. xiii. Pontif. Max. 1572:" (Gaspar Coligny, the admiral, is carried to his house wounded, in the Pontificate of Gregory 13th, 1572.) The second exhibited him murdered in the same house, together with his son-in-law, Teligny, and others, with these words, "Cædes Colignii et sociorum ejus:" (The slaughter of Coligny and his companions.) In the third picture, the news of the execution is brought to the king, who seems pleased with it: the inscription, "Rex Colignii necem probat:" (The king approves of the murder of Coligny.)

The cardinal of Lorraine, who was at Rome, gave a thousand crowns to the messenger who brought the news of the massacre; and, as if the pope's name to the

pictures were not enough to identify him with the action, he caused medals to be struck, an impression of one of which now lies before the writer. It is about the size of an English half-crown; on the obverse, a bust of the pope, with the inscription, "Gregorius XIII. Pont. Max. An. I.;" on the reverse, an angel, crowned with a glory, in the left hand a cross lifted up, in the right a sword, with which he thrusts, as he advances: before him, numerous persons, some fleeing, some slain: the inscription is, "Ugonottorum Strages, 1572:" (Slaughter of the Hugonots.)

However, having mentioned the revocation of the edict of Nantz, in connexion with the slaughter on St. Bartholomew's day, it is proper that a distinction should be made between the pope, who probably instigated, but certainly applauded, the latter event; and him who ruled the popedom in the time of Lewis. He wrote, indeed, a letter to the French king, to compliment him on the revocation; but he openly condemned the method of gaining the heart by holding a poniard to the throat. The reproach that must ever accompany the atrocities which were perpetrated on that occasion, atrocities too infamous for utterance, falls chiefly on the monastic orders; and it is certain, that, when some Jesuits were afterwards reproved by some of their own church, for suffering such actions in those whom they alone could have restrained, they made sport of it. C.

DEATH OF A DRUNKARD.

THE following account of the awful death of a drunkard, is extracted from the correspondence of an American paper.

"He had once been a sober and a happy man. His business prospered, his prospects were flattering, his family—as lovely a family as ever existed this side of heaven—were all that he could wish. The sun never shone on more love, peace, and happiness, than were found around this fire-side. But in an evil hour he tasted the poisonous cup, and all was lost. He became a drunkard. Oh that last hour!—the last hour of the destroyer of himself, the hopes of his friends, and the prospects of his family,—of him who had deliberately brought a blighting curse upon all that was beautiful around him—it was awful!

"As he lay upon his bed groaning under the burden of a guilty conscience, and his family—they were still lovely, although reduced to beggary by his infernal appetite—gathered weeping around his bed, I came into the room. "Doctor," said he, "do

you believe there is a hell?—a hell?" laying a strong emphasis upon the last word as he repeated it.—"I certainly do," I replied. "I know there is," rejoined he, "I know there is, for I feel it *here*;—laying his hand upon his breast—I feel it *here*; the worm that can never die, the fire that can never be quenched, eternal punishment, endless torments—I *feel* them, they have begun to be my portion even in this world." I suggested to him that the mercy of God was infinite, and would be extended even to the vilest sinner, upon repentance.—"Repentance," said he, catching my words, "repentance! I cannot repent; the time of repentance is gone for ever! I can reflect on my treatment to my wife, on my dreadful abuse of my children, on my loss of respect, honour, and every noble feeling, and still not be moved—not be penitent. The day of repentance is past—there is no hope; I am lost—I am lost!" Horror-struck with his expressions of despair, and with the agony depicted in the countenance of his wife, and the bursts of grief from his children, I knew not what to say. He lay silent for a few minutes, and again burst forth into the most blasphemous expressions of horror and despair; and these were followed by a cry, as if coming up from the world of wo, for rum: "Give me some rum! give me some rum!" Fearing that in his paroxysm of rage he might spring from his bed, and do injury to those around, as he had on similar occasions exhibited more than human strength, I ordered it to be given him. His wife brought it to his bedside. Raising himself upon his pillow, and seizing the tumbler, with a convulsive grasp, in both his hands, he made an ineffectual attempt to carry it to his mouth. Enraged at his repeated failures, occasioned by the high excitement of his nervous system, he uttered a dreadful oath, and called upon his wife for assistance. She turned from soothing the distress of their youngest child, a beautiful little girl of some four or five years old, whose excessive grief had drawn the attention of the mother even from the dying husband—to afford him her aid; but, ere she could reach the bed, with a fiendish laugh, and a more than hellish spite, he dashed from him the tumbler, and, muttering *Damnation! damnation!* fell back, and expired."

A FACTORY CHILD'S TALE.

"I work at Bradley Mills. A few days since I had three 'wratched cardings,' about two inches long. The slubber

Joseph Riley, saw them, shewed them to me, and asked me if this was good work. I said, "No." He then, in the billy gait, took a thick round leathern thong, and *wailed* me over the head and face, for, I think, a quarter of an hour, and for all my cheek and lips were bleeding, he wailed me on, then sent me to my work again, and I worked till a quarter past seven. I went to the mill at half-past five in the morning: he wailed me a bit past one in the afternoon. *I worked in my blood—as I worked, the blood dropped all in the piecening gait.* My right cheek was torn open, swelled very much, and was black. My lips were very much torn; and each of them were as thick as three lips. He lashed me very hard over my back, too, in all directions; but the skin was not torn, because I had my clothes on. He has many a time strapped me before till I have been black; he has often struck me over the head, with the billy roller, *and raised great lumps with it.* At one time, when I had thrice 'little flyings,' which I could not help, he took me out of the billy gait, lifted me into the window, tied a rope round my body, *and hung me up to a long pole* that was sticking out of the wall, *and there he left me* hanging about five feet from the floor. I cried very much, and so in about ten minutes he took me down." The above *true* account was last week taken, verbatim, from the lips of a poor child, aged *ten* years, by Mr. R. Oastler, and has by him been communicated to the *Leeds Intelligencer*. If this be not INFANT SLAVERY, what is?—June 4, 1832.

WILL DR. ADAM CLARKE EVER SEE AMERICA?

THE following extract of a letter from Dr. A. Clarke to the senior publisher of N. Y. Chr. Advo. will be read with *peculiar* interest.

*Heydon Hall, Pinner, Middlesex,
October 8th, 1831.*

"Rev. and Dear Sir:—You inquire about my going over to America, and ask, 'Is it yet too late?' That depends on the quantum of life that God may have allotted me. I shall have the *will*; and though bearing the load of more than seventy years, yet I would not shrink from the task. I have made, twice, a more difficult voyage. I have, for the sake of my Lord and Master, and for the sake of the souls he has bought, gone into the dangerous *North seas*, not in the very best time; and during my *last voyage*, I *circumnavigated* the whole of

the Zealand group, into the *Greenland seas*; and many who know both *that* and the *Atlantic*, would consider the latter as a steam-vessel canal trip, when compared with the former. In those seas I have seen *HIM*

'Take up the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours on the slippery rocks.'

while the monsters of the deep sported in the surges, and played around our weather-beaten bark. A man who was once drowned, once cast away, and often in dangers by sea and land, is seldom found to be coward, dreading a bucket of water, or fearing a capful of wind. Should God, with any rational evidence, open the way, and say, even in the gentlest whisper, 'Adam, go!' I think I would say, 'I come, Lord. Te duce, ibo.'

"Please to give my love to Mrs. E. and your colleague, and assure your connexion of my heartiest well-wishes.

"I am, reverend and dear sir,

"Yours affectionately,

"ADAM CLARKE."

THE LITTLE GIRL, AND HER PROFANE FATHER.

THE late Mr. Solomon Carpenter, while holding a religious meeting in a private house in Sussex county, New Jersey, the owner of which was much addicted to profane swearing and other vices, in the course of his exhortation expressed himself as follows: "I have often thought, when reading the account of the rich man and Lazarus, that the rich man must have been a great swearer, and that his tongue, that unruly member which he had used in uttering profane language, was on this account particularly punished, for we read that he cried for a drop of water to cool his tongue, it being tormented in the flame." Upon this, a little daughter belonging to the family, placed herself behind the door, and began to weep bitterly. Her father, hearing the noise, went to his child, to know the cause, and to quiet her. "My daughter," said he, "why do you weep so, and disturb the meeting? At first she made no reply; but being pressed for an answer, at length said, "Father, you hear what Mr. Carpenter says about the rich man. I am afraid you will also go to hell, because you swear every day." The father now tried more than before to hush the child, but all in vain. At last he told her if she would quit crying, he would not swear any more.—"Well," said she, "if you will promise never to swear again, then I will be quiet."

newed the promise, and the child ill. After the meeting, she seemed frantic with joy ; she came to her , and exultingly said, "Ah ! mother, something, and father knows some-

"Well, my child, what is it ? tell me." "Ah," said the little girl, now, and father knows;" and then led to manifest her joy. At last she and whispered to her mother, that her had promised her to swear no more.

father kept his promise ; he was heard to utter an oath after that even- The unexpected reproof he received his child, deeply impressed his mind, brought him sincerely to reflect upon consequences of profane swearing, and many other follies of his life. Through co-operating influence of the Divine upon his heart, he soon became an e penitent ; reformed his life, con- himself with the church, is now a elder, and a burning and shining n the Christian community with which onnected.—*New York Observer.*

MY NOTE BOOK : NO. IV.

HIGH AND PRE-EMINENT EXCELLENCE OF OUR OLDEN WRITERS, AND ESPECI- ALLY OUR EARLY DIVINES.

do not forget any writers, do not forget the authors of olden time. There were giants in those days. intellectual beauty, energy, and reach of thought, which they discover, excite perfect admiration. *We stand like dwarfs before them.*
Anonymous.

There are many persons who uniformly , with the utmost confidence and com- munity, that all old things are incompara- bly the best. Old principles and maxims are held in their estimation, by far the most ex- tensive. Old paintings are sketched with more boldness and freedom, and finished with more exquisite beauty than any modern productions. Old customs and manners possess peculiar and resistless charms. Old things are expressive of more characteristic strength, power, and originality. Any thing old, whether it be material or intellec- tual, strikes them as being possessed of indescribable and transcendent virtues.

There is a charm in the word *antique*, nothing modern, however interesting, attractive, or strongly recommended, can easily dissolve. The aged do not cling to things with more deep-rooted tenacity, than they do to every olden excellency and its peculiarity.

There is not one of those who unhesitatingly adopt this maxim—who adhere to it un- wittingly, and who discover that it exerts its

powerful and magic influence over their habits, plans, and mode of procedure ; but I cannot refrain from acknowledging, that my attachment to many things which existed in olden time, is at once glowing and in- creasing. And this remark will most appro- priately and powerfully apply to a consider- able number of distinguished writers, parti- cularly on theological subjects, who then poured their fresh and beauteous lustre on the world, and who now shine most clearly and resplendently as bright stars of vigorous intellect and splendid piety, in their numer- ous and inestimable productions. Hence I cannot do otherwise than regret most deeply, that there is so trifling a share of attention discovered, particularly in the present en- lightened and intellectual period, to the productions of men whose understandings were so capacious, whose judgment was so masculine, whose fancy was so rich, and sparkling, and luxuriant, and whose devo- tion was so pure and elevated.

The multitude of light, airy, frivolous productions that now issue from the press ; the variety of sportive, beauteous, and splendid pieces which are formed by the fancy and the imagination, that are con- stantly given to the world ; the disposition of the majority of readers to form an ac- quaintance with such works principally or exclusively ; the want of sufficient reflec- tion ; the unattractive qualities of many volumes of the olden writers, the frequent circumlocutions, the boundless digression, the ruggedness of phrase, the numerous mixtures and extravagancies of metaphor ; the unqualified manner in which they uttered their opinions ; the peculiarity of spelling ; the coarseness and often indeli- cacy of allusion ; the closeness and solem- nity of their appeals to the heart and con- science ; are more than enough to deter hundreds from entering on their perusal, much less dispassionate and rigid investiga- tion ; though, at the same time, their exten- sive acquaintance with scripture ; their richness and discursiveness of fancy ; power of expression ; happiness and freshness of allusion ; beauty of metaphor ; originality and energy of thought ; and vein of pro- found and lofty piety—would, in the esti- mation of a man of penetrating judgment and vigorous mind, not only compensate for any minor defects, but fill him with the liveliest admiration, and impart the most refined and exquisite delight.

It is readily conceded, that the divines of the modern school discover greater refine- ment of manner ; greater niceness and ac- curacy of discrimination ; greater elegance of taste ; a more delicate perception of

beautiful ; periods are more finely rounded ; there is more precision in the choice of terms ; greater chasteness of expression, and beauty of illustration, are perceivable ; luxuriances are more rigidly pruned ; and considerably more marked attention is discovered, with regard to heightening and increasing embellishments. But it has often been observed, that when very minute attention is manifested to the choice of terms, the disposition of words, the structure and harmony of sentences, and the rhythm and melody of periods—thought is forgotten, or cannot be supplied.

In perusing, for instance, the great writers who shone like so many suns of intellectual beauty and splendour in the age of Elizabeth, who can help admiring most enthusiastically—with all their ruggedness, uncouthness, inaccuracy, want of fastidious delicacy or niceness, circumlocutions, and frequent barbarisms of language—that magnificence and richness of fancy, that loftiness of mind, that energy of conception, and power of expression, which nearly all their productions discover ? O what an ill compensation for their glowing and gigantic writings is made by the neat language, the elegant periods, the harmonious composition, and the polished taste, of the modern school ! There is now much more surface, but little depth ; a large collection, but few valuables and rarities. Where is the vein of towering intellect ? Where is the mine of golden ore ? Where is the substratum of vigorous thought, which characterized the writings of our olden worthies ? and, therefore, I cannot help wishing that a little less attention were paid to grace, and more to strength ; that less regard were discovered to taste and beauty, and more to real power and comprehension of mind.

How desirable and advantageous it would be, if the present generation would discover more marked and devoted attention to the pious, gifted, and erudite divines of past days ! Were this habit formed, and a feeling of attachment and veneration awakened, the highest, indeed, inestimable, benefit would be reaped. A most clear and enlarged view of the Holy Scriptures would be furnished ; a deep and an extensive insight into the principles, the feelings, the errors, and depraved propensities of the human heart would be gained ; there would be a much bolder and more comprehensive judgment formed of many doctrines of the word of God, which constitute its prominent characteristic, and its peculiar charm. There would be the greatest delight awakened, *from the perception of what was clear and capacious in the understanding ; manly*

and fearless in character ; lofty and powerful in mind ; rich and beauteous in illustration ; pure and sublime in devotion.

What are all the digressions ; the circumlocutions ; the quaintnesses ; the roughness, coarseness, and frequent vulgarity of the old divines—when one thinks of the incalculable benefit to be enjoyed from perusing and investigating the writings of Howe ? so profound, so sublime, indeed heavenly for their devotion, and so lofty as it regards “the scale of mind” which they discover ; or of Jeremy Taylor, so gorgeous for their splendour, so copious, beautiful, and magnificent for their illustrations, and so exhaustless for the intellectual treasures they pour forth ; or of Barrow, so precise, so clear, so nervous, so mathematical for arrangement, distribution, and discrimination ; or of Charnock, which discover the utmost depth, the loftiest grandeur, and the most striking originality of conception ; or of Bates, all is music, so soft and melodious ; where the beauty is so chaste ; where the light is so mild and silvery ; where the eloquence is so rich and persuasive ; or of Baxter, who is rough and coarse, but energetic, vehement, and glowing, in the very highest degree ; or of Flavel, whose devotion and ingenuity at once interest, excite, and improve ? The works of these men praise them in the gates of every city, and will ever reflect on their memories the richest and the most attractive lustre.

If young ministers, especially, would pay profound and unceasing attention to these deep, and sagacious, and most devotional writers, it is almost incalculable what advantages would accrue. If the time devoted by many to the perusal of teeming periodicals ; a great number of which are volatile and unsubstantial, discovering little vigour or solidity of thought, and only viewing a subject superficially and partially ; were employed in diligently and habitually studying the massive theological productions of the conformist and non-conformist divines, the change produced in the habits would be inestimably beneficial. They would be better qualified to explain and elucidate difficult and mysterious subjects ; to contend against the deist and sceptic ; to preach the gospel in all its beauteous simplicity, and overflowing fulness, and evangelical richness.

“Whatever you do,” said one to a young minister, “do not forget the giants of olden time. Go, and examine their prominent and striking features ; attentively mark their powerful and almost super-human energy. Get your library well stored with the productions of many learned, estimable, and

ic writers of the present day, but do I in remembering those who shone brightly and diffusively, by their numerous, exquisite, and pious writings, as the lights of the world.' "

is all well enough to pay attention to position; to clear, elegant, flowing, and poetic language; but let the trite maxim be unheeded, that language is only a *vehicle* of thought. I do not inquire so what the vehicle is worth, but what is in it? If a Newton or a man were in a common cart, which would be the most valuable? We should prize the vehicle; the mighty men of literature and intellect, would occupy all our

London, July, 12th, 1832. T. W.

WONDERFUL AGENTS IN NATURE BY WHICH THE WORLD IS SUPPLIED WITH WATER.

Improvements and discoveries in science, made within about the last fifty years, have proved the contrary, water was held to be not a compound body, but a simple elementary substance,—one, indeed, of the elements, of which the whole universe is supposed to be constituted; the other being, according to the doctrines of philosophers preceding the era above mentioned, earth, air, and fire. It is, however, satisfactorily determined, that *neither* of these *four* is a simple element, the three being compound bodies, and fire being in effect resulting from intensity of heat in certain matter, and only to be used under certain restrictions.

What mode of decision, then, it may be asked, does that philosophy of only fifty years standing, rest its claim to credit, beneath that which it professes to have proved frailty, and would fain wholly supersede?—We answer, *on experiment*,—that, worth, no philosopher has a right to teach his disciples, unless his *principles* are in conformity with the laws of nature, and have *fact* for their basis; except indeed *analogies* are directly deducible from *experiments*, or *established facts*.

Being, by way of precaution against the excess of imagination, adverted to a long-continued error, some allusion may now be made to those essences which, in a state of combination, constitute water; and these of ethereal substances, termed in modern science, gas. Each of these gases is derived from a distinct element, each is consequently characterized by the *term* attached to its natural base,

or that *æther* from which it is generated—that of the one being called *oxygen*, and of the other *hydrogen*,—the former signifying the native principle of all acids; and the latter, that native substance whence water is derived.

With regard to the nature of the gas derived from oxygen, some of its properties are peculiar to itself, and very wonderful. One of its *peculiar* properties is, its vitalizing influence, being, as it is, the actual principle of animal life. Without its stimulating action on the system, every animal function would become torpid; in short, we could not breathe an instant, without the faculty of respiration being excited by the agency of this wonderful stimulant. Hence, by the decree that called forth nature itself into being, and, at the same time, miraculously foreordained all the provisions necessary for its subsistence, it was ordered, that this vital essence should be diffused throughout the air that was to administer life, by means of breath, in *just such measure and such weight* as was exactly suitable to life and health.

Were there a greater proportion of oxygen ether in our atmosphere than it uniformly contains, it would, by its stimulating quality, cause a fatal degree of irritability in the human frame? It would, in excess, have a similar effect on animal nerves, to that of an ardent intoxicating spirit; and, not only would it act on the brain so as to destroy all mental capacities, but, by its over-stimulating effect on the corporeal system, it would speedily, also, cause its destruction. On the contrary, had the proportion been less than the air contains, the difficulty of respiration would have been so great, that it could not have been long kept up, and suffocation would be the consequence.—How conspicuously, then, has Divine Wisdom herein manifested itself, that the exact measure and weight of this essence of life should have, first of all, been compounded in the common air with such marvellous precision, and that no local peculiarity of climate should alter the proportion ordained—that no fluctuations of seasons should add to, or diminish the quantity suitable to supply the organs of respiration with their vital stimulant!

Another peculiar and marvellous property of this gas is, that no substance, how inflammable soever it be, can be made to burn without its presence: and consequently it is the means of our being able to produce that effect which we call fire. It was before stated, that fire is not a self-existent element, but dependent on certain matter latent in various substances, for its production.

tion; which latent elements cannot be excited to sufficient intensity of action, to yield fire, unless assisted by the influence of oxygen gas.

Again, this very peculiar principle of animated nature, and of fire, would not have been mentioned here, had it not, also, been subservient to the purposes of the Creator in the production of water, of which it is a main constituent, as before noticed; and to its instrumentality in this respect, as we shall have further to allude, all conducive to our object, as far as we have already gone, having been signified, we desire merely to recapitulate, that we are indebted to this invisible substance, first of all, for the power to breathe, and, in the next place, for its being the means of contributing two, in themselves, of the most hostile parts of nature, yet both indispensable auxiliaries to life, namely, fire and water!

Besides these, its *peculiar* properties, this gas has qualities, also, common to every other ethereal fluid, such, for instance, as the power of expansion and compression. It enters, moreover, with them, into the composition of most substances in nature; and, though in itself so volatile and subtle an essence, it contributes, as a medium of condensation and cement, to give magnitude and solidity, to, perhaps, every thing we behold in the visible creation—whether animal, vegetable, or mineral!

This very powerful ethereal spirit, though contained in all substances, was wholly unknown to have existence until 1774, when the experiments of the philosophical Dr. Priestley, of Birmingham, detected it; and who, from discovering also its peculiar quality of supplying the principle of animal life, gave it the name of *vital air*. Every philosophical treatise on the constitution of the earth's atmosphere, or the composition of water, written previously to the discovery of this principal element of both air and water, must therefore necessarily be defective. To have given, as we went on, an account of the analytical experiments by which the facts brought forward in this description of oxygen gas were authenticated, would have rendered an article of this kind tedious, without adequate benefit; experiments, for the most part, requiring to be seen, to be understood.

Concerning the other gas before-named, derived from the essential and very subtle substance called *hydrogen*, because it has the peculiar property of communicating to *water* its quality of fluidity, it has long been known as that invisible matter termed

inflammable air. Persons employed in subterraneous occupations, are too well acquainted with its terrific character, from the explosions which, in coal and other deep mines, are occasionally causing such destructive consequences as we hear of; and miners have given it the very expressive name of *fire-damp*. Most people are now, also, acquainted with it, from the attention it has attracted of late years by being employed as a substitute for oil-lamps in lighting streets, shops, taverns, &c.—It is, also, pretty generally known to be that same gas employed for filling balloons, being, as it is, one of the lightest substances in nature; thirteen gallons of which, when pure, not being heavier than one gallon of common air. Hence, when collected and conveyed in a large quantity into the body of a balloon, it has the quality of *pressing upwards* equal to thirteen times the resistance of the atmosphere, through which it is consequently capable of ascending, and of carrying very great weights to a wonderful altitude.

Although we see it burning with such brilliancy, as it issues from the lamp-pipe, and although it might justly receive its characteristic title, *inflammable air*, yet actually, *within itself*, it has not the quality of burning, being indebted to the oxygen gas existing in the atmospheric air, for the power to become what we call fire. Indeed, so far from being able to ignite in itself, if a lighted candle be introduced into a body of this gas in a confined vessel, instead of causing the explosion of the gas, as might be supposed, the candle is instantly extinguished; yet, in a confined apartment, where an accumulation of hydrogen gas had taken place, by a candle being introduced into the room, the explosion would be terrific.

The human body, as well as all other animal bodies, contains a great portion of hydrogen in its composition: and all vegetables, likewise, are indebted to this elementary substance for a considerable quantity of their component material. Indeed, we may also look upon it as being, in union with oxygen, the great cementing principle of the most solid and dense bodies in nature. That it exists copiously in metallic substances, may be inferred from its being derived very abundantly and purely by the decomposition of iron by sulphuric acid: it is generated profusely, also, by the action of solar heat on peat-lands, and boggy tracts of country. Although constantly escaping from the earth in every direction, yet it never mingles with the atmospheric air: it will

into composition with either oxygen or nitrogen gas, separately: but when they come commingled, as in the atmosphere, they refuse to admit a particle of hydrogen to incorporate with them. Hence, hydrogen, from its extraordinary volatility, is disposed to ascend, as it escapes from the air, into the higher regions of the atmosphere, where, equal in levity to itself, it accumulates, probably, for some dispensation in the destiny of the world.

Having thus given an account of the properties, and characteristic peculiarities, of each of the two elementary elements which constitute water, we now proceed to explain the means employed by God in order to effect the very interesting process of compounding her prepared elements of primitive matter.—These said elements, being each conceived to be solid and refined, are not to be supposed to possess any power or tendency to flow from *themselves*, and to produce a substance totally different in its nature and properties to either. Matter has no power to act, but is susceptible of influences by which it is acted upon; and this property is universal in all matter, whether it be elementary elements, or compound masses. Thus has GOD, AUTHOR AND RULER OF NATURE, vested in himself the power of establishing agencies and instrumentalities, by means of which the whole system of organization and decomposition is being carried on throughout the material universe.

Being, then, that oxygen gas could have no tendency to unite with hydrogen, nor hydrogen any inclination to mingle with oxygen,—seeing, also, that the exact proportions of each must be, on all occasions, maintained, in order to produce the result ordained by divine appointment, to what wonderful agency or instrumentality can we ascribe the effect, of their each contributing its precise quantity, so as, out of their respective dry, solid, impenetrable states, to produce the phenomenon of water? Can it be by the action and agency of fire?—It has been shown that fire is not a simple substance, and that it can be produced only under certain restrictions; yet it is, nevertheless, one of the most active and universal agents in nature, not only for reducing substances into their elementary particles, but for converting and compounding materials and elements into bodies: and actual combustion is the means of interflux of the ethereal essences, oxygen gas and hydrogen gas, in the precise relative proportions. *SERIES, NO. 21.—VOL. II.*

tions that convert them into water,—it is thus that every drop of water ever produced in the world has been generated!

Staggering as this fact may seem, it is fully proved by the analysis of water, which, come from whatever part of the earth it may, sea or river, rain or spring, exhibits the same invariable proportion of each gas;—that is, eighty-five parts of oxygen gas, and fifteen parts of hydrogen gas.

In consequence of the difference of quality which almost every water possesses—from the saline quality of the sea, contrasted with the freshness of the river; and the hardness, as we say, of some spring waters, compared with the softness of rains,—at a hasty view, the accuracy of the fact alleged might be disputed: but these seeming contradictions will immediately disappear after a little consideration. The quality of the same water, we know, can be changed, by throwing a little salt into one vessel; and into another, containing a portion of the same water, a little sugar, soda, &c.: but the salt, sugar, or soda, can be again extracted by means of distillation, and the water in each be restored to its original purity. In like manner, water containing any mineral substance, how strongly soever it may be impregnated, can, by evaporation, be so completely separated, as to become *pure water*: and it is this distilled water which, reduced to its native elements, will always exhibit those elements in the relative quantities which have been stated.

In the experiments from which the truths we have here taught are deduced, there are some results that are very interesting and convincing.—Suppose oxygen and hydrogen gases to be each introduced into a close glass vessel in the proportions before stated, through some part of which vessel a brass wire has been inserted, and made air-tight, if an electrical spark be conducted by the wire to the gases, combustion will take place, and they will be deposited in the shape of water, which water will be precisely equal in weight to that of the gases before they were burnt. Again, this same water may be resolved by analysis into the two gases, which will retain each of their original proportions, without any loss of weight: and these experiments may be alternately repeated for several times, without either of the gases being reduced by the action of combustion,—that is to say, neither of them will have been burnt away in the least degree by the performance of the experiment many times over!

The relation of these particulars leads to the mention of one more phenomenon, by way of conclusion. When hydrogen gas has been evolved from the earth in very large quantities, it sometimes chances, in its progress upwards, to meet with partial obstructions from very dense collections of floating exhalations in the mid air. When thus intercepted, and a voluminous body of it has been accumulated under a mass of such heterogeneous exhalations as salts, bitumen, sulphur, metals, and almost every thing else to which a name can be given, while thus pent under the impeding mineral cloud, electric emotions between differently charged volumes are taking place, and sundry influences are acting upon each in different directions: thus we see great agitation among the condensing elements; some clouds being drawn one way, and some in an opposite direction, until, at length, a great degree of violence is excited; they become convulsed, and the electrical fire begins to fly and dart about. What then are we to expect! Has there not been a body of highly combustible matter composed beneath, and entangled with the mass of exhalations of all descriptions, *within the oxygenated atmosphere*, and are we not to expect its explosion amid the flashing fires? Confined as it had been among all mineral commixtures, must we not expect, from the simultaneous conflagration, all the floating particles of earths and metals within its reach to become molten and vitrified? Must we not look, from such a cause, for the precipitation of meteoric masses to the earth: and do we not see, also, the engendering, out of the combustion of the oxygen and hydrogen gases thus met, vast quantities of water, and the pouring down of it in tremendous showers, amid peals of thunder? Do we not see, indeed, amid all this distraction of the elements, a rational and satisfactory solution of the phenomena of a thunder-storm, and of all its accompanying meteoric prodigies?

Now, as improvement ought to be derived from every page we read, let us endeavour to find out to what intellectual account we can turn such excursions in science as the one we have just taken.—Seneca, merely a pagan philosopher, says, “The mind, seeing that it hath really arrived upwards at infinitude, is cheered and enlarged; and, freed, as it were, from fetters, it regains its native sphere. It scrutinizes the magnificent works it beholds, and ponders! What further does it *seek*? It perceives that these things *ascend* to its own derivation—here, in the

end, it learns what for a long time it had sought,—here it first begins to discern a God.”*

If paganism could dictate such sentiments as these, what are the impressions which Christianity ought to impart, upon a survey of such works of wonder as those we have just been contemplating? Thousands of half-fervent and doubting sort of Christians may never before have supposed that there was any thing in the production of water to cause surprise; and on reading the facts here related, may exclaim, who could have thought it?—Such questions as these are within the reach of almost every capacity; and there is no difficulty in making up the mind *to believe* on reading and examining them: yet they cannot be *believed* without being examined, and the mind on examination being captivated by truth.

Yet it is possible that those who are ignorant of these physical truths, may have pretended to sift and question the truths of divine revelation.—Thus, by the discovery of our deficiency in knowledge concerning what is going on before our eyes, it is, that we gain an “understanding, the merchandise of which,” as Solomon assures us, “is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than of fine gold.”—Having found out how far the wisdom of an Eternal and Infinite Being has surpassed all human comprehension in the economy of “earthly things,” we become disciplined to such a proper diffidence, as to yield implicit obedience to the evidences with which we have been favoured, concerning “heavenly things,”—we behold his Almighty in the secondary revelations of nature, and surrender to the evangelical testimonies of his gospel—we contemplate the wonders of creation with which we are surrounded, till, lost in transport, we exclaim with the son of Sirach, “There are yet hid greater things than these, for we have seen but few of his works.”

THEORY OF ELECTRICITY, OF ELECTRO-GALVANISM, AND OF ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—So much attention has, for the last twenty years, been bestowed on Electro-Galvanism and Electro-Magnetism, that philosophers have almost forgotten many other of those physical subjects which engaged the attention of our forefathers. But,

* *Naturales Questiones*, l. i.

ite of the popularity of these novelties, mysterious way in which new facts have enshrined by old theories, have rendered it so difficult for sober inquirers to reach them, that some disentanglement of theory becomes necessary to render novelties intelligible,—I have, therefore, in my correspondence with you, on this subject, submit to your consideration a theory of the whole, which I have doubt, if adopted, will facilitate much further discovery.

It is now five-and-forty years since I began, with youthful ardour, a science hitherto obscured by hereditary superstitions in many of its mysteries. I burst their bonds, and, forming my machine to the natural principle of spherical action, I operated with polished surfaces of conductors; and, in forming an arrangement of them, very resembling, in outline, Mr. Child's great Voltaic Battery, literally charged with cells and plates of air. The results were evident, and gratifying as a spectacle; they effected far more, they enabled me to understand the true nature of electrical action.

In the following sketch, brevity renders it devoid of explanation, and excursive topics, inapplicable; but electricians, and single-minded searchers after TRUTH, will supply the details on which I could not enter.

I am, &c. &c.

R. PHILLIPS.

AT electricity, in whatever way excited, displays of the actions and re-actions of atomic elements of nature, in the production of many sensible phenomena, which are traced by their effects, and have been agreed to be called by the names of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, &c.

That in all definite compounds, these elements dispose themselves in regular arrangements, proportions, and conditions; are fixed and fixed in solids; partly fixed partly mobile in liquids; and mobile in gaseous fluids as their expansion and contraction; while disturbances in these regular arrangements, and the force and distances of restoration, generate the various actions and phenomena which we call electricity.

That central motion, or weight, is a measure of the number of atoms within given dimensions, just as the atoms are partly fixed, as in solids or liquids; and partly mobile, as in liquids and gases, have various motions, oblique or right-angle to

the direction of the motion called gravity. Hence it may be inferred, that every space is essentially full of fixed or mobile atoms; that every equal space has equal power within it; that disturbance, or inequality, in any space, is reacted upon by the force of all adjoining space; and that all space is a plenum of equal power, in relatively fixed atoms, or in atoms performing regular motions or orbits.

4. That solids are converted into liquids and gases, by imparting to them the motions or momenta, which previously existed in some other liquids or gases, which on their part become less liquid, or less gaseous, or even solid, in their turn; and that this transfer of motion from one species of body to another is what is called HEAT; while this theory of heat, as matter of fact, applies to every known form and display of heat, and to all the changes and phenomena of which this mode of atomic action is susceptible.

5. That the transfer of heat is a *general* abstraction of the momenta of the various atoms in a fluid or gaseous mass; but when it happens that any *species* of atoms are fixed, and not the others in the same volume, then the constitution and equilibrium of the volume is disturbed, and a series of phenomena arise, which we call ELECTRICAL. Heat, therefore, generally speaking, is *equal* acquisition, or transfer of motion, from, or to, a volume of atoms; and electricity is the partial acquisition, or transfer of motion, in regard to *particular* atoms of the volume, as those of oxygen, hydrogen, &c.

6. That as far as our experiments have extended, (under erroneous theories which have mystified and embarrassed all inquiry,) it appears that the particular disturbance which creates electrical action is oxydation, or accumulation of oxygen atoms, at one side of a previously quiescent volume. It is thus in the oxydation of the amalgam on our electrical rubber, and of the zinc in a galvanic arrangement. In one, the rubber and its connected bodies are de-oxydated, or oxygen accumulated on the excited side by its flow to the parts; and in the other, the oxygen is rapidly fixed on the zinc surface, from the adjoining acidulous fluid.

7. That in speaking of electricity as negative and positive, it is the description of the effects of *one action* on two or more elements, as it affects electrics, which it penetrates in right lines or radii with varied freedom; and as conductors which oppose its penetration, thereby concentrating it on their surfaces, and moving it laterally on the surface. We generate electricity by some accumulation of oxygen; and

we do this, it is in proximity with some electric which propagates the disturbance through its mass, and through the masses of all adjacent electrics; as, through glass, air, &c. &c.

8. That we rub an electric with another electric, and then the susceptibility of oxygen to motion occasions oxygen accumulation on the surface of the electric body, in which, so to speak, the oxygen has more affinity with the motion than the body. This oxygen creates a corresponding assemblage on the rubber, of hydrogen, which, separating from its oxygen, renders both electrical in opposite states, on their two sides. When separated, each affects in a similar manner the adjoining electric of air, and begets in the air (owing to its extent) an electrical atmosphere, which, in juxtaposition, is contrary to the excited electric on both its sides; but the expansion diminishing the force, a limit arises, generating a distant surface in a contrary state, less or more distant as the space is or is not bounded by surfaces of non-electrics, obstructors, or what are called "conductors." This is disturbance, or excitement; and restoration consists in re-uniting the equally disturbed atmospheres, by joining their centres, by which they suddenly collapse, and present to the senses, in the centre, electric flame and action.

9. That in the previous description of the mode by which the electrified *sphere* is generated, we are borne out by the facts. In oxydating by rubbing a cushion and glass, we abstract the oxygen from the cushion and bodies adjoining it, and transfer it to the glass. If the cushion is connected by a chain to the ground, or with an insulated conductor in its rear, we see sparks proceed to it, indicating that an exhaustion and restoration is passing between the cushion and the parts behind it, so that a flow of oxygen takes place as far as possible from the aerial *hemisphere* behind the cushion, and that hemisphere becomes in a positive state, tending every where to transmit sparks to the cushion, and displaying at a distance points with a *brush*, and on the cushion a point with a *star*. The glass on the other hand becomes positive, and the air and all bodies opposed to it negative, the sparks proceeding in the opposite direction, the needles between the conductor and glass being *stars*, or receiving, and the flow being from positive, or oxygen in the glass, with a *brush*, to negative, or hydrogen, in the whole hemisphere on that side, acting in radii through the air and electrics, and *laterally* on obstructors, or non-affected bodies, called "conductors."

10. That all the phenomena of an electrical machine are, therefore, as matter of fact, the actions and re-actions of *two opposite hemispheres* in contrary states. The prime conductor is merely an extension of the cylinder, facilitated by the points directed to it, and seeking to expand the principle of oxygen to meet the principle of hydrogen, or the return of it to the cushion. The limit of the power is the distance of the points from the cushion, and the maximum force is in the line joining the centre. The poles are the rubber and the cylinder, or the points of the conductors; and if these are joined, the spheres collapse, generating at the common centre the effect called electricity, which effect is the sudden condensation of disturbed spheres, or hemispheres, of oxygen and hydrogen, producing light, atomic energy, force, &c. &c., in the centre. What is miscalled, "electric fluid, fire," &c. is therefore, in EVERY CASE, *the condensation of spheres of separated oxygen and hydrogen, acting in hemispheres around their centres, and collapsing on any reunion of their centres; and no fluid, as it is oddly called, no fire, flame, &c., take place without this reunion.* If wires are extended from each centre, they extend or change the locality of the hemispheres; and if the wires are extended for any number of miles, the original power between the conductor and rubber is merely extended with the poles of the wires, and a junction of the poles, whenever it takes place, is still but as the union of the rubber and conductor, and collapse of the original hemispheres, as they are continued to the respective poles of the wires. Wherever, or however, there is electrical action, there are equal *hemispheres* diverging on each side, in radii from the foci or planes of excitement.

11. That the class of bodies called ELECTRICS, of which there are various degrees, are such as permit the excitement to act in and through their pores or laminæ, in right lines or radii only, as glass, or wax, or air, or the fluids in galvanic cells. In permitting the action on their surface to exhaust itself in and through their substance, so as to create hemispheres of electrics, they are like porous pipes in conducting a fluid, as they do not permit it to travel laterally over their surfaces, or are *non-conductors*. They receive excitement, because their power of conducting heat from rubbed, or any-how excited surfaces, is less than the power which unites the oxygen to the hydrogen; for if heated through, or rubbed on both sides, they display no excitement.

12. That the class of bodies called CONDUCTORS, of which there are various degrees,

ch as permit no electrical action with-
r substance, and are as perfect, whe-
ollow, solid, or superficial. They
ct heat, or any excitement of motion
ir surfaces, with greater facility than
separates from hydrogen, and there-
o not admit the excitement, or ele-
ry disturbance, which takes place in
cs, or bodies with inferior powers of
cting excitements of motion from sur-
surface. Therefore they concentrate
play the electrical action of adjoining
cs on their surfaces laterally, abstract
iation in electrics, bound it, and limit
pansion, thereby adding force or con-
tion to the action. They are "conduc-
simply because they receive and ab-
one of the excitement.

That in all experiments effecting
e results, the action of the hemispheres
s bounded by superficial conductors,
tes of metal; so that by joining the
of two hemispheres by a conductor,
turbance is neutralized. This is com-

effected by wires or discharging rods,
ds of which are called *the poles*, and
toration of two disturbed hemispheres
centrated points, by wires, rods, or
nd, produces the report, flash, heat,
reat mechanical or chemical action,
nt to the circumstances in all va-
; and it is then only that the effects
e visible, and till then the excitement
only in silent, unobserved hemispheres,
mispheres lengthened into cylinders,
legrees of action fining off from the
or conducting wire.

That when both excitements travel
wire, or coated tube, uniting the poles
excitement or sphere of a central
c, the uniting wire itself propagates
emispheres in its line of direction as
citement proceeds, or at the instant
the whole wire: for the velocity is
surably rapid, because it is the
of hemispheric re-actions within the
pheres themselves, and one is as
as the other, while every part con-
n the result; and the hemispheres
elves also move along the wire, col-
g, in the whole length, at the instant
junction of the two centres in what
led the poles. That as the hemispheres
excited or primary electric, as glass,
nited to the thickness of the glass,
are more concentrated and intense
iffused hemispheres of air. Therefore
r excitement is obstructed, and ren-
continuous by a metal coating, the
tion is more intense than of a stratum

Excitement and spheres (ultimately
pheres) are *simultaneous*, and the

intensity of restoration is inversely, *cæteris
paribus*, as the cubes of the distance of the
surfaces or centres.

15. That hemispheric action and re-
action, in all electrical excitements, illustrate
the entire phenomena of distant inductions,
which are mere comprehended and included
effects of the position of electrics and non-
electrics within two excited hemispheres.
Hence all those assumed mysteries about
electrical and magnetic action passing
through solids, &c. for these are merely
within a sphere of action from a centre,
and re-action from a distant superficies.
If they are electrics, the forces pass through
them; if obstructors or "conductors," the
forces are concentrated and distributed on
their surfaces; or if imperfectly of either
class, or partly one and partly the other,
secondary complications of phenomena
arise, which the slightest exertion of reason
may fully explain. An insulated conductor
whose surface is affected, may be removed
from its hemisphere after excitement; but
if so, it simultaneously creates its own new
and distinct sphere of contrary action, and
it can be neutralized only by joining the
distant sphere, in the manner of poles, by
some direct or indirect communication.

16. The phenomena of "attraction and
repulsion," like all others of the same kind,
arise from competent proximate causes, and
not from any principle of appetite or aver-
sion, as was taught in ages when reason
yielded to superstition, in regard to this
and other sciences. All electrical action is
within electrics, as within air, glass, &c. &c.
but no electric is perfect as such, and no
conductor or obstructor is perfect as such,
most bodies being partly one and partly the
other. Electricity is the atomic disturbance
of a sphere within the strata of electrics,
and the two sides or surfaces of these elec-
trics seek re-union with force. Air, the
chief electric, being a fluid, therefore, and
in a state of electrical excitement, the two
sides of its volume or stratum, bounded by
conductors, seek equilibrium with force;
so that if this force, from surface to surface,
is greater than the force required to move
a light body through the stratum, the light
body is moved by that force from surface to
surface; because at either surface it acquires
the electrical state of that surface, and being
light is then carried to the other surface by
the assimilating forces of both the surfaces.

17. That certain mystifications about
aerial electricity have arisen from the mis-
taken forms of prime conductors, the round-
ed form being adopted before correlative
hemispherical action was understood. In
every electrical charge is that of a

air, plate of glass, plate of fluid in cells, &c. &c. and the agency demands facilities of radiation in proximate conducting plates. If, therefore, a prime conductor were made of a flat board covered with tin-foil or gold leaf, and above and below were opposed to other covered boards, connected with chains to the ceiling and the floor, aerial electricity would equal galvanic in power, and display unexpected wonders at little expense.

18. That primarily electrical excitements are local, and secondarily are extended to the air, owing to its containing in diffusion the very same elements that exist in the local excitement in concentrated proportions. Our sensible phenomena in air, therefore, are expansions or diffusions from positive and negative foci, in the amalgamated rubber and glass cylinder, or in the copper and zinc, and these expansions are made in COEQUAL CORRELLATIVE HEMI-SPHERES. These collapse when the central action is neutralized, or when the centres are brought together by poles of wires issuing from them; but wherever the contrasted action of the centres or wires from them extend, the aerial *hemispheres* of air is present, like their necessary shadows, and expanded terminating powers.

19. That the elements which are separated and disturbed as to their fit harmonious neutral action in gases or fluids, or in the pores or on the surfaces of bodies, are those concerned in combustion, oxygen, hydrogen, and certain degrees of carbon. Every fact, both in excitement and restoration, proves this theory; and it is opposed only by assumptions about fluids *sui generis*, invented by the early electricians to account for double effects in air, which they mistakenly considered as a simple element.

20. That the electricity produced by Galvani's and Volta's mode of excitement, are essentially the same as that produced by the friction of the electrics, glass and silk, with an amalgamated cushion. This is oxydated by the friction of the glass, and, so to speak, it gives out positive electricity, which passes to the prime conductor, towards the correlative negative plate at a distance, or an hemisphere of re-action on that side, while the cushion generates a negative action and positive hemisphere on its side. Air is a bad conductor, and rods, as perfect conductors, join the two sides, and restore neutrality. It is exactly the same in a galvanic combination, the acid or fluid is as the glass; the oxydated zinc gives out positive electricity, the action extends to the copper, and would return through the imperfect conducting fluid; but

the action proceeds in *the contrary* direction as long as the fluid is separable by the zinc; and at the same time wires are connected with each plate, and the excitement traversing them as the best conductors, is collapsed or neutralized at the poles. The little hemisphere in the cell, is thus expanded by the wires into hemispheres, exactly resembling those in electricity; and the *hemispheres* collapse in like manner at the poles in degree, and laterally in the entire line of the wires.

21. That as a magnet is in the direction of the axes of hemispheres which is indicated by its two ends, if the uniting wire of an electric current, with hemispheres right and left, were passed *over* it, the magnet would be in one hemisphere of the wire, and the axes of both be at right angles. If, therefore, the intensity of the wire was greatest, the magnet would vary, and its contrary poles be directed to hemispheres in opposite states, i. e. it would be placed at right angles to the wire. But if the wire were *under* the magnet, or in the other hemisphere of the wire, the other pole of the magnet would be affected by this other hemisphere of the wire, and the poles of the magnet would change sides as to the electric hemispheres. The relative positions of these hemispheres and the varied direction of their axes and surfaces, would therefore produce all that diversity of phenomena which has been so ingeniously detailed by Oersted, Ampere, Barlow, Faraday, Arago, De la Rive, and Davy, and produce the tangential law deduced by them, and all its deviations.

22. That as the connecting wire, or a helix, or spiral, or double of it, passes at the same time in opposite hemispheres of the wire, or of the direct line joining it, towards the poles, all those phenomena of "attraction and repulsion" in the wires would be observed, which Ampere and others have called *Electro-Dynamic*; and, in fact, all the apparent caprices and eccentricities of the mutual actions of different currents seem to be directly referable to the rigid government or mutations of the two hemispheres by the inflexibility of their axes, and by the composition or intermingling of spheres of contrary or oblique power within or near each other.

23. The theories of lateral currents, circular currents, &c. &c. are therefore altogether gratuitous, incongruous, and unnecessary; at the same time *the hemispheric action* on each side of a restoring wire, would, as the currents pass, render iron or steel magnetic, and would vary the magnetic poles on either side, owing to the

on one side being in one hemisphere wire, and on the other side in its hemisphere. This theory, in fact, every condition of the phenomena, it any hypothesis, and it accords with instant experience in regard to *hemispherical action and re-action*, for there can be electricity, small or great, or in any but in *spherical* action in opposed hemispheres.

That the change in the direction of magnetic needle, as it is under or over wire, is, therefore, not owing to any performed or generated around the wire, but is thus owing to the wires being necessarily the axis of hemispheres of opposed or contrasted action, so that as the wire is *above*, or is the *needle*, the contrary hemisphere is the electricity of its N. and S. poles in hemispheres, and, by the assimilation of the contrariety, changes their direction and it is the varied relations of these two hemispheres to their axis in the wire and to the variously posited needle, beget all the phenomena of THE MAGNETIC WIRE AND THE ELECTRO-NEEDLE, and the resulting TANGENTIAL ACTION to the sphere of action in the united and restoring wires.

That, though we are indebted to many for complete proof of the identity of electrical and magnetic action, to Ampere, Faraday, and De la Rive, for the most acute analysis of sundry perplexing relations, and ready aid for original transfers of magnetic action to the galvanometer; yet misapprehensions, incidental confusion about *sui generis*, &c. &c. leave much to be effected by them and others; so subject under a rational theory to more diligent investigation, and deserves more renown to science.

That the power at the poles, on an interposed bodies, is that of disintegration, from intense motion of heat, owing to simultaneous collapsing of the two hemispheres, rendered more effective in magnetism by the continuity of the action: since the energy is that of oxygen and hydrogen, so these elements, in the passage through hemispheres, or resulting cylinders and the restoring lines, decompose into of like elementary nature, which, never, being unconnected with the primary disturbance, are deposited at the poles.

The decomposition of the alkalis, the presence of these elements, &c. &c. further, among a thousand proofs, that electrical action is merely the separation of elements of oxygen and hydrogen, and the collapsing of extensive volumes through

points. The greatest action prevails in them, but it extends along the whole line of the wires, as is proved by their intense heat during the double collapse of restoration.

27. That in all cases of restoration with white light, atoms or particles of carbon seem to be connected, and it is not unlikely that the primary charge may be an atomic charge of carbon, and the gross effect may be produced by an aggregation of its atoms. This accords with what we may imagine of the construction of a magnet, the poles of which seem to be a positive and a negative accumulation from end to end each way of the atoms of carbon and more decidedly in carbonates of iron or steel. Hence it is that a divided magnet has constant poles at the broken ends, that great heat destroys the magnetism, (just as great heat destroys the power of electrics,) that air generates it in magnetic ore, that the force is as the surface, &c.

28. That, considering the rapid expansion of electrical action and of light, and their simultaneous developement by similar elements; it seems highly probable that both are modified disturbances of plenums of atoms produced by untraced differences of combination in the very same tools or elements. Hundreds of facts, besides the intense combustion of charcoal in a vacuum by positive and negative electricity, prove that we may call positive electricity, oxygen in action, seeking its equilibrium with hydrogen, and both involving carbon, &c. in their progress, and hence the varied colours of sparks in their connection with various bodies. Now these two are also the very conditions by which all light is generated in combustion, hydrogen evolved by heat in connection with carbon, and oxygen combining and fixing at the spot. The only point of question is as to the *modus operandi*. In electricity, both the oxygen and hydrogen seem to be in their relative state as volumes in velocity, but in incandescence the hydrogen and carbon are highly excited by heat previously to the combination of oxygen, which then sustains the heat.

29. That in this speculation, in regard to the common origin of light and electricity, it is impossible to avoid recurrence to the transparency of the best electrics, nor to the chemical character of the prismatic spectrum which the author has for years proclaimed to be a mere decomposition of the very same and other elements of the atmosphere. False and imperfect theory on this and a thousand subjects perverts both facts and men's judgments, and a degraded generation or two must per-

pass away, before this and other truths are understood, or allowed by pride to be recognized. In regard to light, the magnifying power of lenses have mystified many, and it is at present in vain to tell the world that a lens magnifies and enlarges angles merely on the mechanical principle of the multiplying toy, by an infinite number of images produced by the circular form. At the same time, the identification of light and electricity will so connect the former with the latter as to lead to simple mechanical solutions of the intricate phenomena of polarization, &c. If solar light is an electrical action and re-action of these elements, and has its poles and spheres in the atmosphere, we may in due time subject its definite motions to rigid analysis and inductive laws, explaining the intricacies of many phenomena.

30. That although scientific generalizations are often hazardous, yet we seem to be warranted by facts, abstracted from experiments made under adverse theories, in inferring that there exists a very striking coincidence between the causes of heat, of electrical and magnetic action, of light and colours, of combustion, of various vegetable and animal fermentation, and vitality; the instruments of nature being primarily oxygen and hydrogen, and the means their correlative actions, as displayed in electricity, in subservience to other more extensive motions of their own, and to fixed relations of the actions and re-actions to other bodies. Davy's division of all bodies into electro-positive, and electro-negative, is therefore entitled to respectful consideration.

Kensington, Aug. 9, 1832. R. P.

POETRY.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

(A Prize Poem.)

By MRS. SIGOURNEY, of Hartford, America.

AMID those forest shades that proudly rear'd
Their unshorn beauty toward the favouring skies,
An axe rang sharply. There with vigorous arm
Wrought a bold emigrant, while by his side
His little son with question and response
Beguiled the toil.

"Boy, thou hast never seen
Such glorious trees, and when their giant trunks
Fall, how the firm earth groans. Rememberest thou
The mighty river on whose breast we sailed
So many days on toward the setting sun?
Compared to that, our own Connecticut
Is but a creeping stream."

"Father, the brook
That by our door went singing, when I launch'd
My tiny boat with all the sportive boys,
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me
Than all those deep broad waters. To my eye
They are as strangers. And those little trees

My mother planted in the garden bound
Of our *first home*, from whence the fragrant peach
Fell in its ripening gold, was fairer sure
Than this dark forest shutting out the day."

"What, ho! my little girl,"—and with light step
A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,
And setting down the basket that contain'd
The noon's repast, look'd upward to his face
With sweet confiding smile.

"See, dearest, see
Yon bright-wing'd parroquet, and hear the song
Of the gay red-bird echoing through the trees,
Making rich music. Did'st thou ever hear
In far New-England such a mellow tone?"

"I had a robin that did take the crumbs
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice
Did make me joyful, as I went to tend
My snow-drops. I was always laughing there,
In that *first home*. I should be happier now
Methinks, if I could find among these dells
The same fresh violets."

Slow Night drew on,
And round the rude hut of the emigrant,
The wrathful spirit of the autumn storm
Spoke bitter things. His wearied children slept,
And he, with head declin'd, sat listening long
To the swoln waters of the Illinois,
Dashing against their shores. Starting, he spake—

"Wife!—did I see thee brush away a tear?—
Say, was it so? Thy heart was with the halls
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights
Carpets and sofas, and admiring guests,
Befit thee better than these rugged walls
Of shapeless logs, and this lone hermit-home."
—"No—no!—All was so still around, methought,
Upon my ear that echoed hymn did steal
Which 'mid the church where erst we paid our vows
So tuneful peal'd. But tenderly thy voice
Dissolved the illusion."—and the gentle smile
Lighting her brow,—the fond caress that sooth'd
Her waking infant, reassur'd his soul
*That wheresoe'er the pure affections dwell
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.*

Placid and grateful, to his rest he sank,—
But dreams, those wild magicians, which do play
Such pranks when Reason slumbers, tireless wrought
Their will with him. Up rose the busy mart
Of his own native city,—roof and spire
All glittering bright in Fancy's frost-work ray.
Forth came remember'd forms—with curving neck
The steed his boyhood nurtur'd, proudly neigh'd—
The favoured dog, exulting round his feet
Frisk'd with shrill, joyous bark—familiar doors
Flew open—greeting hands with his were link'd
In Friendship's grasp—he heard the keen debate
From congregated haunts, where mind with mind
Doth blend and brighten—and till morning ro'd
'Mid the lov'd scenery of his father-land.

NAPOLEON IN EXILE.

He stood upon the rock-built brow,
A prisoner, and alone;
The glassy ocean, stretch'd below;
With day's last radiance shone
The sun; just setting in the sea,
Shook him from his bright hopes free;
And plunging in the ocean's swell,
He bade the exile king farewell.

He moved not; for that parting ray
Had struck a tender spring;
And thought was soaring far away
Upon her eagle wing:
And fancy bore him once again
To the stern joys of battle plain;
And in dear climes beyond the sea,
The vision told him he was free.

A white sea mew, far, far beneath,
With hoarse-resounding cry,
Recall'd him from the scenes of death,
To those of slavery.

A tear stole down his sun-burnt cheek,
His quivering lips refused to speak ;
But none in earth, or sea, or air,
Heard token of his dark despair.

He thought of suns that set as bright
On fields of battle won,
When Pity threw the veil of night
O'er deeds of slaughter done ;
And fame had woven him a wreath
Of wild flow'rs from the plains of death,
That chilling winds, he scarce knew how,
Had withered on his swarthy brow.

He turn'd ; the purple hues of even
Had faded one by one ;
And now in the grey vault of heaven
The planets dimly shone ;
For sinking deeper in the west,
The day's last hope was gone to rest,
And the last lingering ray of light
Had left the bosom of the night.

So fled thy hopes, poor exile king,
Till all were gone away,
Like snows before the breath of spring,
They vanished in a day ;
And all the gain thy conquests bought,
Thy battles won, thy labours wrought,
Is but the portion of a slave,
A calm, unseen, and lowly grave.

June 6th, 1832.

φ. θ.

INES OCCASIONED BY ATTENDING THE
EIGHTY-NINTH CONFERENCE OF THE
WESLEYAN METHODISTS,

HELD IN LIVERPOOL, 1832.

Now fellow-soldiers greet,
From distant places come ;
Now kindred spirits meet,
And tell of victories won ;
By power of their ascended Lord,
Who sent them forth to preach his word.

The fathers pour forth prayer,
Such prayer as Heaven approves ;
The world its wishes share,
A thousand hearts it moves,
To ask that truth, and peace divine,
With holiness, through earth may shine.

Thus the disciples met,
With one accord to pray ;
All waiting the time set,
The pentecostal day ;
When wondrous grace to them was given,
Prophetic light, and powers from heaven !

While each reports success,
Responsive voices rise,
In sounds of thankfulness,
Like incense to the skies ;
A present God, the assembly feel,
All conscious now of heavenly zeal.

The veteran's solemn charge,
Receive, ye youthful band ;
The army now enlarge,
And march at Christ's command ;
Who sends you through the world to tell,
All power is His, to conquer hell.

Though some have fallen in death,
Brave champions in the field ;
Yet till their latest breath,
Were never known to yield ;
And now they live, and wear above,
Unfading crowns, the gifts of love.

O Holy Ghost, may we
Thy power in us feel !
And all inspired be,
With apostolic zeal ;
The standard of the Cross to rear,
In every land, both far and near !

Edgehill.

N. HIGGINS.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

DEAR are the cries of merit in distress,
Of the full heart that knows its bitterness ;
And dear the widow's unaffected tear,
But childhood's orphan sorrows yet more dear.

'Tis glorious morning, when a sable cloud
Spreads o'er the azure canopy its shroud ;
Its cooling drops allay the noontide heat,
And, oh ! that rain is sweet, is passing sweet !

Poor little mourner ! art thou all alone,
On the wide world, a helpless stranger thrown ?
Could none from all their pleasures spare one joy,
To warm the bosom of the Orphan Boy ?

I see thy pallid brow, thy blanched cheek,
I hear thee, and I weep to hear thee speak ;
For sorrow trembles on that gentle tone,
So deep, 'twould rive it, were my heart of stone !

The purse-proud lordling, on his pleasure bent,
Brush'd careless by, and curs'd thee as he went ;
Oh ! hide it, Pity, with thy gentle wing,
To curse an orphan is a bitter thing !

Thy haggard looks, thy glazing eyes declare
Thy midnight wanderings, and thy meagre fare ;
None for thy weary limbs a covering spread,
None stayed thy hunger with a little bread.

Ye passing sons of plenty, vaunt not now,
Tho' want has written " Beggar " on his brow ;
For, oh ! a starving suppliant ill can brook,
A sneering answer, or a scornful look.

Poor little mourner ! bitterly have fled
Thy days of mourning for thy parents dead ;
That first of sorrows fill'd the bitter cup,
And the world, laughing, bade thee drink it up.

Thou hast ; and now the potion is complete,
Was it all bitter ? No ; the dregs were sweet ;
For there thou found'st one solitary joy,
That God is Father to the Orphan Boy.

June 6th, 1832.

φ. θ.

REVIEW.—*Tour in England, Ireland, and France, in the Years 1828 and 1829 ; with Remarks on the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants, &c. By a German Prince. 4 Vols. 12mo. Effingham Wilson. London, 1832.*

THESE volumes, having been for some months before the public, whose patronage they have obtained, it will be needless to expatiate on the reputation which they have both deserved and established. They are evidently the production of an acute observer of passing occurrences, of a mind that familiarizes itself with every object worthy of notice, and is capable of inferring from a combination of incidents, the varying features which, concentrated, constitute a national characteristic.

It must not, however, be supposed, that, in all his theories and estimates, the opinion of the tourist is strictly correct. In some instances, he has presumed various customs and manners to be general, which the inhabitants know to be only local, or peculiar to the town, district, or province through which he travelled. For the momentary operation of adventitious causes, the transient traveller cannot be expected

to make any adequate allowance; and where opposite agents are exerting their influence, the effects produced will lead him to infer an inconsistency of character, or a constitutional instability, which will be at once erroneous in principle, and inapplicable to the people. These are among the anomalies to which all tourists are liable, and against which, nothing but a permanent residence and habitual observation can fully guard.

Making for these imperfections no more than fair and rational deductions, we view this production of an enlightened foreigner, as a work of superior merit, replete with sound sense, diligent research, and rational reflection. Of the author's talents, style, and manners, our readers will be able to form some estimate from the following extracts, the first of which is deserving of deep attention.

"A larger mass of varied and manifold enjoyments may certainly be found in England, than it is possible to procure with us. Not in vain have wise institutions long prevailed here. What especially soothes and gladdens the philanthropist is, the spectacle of the superior comfort, and more elevated condition in the scale of existence, universally prevailing. What with us are called luxuries are here looked upon as necessities, and are diffused over all classes. Hence arise, even in the smallest and most ordinary details, an endeavour after elegance, an elaborate finish and neatness: in a word, a successful combination of the beautiful with the useful, which is entirely unknown to our lower classes."—vol. i. p. 4.

In the paragraph subjoined, the author's descriptive abilities appear to great advantage.

"I will first lead you to the seven sources of the Thames, which rises two or three miles from Cheltenham. After a long ascent, you come to some solitary grassy hills: on the top of these, under the shade of two or three alders, is a little group of plashy springs, which trickle away, forming, as far as the eye can follow them, an insignificant brook. Such is the modest infancy of the Thames. I felt the tide of poetry come over my mind, as I thought, how, but a few hours ago, and but a few miles hence, I had seen these same waters covered with a thousand vessels; how this glorious stream, in its short course, bears on its bosom more ships, more treasures, and more human beings, than any of its colossal brethren; how the capital of the world lies on its banks, and by her omnipotent commerce may be almost said to rule the four quarters of the globe. With reverential admiration I looked down on the gushing drops, and compared them—one, while with Napoleon, who, obscurely born in Ajaccio, in a few years made all the thrones of the earth to tremble;—then with the avalanche, which, loosened from its bed under the foot of a sparrow, in five minutes buries a village;—then with Rothschild, whose father sold ribbons, and without whose assistance, no power in Europe seems now able to carry on war."—vol. i. p. 6.

Of Lord Brougham, the reader will be pleased to peruse the following character, from the able pen of this German tourist.

"I had heard and admired Brougham before. No man ever spoke with greater fluency,—hour after hour, in a clear unbroken stream of eloquence,—with a fine and distinct organ,—riveting the atten-

tion—without once halting, or pausing—without repeating, recalling, or mistaking a word; defects which frequently deform Mr. Peel's speeches. Brougham speaks as a good reader reads from a book. Nevertheless, it seems to me that you perceive only extraordinary talent, formidable pungent wit, and rare presence of mind:—the heart-warming power of genius, such as flows from Canning's tongue, he possesses, in my opinion, in a far lower degree."—vol. i. p. 20.

To enumerate the various topics to which the author turns his attention, would transform this review into a catalogue. His mind and eye must have been continually on the alert, to catch the evanescent spectacles which presented themselves to his notice; yet among this great variety there is scarcely one that we could wish he had omitted. The character of an English custom-house is thus described.

"In the middle of the second night we anchored just below London Bridge, the most unfortunate circumstance that can happen to a man. In consequence of the severity of the custom-house, he is not permitted to take his things on shore before they are inspected, and the office is not opened till ten in the morning. As I did not choose to leave my German servants alone with my carriage and effects, I was compelled to pass the night, almost dressed as I was, in a miserable sailor's tavern close to the river. In the morning, however, when I was present at the examination, I found that the golden key, which rarely fails, had not lost its efficacy here, and saved me from long and tedious delays. Even a few dozen of French gloves, which lay all in innocence upon my linen, seemed to be rendered invisible;—nobody took any notice of them."—vol. iv. p. 43.

Of these very entertaining volumes we must now take our leave. We have surveyed their multifarious contents with more than common interest, and, on comparing the observations of this enlightened tourist on similar scenes in foreign parts, with those in our own country, we cannot avoid exclaiming, in the language of Cowper,

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

REVIEW.—*The Double Trial, or the Consequences of an Irish Clearing. A Tale of the present Day. In 3 Vols. 12mo. pp. 288—309—312. Smith and Elder. London, 1832.*

THE narrative, which, like a parti-coloured yarn running through a cable, is almost too diminutive to be seen, loses a considerable portion of its interest, by the digressions, episodes, and excursions with which it is interrupted. Its materials are dealt out with a sparing hand, but all its incidents are turned to good account. In a collective point of view, we learn from these volumes how

"The sterling bullion of one English line,
Drawn in French wire may through whole pages
shine."

The accidental occurrences, however, behind which this tale so frequently takes shelter and finds repose, make no mean com-

ion for its suspension, although these netimes carried to such an immoderate, that we feel half surprised, when, on len, it starts from slumber, and be-reintroduced to our eyes and ears. e digressive incidents with which these es are enlivened, in addition to their ic interest, derive an advantageous ance from the exemplification of Irish rs which they display. The following e of security, at a principal hotel in pital, is not badly drawn. Early in orning, after a half sleepless night, Elrington and his companions were ed by a sudden noise.

mediately a tremendous discharge of fire-ook place into the room. The door, at the stant, that led into the hall, was burst open. ington was by this time fully aroused, and s guard; while, to the horror of the barrister, appy and incautious appraiser dropped on r. Three men rushed into the room, and s about to seize Mr. Elrington, when he re-d that gentleman. The man was also in the ion of the law, being one of those personages called a *peace-officer*; applicable enough to raseology of the sister kingdom. He knew ington as a magistrate; and in a strange, confused way expressed his surprise. hat have you done?" said Mr. Elrington, "you ed wantonly into this room, and shot an in-man, a stranger, an English gentleman, who ere on business. Is this the way to execute rs, to murder his Majesty's peaceable sub-The men expressed their astonishment, and d that they were informed that the persons they were in search of, were in that room. hat I deny," said the landlord, who now for t time came in contact with Mr. Elrington; deny; I told you the right-hand room, and you not to fire. Did I not, Murphy," said pressing himself to one of the men. ell, we must be after them," said the leader, uddenly recollecting himself, and away they i the contrary direction."—Vol. I. p. 36.

Irish hyperbole, the following obser-s may be considered as reasonable ens.

es, Mr. Puffeter, and a contemptible opinion ve of the oratory of strangers. I heard a hack-ichman reply to a stranger, who had asked his carriage was clean? "Clean, your honour, d carry a bride, and her bride-maid, up and hrough the whole city, and turn them out a deal cleaner than when they first came into London shoeblack would be contented to tell it he could give a polish to your shoes, that ght see your face in them; and Day, Warren, , and Hunt, have certainly sent forth wonders way of comparative brilliancy and bright-ut a Dublin polisher told me that the lord-ant had not a plate glass in the Castle, though just been newly gilt and burnished, that ike the polish from his essence of ebony. A chimney sweeper declared, as an excuse for eeping a chimney clean;—"Why the thing t of the calculation of possibilities; for there t a ray of intelligence from the top to the , to throw a single beam into the spiral i. e., as a common-place fellow would express e was not the least light in any part of the y."—Vol. I. p. 45.

o can read the following description it sympathy? We should rejoice to hat in had nothing but fiction for its

basis; but, alas! melancholy truth asks no assistance from the imagination.

"When I came here, three years ago, beyond these rising grounds, there was a pleasing village of cabins, in their simple state as you see them about the country; I suppose three hundred inhabitants. They had experienced, in the former year, a bad potato crop, and poverty pressed heavily upon them, and soon brought a lingering and quick-spreading fever. We gave them, occasionally, medicine and money; and as the winter proceeded, the cabins fell away, one by one, scarcely perceptible at first, till, during a very inclement spring, having lost sight of them, I found at length that the whole had disappeared. I mean to say, that, except a few stragglers, more hardy, though, perhaps, not more fortunate than the rest, the whole were destroyed by famine, and by disease occasioned through famine.

"These things are common in this country. Unless the law aided us, we cannot prevent them. The effort of every one here employed is, to increase the rental of the great landlord; according to that increase, we all gain in emolument. It has been now determined by my directors, that the patches of potato-crops shall be *cleared* away, and thrown into more regular farms. These poor ones are to have notice to quit. This is called the *clearing system*; and if at the end of their term, they go not away willingly, they will be made to go by the civil officers in the first place; and if they oppose, the military will be called to aid, and there will be a *clearance* made."—p. 9.

We cannot enter further into these volumes. Enough has been quoted to show their character. They contain many excellent observations; but, as a simple narrative of actual occurrences, they would have been more interesting, than in the novel form which they have assumed. They place the condition of the Irish peasantry in a pitiable light, not by the magic of declamatory language, but by the great variety of appropriate incidents, which the author's resources and recollection of facts supply. If this work shall be so fortunate as to procure what it fully deserves, it will have many readers, who cannot fail to find in its pages something more valuable than mere amusement.

REVIEW.—*The Canadas, as they at present commend themselves to the Enterprise of Emigrants, Colonists, and Capitalists. Compiled from Original Documents furnished by John Galt, Esq. and other authentic Sources. By Andrew Picken. With a Map. 12mo. pp. 426. Effingham Wilson. London. 1832.*

ON this vast portion of British territory, the volume before us communicates a more than ordinary share of useful information. To the emigrating labourer and mechanic, it will be found of essential service, but by those who intend to colonize, and others who have large capitals to advance, its statements, calculations, and estimates, cannot be too highly prized.

It appears from a portion of the title-page, that Mr. Galt was "late of the Canada Company, but now of the British Land Association." These situations enable him to judge concerning the quality of the land in different districts, to point out its adaptation for various species of culture, and, in connexion with his topographical observations, to qualify him for the important task which in this volume he has undertaken to execute.

In addition to the qualifications of the author and compiler, as stated above, a considerable portion of the documents published in this volume are of an official nature; hence, they approach the reader with all the confidence which genuine authenticity can inspire. We are therefore taught to view this work as the joint offspring of ability and truth, which to all classes of emigrants are qualities of the utmost importance.

It must, however, be obvious, from the complexion of this volume, that agricultural pursuits are the principal objects which the compiler keeps in view, although the prospects and interests of handicraftsmen and mechanics are by no means overlooked. Soils, climates, capabilities, facilities, obstacles, intercourse, expenses, and capital required on any given scale, all enter into the general estimate. The means of travelling are also pointed out, and even the fares from place to place are distinctly specified. Nor is the humble husbandman forgotten. On his arrival, he quickly finds employment, and is amply remunerated for his services. But W. Clements, a day-labourer of Corsley, in Wiltshire, who emigrated to Canada, shall speak for himself. His letter is dated Port Talbot, Upper Canada, October 10, 1830.

"My dear father, I thank God I am got to the land of liberty and plenty. I arrived here on the 9th of July. I had not a single shilling left, when I got here. But I met with good friends that took me in; and I went to work at six shillings a day and my board, on to this day. And now I am to work on my own farm, of fifty acres, which I bought at 55*l.*, and I have five years to pay it in. I have bought me a cow and five pigs."—*Appendix*, p. 34.

The following extract is from a letter written by James Treasure, a journeyman shoemaker. It is dated Yarmouth, Upper Canada, August 9, 1830.

"I plainly see there will be work enough, if I had two or three more hands. I have a great deal more than I can do now, and they tell me it will come in faster after harvest; but there is no possibility of getting hands. I have 13*s.* 6*d.* for making a pair of Wellington boots, the leather being found me. This will go nearly as far again in provisions here as at home. The price for making men's and women's shoes is both alike; 4*s.* 6*d.* for light, and 3*s.* 6*d.* for strong. They find their own thread too.

I can now save money very fast, and shall soon be able to buy my own leather, which will be more profitable."—*Appendix*, p. 35.

Several other letters are inserted, from glaziers, butchers, day-labourers, bricklayers, &c. These all concur in one general testimony, highly favourable to emigration; and furnish an almost indubitable assurance that the careful and industrious, whether belonging to agriculture or the mechanic arts, are sure to succeed. Laziness, without an abundance of money, should never emigrate, unless with a design to starve, and thus rid the world of a nuisance.

With the multifarious contents of this volume we have been highly gratified. It presents important advice to all classes who contemplate emigration. For passage, stores, travelling expenses, and delays, it gives excellent directions, and happily accommodates its calculations to those whose means are limited to the sum of five or six pounds.

REVIEW.—*History and Character of American Revivals of Religion.* By the Rev. Calvin Colton, of America. 12mo. pp. 310. Westley and Davis: London. 1832.

THE author of this volume is a warm advocate for religious revivals, though he does not attempt to vindicate those wild excesses which are sometimes associated with these very extraordinary excitements. Natural causes, he argues, are unable to produce the phenomena which are frequently apparent; and, from the intrinsic character of the effects, and the changes that are wrought in the lives of those who are the subjects of these operations, he infers, that it is only in Divine agency we can find their primitive source.

He readily allows, that the Almighty takes occasion to work at times through subordinate instruments, and in these he perceives the fulcrum on which may rest the lever that seems destined to lift the moral world. But his own words will best express his meaning.

"A host of ardent, devoted revival-men have been raised up in the school of former and later revivals, whose ranks are continually increasing, and who are becoming more and more experienced, and more and more successful. And every fresh revival, of any considerable extent, multiplies candidates for the ministry, who will never forget the day, nor the place, nor the circumstances, of their new birth; and who, after a suitable training and culture, themselves enter the field, and become active and efficient revival-men. The spirit of revivals is born into them, and bred with them, and makes their character. And so far as I know, the revivals which are now going over that country are principally brought about by such instru-

ty. The exceptions to this rule, I believe, are few; and hence it may be expected, that they will continue and increase, till they shall have covered the land; and, may it not be hoped, they shall have overspread the nations and the world.—p. 9.

meet the objections that have been, and are urged against revivals, Mr. Colton advanced many pointed and conclusive arguments. He very justly contends, that the divine operations on the human spirit cannot be measured by any line of analogy or reasoning that may be presumed to run from earth to heaven. Theory, custom, and public opinion, may all be against revivals, and, on some occasions, common sense may complain that heresies are invaded; but, when these and other plausibilities have combined their force, they stand opposed by facts which no good can deny, no sophistry evade.

At a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, a notorious sinner, remarkable only for his iniquities, is cut to the heart, and, in agony of soul, calls upon God for mercy. Soon that mercy which he seeks is granted, and he rejoices in the God of his salvation. The remainder of his life corresponds with this transformation of heart, a moral revolution of character. Active in the cause of God, and obedient to his will, he reaches the goal of his probationary existence, and dies in a triumphant possession of a glorious immortality.

No theory, system, and argument can confront such facts as these, Mr. Colton need not be ashamed of revivals in England, whether they occur on the eastern or western side of the Atlantic ocean.

REVIEW.—*The Devotional Letters and Sacramental Meditations of the late Philip Doddridge, D. D. with his Lectures on Preaching, and the Ministerial Office.* 8vo. pp. 356. Gilbert. London, 1832.

Any person acquainted with the writings of Doddridge, can for a moment doubt that he was an extraordinary man. His intellectual powers were of the highest order, his learning was extensive, his diligence was indefatigable, and his piety was the most exalted character. All these distinguishing excellencies are conspicuous in his writings, and those who had the honour of his personal acquaintance readily bear testimony that his life was in perfect accordance with the productions of his pen. His letters evince that his correspondence was very extensive, that it was held with persons who understood their value, and that the subjects on which they were

written entitle them to the character which they sustain. In these familiar compositions the attributes of the christian appear with brighter lustre than the resources of the theologian, or the intellectual energies of the man. Yet in many instances they furnish evidence of internal wealth, always ready for use, but never betray any indications of mental poverty. They are the productions of a mind which appears vigorous, without putting forth half its strength.

The meditations on sacramental occasions occupy a becoming station in the same humble, yet elevated region. They penetrate the inmost recesses of the mind, develop motives, watch the birth of thought, and trace it through various labyrinths to distant issues, and apparently unconnected consequences. In each of these the author's mind seems to labour under the awful responsibility of its charge, and to feel an internal consciousness that nothing can secure the spiritual strength it requires, but an habitual dependence upon the power of God.

But excellent as the letters and meditations are, to the lectures on preaching they must yield the palm of superiority. In these we behold the pious Christian, the learned divine, the able teacher, and the liberal critic happily combined. They are not extended to any immoderate length, but they touch on almost every important topic, and contain observations which cannot be too highly prized. The students to whom they were primarily delivered, must have listened with deep attention, and correspondent interest, and many among them most unquestionably retained their influence to the end of their lives. Since their publication they have been rendered highly beneficial to many young ministers, and there can be little doubt that they will continue to be so, while piety and learning can command respect.

REVIEW.—*Grammar of the English Language, together with the Principles of Eloquence and Rhetoric.* By Richard Hiley. 12mo. pp. 310. Simpkin and Marshall. London. 1832.

It is a trite observation, but one, nevertheless, which is strictly true, that the radical principles of all grammars are the same. In subordinate particulars, they admit of considerable variation, and allow, in a greater or less degree, latitude or exceptions, subject to arbitrary rules, but the fundamental principles retain their immutability.

Although many excellent grammars of the English language have been published of late years, much room still remains for improvement; and it appears exceedingly doubtful, if all the combined exertions of the human intellect will ever carry grammatical knowledge to such a state of perfection, as to leave no room for further acquisitions.

On the use of passive verbs, it would have been desirable, if all our grammarians had been more explicit, and if, in examples of construction and parsing, they had furnished greater variety. The subjunctive mood still remains undefined as to its extent, its rules, and the application of them, and, perhaps, it may be doubtful, if all the obscurity in which it is involved will ever be wholly done away.

In the grammar before us, Mr. Hiley readily admits, that he has availed himself of what his predecessors and contemporaries have advanced, but without adopting with servility the system or theory of either, any further than it appeared to be supported by idiom, analogy, the philosophy of speech, or the dictates of common sense. In its general character, this grammar bears a stronger resemblance to Mr. Murray's than to any other with which we are acquainted; but this has not prevented the author from detecting errors, glancing at anomalies, and guarding against the imperfections which he has discovered.

Appended to the great mass of common matter, we find many judicious observations, that are well worthy the reader's attention. The arrangements are good; and, in general, the rules are simple and intelligible. Throughout the whole we perceive much acuteness of investigation, and much maturity of reflection in bringing it into actual service. In every seminary where the grammar of Murray has found admittance, this will be an useful assistant; and where it has not, it will prove an able substitute.

REVIEW.—*An Essay on a Lay Ministry, particularly that of Wesleyan Local Preachers, &c.* By William Robinson. 12mo. pp. 190. Mason. London. 1832.

DR. FRANKLIN has said, that "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will not learn in any other." In this seminary, the author informs us, in a brief and modest preface, that he has been taught, "having had to struggle with most of the difficulties he has described, and resorted to most of the expedients for their conquest, which he has

recommended." This candid avowal, the reader, if wise, may turn to a profitable account, and gather from the book before him, the advantages of experience, without the risk or the trouble of an experiment.

The author's design is to make useful, not splendid, preachers; to lead them to seek essential qualifications for the duties they may be called to discharge, without the varnish of superficial decoration; and to inculcate an acquaintance with subjects which will make them workmen that need not be ashamed. An awful sense of ministerial responsibility, the spirit of religion kept alive in the heart, frequency in prayer, prudence in the choice of books, carefulness in the improvement of time, earnestness in address, correctness of language, and punctuality in attendance, are among the subjects which he recommends. He admits, that the greater portion of local preachers among the Wesleyan Methodists occupy stations in the medium and lower ranks of life, and that, from the circumstances in which they are placed, a liberal education has been the lot of but very few. He, however, argues, and very justly, that, by industrious application, and unwearied perseverance, these disadvantages may be surmounted, and that, even in the most unfavourable situations, mental cultivation is practicable, and much genuine knowledge may be acquired. These facts he has illustrated by the introduction of many characters of renown, who, from the most abject poverty, have risen to eminence, and illuminated the world by the emanations of their native intellectual energy.

The object of this work, however, is not to make literary or scientific men, but pious ministers, whose labours God may be expected to own and bless. To accomplish this important end, it contains much valuable admonition. It is a book which most young preachers may peruse with great advantage, whether they belong to the Wesleyan connexion, or to any other religious community.

REVIEW.—*A Companion and Key to the History of England—Genealogical Details of British Sovereigns, Alliances, Families, Titles, Armorial Bearings, Charts, &c. &c.* By George Fisher. Royal 8vo. pp. 769. Simpkin & Marshall. London. 1832.

THIS is a work of no common magnitude, of no common research, and of no common importance to every lover of English history. It embraces the ample field which stretches from the earliest period of our na-

tional concerns, down to the present time, and transiently touches on the incidents and vicissitudes which have rendered remarkable the eras in which they occurred.

In a certain sense, it may be considered as an epitome of British history, but, in many essential particulars, it differs widely from other publications which bear this name. The general outline of this work may be found in the following particulars, which we copy from the title-page.

"It consists of copious genealogical details of the British sovereigns, comprehending their births, marriages, deaths, and immediate issue, with the various branchings into foreign alliances, and the numerous illustrious families of the British aristocracy, accompanied with genealogical charts illustrative of the several dynasties, and the families emanating from them, with an appendix, exhibiting a chronological epitome of the successive holders of the several titles of the British, Saxon, and English nobility, considered as hereditary and hierarchical, accompanied with the various blazonry of their armorial bearings. The whole designed to obviate the difficulties encountered by the students of British history, in acquiring a distinct identity of the several celebrated individuals prominent on the pages of its annals, from others who have been possessed of the same names, honours, or employments."

Some sketches of biography are connected with the royal and illustrious personages whose names are introduced; and, in some instances, the author steps aside from his direct path, to notice remarkable incidents connected with the individual, or the age in which he lived. This circumstance has given to many pages a portion of interest which others want; and in a considerable degree relieved the tediousness which, to common readers, pedigree and heraldic emblems rarely fail to involve.

To the author, this must have been a work of herculean labour, and of indefatigable research. It must have furnished employment for many years, as the difficulties to be encountered, and the obstacles to be surmounted, must have been both numerous and formidable. In its accomplished state, it, however, stands as a proud monument of what application and perseverance can accomplish; and both the present race and future generations will enjoy the fruits of the writer's industry.

Although in some places brief as an index, and in others confined to mere chronological statement, many disputable facts are introduced to the reader's notice. On these, a diversity of opinion has been entertained, and no theory or historical analysis can be advanced, that will secure universal consent. Of this the author must have been well aware; it is therefore to be regretted that, in a work of such magnitude and importance, he has not mentioned the

sources whence his facts are drawn, and named the authorities on which his conclusions are founded. An attention to this would have added greatly to the respectability of his volume, and prevented those surmisings that may now be urged to his disadvantage. For these omissions, we fear there is at present no remedy, as it is scarcely practicable for the author to retrace his steps, and supply the deficiencies of which we complain.

The numerous tables, or genealogical charts, exhibiting the descent and connexion of branches belonging to royal dynasties, will be examined with peculiar interest by all who take pleasure in such researches. So far as the successive monarchs of these kingdoms are concerned, these tables are clear and intelligible; and beyond this, the interest excited ceases to be intense.

As an index to the kings of England, and a chronological register of families, titles, and honours connected with the English nobility, this work will be found of incalculable value. On many dubious passages in the history of our country, it will throw considerable light; and a little acquaintance with its contents will convince the reader that he may consult it with advantage, on subjects which seem, from being intelligible, to require no foreign assistance.

REVIEW.—*Descriptive Sketches of Tunbridge Wells, and the Calverley Estate, &c. Embellished with Maps and Prints. By John Britton, F.S.A., &c. 12mo. pp. 148. Longman. London. 1832.*

THE good ladies of our country may now purchase elegant cottons, decorated with beautiful colours, arranged in tasteful order, and in every respect highly attractive to the senses, at about sixpence per yard, for which, a few years since, they were content to pay about two shillings. On a similar principle, both ladies and gentlemen may now purchase a book for five shillings, which, with similar decorations, would have been thought cheap, about the beginning of the century, at more than double the price. Should any persons doubt this latter fact, we will refer them to Britton's *Descriptive Sketches of Tunbridge Wells*, and here we are certain that their scepticism must find a grave.

The embellishments of this work comprise two maps and twelve distinct engravings, all executed in a style that would have conferred an honour on a twelve-shilling volume. Of the two maps, one

exhibits the face of Tunbridge Wells, a plan of its church, Baston House, some leading roads, and adjacent scenery; and the other presents to the reader a general view of Caiverley Park and Plain. The plates represent, with much fidelity, a variety of conspicuous objects in this place of fashionable resort, where health at once gushes from its fountains, and is wafted with almost every breeze.

The descriptions, which have a reference to the objects represented in the plates, and also to the town and neighbourhood, are written in a lively and spirited style, but without descending to that frothy levity which none could admire but those whom it would be discreditable in a writer to please. Of many illustrious visitants, the names are preserved, and the whole is interspersed with anecdotes that are very amusing. In a brief manner, every thing of importance relating both to the ancient and modern history of this place, its improvements, local accommodations, and peculiar customs, Mr. Britton has carefully introduced, and perspicuously explained.

What the expense of living in Tunbridge Wells may be, we are not told; but if it bear any resemblance in cheapness to this book, we think the inhabitants will not frequently have unoccupied apartments to let. The paper on which it is printed is stout, and of superior quality; so that, unless the author's sale shall be extensive, which he has every reason to anticipate, we suspect that "Descriptive Sketches of Tunbridge Wells" will be an unprofitable concern.

REVIEW.—*An Indian Tale, and other Poems.* By Benjamin Gough, 12mo. pp. 180. Effingham Wilson. London, 1832.

THERE can be very little doubt, if variety could compensate for deficiencies, that this is a publication of considerable merit. It musters thirty-four sonnets, and fifty-one miscellaneous pieces, besides the Indian tale, which occupies the first threescore pages. This goodly number furnishes the muse with very favourable opportunities to exercise the strength of her pinion, and to display the elevation and gracefulness of her flight.

The Indian tale, we are informed in the preface, is founded on an article which appeared in the fifth number of the Metropolitan Magazine. It is a love affair between an Indian girl and a Mahometan admirer, and the young lady's angry brother, giving way to vindictive feelings.

The adventure is narrated with much simplicity, and, excepting in some trifling instances, with great perspicuity. It contains many incidents, which are interwoven with sufficient ingenuity to appear without betraying poetical contrivance. The burning of Counlah on the funeral pile of her husband, together with the subsequent agony and death of her father, gives a climax to the catastrophe, which, in a poet of established fame, would command admiration.

The minor poems and sonnets possess various degrees of merit in their respective characters, but nothing to raise them above thousands of their fellow-mortals that are born to die, in infancy, in youth, and in riper years. From compositions so unimportant, no author can ever hope to acquire lasting reputation. Poetical literature is too thickly sown with trifles, for common articles to attract attention. This, however, is no argument against their merit. If gold were as plentiful as pebbles on the shore, it would be viewed with equal indifference. Scarcity is essential to estimated value. Poets therefore may anticipate the fate awaiting insignificant compositions, which, taken in the aggregate,

" lie entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over arch embower."

BRIEF SURVEY OF BOOKS.

1. *The Poetry of Truth: Canto I;* by John Maule, M. D., (Hamilton, London,) is a curious ebullition of evangelical intolerance. The infatuated author seems to think that he is delegated by the Almighty to anathematize all who hesitate to embrace the dogmas of his creed; and, perhaps, the public will retaliate, by consigning the productions of his muse to oblivion.

2. *Advice to Emigrants to America, New South Wales, Cape of Good Hope, &c.,* by Thomas Dyke, Jun., (Simpkin, London,) is too contracted to furnish that varied information which all persons intending to emigrate want. So far as the author has entered into his subject, his observations may be of service; but, in eighty-four pages, no one can reasonably expect that the advantages and disadvantages of emigration, to all parts of the world, should be comprised.

3. *Sequel to Principle and Practice; or the Orphan Family; a Tale,* (Houlston, London,) will be perused with much interest by all who are acquainted with the

ling parts. The story enters into domestic life, and develops incidents which readers will find not inapplicable to themselves. It is a tale, we think, with which most young persons will be pleased. *The Gospel its Own Witness, &c., by Rev. Andrew Fuller, late of Kettering* (Book Society, London,) appears to us in a new edition. It is a book which contains many important truths, that should be too widely disseminated. The illustrations are not common-place. They are the offspring of a mind enlightened by science, and habituated to solid reflection, and enter a region in which such a guide is particularly wanted.

Hints on the Best Means for the Propagation of Religion, by Oliver Henwood, Esq., Bridport, the author has confined the subject under consideration. His observations are judicious and well selected, and very remote from extravagance and impropriety. This important subject he treats on scripture grounds, and applies the principles with becoming energy, both to ministers and people. Practical utility is to be the great object at which he aims, and, to promote this, his pamphlet is judiciously adapted.

Arminian Methodism miscalled Faith, by John Hackett, (Ward, &c.,) contains strong language; and, with fearless intrepidity, enforces the great essential truths of the gospel.

A Brief Statement of the Practical Effects of a Reform in Parliament, by Croxall, (Wilson, London,) is calculated to efface erroneous impressions which are among the working classes have been easily entertained. The benefits will be successive, not instantaneous, and the influence of the measure upon posterity is pointed out with intelligent anticipation.

Observations on our Indian Admiration, Civil and Military, by Lieut.-James Caulfield, C. B., (Smith and Son, London,) requires persons better acquainted than ourselves with Asiatic affairs, to decide on its merits or defects. The author appears to be conversant with the facts on which he writes, and, from the purity of his sentiments, and the temperance of his language, his book is calculated to a calm and dispassionate examination.

An Essay on the Cultivation of the Infant Mind, &c., by John Brown, Director of Spitalfield's Infant School, 2nd Edition, (Simpkin and Co., London,) communicates, in familiar language, and without any strain, much useful information, and is well adapted to the infant mind. The

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system is admirable, and need only be known to command universal approbation. The rules, also, and reasons on which they are founded, must strike every reader with their propriety and force. This is beginning at the right end, and training up a child in the way that he should go.

11. *Alfred, or the Wayward Son, a Domestic Story, and other Poems, by Thomas Hirst,* (Simpkin and Co., London,) furnish many occasions for censure, but still more for praise. Several lines betray carelessness in composition, which attention might have prevented. "Trespasser" and "intruder," in p. 26, are bad in rhyme; and "character" and "flatterer," in p. 29, are liable to the same remark. In page 27, "A vacant question dwindling to a whine," we do not understand; and the introduction of Earl Grey, Melbourne, Peel, Brougham, Lord Russell, and the Reform question, into Alfred, or the Wayward Son, appears very ill-timed. In the meanwhile, the story is admirably told, the incidents are brought forward to much advantage, and the whole is conducted to a pleasing termination. In many stanzas, a genuine spirit of poetry bursts upon us, and the general character of the sentiments that pervade the narrative is calculated to secure serious approbation.

12. *An Encyclopedia of Cottage, Farm, and Village Architecture, &c., by J. C. Loudon, F.L.S., &c.,* (Longman, London,) presents us with a specimen of a large work now publishing under the above title. It contains numerous wood engravings, accompanied with brief descriptions, and is a work of fair promise.

13. *The Conversational Method of Teaching Languages, &c., by S. B. L. P.,* (Souter, London,) has a captivating exterior, but the test of experiment can alone give certainty to its character.

14. *An Appeal to the Unprejudiced, containing a Statement of Facts connected with the New Church, Gosport, by the Rev. Joshua Bryant,* (Simpkin and Co., London,) more than intimates that he has been treated in an unworthy manner by a few self-sufficient and purse-proud persons, with whom he had the unhappiness to come in contact: and, admitting his statement to be correct, we think he has acted judiciously in publishing a narrative of the facts, which will not only answer the end of vindicating himself and his conduct, but also be read with interest by all the friends of a liberal church policy. The pamphlet is written in a clear style, and contains some good-humoured touches of wit and sarcasm, not at all out of place.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE mean temperature of July was $65\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. The maximum of 73 degrees was noticed on the mornings of the 6th and 13th; the direction of the wind on the former occasion was southerly, and on the latter south-westerly. The minimum of 59 degrees occurred on the mornings of the 19th and 21st with a northerly wind. The range of the thermometer was 14 degrees, and the prevailing wind north-west. The direction of the wind has been north-westerly, $7\frac{1}{2}$ days; northerly, $6\frac{1}{2}$; south-westerly $6\frac{1}{2}$; north-easterly 5; easterly $1\frac{1}{2}$; westerly $1\frac{1}{2}$; south-easterly $1\frac{1}{2}$; and southerly $\frac{1}{2}$.

This month, especially the latter part, has been very dry; rain having fallen only on eight days: from the 14th to the end, there was only one day on which rain was observed, it was but a slight shower; the prevailing winds, during this period, were the north-west and north; and during the former part of the month, the south-west prevailed. From the 6th, to the 10th, considerable wind was observed. On the evening of the 12th a considerable storm of thunder passed over the eastern part of the metropolis; the lightning was very vivid, and heat-lightning occurred during the night.

WESLEYAN METHODISM.

THE eighty-ninth annual conference of this respectable body of Christians was held at Liverpool in July, 1832, when about three hundred ministers were present. The Rev. Robert Newton was chosen president, and the Rev. E. Grindrod, secretary. During this conference, about thirty-seven sermons were preached in the chapels, and about sixteen in the open air. Many preachers during the past year have died, and some few have withdrawn themselves from the connexion: but others have been admitted, through which every deficiency has been supplied. Although, in Derby and elsewhere, secessions have taken place, it appears that there has been, on the whole, an increase of 8,188 members throughout the connexion during the year.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN JAMAICA.

THE general outline of this disgraceful affair has been already laid before the public through various channels. It was noticed on several occasions at the anniversaries held in May last, and, by the public papers, circulated through every

part of the kingdom. It was, however, reserved for Wednesday, the 15th of Aug., 1832, to witness in Exeter Hall, London, a full development of its features and character.

At the appointed time the chair was taken by Lord Henley, and the meeting was most numerous and respectfully attended.

Among those who addressed the listening assembly, the Rev. Peter Duncan, and the Rev. W. Knibb, commanded the greatest attention. The former of these gentlemen is a Wesleyan missionary, and the latter a Baptist missionary, and both, having been in the island during the insurrection, had witnessed many occurrences which they detailed, and partially suffered from the malevolent rancour with which the fountains of justice, in Jamaica, appear to be polluted.

The insurrection, they traced to its only legitimate cause, the diabolical system of slavery; and against the insinuations of the planters, that the missionaries had induced the slaves to revolt, their defence was most triumphant. When their chapels were demolished by the brutal white men, an effort was made to obtain redress; but although the evidence was decisive against several individuals, the grand jury ignored the bills. Equally unsuccessful were their efforts to bring a miscreant to justice, who had besmeared a missionary with tar, and then set him on fire. From the Jamaica papers several extracts were given, corroborative of their testimony, and confirmatory of facts which, except among those whose natures have been brutalized by slavery, appeared too dreadful to be perpetrated.

From the various circumstances which transpired at this meeting, one inference is obvious, namely, that it is to the British legislature and the British public the negro must look, for the humanity and power which will finally break his chains.

Of this public meeting, a detailed and interesting account may be found in the Christian Advocate for August 20, to which we acknowledge our obligations.

BAPTISM OF A JEW.

AN adult son of Abraham was baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, by the Rev. J. B. Cartwright, A.M., at the Episcopal Chapel, Cambridge Heath, London, on Sunday the 5th of August last.

Previous, to his baptism he had worked with the baptized Hebrews in the Institu-

n Durham place, and also there received instruction in the truths of the gospel, but being unbaptized, he could not be received as an inmate therein. It was under the preaching of the Rev. J. C. Reichardt, Intendant of the Durham-place Hebrew Institution, that he professed his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, as the Messiah, and the only Saviour of mankind.

The name of this convert was Samuel, as he preferred the retaining of it to the adoption of another, he was named Samuel during the ceremony of baptism. His conduct has hitherto corresponded with his profession, and the feeling sense which manifests of the grace of God, operating by the Holy Ghost upon his heart, evinces that he has not merely put on the name of a Christian, "but, renewed in the spirit of his promise, put on the new man," which after he is created in righteousness and true holiness.

The Rev. J. C. Reichardt he expressed himself to this effect, previous to his baptism: "I feel more and more convinced that Jesus is the true Messiah, and that without Him we cannot be saved; but the indescribable anguish on being cut off at a stroke from my relations, and every friend of my life, by my profession of Christianity, increases more than I can bear up against; I must give up all for Him who gave Himself a sacrifice for me."

For Israel, thy rowers have brought thee into deep waters! Yet the consideration is awful, that a son of Jacob cannot be saved in the Lord Jesus Christ to the salvation of his soul, without instantly subjecting himself to the curses of all his brethren. O Jehovah, in behalf of Thy people, let Thy promise be accomplished, and we shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob.

W. COLDWELL.

Square, Aug. 13th, 1832.

THE NEW PROCESS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF SUGAR.

EDITOR,

The interest which your journal takes in topics of practical scientific inquiry induces me to present to the notice of your readers, a description of the important results from recent trials in Demerara, to obtain pure raw sugar direct from the cane juice; a desideratum which has excited itself to most writers on the West Indian colonies, as one of the anticipated results of scientific inquiry. The cele-

brated Bryan Edwards, in his History of the British West Indies, says, "It is not an extravagant hope, that the time will come, when the salt of the cane, which we call sugar, will be made pure, and strike into transparent crystals."

It has always been deemed desirable to diminish the large quantity of deteriorated material, uncrystallizable sugar, molasses, and colouring matter, which were obvious products of the former mode of operation, from the intense and long-continued degree of heat employed in the processes. It was at length suggested as a matter of interesting probability, that this important object might be obtained by effecting the concentration of the cane juice, in a vacuum pan, under diminished atmospheric pressure, and a temperature insufficient to produce any change in the chemical composition of the sugar. This mode of operation was proposed by the Hon. Edward Charles Howard, and subsequently introduced with complete success into the principal Sugar Refineries in Great Britain, with the most important advantages to the refiners.

The substitution of the present improved process to the ordinary one, for the preparation of sugar from the cane juice, has already been attended with the most complete success. The sugar thus obtained is in perfect pure transparent granular crystals, developing the true form of the sugar, and being entirely free from the least portion of uncrystallizable sugar, or colouring matter. The saving from the deteriorated material, in the production of molasses, gives an increase in the quantity of the sugar to the planter of 25 per cent, while this readily ensures an additional price in the market of 10s. to 12s. per cwt. The sugar is a purer sweet than even the best refined; it possesses a rich mellifluous taste, and is more fitted for all purposes of manufacture, solution, or domestic economy. It is not apt to become acescent in solution, and, for all culinary purposes, from its superior quality it readily ensures a preference.

In the manufacture of rum from the molasses, which are separated during the process, there is no danger of deterioration in the production of empyreuma; an almost unavoidable attendant upon the old mode of manufacture, when ordinary molasses are employed. The time and labour of the operation are also greatly decreased, and the sugar is ready for shipment in four days, in lieu of three weeks, as heretofore.

This improved process is now in complete and successful operation on eight estates in Demerara, and the results are

first trials may be said to open a new and improved æra in the history of the colonies.

Your insertion of the above in the next number of your valuable Magazine, will oblige your very obedient servant,

ABRAHAM BOOTH,

Lecturer on Chemistry, &c.

London, August 3rd, 1832.

P. S. For the information of those of your readers who are further interested in the inquiry, I may state, that samples of the sugar may be seen at the counting-house of Messrs. Oaks, 97, Houndsditch, the manufacturers of the apparatus.

EUROPE IN THE SUMMER OF 1832.

IN Great Britain, what many have called a new constitution, and others a renovation of the old one, has been long in progression by the legislators of the realm, the measures for which originated in the House of Commons, proceeded through the House of Lords, and finally received the sanction of the throne. "Alas, for man! he is never at one stay." Contention and broils, from shore to shore, shook the realm, and loosened from its propriety the bond of society during the progress of this measure; and if the salvation of a world had been the stake, greater eagerness could not have been evinced by multitudes of the combatants in this war of opinions. For, after all, the whole measure resolves itself into a matter of opinion; whether this great change will minister to the weal or to the woe of an empire, comprising, in all its ramifications, more than one hundred and fifty millions of the human race.

If unity and love, in place of contention and strife, swayed the millions of mankind, how fair, how lovely would be the face of this fecundant sphere, how serene the society therein, compared with the incessant broils of politicians and the lust of sway, so evidently rampant and fearful, ever and anon, as occasion arises of change. The prayer of every pious Christian, amidst this awful excitement is, "Arise, O Lord; save me, O my God!" And his advice to rulers and people is, "Be wise, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him." In the eagerness for legislation, how many, *alas*, forget that they are men; that they

were born for a nobler purpose than earth can minister to them; and, being appointed unto death, that beyond the grave lies their inheritance, for there the meek, the pure in heart alone, behold their God, and partake His glory.

The time of the end brings with it its personages. We have already the king of the south, in the act of pushing at the king of the north. Empire was transplanted from Antioch to Constantinople, and from Egypt, "become a base kingdom," the sway departed; it appears, however, to have returned, and a new edition of old wars, between the king of the south and the king of the north, is in progress, Dan. xi. 40. Mahomet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, crowned by the Sheriff of Mecca king of Egypt, it is rumoured, will soon sway a sceptre, instead of crouching as a servant to the Grand Sultan. Acre and Damascus have already fallen before his son, Ibrahim Pacha, who, with the Egyptian army, reinforced by the Druses of Mount Lebanon, meditates the conquest of Aleppo, and the discomfiture of the Grand Seignior's army in Syria. Thus a large portion of the East seems to be wresting from the Sublime Porte, while another interesting portion is being ceded, in the west, to round off the territories of the new kingdom now arising in Greece.

In Italy we observe the old state of things, namely, discontent and rebellion, kept down by main force; the presence of foreign troops being held absolutely needful to preserve the peace of the country, and to prevent the dissolution of the existing government.

Switzerland, by the orders of its own diet, is disturbed anew, and all its forces are under arms, apparently without a cause; yet a cause may exist, known and feared: while Germany is agitated throughout, by a declaration of the Diet of Frankfurt, levelled at the liberty of the press, and certain of the liberties of the states, as well as their subjects. Austria and Prussia, which now enjoy peace in the confidence of their strength, would give laws to all Germany, and Switzerland also; but the secret workings of the movement party cut down their potency as it arises, and maintain the balance amidst all the oscillations of power.

Amidst France, after turmoils which would have overturned, if not have annihilated, the social compact in almost any other than that volatile nation, there reigns for the moment comparative peace. One of the great factions in that turbulent community has received its death-blow, in the

of the Duke de Reichstadt, the descendant of that mighty warrior, on Buonaparte—he who waded up mire, from the lowest walks of life, in seas of blood, and, from his high height, consummated his mighty the death of an exile. The dying

his only son pronounced a moral the fleeting grandeur of his father, which without design, which ought not forgotten, when he said to the grand is, his mother: “The dream of life on be at an end.” Alas, what a of vanity was the life of that digni- ughter of the human race, Napo- —May it never be imitated by mor- !

om have we known so long a scold- he one between Belgium and Hol- d in blows. Both parties are adepts war of words, and, from what has appeared, they are both too artful ceed further. The matrimonial : between Belgium and France, consummated, will, we doubt not, heavily in the scale against the : of Holland, and induce sober s at the court of the Hague.

northern powers enjoy peace; and some awful remains of the inflictions and, which still rankle in that com- , and induce distractions, internal as well as external, is their portion. mies are, however, yet kept on foot, g to every meditating mind distrust, ension, and fear—but of what, or of who can inform us? The secret is im, “who doeth according to His the army of heaven, and among the ants of the earth.” He disquieteth earth in vain.

ugal is become the seat of a san- contest. There, two brothers mar- st to host, and beat up for recruits er against son, brother against , native against native, every man’s gainst his fellow, to deluge with the fertile field, and convert their oks into swords of slaughter. Alas, man? We beheld the marshes of red with the blood of natives and ers, mingled as they fell beneath a eful to Europe, and mourned over ions, who sighed on the slaughter of and longed for their salvation. It is yesterday that this carnage ceased, old, anew, instead of the blood of ape, “which cheereth God and the vineyard of Europe is become of blood; and in place of the joy of and the shouts of the wine-press, e the shout of battle and the groans

of the dying! Oh, when shall wars cease from the earth?

Of Spain we have no note. She hugs her chains, and sits in darkness.

The cholera-morbus, like the ebbing and flowing tide, visits, retires, and revisits certain districts; and ever and anon evinces to man, while it baffles all his art, the processes of its progression over the face of the whole earth. Instead of enumerating the nations which have experienced its ravages, it will soon be, if it is not so already, much more easy to count up those which have not. “When Thou, O Lord, with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity: O, remove Thy stroke from us.” It is upon record in the Word of truth, that in the latter days a time of unexampled trouble shall arrive, which will loosen the hearts of men from their attachment to the earth and earthly things, and prepare them for the glory which shall then be revealed: and this we expect; for the time is at hand.

We have repeatedly stated, that the time of trouble, Jer. xxx. Dan. xii. Matt. xxi. Luke xxi., &c. &c. is the short or half-time, consisting of one hundred and eighty years; commencing in the year eighteen hundred and sixteen; or rather, in eighteen hundred and twenty, and ending in the year of our Lord two thousand. We have also repeatedly stated, that the woman, Rev. xii. or, christian church, came out of the wilderness, in the west, prior to the commencement of this time of trouble, when the secular arm of the Pope was broken by the extinction of, what was called, the Holy Roman Empire, and that no potentate now exists, throughout all Christendom, who dares publicly to burn the saints of the Most High. “The times of the Gentiles are thus fulfilled,” and fulfilling; and, according to the prophècy of the Lord of life, Luke xxi. God hath remembered his people, and a kindly feeling pervades the christian churches for the lost sheep of the house of Israel: “for their redemption draweth nigh.” We must now, in its turn, occupy ourselves with the Eastern church; the head of which, Greece, is in Europe; and there we find another personage of the time of the end appearing in his place; for at this moment Greece arises, in the face of all Europe, into a kingdom, and its king elect is acknowledged by all the leading powers of Christendom.”

In a version of the Psalms, published by me in the year 1821, the argument of the fortieth psalm contains the following:—
“How minutely was this psalm realized.”

the life, sufferings, and death of Jesus Christ ! The visions of Jehovah to Daniel and Nebuchadnezzar, of the four great monarchies, long subsequent to this revelation to David, contain, also, a prophetic epitome of the Messiah's reign upon earth : first, in the way of providence ; secondly, in delegated power, through others ; and, finally, in His own Person. His reign shall succeed, and swallow up all the others ; and become universal on the earth : for He suffered, that He might reign.

“Nebuchadnezzar was the first heathen king to whom power passed from the God of Israel, to afflict His chosen people to the last extremity. No man, from the moment the tabernacle was constructed, either in the Wilderness or in Canaan, had power to destroy the tent or house and symbols of Deity, originally given to Israel as a testimony of, and a place for, the Shechinah, or presence of Jehovah, with His people, until that awful moment. On several occasions, the worship of the True God was suspended ; and on one occasion, the Ark of the Covenant, carried into the camp of Israel by impious priests, as a vain-glorious palladium to insure victory, was taken by the enemy, and borne away in triumph. But, even in this case, the ark was honoured by the presence of Jehovah ; and His power, called into action by the vaunting of the enemy, soon compelled them to restore it to Israel.

“Although, after the manner of the original tabernacle, a splendid temple arose, into which were brought the vessels and furniture of the tabernacle, and all the wisdom of Solomon, and the riches of his empire displayed themselves in the magnificence of this stupendous structure, designated the seat of God upon earth, and formed according to the pattern given by vision from heaven, and therein Jehovah visibly displayed the Shechinah, or Divine Presence ; yet, this Nebuchadnezzar was commissioned to destroy all ; and, to outward appearance, completely desecrate Israel. The ark of the covenant, the mercy-seat, the tables of the law, the pot of manna, Aaron's rod which budded, the holy anointing oil, and the sacred lamp perpetually burning, all perished on this occasion ; never to be renewed. The Urim and Thummim then departed from His people, and no responsive oracle has, even to this day, returned to Israel.

“To this Nebuchadnezzar did Jehovah, in vision, reveal futurity. An image stood before him ; the head of which was gold, *the breast and arms silver, the belly and thighs brass, and the legs and feet iron.*

This image represented four great empires ; each of which was to succeed the other in the order of the vision. Nebuchadnezzar, himself being the head of gold, the first empire was then in existence, and held the people of Israel at that moment in bondage. The second in succession was the Media-Persian empire ; and the third, the Grecian ; each of which, in its turn, ruled over and afflicted Israel. The fourth and last empire was the Roman ; and this empire acted over again the tragic scenes of the first empire. For after the chosen people had returned from Babylon, and rebuilt Jerusalem, and the temple therein, and restored the worship of the true God ; because of the crimes of Israel, the Romans besieged and took Jerusalem, and all the fenced cities of the land, and utterly destroyed the temple and the state, and completely desecrated Israel. Alas, for the sons of Jacob, even to this day are they held in the iron bondage of Rome !

“The head of gold fell before the breast and arms of silver ; these in their turn fell before the belly and thighs of brass ; and, finally these were smitten by the legs and feet of iron. The most noble parts are now down, and the most ignoble trample royally upon their remains ; and another power has arisen, which tramples as royally upon the three first, and even upon a large portion of the fourth empire : namely, the Turkish empire.

“A time is also announced, when a fifth monarchy will be set up ; and as all the former monarchies had metallic symbols, namely, gold, silver, brass and iron, so this has a mineral symbol, namely, a rock. A stone, not in the hand, like the arms of these several empires, but in the mouth.—The Word of God, it is announced, shall smite this image, when one and entire ; and then shall the clay, the iron, the brass, the silver, and the gold, broken to pieces, become like the chaff of the summer thrashing floors, Dan. ii. 34, 35.

“The image must, therefore, previous to this final breaking, become an entire image : this it never yet has been ; because the several parts have passed away, in succession, each before the other. The Assyrian, Media-Persian, Grecian, as well as Roman portions of the image, will all be in existence at that day ; and on that day will they all be broken to pieces by the Rock—Christ—the Word of God, and be no more for ever ; and the Rock, become a great mountain, will fill the earth.

“Futurity will accomplish this prophecy ; for Daniel, who was favoured with a similar vision, under the symbols of four successive

, instead of the image of a man, of the three first, when they fall before the fourth beast, chap. vii. 12.

As concerning the rest of the beasts, a living in life was given them." We therefore, look for a resurrection of power of the three first empires; and destruction of every power which holds powers in bondage; and the consequent redemption of the scattered tribes shall.

When, when the image is entire, shall the word of God, smiting all these, become manifest, and fill the earth; "And the power and dominion, and the greatness of his kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people, the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom: and all dominions shall serve and obey Him!"

In reference to the foregoing notes on the fortieth Psalm, we learn from the Prophet Isaiah, the founding of Babylon, and its destruction, chap. xxiii. 13. "Behold the land of the Chaldeans; this people as not till the Assyrian founded it, for they dwell in the wilderness: they set up towers thereof, they raised up the walls thereof; and he brought it to ruin."

That chapter comprises the doom of Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre, Zidon, and all the cities, all of which have awfully sunk into oblivion. To Assyria, therefore, we refer the first desecration of Israel: the Assyrian empire destroyed the state, carried away captive the remnant of the tribes, while its capital was Nineveh; Nineveh was destroyed by Cyaxares, king of Media, and Nebuchadnezzar, and when its capital became Babylon, it destroyed the state, and carried away captive the two remaining tribes; thus effecting the overthrow of the whole Hebrew nation.

In the Media-Persian monarchy we ascribe praise. For they restored the Jews to their country; and under their reign were Jerusalem and the second temple therein built and protected, during a period of years; although with intervals of desolation.

In the Grecian monarchy, praise is also due. For, with the exception of Antiochus, Jewish state and temple service were in all protected by the successors of Alexander; due allowance being made for the anarchy of these times, and the haughty character of the Hebrews.

In the Roman monarchy, "that brake all in pieces, and stamps the residue under its feet," uprooted Israel, also; and laid that people in iron bondage to slavery. Thus, "with a band of iron

and brass, is the stump of the roots of these monarchies bound, amidst the tender grass of the field, and wet with the dew of heaven, until seven times pass over him."

On looking out for the revivification of these several states, we behold Greece, the last in order, at this moment successfully struggling for empire. The struggle commenced in or about the year eighteen hundred and sixteen, and in a few years the Greeks and Turks were at open war; which continued, with varied success, until the independence of Greece was acknowledged by the "foes of the Roman empire," as well as by the Turks. From herself, her internal demoralization during ages of abject slavery, she has most to bear, and more to struggle with at present, than from all her foreign foes. So true it is, that from slavery to freedom there is a space not to be over-leaped at one bound—to pass this gulf requires time; yea, frequently an age. Many, if not all the then generation of men, pass away during the progression of society, and their children, rising up, become free-men. At length, however, a King, Prince Otho of Bavaria, is named, and over the rising realm of Greece he is acknowledged to be the monarch by the great powers of Europe. The iron feet and legs of the empire thus acknowledge the belly and thighs of brass, and unite to rear the image; and in the order of Divine Providence, the breast and arms of silver, and the head of gold, will, in their times, be added, to complete the whole.

King Square, Aug. 18, 1832.

WM. COLDWELL.

GLEANINGS.

Experiments on the Strength of Wood.—From an interesting series of experiments by Mr. Barlow, junior, on the strength of various woods; especially of oak, both fast and slow grown; it appears that the fast-grown is the strongest. Mr. Barlow experimented on two specimens received from Mr. W. Boorne, of Erpingham; the fast-grown, from a tree, on a very good strong soil, of about sixty years old; and the slow-grown, from a tree of about one hundred and twenty years old, upon a light soil, with gravel about two feet below the surface. It required a weight of nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds, to break a piece of the fast-grown, five feet long and two inches square; the props on which it was supported being fifty inches apart. The weight required to break a similar specimen of the slow-grown, was six hundred and seventy-seven pounds. A weight of one thousand four hundred and forty-seven pounds was required, to break a very fine specimen which had been in store two years. Among several specimens of foreign timber, one of tonquin-bean, taken from the middle, required the greatest weight to break it, which was two thousand four hundred and fourteen pounds. The least weight required was six hundred and sixty pounds, which broke a specimen of elm from the outside, prepared exactly in the same manner as the above.

Experiments on Feeding Animals.—We understand, the council of the Zoological Society have fully concurred in the utility of the experiments suggested to them. We noticed them in our number for May, and have now the pleasure to inform our readers that they are to be tried on two leopards, two ocelots, and two hyenas.

Reproduction power of the Placenta.—The recent statement of Dr. J. R. Johnson, on the reproductive power of these animals, are highly interesting. They are often to be seen, live in water, have a head, and usually large eyes, and feed by a kind of proboscis, which they put forth from the middle of the under part of the body. They increase by depositing eggs, and also by subdivisions of themselves. They are from a quarter of an inch to half an inch long, and are generally found in young water-bugs. Some parts of the lower of aquatic plants are to be seen under water. If one of them is put in a vessel of water, it will grow and reproduce, and the posterior end of the head, even if they are divided, will produce a new one. The doctor has also found that they are capable of that each part about a foot in length, and the result has been, a double-headed animal, which he has obtained. It is a very curious and interesting fact. In fact, these animals are very common in the bath.

Structure of the Infusoria.—The philosopher Ehrenberg, by feeding these microscopic animals with coloured food as iodine, carmine, &c. has been able to ascertain the parts which receive these substances; and to prove that their organization is far higher than has usually been supposed. When the coloured food is perfectly pure the animals will readily receive it, and many of them become dotted with coloured spots in those places where it is received. He has accordingly arranged them in two classes, one he has termed polyphagous, having many stomachs, and the other monophagous, which have but one long stomach. They have been proved to have mouths, gizzards, which in some species amount to two long, intestinal canals, various muscular and nervous systems, &c. They propagate by direct subdivisions, off-shoots, and eggs, some are viviparous.

Chronometers.—The public are aware that the Lords of the Admiralty give annual premiums to the three persons, whose chronometers perform with the least variation from mean time, within prescribed limits. In December terminated the sixth annual trial of skill, of the numerous artists employed in the construction of chronometers. The prizes were awarded to the following makers—Mr. (Colonel) Oxford Street, Mr. Foxworth, junior (Change Alley) and Mr. Webb, (Cornhill). The artists, even on any of their trials, during the year did not attain to one second of time, a degree of accuracy unprecedented in these instruments to former trials. So perfectly were they adjusted that either could have sailed a voyage to navigate a vessel round the world with less than one mile error in longitude at the close of each voyage.—*Register of Patent Inventions for June 1858.*

To make Lemon Wine.—To every gallon of water take four lemons, and forty eight ounces of sugar—first take off the yellow peel, and cover it with boiling water, let it stand all night, then take off the white skin, which is of no use, then cut your fruit in slices in a small tub, bruise it and wash it well in water till all the juice is extracted from the pulp then strain off the water and mix it with what the peel has been steeped in put in your sugar and when quite dissolved put all in your cask add a little yeast, and stir it every day during fermentation, each cask if you like when full in every twenty gallons add a pint of brandy. It should be put in glass bottles from its rebellious disposition, when the weather is warm, but if the cellar be cool, sometimes wine bottles will do. The cork should be lashed down with a string or wire.

The Mosquitoes.—According to the late statement of the Mosquitoes, the total number of the British population over the whole earth, amounts to no more than about fifteen thousand, notwithstanding, they keep up one hundred and twenty seven missionary establishments among the heathens, at an expense of more than one thousand pounds per annum.

Strength of Man.—The flea, called by the Arabians "the father of leopards," and the locusts, jump two hundred times their own length, and, supporting the same relative force to be infused into the body of a man as that high, he would be able to jump three times the height of St. Paul's.

One in China.—In the district of Kiangling ten in the province of Szechuan are ancient salt pits or wells, which no longer afford water, although they have been dug for that purpose to the depth of three thousand feet, but that they yield matter for a prodigious quantity of fire which is applied to one, being by means of a winding tube of bamboo, employed to heat the residues in which the salt is buried down. The residue is used to light the streets and halls and temples, by means of conducting tubes.—*Chinese Journal.*

Improvement of Granite.—The Emperor Nicholas is about to erect a monument in honour of his brother Alexander. For this purpose a single block of granite has been procured which is to be shaped into a column of 15 feet in diameter and 61 in height. The block is said to weigh nearly 250 tons, and for two years 300 people have been employed in detaching it from the quarry and preparing it for removal, and a canal has been built solely for the purpose of transporting it.

England and France.—England contains 18,000 leagues of roads, 1,200 leagues of canals, and 1,000 leagues of rail roads. The territory of France contains more canals than that of England, and has only 3,000 leagues of roads, 200 leagues of canals, and 60 leagues of rail roads.

Library Notices.

Just Published.

Part XII. National Portrait Gallery.—Barrington, Admiral Gardner, and Dr. Parr. Reflections and Admiratory Hints of the Principal of a Seminary on Retiring from the Duties of his Station. By John Foxworth.

An Historical Account of the Plague, and other Pesteuential Intermittents, which have appeared in Europe more especially in England, from the earliest Period with an account of the Cholera Morbus, from its first appearance in India.

An Inquiry into the Origin of Intemperance, with particular reference to its influence on Morality. Dictionary of the Anglo-Saxon Language, containing the Accusation, Grammatical Inflections, Imperative Words, &c. By the Rev. J. Foxworth, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. Member of the Royal Society of London.

Practical Remarks on the Growth of Corn, and the various diseases to which it is subject, and the means of preventing and curing them. By R. H. Foxworth, Esq. of Hillingham House, Lincolnshire.

Notes on the History of the Plague in 1720, and the Author of "Spas in 1800." History of the Revolution in England, in 1688. By the Right Honourable Sir James Mackintosh, Bart.

Three Sermons, Preached at the Anniversary of the Society of Friends, in 1858. By the Rev. J. Foxworth, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. Member of the Royal Society of London.

A Manual of the History of the World, the Doctrine of the Bible, &c. By the Rev. J. Foxworth, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. Member of the Royal Society of London.

The British Pioneer, under the sanction of the Ministry, whose Disasters appear to be justly deserved. By the Rev. J. Foxworth, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. Member of the Royal Society of London.

A Catalogue of Manuscripts of Original and Printed Books, in the various Departments of Literature, Science, and the Arts, vol. VI, containing, Maps, &c.

A History of the Province of the United Kingdom, by William Foxworth, LL.D. 1858.

A Memoir of Miss Mary Jane Graham, by the Rev. J. Foxworth, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. Member of the Royal Society of London.

The Child's Book on the Soul, by the Rev. J. H. Colverton.

Paraphrase Portions for the Afflicted, compiled by the Rev. J. Foxworth, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. Member of the Royal Society of London.

A History and Exposition of our Physical Laws, and Prophecy, &c. By John Foxworth, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. Member of the Royal Society of London.

In the Press.

A Series of Discourses (Illustrative of Divine Revelation) by the Rev. John Ely, of Rochester.

No. 1. of The Christian Record, and Monthly Theological Examiner. By the Rev. J. Foxworth, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. Member of the Royal Society of London.

[SUPPLEMENTARY PAPER.]

D E A T H

OF THE

REV. DR. ADAM CLARKE.

IN a preceding sheet of this number, which was in print before the melancholy event occurred, that we have now to announce, a letter from the deceased to a friend in America, is inserted, to which, from the nature of its contents we had prefixed this question,—“Will Dr. Adam Clarke ever see America?” The answer will be found in the following brief narrative:—

Dr. ADAM CLARKE having visited his friends in Liverpool, Frome, and Bristol, hastened towards London. On the evening of Monday the 20th of August, the Bristol stage reached Kensington, where he was met by his friend Mr. Hobbs, who brought him to his house in Bayswater, where he slept. On the day following, (Tuesday,) Mr. Hobbs took him to his daughter's, Mrs. R. Smith, at Stoke Newington, from which place they returned to Bayswater sufficiently early for Dr. Clarke to reach his own home by coach. During these journeys and interviews, nothing material occurred, except that Surgeon Clarke advised him to take castor oil, owing to the state of his bowels, and it was finally arranged, that Mr. Hobbs should fetch him on the ensuing Saturday to his house in

Bayswater, where he had engaged to preach an anniversary sermon on Sunday the 26th, of which public notice had been given.

On the Saturday Mr. Hobbs repaired to Haydon Hall, according to agreement, and instantly discovered, from Dr. Clarke's symptoms, that he was far from being well. On being questioned, he replied that his bowels were disordered, but he hoped the complaint would speedily subside. At this time his appearance had an unfavourable aspect. His countenance seemed to have sunk, and near the mouth were indications that denoted much indisposition. It was then proposed that he should not accompany Mr. Hobbs; but to this he would not accede, on account of his engagement to preach, and the notices that had been published.

In this state of things they left Haydon Hall, and hastened to Bayswater, with the utmost expedition, but their journey afforded no evidence that the cause of complaint had been removed. Towards evening he grew rather worse; still, however, he sat at table, and ate a small portion of rice milk, and afterwards took a little burnt brandy. About eleven at night he retired

to his bed, but, though labouring under illness, and occasionally complaining, no apprehensions of danger were then entertained.

Before five on the morning of Sunday, Dr. Clarke had risen from his bed, and, still suffering from his malady, had dressed himself, and, with his hat, bag, and cane in readiness, seemed waiting to leave the house. When Mr. Hobbs came down stairs, he found him thus equipped in the parlour; and, stating that he was very ill, requested to be taken immediately to his own home. A carriage was accordingly sought, but, prior to this, medical aid was called in, and his case was pronounced to be one of cholera. Another medical gentleman was called to the assistance of the former, and he fully confirmed his opinion as to the nature of the complaint. At this time his weakness had so increased, that all thoughts of taking him home were at an end. Every moment appeared to diminish his remaining strength, and very soon the prostration was so great as to prevent him from regaining his own bed-room; but another being more convenient, he was conducted to it, and in this he continued until life became extinct.

Soon after the medical gentlemen arrived, Dr. Clarke was galvanized; but it was to no purpose. Dr. Wilson Phillips, an eminent physician, was also in attendance; but every effort proved unavailing. He was bled, but very little was extracted; strong doses of calomel, &c. were also administered. A mustard poultice, and various other remedies, were applied, but they produced no favourable effect; salt and water was administered, but he gradually sunk into a greater and greater degree of physical debility, which indicated danger of the most alarming nature.

About eleven o'clock, Dr. Clarke's eldest son arrived, accompanied by Dr. Clarke's nephew, Thras. Clarke, Esq., a surgeon in the Royal Navy; but no additional skill brought any additional aid. His exhaustion was excessive; all his powers were in a state of the most abject prostration, from which even friendship could scarcely presume to augur any favourable issue.

Mrs. Clarke had been sent for early in the day, and about five o'clock in the evening she arrived, to witness the companion of her life now hastening to the verge of an eternal world, and unable to address her. Other branches of the family were also present, to behold the progress of a malady which no power could arrest, and to witness an issue which nothing human could avert.

It appears that during every stage of his illness, Dr. Clarke retained the use of his senses and of his understanding. In no case did he betray any aberration of mind, nothing bordering on delirium. This, however, was rather to be gathered from his actions than his words, for at an early hour his voice had lost its tone, and sunk lower and lower, until nothing but whispers could be obtained. When bled, and his hand was immersed in warm water, he instantly moved his fingers; and when under the galvanic operation, he attempted to alter its application. On one occasion he asked his second son, Theodore, if his nails were blue; and when unable to speak, his signals of sensibility denoted not only that the mind remained unimpaired, but that it was engaged in solemn prayer to his Father and his God. Before his articulation had ceased, a friend desired him to look to his Saviour for salvation. To this he replied, "That I have already done;" and this apparently became the occupation of his mind through his few remaining hours.

In this languid condition, but little removed from a state of torpidity, he remained until about a quarter past eleven, when he breathed his last, on the 26th of August, 1832, in his seventy-second year.

It will be consolatory to his numerous friends to learn, that no means, either ordinary or extraordinary, were left untried, to preserve a life so important to the religious body, of which, for more than half a century, he was one of the brightest ornaments, and to the community at large.

The funeral of this venerable servant of God took place in the burying ground behind the Wesleyan Chapel, City Road, London, on Wednesday, the 29th of August. The pulpit was covered with black cloth on this sorrowful occasion. The hearse, which contained the body, accompanied by three mourning coaches, left the house of Mr. Hobbs, at Bayswater, where he died, about twelve o'clock, and reached the chapel at one. By this time, although the day was exceedingly wet, great numbers of friends had assembled, waiting the arrival of this mournful procession; and a much larger concourse would have attended, but for the almost incessant rain, notwithstanding arrangements had been made to render the funeral strictly private.

The body, which had been closely soldered in a coffin of lead, on being taken from the hearse, was carried into the chapel,

and rested near the door on supporters placed there to receive it. Accompanied by all the preachers present, the corpse was met by the Rev. Mr. Entwistle, who began the solemn service, with "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord;" and by him that part of the awful form appointed for the occasion, was impressively read. When drawing towards the close, the reverend gentleman paused for a few moments, to impress upon all present the interesting solemnity of the scene before them, and then resumed his reading. This being finished, a funeral hymn was sung, after which, he again, for about five minutes, reminded his hearers, that a prince and a great man had fallen in Israel, that his works would cause his name to be had in perpetual remembrance; but that the church of which he had long been an honourable member, and also his bereaved family, had sustained a loss that could not easily be repaired; still there was a source of consolation arising from the character and experience of the deceased, founded upon the promises of God, that "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord;" and, finally, it was the duty of all to prepare to meet their God. This short address was concluded with prayer; after which, the friends and preachers accompanied the bearers to the grave.

Arriving at the sepulchre, the service was resumed by the Rev. George Marsden, amidst the sighs and tears of nearly all that were assembled. It was read with mournful solemnity; and never, perhaps, was there a more attentive and serious audience.

The grave in which the remains of Dr. Clarke are interred, is next to the vault in which the ashes of Mr. Wesley moulder in repose. It is about twenty feet deep, and in ground never before used: the coffin rests on a foundation of brick and cement, and, to a given height, the sides and ends are secured with masonry, the remainder to be finished with convenient speed.

When the body was consigned to the ground, all his relatives were greatly affected; but none more so than Mr. John Wesley Clarke, Dr. Clarke's eldest son: In many parts of England, it is customary for the friends of the deceased to drop a little earth on the coffin. Guided by this custom, Mr. John W. Clarke held out his hand, apparently to receive some earth. This being given, he squeezed it for a moment, then put it to his lips, as in the attitude of kissing it, and, immediately dropping it on the coffin, burst into tears.

The service being ended, the relatives of the deceased silently and slowly withdrew, when the multitude present came forward, in succession, to take a last view of the coffin, which contained all that was mortal of their departed friend. It was a last and painful gaze on a casket, that contained a tongue whose accents would never again be heard, and eyes which had frequently pierced through vast congregations, now closed in the repository of death.

Thus sunk into the silent grave the mortal remains of one of the greatest men of the present age, there to slumber, "ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," until the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible. The territories of death have rarely been honoured with richer spoils.

In the first number of the Imperial Magazine for the year 1823, we published an extended memoir of this pious, indefatigable, and learned man; and to this the reader is referred, who wishes for a more circumstantial account than time will permit us to embody in these pages.

DR. ADAM CLARKE, though a native of Ireland, was paternally of English extraction. His father, who was an eminent schoolmaster, descended from a family originally of England, in which country his ancestors were of high respectability. His mother's maiden name was Maclean, of Mull. Her progenitors were Scotch, and of some consequence, their pedigree having been traced back to a remote period.

Dr. Adam Clarke was born near Magherafelt, in the county of Londonderry, in the north of Ireland, about the year 1761, but the exact time we have not been able to ascertain. His parents being serious, it was his lot to enjoy the advantages of a religious education, and from the pious instructions received, particularly from his mother, he saw in early life the necessity of devoting himself to God. Having sought and found a sense of the Divine favour, he became a decided character, and his mortal career has been spent in promoting the interests of the gospel.

On entering life, he was designed for trade, and, pursuant to this intention, was for some time placed under the care of a Mr. Bennet, an extensive linen-manufacturer; but, disliking some branches of the business, he left this gentleman, yet on such honourable terms, that their mutual friendship continued without interruption until Mr. Bennet's death.

Blessed with natural talents of the first order, his ability and acquirements attracted

the attention of many who visited his father's house. Among these, was a preacher intimately acquainted with the late venerable and reverend John Wesley, with whom he kept up a regular correspondence. In one of his letters, having given a favourable report of Adam Clarke, who, though young, had already begun to call sinners to repentance, Mr. Wesley was so pleased with the representation, that an intercourse was opened between him and his young friend. The event was, that he was called from Ireland, and placed for about a month in Kingswood School. Here his reception was far less favourable than he had anticipated; but having already learned to overcome evil with good, his patience and talents soon raised him in the estimation of the master, and of all his associates, and ultimately prepared him for that important station which he was subsequently called to fill in the church of Christ.

Prior to his coming to Kingswood, he had acquired some elementary principles of classical knowledge, but his active mind still thirsted for more. Hence, while here, although his finances were low, he contrived to purchase a Hebrew grammar. This was an important acquisition, as it became a prelude to his knowledge of Oriental literature.

Dr. Clarke had not been long in the Kingswood seminary, before Mr. Wesley paid it a visit; and when the lads were brought before him, he inquired for the young man from Ireland. Adam Clarke was soon pointed out, when Mr. Wesley questioned him as to his experience, views of redemption, doctrines, mode of preaching, &c.; and, being satisfied with his replies, requested him to sit down. This was accordingly done, and a profound silence ensued. Mr. Wesley then asked if he should be willing to become an itinerant preacher? and was answered with—"I should be willing, if you thought me worthy." This was followed by the scene which Dr. Clarke thus describes:—

"We all sat in profound silence, but my eye was fixed on Mr. Wesley, who appeared motionless, with his eyes closed, but a heavenly smile played on his countenance, which seemed to furnish indications of something more than human. At length, awakening from his enraptured meditation, he arose from his seat, and came to the place where I was sitting. Then, with a solemnity which I can never forget, he laid his hand on my head, while he uttered these memorable words—"May God Almighty out of

heaven bless thee, my dear lad, and make thee useful in thy day and generation. Hold thyself in readiness, and in a few weeks I hope to appoint thee to a circuit."

Such is Dr. Clarke's own account of his introduction to the itinerant ministry, to the duties of which, in conjunction with literary avocations, he devoted the subsequent years of his life.

From the commencement of his career, Dr. Clarke was every where exceedingly popular, and in most places his labours were crowned with great success. Though not much above 19 when he entered on his first circuit, multitudes, who scarcely ever visited the Methodist chapels on any other occasion, flocked to hear him; and, at times, the places were so thronged, that it was with difficulty he could urge his way through the concentrated mass. One instance of this fell under the writer's notice. It was at the town of St. Austell, in the county of Cornwall. The room was so completely filled, that he was obliged to enter through a window, and literally creep on his hands and knees over the heads and shoulders of the people, to reach the pulpit. This tide of popularity continued to follow him, without any abatement, until it pleased the great Head of the church to call his servant to an eternal reward.

It would be tedious, and even monotonous, to follow this eminent minister through the numerous circuits in which he has travelled, during the long period of fifty years. In subordinate features the accounts might vary, but in their general outline the history must be much the same.

We must not, however, omit to state, that this popularity was not every where enjoyed. In the early stages of Methodism, the preachers may be said to have gone forth with their lives in their hands, and Dr. Clarke was not without his share of persecution. In the Norman Isles, on one occasion, when attempting to introduce the gospel, he was seized by a lawless mob, and, with a halter round his neck, drummed out of town, and finally dismissed with a threat, that death would be his portion the next time he attempted to preach in that place. Unintimidated, however, by these menaces and this ill treatment, he resolved to keep his appointment; and parted from those who had honoured him with the rogue's march, by an assurance, that on a given day he intended being with them again. He accordingly kept his word; but, instead of meeting with further interruption, the leaders of the mob declared, that "he was a courageous fellow, and should not be

ed." They then indirectly became
ard, and protected him from insult
daring intrepidity.

more advanced period of his minis-
ile returning from preaching in the
ourhood of Liverpool, he received,
ome ruffian, a violent blow on the
rom which, for some time, the most
consequences were apprehended;
videntially he survived this cowardly
t of apparently intended assassina-
The blow was known to have pro-
from a member of a certain com-
i, which, under given circumstances,
, that actions may be meritorious, al-
they are stained with blood. The
was seized, and taken before a
ate; but Dr. Clarke declined to
ite, thinking it more consonant with
y, as a Christian minister, to forgive,
enforce punishment.

value and importance of time, were
which Dr. Clarke invariably kept in
and the deep impression which this
ion made, led him to improve the
its as they hasted along. During
ears, he prosecuted his studies and
avocations with the most unremit-
ention; frequently from four or five
morning until nine or ten at night;
othing but a vigorous constitution,
falls to the lot of few, could sustain
ncessant labours, and remain un-

ing several years prior to 1815,
arke resided in London, and devoted
ater part of his time to his Com-
y; but the duties of his station as a
er, and those of various committees
ociations, of a benevolent, literary, and
ic nature—his friends saw, with sor-
nposed a task which human nature
not long support. By their impor-
he was prevailed on, in 1815, to
ondon, and retire to Millbrook, a
residence in Lancashire, about ten
from Liverpool. Soon after Dr.
's arrival at Millbrook, it became ne-
that the house should be painted.
ork was accordingly begun, and,
the process, the following occurrence
lace, which we give in the painter's
ords.

ie writer of this was engaged in
g the staircase wall of the Doctor's
(at Millbrook in Lancashire,) in imi-
of stone. His men had painted in
ber of light and dark stones, and, by
ccident, the dark ones formed a large
on the principal side, which faced
rance of the Hall-door. The Doctor

and the writer were viewing the wall, and
each at the same time perceived the cross.
'I must put it out, said the writer.' "No,"
said the Doctor, "I like the cross." 'Yes,'
said the writer, 'but you will be taken for a
Catholic priest, to have that facing the
entrance into your house. I must put it
out.' "Oh, no!" exclaimed the Doctor,
"Keep it in, keep it in, Milne; I love the
cross. Oh, yes, I glory in the cross of
Christ."

The writer further adds, that he gave
evidence of not being ashamed of the cross,
for he expressed the above sentiments in
an enthusiasm worthy the subject, and be-
fore a number of workmen.

Doctor Clarke remained at Millbrook
until his Commentary was nearly finished,
when he again removed to the vicinity of
London; but, on finding the enjoyment
of country air necessary to his health, he
purchased a large and delightful mansion,
garden, and premises, called Haydon Hall,
near the village of Eastcott, in the parish
of Ruislip, about seventeen miles from the
metropolis; and this abode he continued
to occupy until the time of his death.

At this tranquil retreat is an excel-
lent library, comprising some thousands
of volumes in various languages, among
which are many very ancient, exceed-
ingly scarce, and highly valuable.—
These, having been arranged under his own
eye, are in such exquisite order, that he
could at all times put his hand on a given
volume, at a minute's notice. Of manu-
scripts, both ancient and Oriental, there is
also a large collection, of which only him-
self and men like himself, knew the value.

To curiosities, both natural and artificial,
Dr. Clarke was strongly attached; and no
opportunity was ever neglected, that pro-
mised to enrich his stores. These, which,
taken in the aggregate, afford specimens
coeval with almost every age, have been
transmitted from various parts of the world;
and, if they were arranged in a commodious
gallery for inspection, the cabinet would
excite the admiration of amateurs.

To several branches of natural and ex-
perimental philosophy, Dr. Clarke had
paid great attention; and, connected with
each department, he had a suitable appa-
ratus, in which are some instruments of the
first description and excellence.

The books, manuscripts, philosophical
instruments, and cabinet of curiosities, which
Dr. Clarke had collected, excited the atten-
tion of the nobility, and men of science
who resided in his neighbourhood, and
from many among them he received visits.

More than once has His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex honoured him with his presence.

When the Scriptures were about being translated into some of the Oriental languages, Dr. Clarke's acquirements were called into requisition. This opened a correspondence with some of the first characters in the nation, and brought him into contact with the dignitaries of the established church, to whom his learning and mental acquirements became more particularly known, and by whom his services in the important work were duly appreciated.

About the year 1805, Dr. Clarke was made M.A., and in the following year he received the honorary degree of LL.D. These titles of distinction were conferred as a tribute of respect due to his learning and talents. Since the above period, he has been elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy; and of the Royal Antiquarian Society in London he had long been a Fellow. He was also a member of some of the American literary societies. With the members of several other learned societies, his name has also been enrolled, and their journals have been enriched by the communications of his pen. Among the Methodists, he has presided three times in the English conference, and three times in that of Ireland.

During the last few years of his life, his health had been evidently in a declining state, which, from his sedentary habits, frequently affected his bowels, and, in all probability, predisposed his constitution to receive that fatal malady to which he became a victim. In consequence of this relaxed state, his preaching was less frequent than in former years. He, however, in general preached once or twice every week, and, of late, his pulpit services have rather increased than diminished.

Of the Shetland Islands, Dr. Clarke might have been called the apostle. The spiritual interests of the inhabitants lay near his heart. He twice honoured them with his presence, and encouraged them by his discourses. Through his exertions, funds were raised for supporting the gospel among them; and under his fostering care, it has obtained an establishment, which is at present in no danger of dissolution.

Ireland, also, was an object ever dear to this indefatigable man. In its northern parts he laid the foundation of many schools, which now contain multitudes of children, for several of whom he provided clothing; and procured money to pay the teachers, and the current expenses attendant on such

charitable institutions. A few months since, he went to Ireland, in order to visit these schools; but being taken seriously ill soon after his landing, he was obliged to desist, and hasten his return.

At the last English Conference he visited Liverpool, in which town it was held; and prior to its conclusion proceeded to Frome, where his youngest son resides as a Clergyman, to attend a meeting devised for improving the morals, and for promoting temperance, sobriety, and industry, among the inhabitants. The design being made known, several of the neighbouring nobility and gentry, in conjunction with a Right Reverend Prelate, countenanced the meeting with their presence and approbation. In the proceedings of the day, Dr. Clarke took an active part, and spoke with a power and feeling which will long be remembered.

From Frome he repaired to Bristol, to visit his numerous friends in that city. His last sermon was delivered at Westbury, near Bristol, and very long will this circumstance cause it to be remembered by all who heard him.

On returning to his home, to resume his accustomed labours, an appointment called him to preach at Bayswater, on the 26th of August, where, at the house of a friend, he expired, as stated in the commencement of this article.

Dr. Clarke has had twelve children, of whom three sons and three daughters, together with their highly respected and intelligent mother, still survive. He has also two sisters, one the wife of the Rev. W. M. Johnson, LL.D. a clergyman of the Establishment, who resides in the vicinity of London, the other lives in Lancashire.

The great uncertainty of human life had not escaped Dr. Clarke's due attention. He had therefore disposed of his effects by will while in health. On the value of his extensive library, it is impossible for common mortals like ourselves to fix any estimate. The writer, many years since, looking at some of his books, Dr. Clarke pointed out a few MS. volumes, and said, "These are worth more than seven hundred pounds."

As a friend, Dr. Clarke was always distinguished for his undeviating constancy. Free, affable, and communicative, he was at all times easy of access: but this amiable feature in his character frequently subjected him to unnecessary intrusions. In company, he was cheerful and familiar, without displaying any parade of learning, except when particular occasions called for a momentary emanation from his ample stores. His conversation abounded with anecdote and in-

sometimes derived from foreign, but more generally drawn from his observations on men and manners, colouring his journey through life, and ending up in a highly retentive memory. His preaching was distinguished by an acquaintance with the scriptures, sense, and solid argument, emanating from a capacious mind, which commanded itself in an almost unbounded range of thought, that seemed always at the fathomless abyss of research, even when taking excursions into eternity. His diction was chiefly remarkable for simplicity, purity, strength, and perspicuity. To the productions of his pen, these qualities are equally applicable as to his discourses.

The construction of his sentences, the choice of syllables, the artificial turns of expression, and the dance of periods, all disappeared beneath his notice. Never, from the pulpit or the press, has immensity been sacrificed to sound. On most occasions which he undertook to elucidate, his words were clear and definite, and this

perspicuity he had the happy art of communicating to others, in language best adapted to impart information, and make lasting impressions on their minds.

It is obvious, however, that in the midst of this simplicity of expression, his intellectual riches were always apparent. This was the effect of habit, not of labour; and such was his success, that few among his hearers or readers have ever complained that he was difficult to be understood. On certain occasions, his thoughts were elevated and profound; but even then he took his hearers and readers with him, and conducted them into regions which they had not been accustomed to visit.

But we must now take our leave of this burning and shining light. His organs of articulation, calling sinners to repentance, can be heard no more; but in his writings, the emanations of his spirit will be preserved and reverberated from generation to generation, until gratitude ceases to be a virtue, and consummate learning, unwearied industry, and undissembled piety, shall forsake the world.

WRITINGS OF DR. ADAM CLARKE.

CLARKE'S WORKS, the following is the most correct list that we have been able to procure; but we are convinced that there are several other publications of which we do not recollect the names:—

1. *Dissertation on the Use and Abuse of the Alphabet*: London, 1797. 8vo.—A *Biblical Dictionary*, containing a Chronological Account of the most curious books, departments of literature, from the invention of printing to the beginning of the present century; to which are added, an *English Bibliography*, and an account of the English translations of each Greek biblical classic. 1802. 6 vols. 12mo.
2. *The Bibliographical Miscellany*, a Supplement to the *Bibliographical Dictionary*, down to 1806. 2 vols. 12mo.
3. *Baxter's Christian Directory*. 1804. 2 vols. 8vo.—*Claude's History of the Ancient Israelites*, with an account of their Manners, Customs, and a Life and fine Portrait of Claude. 1805. 12mo.—*The Succession of Literature*, in a chronological ar-

rangement of authors and their works, from the invention of alphabetical characters to the year of our Lord 345. 1807. 12mo. and 8vo. vol. 1st. (A second edition of which has recently been published, continued down to A.D. 1300, by his youngest son, the Rev. Joseph B. B. Clarke.)—*Shuckford's Sacred and Profane History of the World* connected, including Bishop Clayton's *Strictures* on the work, embellished with a set of maps. 1808. 4 vols. 8vo.—*Sturm's Reflections*, translated from the German. 4 vols. 12mo.—*The Holy Scriptures, &c. &c.* with the *Marginal Readings*, a *Collection of Parallel Texts*, and *Copious Summaries* to each Chapter; with a *Commentary and Critical Notes*, designed as a help to the better understanding of the Sacred Writings. 8 vols. 4to. 1810-26.—*Harmer's Observations*. 4 vols. 8vo.—*Clavis Biblica*; or,

Compendium of Scripture Knowledge. 8vo.—Dr. Clarke has also published three volumes of Sermons, besides several single discourses and detached pieces; and he is the author of many anonymous articles published in various respectable journals.

In addition to the above publications, Dr. Clarke was employed several years, and, until his retirement to Millbrook, by Government, in collecting materials for a new edition of RYMER'S *Fœdera*, in folio, of which he saw the first volume, and first part of the second, through the press. This work is now superintended by a commission under Government.

Several of the above works will ensure

the immortality of Dr. Clarke's name in the republic of letters; but that on which it will descend to posterity, under the auspices of the most undiminished lustre, is, his learned and voluminous Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, the sale and popularity of which have been almost unexampled. This laborious work, notwithstanding some peculiarities which it occasionally exhibits, contains more original matter than any commentary that has appeared since the days of Calmet. It is alike adapted for the use of the learned critic and the private Christian. Dr. Clarke's last literary employment was, revising this important work for a new edition.



Yours very affectionately
Thos. Allin.

THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1832.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. THOMAS ALLIN.

(With a Portrait.)

IN contemplating the history of individuals, we are sometimes called upon to witness events, which, if they do not excite admiration, at least, fill us with surprise. By a favourable train of circumstances, connected with unwearied assiduity, some are raised from absolute indigence to wealth and influence; but unfortunately, whilst we give the meed of praise to such persons for their activity and prudence, our approbation is too often checked by a recollection of the mean and disgusting covetousness by which their exertions have been stimulated.

Feelings of a more satisfactory nature are produced, when we see one, who has had to struggle against discouragement, and to contend with powerful obstacles, at last raised to eminence and authority in the literary or scientific world. In such cases we behold the efforts of genius combined with those of patient industry; and while surveying the results of that combination, it is impossible to suppress an involuntary glow of admiration. We admire, not only the brilliancy of intellect, but the ardour, decision, and perseverance, which have gained and merited the honours that are so justly and freely conferred. But even here, our pleasurable emotions are sometimes mingled with regret. High attainments in literature or in science, are not always connected with right views on the subject of religion; hence, the splendour of genius is too often tarnished by manifest deformities in the moral character; and when it is our lot to witness such lamentable incongruities, our hearts cannot but mourn over the perverseness and corruptions of human nature.

The well-regulated and pious mind will gladly turn away from such objects of fascinating yet painful contemplation, in order to direct its attention to those instances in which the manifestations of powerful intellect are not only associated with steady perseverance of effort, but also dignified and adorned with the beauties of Christian holiness—to instances, in which talents of the highest order have not only raised their possessor from obscurity, but which, being consecrated to the best of causes, have conducted him to usefulness and eminence, in the most important and sacred of all offices. Such an instance is set before us in the history of the individual whose portrait is prefixed to this brief memoir.

The Reverend THOMAS ALLIN, a highly esteemed minister in the Methodist New Connexion, was born on the 10th of February, 1784, at Brosely in Shropshire. Happily for him, his parents were influenced by the principles of genuine piety. His mother, who is still living, was

ardently attached to the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Madeley; and whenever she had an opportunity of hearing that holy man, she eagerly embraced it. Whilst at Broseley, Mr. Allin's father carried on a manufactory of coarse earthenware; but when the subject of this memoir was about three years old, the family removed to Wednesbury, in Staffordshire. At this place, and at so early a period of life, strange as it may appear, Thomas evinced a strong partiality for that sacred office in which he has since been destined to shine with such distinguished lustre. He, and a young companion, frequently spent their hours of playfulness in singing, preaching, and praying. On these occasions, a large hollow tree served the juvenile orators as a pulpit.

Whilst at Wednesbury, all the education which Mr. Allin ever received was both commenced and completed. His rudiments of knowledge were first acquired at a common village seminary; he afterwards went as a day pupil to a boarding-school in the neighbourhood, and here his education terminated. During his pupilage, he manifested great eagerness in seeking after knowledge, and a remarkable aptitude in acquiring it. At an age when boys are generally averse to the discipline of a school, young Allin seemed to be aware of its advantages, for he diligently sought the improvement of them. We do not, however, find, that his studies at any time extended beyond the boundaries of a plain English education; nor are we aware that they were ever directed either to mathematical or classical pursuits.

During his boyhood, Mr. Allin was not only distinguished for his assiduous attention to school duties, but also for strong manifestations of serious feeling, and of correct moral conduct. He evinced, indeed, such an early and devoted attachment to the precepts of religion, that his punctual observance of them attracted the notice of several individuals; particularly that of a pious female, who, when young, had suffered severe persecution from her parents, on account of her early union with the church of Christ. She evidently felt a powerful and tender interest in the welfare of young Allin; took him frequently with her to prayer and other meetings; and, doubtless, her admonitions and example were instrumental in deepening the impressions and strengthening the resolutions which were then forming in his mind.

When taken from school, he was employed miscellaneously in his father's manufactory, until the year 1800, when the family removed to the Staffordshire Potteries. Here his father joined the Methodist New Connexion; and for a cordial union with this denomination he was fully prepared, by his previously settled and strong attachment to the principles of civil and religious liberty. It may not be improper here to state, for the information of some readers of the Imperial Magazine, that the Methodists of the New Connexion differ from the Wesleyan Methodists in nothing but the subject of church government. As it regards Christian doctrines, experience, ordinances, and the maintenance of a regular ministry, the views and practices of both communities are precisely the same. The leading and distinguishing feature in the constitution of the New Methodists is, to give to the people, what they conceive to be, a proper and scriptural share of influence in the government of the church. Their conference is consequently composed of an equal number of ministers and lay representatives. It may be also added, that they are not only *practically* but *professedly* dissenters.

Soon after the removal of the family to the Staffordshire Potteries, Thomas Allin being then about sixteen, was engaged as an apprentice, by a respectable earthenware manufacturer; and, here, printing was the branch

selected by him, as that which was henceforth, as he thought, to be his permanent occupation through life. Providence, however, designed him for a nobler sphere of action. He had not been long in this new situation, before he became a decided follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and having imbibed those liberal principles which his father cherished, and doubtless inculcated, he united himself to the Methodists of the New Connexion. It does not appear that any very extraordinary circumstances attended the conversion of Mr. Allin. By the restraining grace of God, he had hitherto been preserved from those gross vices which produce such deformity in the human character; and from his childhood had been blessed with a relish for divine truth, and with a prevailing love for religious ordinances. His mind appears to have been the subject of a gradual process of spiritual illumination and improvement; and his ultimate decision for Christ and heaven, seems to have resulted from the firmer establishment, and the more powerful operation, of principles which had long been implanted, rather than from the sudden communication of impressions and views which had exerted no previous influence over him. He was drawn to the service of the Redeemer by the cords of love, not driven to it by the terrors of justice.

Mr. Allin was not an indolent member of the church to which he had united himself; his talents, together with the motives and obligations which directed them, impelled him to exertion in the cause of God. He first became a Sunday-school teacher, and his regularity and diligence in that department attracted the notice of friends, who discovered in the young disciple the promises and pledges of future usefulness. His consistent deportment and steady zeal, so far won the confidence and esteem of the members and officers of the church, that he was very soon invested with the important and responsible office of class-leader. The duties which now devolved upon him were discharged in a manner highly honourable to his intellectual and spiritual attainments; but whilst the religious experience of his members was the chief object of attention, their mental improvement was not neglected. He endeavoured to excite in the minds of the young people of his class a thirst after knowledge; he formed them to habits of reading, and meditation, recommended suitable books, and proposed questions relative to the advantages the perusal afforded. There are some now living who can bear testimony to the lasting benefits they derived from these efforts.

The gifts and graces thus manifested, but not obtruded, convinced those who observed them, that their possessor was well qualified for a more important office in the Christian church. Mr. Allin was requested to make an effort at preaching, but he declined. Again and again he was urged and entreated to preach, but he as firmly persisted in giving a positive refusal. His reason for so long resisting the wishes of his friends, and the call of the Church, was, the almost unconquerable reluctance he felt to engage in the work of the ministry. This reluctance arose from a confirmed distrust of his own powers, and from a strong conviction that God had not bestowed upon him those mental capabilities which are essential to a proper and efficient discharge of ministerial duties. This objection he strenuously urged, against the expostulations of a Christian friend, who earnestly exhorted him not to persist in his refusal to preach, stating, that he himself had, in early life, neglected to embrace similar opportunities of more extensive usefulness, and that he was then labouring under the painful impression that he had thus thrown himself out of the path of duty, and was consequently become the object of Divine displeasure.

This statement did not at the time effect any alteration in Mr. Allin's purposes and feelings. Subsequent reflection, however, operating on his

fears of persevering resistance, produced those impressions, which induced him to consent, at least to make an attempt. He did so, and succeeded much beyond his own expectations, and greatly to the satisfaction and delight of his friends. This event, of so much importance in itself, and which subsequently gave a new turn to his prospects and pursuits, occurred in the year 1805.

After labouring with great acceptance as a local preacher, he was called out in 1808, to engage more fully in the work of the ministry. His first sphere of itinerant labour was Ashton-under-Lyne. At the conference of 1809, he was received as a circuit preacher on trial. During his probation, he gave such manifestations of the superiority of his preaching talents, as excited the highest admiration, and raised the most sanguine expectations in the minds of those who witnessed his pulpit exercises. These expectations were, however, mingled with painful apprehensions. There was considerable doubt whether his physical strength would be adequate to the exertions and labours of the itinerant life; and, at one time, the weakness of his constitution, and the precarious state of his health, seemed to preclude the possibility of his continuing in the work of the ministry.

When the usual term of probation had expired, in consequence of the facts just stated, the conference hesitated much whether to receive him into full connexion, fearing that he would either be speedily disabled for active service, or brought to a premature grave. Happily for the community to which he belongs, these objections were over-ruled; and at the conference held in Manchester, in 1813, Mr. Allin was publicly admitted into full connexion. During his probation, he had been stationed at Bolton, Nottingham, and Manchester; and since that period, Sheffield, Halifax, Hanley, Bolton, Chester, Huddersfield, and Liverpool, have successively been the places in which he has devoted his energies to the cause of the Redeemer. In all these places, the hopes which had been cherished respecting him in the early part of his career, have been more than realized; in a few years he rose to great popularity and eminence, and became the pride and ornament of the Methodist New Connexion. Nor need we view this as a matter of astonishment. He naturally possesses intellectual powers of the highest class, which have been greatly invigorated and enriched by diligent and unwearied cultivation.

If we were asked, what is the predominant quality of Mr. Allin's mind, we should unhesitatingly say, an amazing capability and a decided taste for metaphysical and philosophical discussion. In questions of an abstruse nature, inviting to deep and patient investigation, demanding the exercise of close and vigorous thought, and requiring, in order to their elucidation, a train of connected and powerful reasoning, Mr. Allin appears to wonderful advantage. In questions of this kind, he is quite at home. The most difficult subjects in morals and theology are handled by him in a truly masterly style; and he is perfectly familiar with the most profound arguments which such subjects necessarily involve. In order to illustrate and enforce the propositions laid down, he frequently brings forward the facts and discoveries of natural philosophy, with remarkable facility, and appropriateness: this is done without any affectation of learning, without any parade of the knowledge he has treasured up in his mind.

In establishing the proofs of the existence of a Deity, in unfolding the evidences of Christianity, and in defending the essential doctrines of the Gospel, he affords an astonishing display of the researches he has made, and of the powers with which he is invested: when these become the subjects of his pulpit discourses, he sinks infidelity beneath contempt, and

exhibits, in the clearest and most convincing light, the supreme excellence and divine origin of the Scriptures.

Preachers of this class are too generally dry and uninteresting; their language is destitute of beauty, and their delivery void of animation—they consequently seem but ill calculated to attract and impress a popular auditory; the truth of this is often evinced by the smallness of the congregations which they have to address. But these objections do not apply to Mr. Allin. However abstruse the subject which he undertakes, however profound the arguments he is enforcing, his language displays both the beauties and powers of composition. Even when his thoughts have a metaphysical cast, his style is generally perspicuous, always elegant, and frequently affords specimens of the highest flights of pulpit eloquence. His delivery, far from being tame and lifeless, is distinguished for its earnestness and energy. Commencing his sermons in a tone of voice, moderate, but sufficiently distinct and animated, his feelings, as he proceeds, are evidently undergoing a gradually increasing excitement, until towards the close he is filled with an ardour which is almost overwhelming. When the argumentative part of his discourse is finished, having endeavoured to enlighten and convince the judgment, he concludes by addressing the most pungent and faithful appeals to the hearts and consciences of his hearers; these appeals are uttered with an earnestness, and attended with an unction, which render them solemnly impressive, and irresistibly persuasive.

From these several characteristics of Mr. Allin's preaching, some may be ready to conclude that he is too argumentative and philosophical to prove generally useful. All his discourses, doubtless, furnish some evidence of his peculiar turn of mind; but he by no means confines himself to the subjects that have been specified. In his public ministrations, he gives a due prominence to Christian duties and Christian experience; in enforcing the former, and in delineating the latter, he is equally happy and successful.

Men of splendid talents and great attainments are frequently too conscious of their superiority; the applauses they receive fill them with self-esteem and self-confidence, and they consequently, become authoritative and dogmatical: the spirit and deportment of Mr. Allin are quite the reverse of this. In his conduct as a minister and a Christian, he assumes no dictatorial tone. Humility, meekness, and love, are graces which shine conspicuously in his character;—but while, in his intercourse with the Church and with the world, these virtues are brought forth into constant and delightful manifestation, the natural vigour of his mind imparts a firmness and decision to his character, which render him invaluable as a determined advocate for the rigid enforcement of discipline in the societies committed to his care. But here the writer feels a delicacy, which ought to be observed in attempting to delineate a living character; and he hesitates to proceed farther, lest pain should be given to one whom he would not willingly grieve. Those readers who know Mr. Allin will, in their own minds, readily supply the deficiencies of this very imperfect portraiture; and those who know him not, will be taught to conclude, from the little here said, that whilst he powerfully and eloquently advocates the principles, he cultivates and exhibits in his own conduct the loveliest virtues, of Christianity.

Mr. Allin has several times presented himself to the public as an author. His first publication was a sermon preached on the re-opening of a chapel in Halifax, 1815. This discourse contains some very valuable information on the subject of church-fellowship—the duty and advantages of which are

set forth ; the motives which ought to influence a Christian in his choice of a religious community are also laid down in a manner which displays considerable originality of thought ; an able and lucid development of the principles of the New Methodists is also given.

Whilst at Bolton in 1823, Mr. Allin published a Letter to a Unitarian Minister living in the neighbourhood. This pamphlet must have inflicted a severe castigation on the person to whom it was addressed. Mr. Allin does not enter fully into the Unitarian controversy, but confines himself chiefly to an exposure of some glaring mis-statements which the Socinian teacher had published respecting orthodox writers. The book is written in a nervous and cutting style.

In 1823 Mr. Allin's very able and splendid discourse on the Immortality of the Soul was also first issued from the press. In this discourse, the great fundamental truth of the soul's immortality is established by philosophical, moral, and scriptural evidence. For strength of argument, and eloquence of diction, it stands almost unequalled. It was afterwards incorporated in a volume of discourses on the Character and Folly of Modern Atheism. The object of the author in these discourses is, to refute the false and impious reasonings contained in Mirabeau's System of Nature. Mr. Allin's work is distinguished for depth of metaphysical argument, and for peculiar energy and beauty of composition. The philosopher and the Christian will read it with intense interest and delight—the Christian student, especially, will find the perusal of it invaluable, not only for the information it contains, but as a means of bringing the faculties of reason and abstraction into vigorous exercise.

Of this volume, we copy the following review from col. 656 of the Imperial Magazine, for the year 1828.

“The title of this volume indicates, that these discourses belong not to the common order of sermonizing ; and we are led to expect in a perusal of them, a train of thought and argumentation, which will carry the mind of the reader into an unfrequented path. In these expectations we have not been disappointed. They have been gratified to the full, and in some instances even surpassed.

“The region into which the author has entered is in a high degree metaphysical, argumentative, and abstract, but he has brought to the task a mind admirably adapted to the investigation, and, in support of his positions, has availed himself of the reasonings of others, whose names have always commanded respect, where the arguments adduced by them have failed to produce conviction. The more abstruse branches of investigation, he has indeed wisely reserved for the long and acute notes which are appended to each discourse. These may be considered as illustrative of what is advanced in the sermons, and may be read at leisure by those who can enter the vast profound, and trace in all its depths the coincidence between philosophy and revelation.

“The sermons indeed, independently of the notes, are in general too recondite for common hearers, and it is only on particular occasions that such discussions should ever be introduced into the pulpit. Of this fact the author seems well aware ; and the objection to which he saw he should expose himself, he has anticipated, and met in some paragraphs of his preface. The sufficiency of his grounds on the present occasion we most readily allow, but this does not remove the foundation of the objection, nor do we think that it can ever cease to operate until he can find a congregation composed of philosophers and metaphysicians.

“It has frequently been observed, that sermons in general are heard with more advantage than they are read. Respecting those before us, we think this order will stand quite reversed. They were probably heard with more admiration than comprehension ; and had they not been committed to the press, it is probable that eight-tenths of their excellence would have been for ever lost. Placed as they now are in the hands of the reader, he may pause on the sentences and paragraphs as they pass under his eye, and re-examine the links that have occupied his attention, without fearing the chain will be broken by his retrospect, or by the advances of the preacher, while he is reflecting on the past. In lis-

tening to a discourse delivered, attention must follow the speaker, and, on subjects like those before us, the most trifling intermission is frequently attended with injurious consequences to both. With the volume, however, in his hands, he can at any point of difficulty call upon the author to repeat what he had stated, until its import and bearing are fully comprehended, or desire him to suspend his discourse while he indulges in reflection, and then request him to proceed, with a full assurance of being implicitly obeyed: Discourses of this description, to be understood, should always appear in print.

“The author, we have been given to understand, is an itinerant preacher in the New Connexion of Wesleyan Methodists. Beyond this transient information, and what we gather from the volume, we know nothing of the writer; but we are assured from the perusal of his work, that he possesses talents which would do honour to any religious community. In those districts where the sophistries of Materialism, Atheism, and Infidelity are scattered, this work will be found of essential service in exposing fallacies assuming reason’s garb, and in “putting delusion’s dusky train to flight.”

“Independently of those who may be exposed to the assaults of such as are enemies to God, it would be well for every friend of truth and virtue to be prepared with arms. This the volume before us will furnish at a comparatively trifling expense. It has nothing to do with the localities of creed. In these respects, it is founded on a basis which all the contending factions acknowledge, and we should rejoice to find it occupying a conspicuous place in every Christian and Infidel library.”

In 1826, Mr. Allin published a discourse, entitled, “The Diffusion of Knowledge amongst the Labouring Classes promotive of the Public Good.” In this discourse, the objections usually advanced against the education of the poor, are manfully met, and most successfully overthrown. From this sermon, which is now before us, we had intended to take some extracts, but the memoir having extended beyond our general calculation and accustomed measure, we are compelled to desist. To the enemies of Sunday-schools, and such as think it dangerous to instruct the lower order of society in any branches of intellectual knowledge, we strongly recommend the perusal of this discourse.

In 1827, during his residence in Huddersfield, Mr. Allin was drawn into a public disputation with a popular and talented minister of the Independent persuasion. The subject of discussion was, the lawfulness of taking away human life. Mr. Allin’s opponent maintained that it was morally wrong to take away human life under any circumstances, or for any cause whatever, unless an express and special permission were given by the Almighty for that purpose. Mr. Allin, of course, advocated the opposite side of the question. The audience assembled on the occasion was overwhelming, and the interest manifested was most intense; and from the credible information which the writer has received, the vast numbers present gave their unanimous verdict in favour of Mr. Allin’s principles.

Mr. Allin married in the early part of his ministry, to one with whom he is still living in the enjoyment of domestic bliss. He has had a considerable family, many of whom are fallen asleep;—one has very lately departed, whilst in the innocence of childhood. The remnant consists of daughters, two of whom have lately established a Ladies’ School in Sheffield; in which town, their respected parent is now labouring with considerable success. He has lately had to submit to a temporary suspension from his ministerial labours, in consequence of an attack of cholera, but the Almighty has in mercy restored him. Long may his valuable life be spared to be a blessing to his family, to the Church, and to the world.—May he continue for many years to proclaim with undiminished zeal the glories of the Redeemer; and after having finished his Master’s work, may he hear the joyful welcome addressed to him—“Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

THOUGHTS ON THE BREVITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."
Psalm xc. 9.

THE chief occupation of man's life should be to prepare for death; therefore the chief burden of his reflections should be—that he is mortal.

Trite and commonplace as such a sentiment is, its influence over the character is exceedingly limited; for an observant eye, judging by the actions of men, would scarcely credit that each individual was aware he is marked as a victim of death; although every thing around constantly reminds him of his perishable nature. Let him watch the mists of the morning enveloping the earth and obscuring the sun, or the distant cloud, with softly-blended hues and fantastic shape, and he will observe them gradually disappear: even such is life, a vapour! Let him contemplate the fair-streaked flower waving its light bells to the breeze, and unfolding its delicate elegance of form and colour; in the morning fresh-bathed with dew, in the evening cut down and withered: such is life. Let him gaze on these and many other objects around him, that the Sacred Writings have used as metaphors of his fleeting state. Let him ponder over his dreams, inconsistent, incomprehensible; let him listen to the tale that is often poured into his ears, and bear this reflection continually in his mind, "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

How evanescent, then, must be the days of man! How little tangible the various incidents of his life, when they are past! Even the retrospection of memory appears through the vista as a dream, its realities for ever gone, and nothing is left but the fleeting present. Briefly summed up, briefly related, the varied events of his pilgrimage seem to be nothing more than an imaginative tale, where Time,

"With a greedy ear,
 Devours up his discourse."

He opens his life, a being as yet unconnected with the past, and springing, as it were, from nothing. Soon, like the swelling bud of a flower, his form expands, and his features take their unchanging mould; the dispositions of his mind are developed, and he not only receives but imparts an interest to those around him. He then forms a link in society, is affected by its changes, and possesses the power of influencing some of its motions. The tale proceeds, now warm with the throbbings of hope, now sad with the tears of sorrow. Anon some unforeseen events, like a magi-

cian's wand, dispel the one or usher in the other. The various incidents of life disclose the hitherto latent traits of character. Then, having passed through the different positions of his career, sympathy begins to flag, his union with the world becomes less immediate, and he seems, like the decayed leaf of autumn, clinging to its stalk. At length, Death appears, to close the whole, the tale draws to a conclusion, and Time stamps his *finis* upon the grave.

Then how varied the tale. In the lives of some teeming with change and interest, or marked with important consequences, whilst in others there is nought but a dull monotony. Here is one who sought nothing but ambition, who toiled day and night to obtain an honourable distinction. He held it in his grasp a brief space, and then died.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

By his side sleeps one who passed a humbler, yet more useful life, who aspired to no human applause, but dedicated himself to God, and the welfare of his fellow-creatures. Posterity too often admires the one, but forgets the benefits it receives from the other. There, the tomb closes silently over a being whose history, though brief, is replete with mournful interest; over one who felt that man is indeed "born to sorrow," whose very childhood was nurtured with tears, whose youth was withered with adversity, who was cut off at last with an untimely death. In another, this mournful tale was reversed. His life was but little embittered with the poisoning draught of care. Prosperity smiled upon him, and seemed to anticipate his liveliest hopes. In quick succession he mounted, step after step, to the height of worldly happiness and glory, till, at length, with, "honours thickly blushing around him," he was gathered to his fathers in a good old age. Thus, "one dieth in his full strength, being wholly at ease and quiet, and another dieth in the bitterness of his soul, and never eateth with pleasure. They shall lie down alike in the dust, and the worms shall cover them."

There are many, whose lives seem but the fragments of a tale. Scarcely begun or carried on to the highest pitch of interest by important incidents or connexions, Death has suddenly snapped the ties asunder. Youth and beauty have just arrived at their perfection, when his blighting influence secretly destroys their unavailing charms. How many connexions have been formed, how many plans laid out—connexions that have been broken by unexpected death, plans that have been baffled by the sudden removal. How many fair-hued hopes have just

into bloom, how many dreams have their fancied realities—hopes that withered over the tomb, dreams that been dissipated in the grave. So many tainties have attended the designs of uncertainties as respects his own fore-ledge that he knows not where he may his next step.

Death does not always give warning of approach; his dart often strikes suddenly. Death does not always choose the aged or infirm; his victims are often the healthy, the young, and the beautiful. When then the life ends so suddenly that it is nought but a fragment, what an important lesson it convey! The perishable nature of all sublunary, the frail objects of man's passions, are but so many reeds on which we have leaned, and they have broken, pierced through with many sorrows. How is he called upon to weep over the loss of all that he esteemed beautiful and precious; to heave the sigh of parting regret over the broken, the unfinished tale.

The patriarch sums up the years of an eventful life. He had witnessed many seasons, and had seen many days; but he was at last. His life was long, but it is now finished.

The tale extended itself to a considerable length, but it is now finished. To so great a length was it carried on, that when the setting sun was on the verge of departure, the twilight of death was gathering round him, his memory had scarcely sufficient strength to penetrate into the dim obscurity of departed years. Reality seemed mingled with fancy, that he could hardly distinguish them, and the once trodden path of time now swam with the dizziness of retrospection, and now vanished in impenetrable gloom. Another generation had succeeded him, and he had somewhat retired from the busy scene of life. Children would gather around their venerable grandsire. He would lay his hand on their heads, and say, "Remember his knees, the envied kiss to share," or he would relate the history of the past, to listen to the tale of the days that were gone. But the days of the patriarch are ended, and he is now at rest in the grave. The tomb bears a brief inscription, and the tale is over.

Our passions are baseless—our hopes but a gleam, our staff but a reed—and our life but a dream."

One might ponder over the chequered career of each individual, and the varied fortunes of every life; but whether mournful or comparatively happy, whether brief or long, they all bear the same distinguished character. "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

And yet, though the present state of existence has so little permanency, there is something that will endure for ever. Though the tale is told, the moral is not.

motives, thoughts, and actions quickly succeed each other and are for ever past, yet not so the consequences. The years of our life are indeed but a fleeting tale, yet how much hangs thereon! Whatever may be its tenour, it bears appended a moral of serious import. What are we to learn from the history of that man who has spent his life in bowing to the idol of ambition. Of him who has turned from the service of his Creator to worship the delusion of his own imagination? Of him who, not considering that this life is but probatory, has spent his all upon its evanescent pleasures? The moral is best obtained by turning to the humble tale of that man whose life was spent in dedication to God. What are we to learn from the mournful histories of life, from the various incidents of sorrow, that gather their gloom over the lives of many? This important truth, that man should be weaned from the world, and that these comparatively light afflictions, when duly profited by, "work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Such characters lead us to the contemplation of that world where "there shall be no more death" nor sorrow, and the anguish of time shall be forgotten in the joys of eternity. On the other hand, too great prosperity has often been seen to engender the basest ingratitude to God, love to sin, and the most dangerous attachment to the world. The possessor of worldly happiness has but little desire, and consequently but little anticipation of another and a holier state. Yet death will call upon him at last, and force him, however unwilling, to leave his possessions and earthly joys for ever. How important the moral of such a tale!

But let us turn to the broken fragments scattered on every side, and listen to the voice of Death exulting over his victims. Youth and beauty blighted, connexions broken, plans baffled, hopes withered, and dreams dissipated! What are all these, but lessons to the survivors on the frail and perishable state of man. What are they, but warnings to each individual to be constantly prepared to meet his God, "for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." When we see a flower nipped in all its beauty and fragrance by the unrelenting hand of death, let it be some consolation to reflect that its loveliness is conveyed to another world, to bloom in a paradise whose characteristic is, that it "fadeth not away."

And the patriarch's tomb, that sums up the fourscore years, how affecting its moral! Time had spread his ample wings over his venerable head; he had seen many days, but death came at last. Reprieved for many

years, and yet as certainly marked out as a victim, as the youth taken from his side. He had passed the extended barrier of human life, but found that all beyond was labour and sorrow. As he drew towards his latter end, his faculties gradually decayed, his intellectual vision was darkened, and clouds obscured the memory of his soul. The keepers of his house trembled, the strong men bowed themselves, and the daughters of music were brought low. At length he went to his long home, and the mourners paced the streets. Then returned the dust to its original earth, and the spirit to that God who gave it. The tale closes; but how important its moral! For it is not only "appointed unto all men once to die, but, after death, the judgment" unfolds its awful realities. Death closes upon the brief career of this life, upon all its vanities, sorrows, and joys; but in such a period, the dying Christian can sing,

"Heaven opens to my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?"

Beaconsfield.

J. A. B.

IMPRUDENCE.

"Compare the sketch with faces you have known,
And ere you quite discard it—with your own."

JANE TAYLOR.

IMPRUDENCE! This is a strange, and, to not a few, misunderstood word. Perhaps with those to whom it applies more fully than to any other beings under the sun, it may be of unknown import.

Do not imagine, my youthful readers, that I am about to prose again. I assure you I am not. To lecture? no. To scold? no. What then are you about to do? I am going to advise you to read my tale; and, after you have done so, inquire if you please, "of what, or of whom, have you been writing?" I may then, it is possible, be able to reply, of—YOURSELF.

In almost every village of our country, there are to be found *apers*, that is, persons who, always overlooking the station in which they may have been placed by Providence, have their attention constantly directed to those who move above them; the consequence is, a desire to be equal with them, in appearances at least. Such imprudence is almost invariably attended with evil results. Among a number of such individuals, some are indeed more prominent than others; their folly is more apparent, because there is more absurdity in their conduct. I shall select one, whose actions may be viewed as the representa-

tion of many, with as much propriety, as being the conduct of an individual.

The little town of Brigg, or, as writers on topography, and our map-makers, please to call it, "Glandford Briggs," which stands upon the river Ankholme, has never yet attained to a greater degree of celebrity than many other unheard-of places of the same dimensions, and yet it is a clean (that is, in fine weather,) and respectable place enough; what it might have been in the days when the priory for black monks, in the vicinity of its present site, existed, I am not able to determine.

It is, however, but fair to suppose, that if the said town had at that remote period any existence, it must have been in humble bearing at least; somewhat in the same proportion to its present condition, as the frightful grub bears to the after-to-be butterfly. Since those rude days, however, and within the last twenty years especially, it has considerably improved. Most of the houses are modernized; a neat town-hall graces its airy market-place, which stands at the point where two streets meet, like a modern Pharos at the mouth of two seas. Moreover, two modern bridges have been thrown across the streams, which run parallel to some distance at the north end of the town, furnishing the means of comfortable egress and ingress to its inhabitants and strangers. But what are these, and a variety of other improvements already made, or projected, which have been, and which are given up, compared to the improvement of its inhabitants, who are also modernized. Many of them sing charmingly, dance gracefully, and talk volubly. Others are skillful in the arrangement of the gamut, so as to form melodies, which would not disgrace some master genius in that delightful science; and one circumstance, which yet remains to be told, and which furnishes pleasure to think on even, and matter for converse, to many a Briggitonian, and proves, in the absence of all other proof, their improvement in true taste, that is, that a poet, of deserved popularity, once put up at one of their inns, of which convenient places there are two—in the person of the lamented HENRY KIRKE WHITE!

Well, in this little, but greatly improved town, (or in another, about its size,) where coals, corn, and timber are traded in with Hull, and other places along the Humber and Trent, there lived a man, a little conceited person, who had more consequence than prudence. He was a general dealer, and I doubt not, that, with proper care, and less imprudence, he would have

aded very well. Indeed, he had been assful in business somewhat less than a score years, when he fell in love with the face of a servant girl, and married her. This was an imprudent act, not because of her situation in life, which should be reflected upon, but because of her want of good sense and good breeding. She had a pretty face, but not a spark of intelligence shone on it, or from it, and in her she was all that could be desired to herself, or any one else, and especially her husband—*miserable!*

The first thing almost that was done by Mr. Softman, after his imprudent marriage, was to increase his circle of friends. Then, because the house he occupied was too small and mean. Mr. so and so's was larger, and so and so's was genteeler: this was, therefore, disposed of, and one, on a superior scale for size and elegance, purchased. This was done, at the suggestion, or at the wish, of the lady. To do this, however, Mr. Softman was compelled to lay himself under an obligation to a friend for the loan of seven hundreds in ready money. Pleasure and parties, at home and abroad, not only led the mind from business, but were highly prejudicial to property and

the years rolled over the heads of this young pair, unnoticed and unthought of. One act of imprudence only seemed to make way for another. The recent kitchen-maid had become a fine lady, as her dress could make her so, for not a noble in the town could surpass her in that way; but in manners and in conversation, she was still humble Betty. No other woman of sense could be in her company any half an hour, without being reminded of the fable of the ass in the lion's skin, and applying it somewhere.

They had now two children, a girl and a boy. The first was four, the other three years old. Of these, they were of course—very fond; their infancy—passionately fond; they were their idols. In every company they were displayed as prodigies of wit and beauty. The children were, indeed, fairly well-formed; but it was not therefore sufficient to hold them up to the insensate adulation of every society; and if they could discover intellectual endowments more than common order, which in fact they had, other only had penetration enough to prefer, to court for them the applause of the vulgar. Their persons were adorned like the East, with all the glitter and glare that the most brilliant colours could furnish. No expense was spared, to make them equal with the

respectables of the town and neighbourhood, in outward adorning.

On more than one occasion, the feelings of Mr. Softman, naturally of quiet, domestic habits, had been excited to the utmost, by the provoking conduct and tongue of his wife. Their words were often high; Mrs. Softman, accustomed from the first to rule, determined to rule still. Her promise at the altar she had forgotten; or the simple word "OBEY" was, above most others, objectionable to her unmusical ears. Passion, like fire, which rarely goes out by casting more fuel upon it, is only increased by contention. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." So Solomon says, and so common life proves; but this lady had no soft words, or at least but few, for her husband. He had long mourned over his imprudence in his marriage, but regrets furnished no remedy; neither servant nor children stopped the wrath of his wife. She felt she had no character to lose, and was quite unconcerned respecting her husband's respectability or peace. The most trivial circumstance gave rise to a volley of abuse, and this too before witnesses. Either he went out too much, or he visited where she objected, or he did not return when she wished, or some equally ridiculous cause, set her tongue in motion, the discordant sounds of which, although familiar, were not the more pleasing to her husband.

Mr. Softman now felt that he had no home; he had indeed an habitation, in which to eat, to drink, to sleep, but all these constituted not a HOME. Oh, no, he thought, and thought somewhat correctly, that

" 'Tis home where the heart is, wherever that be,
In city, in desert, on mountain, in dell,
Not the grandeur, the number, the objects we see,
But that which we love is the magical spell,"
 &c. &c.

He was driven to *seek* happiness, while his dwelling should have furnished it. He had once made a profession of religion; but, alas, he had not followed the counsels of the book of God, and hence the consolations which that source would have fully supplied, were forfeited by him. His heart was wrung out with agony, in reference to his children; their minds he perceived were running to waste, for want of culture; but as Mrs. Softman knew not the advantages of education herself, she felt no concern about ignorance in others. The children had indeed been sent to school, but they were half their time absent from it. The eldest was little better than a companion for the servant, whom, upon every

occasion, she was found assisting ; and this could not be greatly wondered at, when the distressing example set before her is considered.

The fondness of Mrs. Softman for dress had only trained her mind to haughty ignorance, which at times descended to mean familiarities, which she designated kind condescension ; and on that principle, the servant was made her confidant, and repository for every secret circumstance betwixt Mr. Softman and herself ; while her careless prodigality had again and again reduced her husband's property so low, that, but for the help of his friends, would have been attended with ruinous consequences. Imprudence grew, and produced—*Imprudence*.

Time rolled on, and Providence once more smiled upon their worldly affairs. From a state of comparative want, they were raised to comfort and respectability. Mr. Softman hoped, that, after what they had suffered, his wife's folly would be corrected : but he hoped in vain. A short period did indeed exist, in which his hopes were kept alive ; but soon she returned, like the dog to his vomit, or like the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire, to her usual habits. Display was her idol, she was now determined to be a lady—and why should she not ?—she had been long enough moped up, and had made up her mind at length to enjoy life. The slightest observation from her husband as to impropriety, called down volumes of abuse : he was cruel, inhuman, and a brute—all her past sufferings she imputed to him, never for a moment allowing her mind to criminate herself. Her passion was not, however, stayed by dress ; one evil led to another. I do not mean to assert, that an absolute connexion exists between a love of dress and a love of strong drink ; no—but in the present case it was so : she drank, but it was secretly. Her husband imagined it not, refused to believe it when reported to him, and, until conviction, clear as light, forced itself upon his half-distracted mind, rejected the testimony made against her.

And now the sharpness of a mother's feelings appeared to be blunted ; she became indifferent, not only to her husband's comfort, but to the well-being of those even who were parts of herself. Epithets the most frightful, and such as I will not allow my paper to be stained with, she applied, at the least provocation, to her children ; and, even in the hours of sickness and disease, could abandon them to the care of each other, and, arraying

herself in her finery, walk forth for pleasure.

As imprudence had so long and so strongly marked the parent's conduct, it was not to be expected that the children should escape its influence. They did not:—like produces its like. Edrick their son, had attained his sixteenth year, and had been some time engaged in the counting-house of his father. His appearance was perfectly fashionable, disgustingly so ; with information just sufficient to keep the ledger, or make out a bill of parcels, he conceived himself amply furnished for all the purposes of life. Occasionally he visited the theatre, and there formed acquaintance and habits such as, in all probability, would ruin him ; and even at this early period, the chase, the ball-room, and the harmonic society, were attended by him. Who would not have trembled for a youth of ardent feelings, so circumstanced ? What parent would not have wept over, and prayed for him ? Edrick's parents did not. Mr. Softman's spirit was broken down by his wife's conduct, and he was scarcely concerned about any thing. He had indeed made one or two faint efforts to convince him of his errors, but his own imprudence spoiled all the good effect which his advice might have produced ; while Mrs. Softman was proud of the spirit of her son, and furnished him, most imprudently, with various sums, unknown to his father, to follow his pursuits.

On one occasion, Edrick had spent the former part of the Sabbath in company with a party of dissolute young men, at some few miles from home. It was in the uncertain month of March, when in the course of a few hours the wind often blows from every part of the compass. The house in which they were assembled was on the side of the Humber. A number of boats lay in a small creek, formed partly by nature and partly by art, for the accommodation of packets, while others were sailing on the smooth waters. Suddenly a squall arose, and shortly the whole of the aquatic sportsmen put to shore. The wind continued to rise, it blew with increased violence, the Humber rolled in dark billows, while occasionally the white foam with which the surges were tipped, gave to them a wilder appearance. Edrick and his companions looked out on the fury of the elements, and laughed at the fears of those who had been diverted from their pleasures by the gale. Two of the party, one of whom was Edrick, wished to display their courage and seamanship, and, excited by the spirits they had taken, betted with the others, that they

could, in a specified time, cross and recross the Humber. Fearless of consequences, the daring youths laughed at the advice and persuasions offered by those who were perfectly sober, and pushed their little bark before the wind. For a while they managed their vessel with great ability; now she sunk between the long dark billows, and then gallantly rose like a swan, and rode upon the summit. A strong current at length drove them considerably to leeward. It became necessary for them to tack; the helm was put about, and she soon answered to the rudder, but in attempting to shift over the sail they became perplexed. The rope by which it was attached to a cleet which held it, was entangled, and in an instant a breaking wave went over them; the wind caught the vessel as she crossed the tide, and threw her on her broadside on the water: she filled, half-righted, heaved fearfully, and sunk in five fathoms water. A long, loud shriek from those who stood on the shore, informed those who were in the house what had occurred; they rushed out, and saw the unhappy youths struggle for a few minutes with the waves, and then beheld them sink to rise no more!

Maria, at the time of her brother's awful death, had just completed her seventeenth year. Her education, as I have stated, had been neglected. She was tall and genteel in person, but withal most coquetish in her manners. There were but few parties of which she was not one, or public exhibitions at which she was not present. Only a few months after Edrick's death, a ball was given in the neighbourhood; she was invited, and was imprudent enough to accept the invitation. She went, and her figure attracted the attention of a gentleman present, of wild and dissolute habits. He was little more than her own age, was dashing in his appearance, and engaging in his address. It was also known that he was presumptive heir to a considerable property, which, on the death of an aged relative, it was believed, would descend to him. He employed all his art during the evening, to gain and fix Maria's attention, and succeeded. This was her first introduction to the person in question, but strangers might have supposed it had been an acquaintance of intimate and long standing.

Imprudence and criminality are closely allied, and, in some instances, scarcely distinguishable. It was so in the case of Maria with her suitor. The evening closed with an engagement made for a private interview on the following night, between

herself and her new friend. They met, and for a few weeks these meetings were continued, and then they were married! The blooming hopes of the gentleman were instantly cut off, his fortune was transferred to another branch of his family, while himself and Maria were left to struggle on in wretchedness and misery. This was but of short continuance. The union had been the result of passion, and not of affectionate regard; hence, the object having been gained, the passion subsided; and he who, but a few weeks before, had vowed eternal love, abandoned her to grief and poverty. She sunk like a smitten flower before the rude gale, languished a brief period, and died the victim of imprudence.

The measure of Mr. Softman's misery now seemed to be full. His wife had long since made her very name odious to all his friends and acquaintance—hence they never visited or invited either of them. The foolish woman, stung to the quick by what she denominated the insult of her husband's friends, raged so much the more, and made his home increasingly miserable. He had not yet reached his fortieth year, but the sorrows of which his own imprudence had made him the victim, had given his form the appearance of more than fifty. To all he had already suffered, he was now called to bear the affliction of embarrassment in his circumstances. His connexions in trade had suffered by the conduct of his wife; and, as business declined, temporal difficulties increased. His mind's eye at length turned inwards,—his religious feelings were revived. Like Ephraim, he bemoaned himself: "Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke; turn thou me, and I shall be turned, for thou art the Lord my God:" and concerning him, as of Ephraim, God said, "Since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him," Jer. xxxi. 19, 21.

Nearly a score of years of almost un-mixed misery, was closed with the participation of a bliss unending. He read his imprudence in his past sufferings, and wondered at the goodness which had spared, amidst multiplied provocations, and the mercy which had met, and brought him, through the Saviour, to God. On the eve of earthly poverty, he became rich, rich in the possession of the "pearl of great price," and heir to "treasures in heaven." His stricken heart bowed within him, he blessed God, and died.

Mrs. Softman alone remained—she

could scarcely be said to live, she merely vegetated. Her own enjoyments, and the happiness of others, she had cut off by her folly : still she knew it not. With an ingenuity which could alone have been given birth to by deception of the most awful kind, she freed herself to herself, from all blame, and conceived she alone was the injured person. Unpitied and unfriended, the parish-house received her as an inmate of its humble walls, where, for some years, she dwindled out, and may yet continue to dwindle out, an existence of penury, rendered more painful by the sourness of an unbroken temper—an example of the evils, though insensible to the charge, of IMPRUDENCE.

ADMONITORY DIALOGUE.

Senior. WELL, my young friend ; I hope you have enjoyed a profitable week this Christmas ?

Junior. Indeed, I have enjoyed myself very much, and particularly last night at our Christmas party.

S. I am glad to hear you have enjoyed yourself, and hope you have gained some useful information from the company.

J. You know I am of so lively a disposition, that I often substitute a frivolous spirit, instead of attention, when any profitable conversation commences.

S. Too true ; and as you are conscious of your error, try to reform. But, pray, with what were you so much entertained last evening ?

J. Oh ! many things ; we had Miss X, Y, and Z, Mr. O, P, and Q, and several other persons, besides my sisters, cousins, uncle, and aunt.—I can assure you, we were as merry as we could wish to be.

S. Yes ; yes ; but, pray let me know what subject pleased you most ?

J. Why, to be sure, when Mr. O. began to joke Miss X. about a certain young gentleman, who, he supposed, paid considerable attention to her.

S. And what information did you gain from this common, thread-bare subject ?

J. Indeed, I think it was the most interesting subject we could have hit upon.

S. No doubt that it was interesting ; but what benefit did you derive from it ?

J. I learned that, “a faint heart will never win a fair lady.”

S. That may be true in many instances ; but recollect, that imprudent conduct never gains a virtuous wife.

J. Your reasoning seems very good, but *there is no danger of my getting into any error of this description, as I am so young.*

S. I admit you are young, and I observed your want of discretion the other day, when you were railing against the whole female sex ; and making use of those mean, common-place jokes, which aim to lower their talents and importance in society.

J. I am sorry ; I meant no harm ; *it was only to my sisters.*

S. Although you meant no harm, it is unwise to reject advice because it comes from the feeble, but more refined, part of our nature ;—and very ungrateful to return sarcasm for affection, and ridicule for friendly advice, which, if attended to, might prove very beneficial to your future conduct.

J. I hope you don't think that I am so base as to make the fair sex the butt of ridicule in reality.

S. Perhaps not, but you may reap considerable advantage, by cultivating acquaintance with the fair sex.

J. I think, being too familiar with silly flirting girls, is rather dangerous.

S. I allow there is an evil in this ; but what I recommend is the fostering care of considerate, respectable females, and especially if they have the advantage over you of a few years.

J. Then you think he whose connexions afford him no female society sustains a loss by this privation.

S. Most undoubtedly.

J. But there is some difficulty, if not impossibility, of gaining the attention of those you recommend.

S. I am aware every female is not of this description, but you have the protection of a kind mother and affectionate sisters.

J. Yes, but my sisters' company is quite old-fashioned.

S. You ought to consider yourself favourably situated, in having sisters who have done playing with dolls ; do not oblige them, by your unfeeling conduct, to keep you at the distance of a mere acquaintance ; try to deserve the character of their confidential friend : nothing is more ridiculous than to hear a brother complain of being tired of his sisters' company.

J. Well, I believe there is some profitable information to be derived from the sex, but unfortunately my awkwardness causes me to commit myself sometimes in their presence, which excites from them a titter, and this causes me to get out of the way of female society, and my feelings towards them sink into disgust or hatred.

S. You appear conscious of your deficiencies, and must know, that, to avoid the

which might tend to improve them, the proper way to proceed. You rather practise a sort of gallantry, is due, to your mother, sisters, and at home; and by these means you repute yourself for more delicate and company elsewhere.

Ston Brook, Sept. 1832. S. S.

INTEMPERANCE.

(Recollections of a Minister.)

pass along from day to day, we frequently hear and read of the ruinous effects of intemperance—the sudden deaths, the poverty, and distress, into which families are thrown, by the degraded and unprincipled conduct of one indi-

my arrival in the village of — in summer of 1826, I was delighted with the appearance of industry and enterprise as eminently conspicuous in the inhabitants. The first Sabbath of my ministry, the congregation was small, but respectable. The church was new—it was unfurnished and there was no Bible in the pulpit. When I came down from the sacred desk, a young man stepped forward, and said, “Sir, I perceived that it was rather difficult for you to read your text in your small pocket; if you will allow me, I will present one for your pulpit.” I thanked him, and said in my heart, “Surely, this is a good beginning, on the first morning of my ministry to be presented with a hand-edition of the word of God!”

For some weeks, I laboured daily. There was deep attention, but none had as yet manifested any signs of the awakening power of the word. At length the work broke out; and with that overwhelming influence which I have seen in many reformatations, but with a more sure pace. In a short time our house was furnished; we built a new vestry, and our church prospered us greatly. I commenced my labours with six members in the church, and at the expiration of two years I had two hundred and fifty. Whenever there was any thing to be done, or any object of benevolence or philanthropy to be carried forward, my young friend was ever ready and willing to promote it. He had a beautiful and lovely wife, and three very interesting children. He was a constant student on the word of God, and many of the joys of social happiness have I enjoyed in him and his pleasant companion. It seemed as if the Scriptures were verified in him, for all that he took in hand prospered; he was blessed in his basket and in his store. When I left him, I was in hopes he

would be a pillar in the Lord's house. It is true, he never appeared to feel the saving influence of the Holy Spirit; but I hoped the seed which had been sown had taken root in good ground, and that when I was called to give an account of my ministry, I should find him at the right hand of God.

I was permitted to visit that part of the country again, after an absence of three years. But, alas! the visit, to which I had looked forward with so much pleasure, was indeed a mournful one. Reader, you have seen the exterminating effects of fire, and you have felt how lonely and desolate it is, to visit a place you had once known, and to inquire for your friends, and hear the oft-repeated answer, “They too are dead.” But even in this there is a consolation; for you frequently hear of their triumphant departure for another and a better world. But to meet them after years of separation, and to find them drunkards, and almost brute-like in their appearance, all feeling of shame, all sense of remorse, drowned in the inebriating cup, as was the case with — on my arrival at —; O how different the scene! I inquired for one friend, and the answer was, “O, sir, he became a drunken miserable sot, he neglected his business, and failed, and his wife and children are in the most abject poverty.” I inquired for another and another, but alas, the answer was still the same—all had failed, and intemperance had been their ruin. It made my heart bleed, but I never thought that among the general wreck occasioned by this scourge of mankind, my friend S—— could have been one of the number. I proposed calling on him; but, O my God! the thrilling answer was returned, “He will not know you.” I inquired, “Why?” My informant replied, “Ah! sir, it is but seldom that he has any recollection.” I was horror-struck; I feared that some dreadful calamity had happened to him. But, alas! my worst fears did not come near the truth. I found, on inquiry, that about a year after my leaving —, he had become concerned in a distillery. He commenced with tasting; then took a little dram in the forenoon; from this he could take a little in the afternoon; and in the course of a few months, the much beloved and once highly respected S—— would be carried home to his wife in a state of brutal intoxication. I called upon him the next day; he met me with an idiot smile, but seemed to have no recollection; yet when his wife named me, for a moment reason seemed to flash across his brain. I talked with him for some time; but, alas! all recollection had fled. The tears fell down the pale features of him

emaciated wife, as I gently alluded to her altered situation ; her only reply was, "O sir, my poor husband has fallen into bad hands ; but even situated as I am, we could do very well, for my father assists me a little, and I have learned to have but few wants, if my dear S—— could only be prevailed upon to give up his unsteady habits. Sometimes, sir, he will keep from strong drink a whole day, but then one and another of his miserable associates come and draw him away, and it appears as if he became worse for his short abstinence."

I parted from this deeply afflicted woman with a broken heart, and for several months I heard nothing of her, or her unfortunate partner, till a few weeks since, on taking up a newspaper, I saw that in —— died suddenly ——, aged twenty-nine. I immediately wrote to a friend to inquire into the particulars of his death, and was informed that he dropped down in a grog-shop, and was carried home dead to his miserable and afflicted wife. Such are the effects produced by the introduction of distilleries into the villages of our country ; and the use of ardent spirits, even in small quantities. They demoralize the inhabitants ; carry sin, poverty, and distress, into the bosom of domestic happiness. War has slain its thousands, but rum its tens of thousands. War kills the body, but rum both body and soul.

THE STANDARD OF RESPECTABILITY.

AMONG the fashionable part of society, wealth and accomplishments are the standard of respectability. For the want of these, persons will refuse acquaintance with those who are really noble and virtuous ; and with them, they will receive into their friendship persons wholly destitute of either goodness or greatness.

If a lady can dance gracefully, paint elegantly, play well on the piano-forte, dress fashionably, talk fluently a whole evening about nothing, and appear wealthy, she is a valuable and respectable person : though she may be proud, envious, passionate, self-willed, contemptuous, and fretful—though she cannot put the plainest garment together, tell the latitude of the place in which she lives, or in what zone, or even what continent, she resides. She can mention the titles and authors of twenty novels ; but if you ask her opinion concerning any of the celebrated poets and historians of the day, she is utterly at a loss, and is obliged to confess that she did not so much as know there were such authors in

the world. If you spend an evening with her, you must dispense with all solid and improving topics, and be entertained with an account of the latest fashions received from France, and of all the courtships, broken engagements, intended marriages, and runaway matches, in the town or neighbourhood. If you can dwell on these subjects with delight and loquacity, you are a welcome visiter ; but if you are so awkward and unfashionable as to be dull on these interesting and sprightly subjects, you are an unwelcome guest, and the sound of the clock striking ten is music, because it announces the hour of separation.

If a gentleman can play cards well, and carry himself genteelly in all polite company ; if he attend the theatre two or three times a week, has a large share of gallantry, can talk nonsense with the ladies, flatter slyly and smoothly, and has a superficial knowledge of history, politics, &c., he is esteemed a valuable acquaintance, though he cannot solve a single problem in Euclid, account for a solitary phenomenon in nature upon philosophical principles, tell on which of the planets he dwells, or the distance, magnitude, or revolutions of any of the heavenly bodies. Or he may be able to tell you the continent on which he lives, have intelligence enough to know what straits separate America from Asia, what isthmus connects Asia with Europe, which is the most southerly cape and the most northerly island in the world. But mathematics and metaphysics are things about which he never troubles his head. Like the poor and ignorant country girl, he thinks he "has got *larnin* enough." Or he may be able to read and converse in different languages, and be acquainted with all the celebrated authors in each of them ;—he may have travelled from the Cape of Good Hope, to Nova Zembla, and from Cape Horn to mount Elias and the isle of God's mercy, and have circumnavigated the globe ;—he may have a thorough knowledge of all the sciences, be a good mathematician and sound philosopher, and at the same time not have one principle of virtue in his heart—be none too good to oppress the poor, take the name of God in vain, get exasperated at trifles, fight a duel : still he is a gentleman, and a very respectable one too.

Now, no people have more vanity and self-importance than these. They imagine they are worthy persons, and really merit all the preference they enjoy. They look down upon virtuous labouring people with a glance of pity and disdain, while at the same time many of those they despise pity them for their blindness and inconsistency,

not too with a far more rational estimation.

Angels witness scenes on earth, what must they think of rational and accountable beings, who know neither themselves, their Creator, nor his works of creation, hence, or redemption; who understand not their own origin nor end; who pass their short lives over the trifles of life, and use their tongues, which were given to speak the wonderful works of God, in idle and useless conversation. The

faculties of the mind, they neither improve, stand, value, nor improve; or if they improve them, it is but to dignify error, to increase vice, and to add power to their evil influence. They make the earth, which is designed as a temporary abode, their permanent home, forget they must die, and believe the realities of eternity. In short, they are wholly turned aside, entirely dissatisfied, valuing things that are worthless, despising things that are worthy of pursuit. I say, if angels see all this, what opinions must they form of them? Whether they do or do not see them, we know that the all-seeing God beholds all creatures he has made. How, then, can they appear in His holy sight! How can he despise the popular opinions of the world! How must the Author of all wisdom view the conceited worms of the earth who know nothing aright, and yet boast of great and extensive knowledge, as if no one existed superior to themselves, and forget "Him in whom they live, and by whom they have their being."—*New York Christian Advocate*.

LITTLE RIVULET AND PERSEVERANCE—A FABLE.

On the side of a mountain there flowed a little rivulet—its voice was scarcely heard amid the rustling of the leaves and the murmur of the stream around; its shallow and narrow stream could be overlooked by the traveller. This little rivulet, although so small, was inspired with a brave spirit, and murmured against the decree of Providence, which had cast its lot so lowly.

"I wish I were a cloud, to roll all day through the heavens, painted so beautifully, whose lovely shapes are coloured, and who, descending again in showers: or, at least, I wish I were a broad river, performing some useful duty in the world.

I come on my weak waves and unrelentingly babbling. I might as well have never existed as to be thus puny, insignificant, and useless."

When the brook thus complained, a beautiful flower, that bent over its bosom, said,

"Thou art in error, brook. Puny and insignificant thou mayest be; useless thou art not, for I owe half my beauty, perhaps my life, to thy refreshing waters. The plants adjacent to thee are greener and richer than others. The Creator has given thee a duty, which, though humble, thou must not neglect. Besides, who knows what may be thy future destiny? Flow on, I beseech thee."

The brook heard the rebuke, and danced along its way more cheerfully. On and on it went, growing broader and broader. By and by, other rivulets poured their crystal waters into it, and swelled its deepening bosom, in which already began to appear the fairy creatures of the wave, darting about joyfully, and glistening in the sun. As its channel grew wider and wider, and yet other branches came gliding into it, the stream began to assume the importance of a river, and boats were launched on it, and it rolled on in a meandering course through a teeming country, freshening whatever it touched, and giving to the whole scene a new character of beauty.

As it moved on now in majesty and pride, the sound of its gently-heaving billows formed itself into the following words:

"At the outset of life, however humble we may seem, fate may have in store for us many and unexpected opportunities of doing good, and of being great. In the hope of this, we should ever pass on without despair or doubt, trusting that perseverance will bring in its own reward. How little I dreamed, when I first sprang on my course, what purpose I was destined to fulfil! what happy beings were to owe their bliss to me! what lofty trees, what velvet meadows, what golden harvests, were to hail my career! Let not the meek and lowly despair; heaven will supply them with noble inducements to virtue."

PHENOMENA OF THE WORLD.

WHEN we cast our eyes around, and behold the beauties that every where present themselves to our notice, we are lost in admiration and wonder. The stability of the mineral kingdom; the beauty, fragrance, and general utility, of the vegetable; and the nice lineaments of feeling and motion, together with the sweet choir of the feathered race, that are discoverable in the animal; claim the attention of the philosopher, and the general observer of nature. The lowest link in the great chain is of vast utility.

The surface of our globe possesses many attractions, to arrest the senses of sight, smell, taste, or hearing; it is the productive source of all that can charm, delight,

animate the mind. It is from this source that the eye is gratified with the view of the surrounding landscape: from it is derived the ever-pleasing verdure of immortal green, variegated with the stately oak, the lofty poplar, the spreading beech, the solemn cyprus, and a variety of other trees. The mineral domain here renders its assistance, through the medium of the ingenuity and industry of man, and breaks the verdant landscape with the spire of the village church, and with here and there a rustic dwelling interspersed among the foliage. Nor is the eye only delighted with beholding such a scene; the ear also is gratified by the merry peal of evening bells, wafted on the bosoms of the mild and gentle zephyrs; and, while listening to their pleasing music, we shall be ready to say with our poet,

“ Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view.”

But we will now leave the contemplation of the landscape, and see what gratifications the pasture will afford us. Here our sight is again arrested by the great variety of hues that surround us on every side, from the gaudy tulip to the humble violet: nor is the sense of smell less attracted; the fragrance of the full-blown rose, the sweetness of the jessamine, the peculiar and delightful odour of the clematis, with an infinite variety of other scents, have a tendency to gratify our olfactory nerves in a most exquisite manner. And shall we ask—whence are all these hues, from what is all this fragrance derived? A careful observation of the growth and culture of these plants will inform us, that it is from the soil in which they grow, and in proportion to the richness of the surface of the earth, the colours of the flowers are more beautiful, and their odours more fragrant.

If we visit the orchard; in addition to the delights already enumerated, the mellowness of the apple, the juiciness of the pear, the lusciousness of the grape, and the delicious flavour of the nectarine, with the great variety of fruits that are the produce of the bounteous hand of nature, tend to gratify the sense of taste. And are these derived from the source already mentioned? Doubtless, they are the end for which the trees that produce them had existence, and obtain nourishment from the surrounding earth.

We have thus briefly noticed the manner in which the vegetable kingdom contributes to the gratification of our senses; let us *now endeavour to ascertain in what manner the animal world is capable of producing*

the same effect, and from what source the beauties that arrest our attention in this department of nature are derived. To what is the British female indebted for one of the most beautiful articles of clothing? The labours of an insect which derives all its nourishment from the vegetable world. And when in the early morn we bend our steps to the sequestered grove, and our ears are saluted by the music of the feathered choir; from what source do we derive this gratification of our faculty of hearing? From one of the most delightful classes of animated nature; which in its turn is primarily indebted for its support to the vegetable kingdom; and which exhibits to our view the most glowing colours that adorn the plumage of individuals. It is to the animal kingdom that we are indebted for the swiftness and strength of the horse, the sagacity and fidelity of the dog, the valuable class of cattle used both as beasts of burden, and for the purpose of supplying mankind with food, and a variety of other animals that are of the greatest utility to man, but which the extent of the present article will not allow us to mention.

We may here notice as we pass, that the distinguishing character between the vegetable and animal kingdoms consists in the power of locomotion, or the means of removing from place to place, combined with the beautiful and delicate sensations of feeling, taste, smell, hearing, and sight, which are observable in the latter. And, while the vegetable draws its nourishment from the soil in which circumstances have placed it, the animal, with the exception of some in the higher classes, selects from the vegetable kingdom those portions that are best suited to support its nourishment, growth, and strength; the exceptions, just noticed, feeding on the smaller kinds of animals. Here our attention cannot fail of being arrested by the order, beauty, and utility of the great chain of nature, and the nice gradations by which each link is connected with both those above and those below it. The mineral domain, including earth, contributes to the existence and beauty of the vegetable; this again is the principal support of the animal; and both contribute, by the decay of the bodies of their respective individuals, after fulfilling the end of their existence, to recruit those portions of the soil that have been expended in supporting them.

Each kingdom of nature possesses distinguishing characteristics peculiar to itself; this induced one of our most celebrated naturalists to observe, that “stones grow; vegetables grow and live; animals grow,

and feel." As we pass on, we may see these distinguishing marks : and the what we observe in this description, is, the mineral kingdom. Here we behold it in its lowest degree ; for, unless the vessels of the increasing substance be in motion, there can be no addition to its bulk.

The distinguishing feature between the mineral and vegetable worlds is, the principle. If we break a stone, the fracture suffers no diminution of bulk ; the fracture, nor are any of the properties of the mineral destroyed ; but if we break a vegetable, the portion that is separated from the root, and deprived of the circulation of the circulating fluids, soon loses its freshness and beauty, the sap is gradually exhausted, the branch withers, and, at length, it reaches the state which is termed death.


The distinguishing feature between the mineral and animal domains consists in motion. When we separate a branch from a vegetable, it betrays no symptoms of suffering ; but if we detach a limb from an animal, the individual expresses, by certain signs, and various motions of its body, that it feels considerable pain. Hence, we notice an essential difference between the separation of a branch from a vegetable, and the removal of a limb from an animal in the higher classes. In the former instance, if the detached branch be placed in the earth, the orifices of its sap-vessels will, in many cases, absorb nourishment from the surrounding soil, and those portions of the plant situated beneath the surface, to which the leaves are attached, and from which, if not separated from its parent, new branches would have sprung, will put out radicella or rootlets ; while the ponding portions above the surface will produce branches, and thus the separated branch will become a perfect plant.

It is not so with the limb of an animal, separated from the body : place it in whatever situation we please, it still betrays the branch of a vegetable detached from its root, and cast forth to die ; and to die ; deprived of the circulation of the vital fluid from the heart, it no longer derives nourishment therefrom ; its organs separated, and their communication with the sensorium broken, the nice sensibility of feeling is no more discoverable ; it is consequently resigned to the chemical action of the substances by which it is surrounded, and reduced to a mass of putrid offensive matter.

The case of the branch becoming a perfect plant, may be beautifully illustrated in the following manner. Let the branch

of a geranium be detached, and placed in a phial of water, kept near a window for the benefit of the light ; by carefully watching it for some days, it will be seen that at the foot of each leaf below the surface of the water, small white bodies are protruded, which ultimately are found to be the radicals above spoken of ; and new leaves are observed to be produced on the upper part of the branch.

Hitherto we have briefly contemplated the gratification which the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms are capable of affording us ; and the peculiar features which distinguish each kingdom. It will, however, require but a cursory glance at the innumerable products of nature, to convince us, that there are substances existing which cannot be arranged in either of the above divisions. Among these, we find the interesting class of gases ; and, although the gaseous elements are never presented to our notice in an uncombined state, but are obtained by various chemical processes, yet they are so extensively diffused through nature, and enter into so many combinations with other substances, that we may pronounce them the most useful of all. To them we are indebted for the air we breathe, and the refreshing draught from the crystal fountain, with which we quench our thirst. The world of waters, too, is produced by their combination !—and what a magnificent and varied scene does this open to our view, from the pearly dew that is gently deposited on the exhausted herbage during the tranquil hours of the night, when the moon walks in brightness, and a thousand suns irradiate the vast expanse of heaven, to the mighty ocean, which forms a communication between the most distant lands, and supports within its extensive bosom the various finny tribes.

Between these extremes, how numerous are the links that unite them ! Sometimes, instead of the pellucid dew-drop, we observe the gentle showers descending on the plain, and irrigating the smiling pastures. At others, we are astounded with the roaring tempest ; the rain descends in torrents ; the wind whistles fearfully among the trees of the forest ; and the loud, tremendous claps of thunder, together with the vivid glare of the forked lightning, strikes us with terror and amazement. But if our minds are agitated with the awful grandeur of the storm—the purling brook, meandering among the meadows, its softest murmurs striking on the ear, and its glassy surface reflecting the sylvan beauties around, tend to restore unto them tranquillity, and ~~lead~~  them to repose.

Not only is the glittering drop of early dew, beautiful to the eye, and of considerable utility in nourishing the vegetable creation; the irrigating shower, of immense importance in bringing to maturity the tender herb; the appalling tempest, exceedingly beneficial in restoring the equilibrium of the atmosphere, so necessary to animal and vegetable existence; and the meandering rivulet, extremely beneficial in supplying with moisture the enamelled pastures which contribute to the growth of the useful class of cattle designed as food for man; but even the stagnant pool is capable of affording amusement and instruction to the attentive observer of nature. It is in these reservoirs that we behold the insignificant mona, the lowest link in the great chain of animal life, a mere inflated bladder, floating among myriads of animalculæ, some of which are of the most complicated forms. Here also we become acquainted with the polypi, the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and which possesses properties peculiar to each; and here our eyes may be gratified for hours in watching the varied movements of the various tribes, the gradations by which they rise one above another, and the voracity with which the larger devour the smaller species, and this too in the small space of a single drop. How overwhelming is this consideration! What vast extents of animal existence does this open to the imagination; for if myriads of these minute beings exist in a single drop of water, how numerous must be the individuals that inhabit the immense number of reservoirs that may be found in the world!

The view of a magnificent river is calculated to afford us considerable gratification. If we trace it from its source, how various are the beauties we successively behold! At one period, the sylvan glories around us attract attention; at another, we are conducted by its ever-rolling waters through a busy town, and are animated with the bustling scene presented to our notice. On the banks we perceive the active tradesman attending to the busy concerns of the day, and every one who is passing appears to be intent on the business in which he happens to be engaged. On the smooth and tranquil surface are seen the vehicles that have conveyed from distant cities various articles of merchandise, and this circumstance may lead us to contemplate the great utility of the flowing stream. Having passed the town, our attention is arrested by the stately buildings we behold on its banks; and wandering among the groves which skirt its peaceful

waters, we observe here and there a student; fit situation for the mild retreats of learning, where, retired from the busy scenes of the world, the philosopher may search into the vast operations of nature, and view with admiration and wonder the mighty processes that are continually going forward in her immense arcana.

As we proceed onwards with the continuous stream, we are entertained with the gambols of the scaly tribes, as they sport in the pellucid medium in which they live; and as we behold the villas on each side become more numerous, and the grounds about them more tastefully laid out, the boundaries of the stream also considerably increased, and the various conveyances on its bosom, both for pleasure and traffic, augmented; we are led to conclude that we are approaching an immense city, and soon its various buildings present themselves to our notice; the stream swells to a magnificent extent, and as well as the small wherries and barges which before met our view, we now behold the swift-sailing vessel, and the more rapid steamer, the stately merchant-man, and the stupendous East-Indiaman floating on its silver bosom. Here are ships from every nation, and the produce of every clime are by their means brought to our shores. How various are the reflections which this prospect suggests to the mind; but to indulge them at present, would swell this paper to too great a length.

If we take our stand on an eminence, how grand, how magnificent the scene before us: in the distance we observe the splendid city with a thousand spires; around us we notice the variegated landscape interspersed with hill and dale, and the mighty river rolling in magnificent splendour at our feet. Upon its wide-spread bosom, the flags of every nation are displayed, while the continual motion of the vessels that glide along its silvery surface, adds considerably to the beauty of the appearance. If the river is thus grand, how superb must be the ocean, that vast reservoir of waters, that liquid world, in which the immense whale sports with amazing facility, and

“Where the dim ships like shadows ride,”

when illumined by the faint twinkling of the starry host. How smooth and tranquil is the vast surface, when nought terminates the view, but the mingling elements of air and water! how beautiful the appearance, when the shades of darkness are chased away, and the glorious orb of day rises as an immense reservoir of radiancy from its

l bed. Again, how appalling the tremendous storm, when the wind, skimming along the surface, raises it into immense waves, the frail bark rises to the nit, and is then engulfed in the abyss. In the vivid lightning glares, the dread-bunder rolls in awful peals, and the east, arriving at its utmost fury, the seas mariners are terrified with the awful prospect before them, and their efforts to save themselves from approaching destruction are paralyzed with fear. See, the fury of the contending elements has destroyed their floating habitation; it separates into a thousand fragments; they sink in the overwhelming flood, and none are left to tell the dreadful tale; nor will any be thrown on such afflictive incidents, the earth shall disclose her slain, the ocean shall give up her dead.

For the rural, magnificent, and terrific arrangements that we have just glanced at, are indebted to the useful class of gases, before noticed; for, although the verdure of the rural landscape is produced by oil in which the plants contributing to it are found, yet without the assistance of these substances there would be no vitality and consequently no verdure. This most beautiful manner illustrates the dependence of one part of nature on another.

In the existence of a single plant, how many substances enter into its constitution; flowers, descending from the clouds, and consisting of some of the gaseous elements in a combined state, moisten the earth, and reduce to a liquid form the various minerals, and other substances, that are dispersed therein, and which they are able of acting on by the process of solution. This solution enters the vessels of the root, and ascends through the stem to the leaves, where it is presented to the action of the air. Here it is fitted for the purpose of nourishing the plant, and is conveyed by a set of vessels to the root, discharging in its course a due portion to each part by which the individual is augmented, and the principle of vitality kept up. In this circulation of the juices we perceive the necessity of the agency of the air, both by conveying solid particles of nutriment into the plant, and elaborating it up when presented to their action in the leaves.

That all these active agents are only instruments under the control and guidance of a superior power. The primitive cause of the varied phenomena which the world exhibits, can only be found in the hand and eternal God.

ON THE DURATION AND MUTABILITY OF THE CELESTIAL BODIES.

THE candle is soon exhausted by constantly burning, water wastes by evaporation, and the most solid and durable bodies are continually hastening to destruction under the hand of time. Some bodies by exhalation, and some by absorbing particles of other matter, are incessantly changing their forms and manner of being; and the dissolution of one thing tends to the reproduction of another.

Those great orbs that shine in the celestial regions, of all the objects of nature, seem as if they were created to remain unaltered for ages after ages, or at least we can perceive no difference by the earliest accounts of them; they, for ought we know, shine with the same splendour as they did several thousand years ago. But, reader, consider, the magnitudes of the celestial bodies are so great, that very considerable changes and alterations may be taking place on their surfaces, and yet be quite imperceptible to us, on account of their great distances; for ought we know, they may be hastening to destruction as fast as the bodies on the surface of the earth. Perhaps the sun and fixed stars may be huge fires made of some substance proper for such a purpose, best known to the all-wise Creator of all things; they may be burning or consuming away in the same manner as bodies on the surface of the earth, yet by reason of their vast magnitudes no alteration in bulk can be perceived.

To explain these things more clearly, I took a small cord of cotton, four inches in length, and about the eighth of an inch in diameter, and setting fire to one end, the whole was consumed away, by burning to the other end, in the space of twenty-four minutes. Now, suppose the sun to be a great globe of cotton, of the same compactness or density of the cord, whose semidiameter is $443,236\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and suppose its surface to be in a state of ignition, or burning, (not in flame,) in the same manner as the end of the cord, and if it burn with the same velocity towards the centre, it is evident that four inches of the semidiameter will be consumed away in twenty-four minutes. There are 525,960 minutes in a Julian year; hence $\frac{4 \times 525960}{36 \times 1760} = 1.38$

miles, the part of the semidiameter consumed in a year, and $443236\frac{1}{2}$ divided by 1.38 gives 321185.8 the number of years in which the whole would be consumed away. If we reckon about 6000 years since the creation of the world, but a very

small part of this great mass would be wasted away ; and since the improvements of science, so as to determine the dimensions of the sun with accuracy, the quantity consumed would scarcely have been perceived.

That the sun and stars are made of a substance more durable than cotton, there is no doubt ; but the experiment fully proves, that, for any thing we know, they may be wasting away as fast as any other bodies, and yet their bulk remain for ages apparently unaltered. This way of considering the sun seems very agreeable to observation, though it appears to take away the idea of its being inhabited. The spots on its surface may be harder matter, that may resist the action of the fire for a long time ; their beginning, manner of increasing, decreasing, and vanishing away, all agree to this.

A planetary system may also absorb fluids from the æthereal space in which it is situated ; and the bodies of which it is composed may every year be increased considerably, and yet not be perceived, and the medium of space not made much rarer by such absorption, as I have shown in my discourse. I have there computed that the space allotted to a sphere of solid matter, whose diameter is one inch, is more than 300 miles in diameter. Now, from that simple experiment with a lighted candle and phial, called analyzing air, it is well known that a considerable current of oxygen must flow to bodies in a state of combustion.

To obtain some idea of the effect of absorption in rarefying space, admit that the surface of the earth contains 199,000,000 of square miles, this multiplied by 50, the height of the atmosphere, gives 9,950,000,000 solid miles for the contents of the atmosphere, nearly ; and this product divided by the cube of 300, gives 368.5 ; hence it appears, that a mass of matter containing 368.5 cubic inches, in a state of combustion, would be no more in danger of exhausting the atmosphere of oxygen, than the sun and planetary system are of exhausting the fluid medium of the space assigned to them. We well know, that all the fires in the world make no perceptible difference in the atmosphere : though it must be allowed that the deficiency is supplied, and philosophy can show how ; and if so great a deficiency of oxygen in the atmosphere can be supplied, how easily may the deficiency of space be supplied, either from the planetary bodies, or from denser media, seeing it may be so little, comparatively, with the absorption of combustibles.

That such slow changes take place in the planetary systems of the universe, there is no doubt ; and that such changes taking place in the bodies with which we are acquainted on the surface of the earth, are evidently the causes of their alterations and destructions : hence it may be inferred, that similar alterations and destructions are slowly carrying on in them, and in many ages they may come to an end ; and hence, also, we may infer that they have not existed from eternity, which is agreeable to the account of scripture. The wise Creator has, no doubt, created the systems of the universe of such a nature that they will endure as long as he shall think fit ; and we must admit that his power and wisdom are unlimited, and therefore he can bring them to an end at any time, according to his will and pleasure.

THOMAS COOKE.

Draycott, near Derby.

CREATION—NO. VI.

(Second Series.)

IN the order of Divine revelation, we now proceed to the fifth day of creation : “And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind ; and God saw that it was good. And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.” Or, as it may be rendered, Elohim commanded, Let the fluids become prolific, abundantly teeming with life, the creatures of motion ; and let winged fowl fly above the terraqueous, in the face of the expanse of heaven. And Elohim created huge amphibious animals ; and every living creature of motion which the fluids teemed forth abundantly, according to their varieties ; and every moving creature, winged according to his kind. And Elohim surveyed the whole, and, behold, it was beautifully perfect. And Elohim blessed them, pronouncing, Be ye prolific, multiply, fill the fluids of the oceans, and, ye winged, become multitudes in the terraqueous.

The evening was and the morning was, the fifth day.

In the progress of creation, we behold, at every stage, a development of the powers

the Creator, in the advances of His combinations of His matter, the disposition of its parts, the life and form of its several creatures, and the way with which their duplicates are produced, and re-produced, and multiplied, from a single pair to millions of millions. We behold a variety in creation, distinguished from every thing which heretofore existed itself; viz. an animal—a locomotive, possessing within itself the powers of perception and volition; a creature organized throughout, with every organ subservient to the wants and instinctive movements of its possessor. Thus are we introduced to a modification of matter prior to crystallization and vegetation, and to matter in its otherwise most exalted—animated matter—matter that lives, moves at will.

to breathe, to eat, to drink, to digest its food, and appropriate the nutritive portion of food to the replenishing of its exhausted or impaired part, and to evacuate the superfluous, to move, to sleep, to perceive through the medium of senses, to will, to love, to desire, to form endearments, to procreate its kind, and rear its young, are properties of an animal, and these pertain to it wherever it exists.

We know thus much, and more also, of these animals of every variety are placed within the scope of our observation from the beginning of time; and our own experience teaches us, being ourselves animals, what is necessary to animation. But although the power is so obvious that we cannot but perceive it, the power which induces animal motion, and directs animal instinct is as completely hidden from us as any or all the created agents of action throughout the universe. No wonder need exist at our ignorance of the nature and mode of operation of things foreign to ourselves; behold, we are strangers at home; we know not the power which enables us to exercise all the faculties of an animal—which causes us to pass through life from the clods of the earth.

The inspired writer here makes record of the creation of a variety of animals, genial to the fluids of this sphere; and amongst these we note amphibious, aqueous, and aerial, each of which demands our attention.

Elohim created huge amphibious ani-

Of these, which can live in air and water, we behold three classes. First, those which live in the waters continually. Secondly, those which generally reside on land.

Thirdly, those which frequent either land or water. Of the first class are the Leviathan of the ocean which we call

whales. These enormous animals live altogether in the ocean, but, although they live therein, they cannot remain below the surface during more than a short period at any one time, being obliged to arise frequently, in order to breathe: thus they are rather divers into, than residents amidst the abyss of waters. Of these vast animals, the largest in creation, there are several varieties, as well as others of the same class, to us witnesses of the great power of the Creator. Of the second class are the seals. These animals exist in multitudes amidst the ice and along the shores of the ocean, varying in size from two feet long to twenty-five feet, and from one hundred to nearly two thousand pounds in weight. They sleep or bask in the sun upon the ice or the strand, yet feed upon fish beneath the surface of the ocean. The crocodile and the hippopotamus possess also similar capabilities. Of these, and amphibia of the same order, great varieties exist, to us exhibiting the wisdom and power of Him who formed all things. Of the third class are the eels and water serpents.—A mucus, which exudes from their skins keeps their bodies supple a considerable time in the long grass on the margins of water, where they move with ease, and feed on earth-worms, &c. their form being admirably suited to the species of locomotion they practise on land and in the water.

“And every living creature of motion, which the fluids teemed forth abundantly, according to their varieties. These all arose into being, at the command of Elohim, on this day. The fish of the sea, of the rivers, and pools of water; fish with continuous skins, with scales, or with shells; certain of these more minute than the finger of a child, and others huger than the forest lion; of every grade, of every form, inhabiting the depths of the ocean, the shallow waters of the sand-banks, the placid stream, the impetuous torrent, roaring down the mountain's height; insulated lake, the wide-stretched gulf, and even the surface of the turbulent ocean, every where, and on all sides, above and beneath do the waters, even unto this day teem with life.

The amphibious of the first and second classes breathe through the medium of lungs, but differ from mere land animals in that the oval aperture (common to the foetus) between the right and left auricles of the heart, remains open during life, (whereas in land animals it closes,) and this aperture permits the circulation of the blood to go on during a short period while the lungs cease to play, on the animal's diving beneath the water. The amphibious of the third

class have the organs of respiration well covered from the external drying air, and, as already noted, a mucus exudes from their skins ; which keeps their bodies supple, and thus are they enabled to live either in the air or in the water. The fish, which live in the waters, in general have lungs and hearts similar to the amphibia, and are also furnished with gills, through which a great number of blood-vessels pass, and these being always wet, and in incessant action, pass forward the current of blood, which, circulating through every part, maintains life in the fathomless ocean, equally as do the lungs in the expanse of air.

“And every moving creature, winged according to his variety.” As the preceding varieties of living animals were created to people the waters, so the winged were created to throng the air. There we behold the huge condor, floating amidst the atmosphere, the stately swan rowing over the liquid surface, the majestic eagle soaring his dazzling height, the irised peacock, the flamingo, the bird of paradise, the golden pheasant, the silver dove, social as she is lovely, the flitting swallow, the soaring lark, thrilling, as he ascends, his matin praise ; with birds of every plume, from the vast condor to the humming tribes, small as the honey-bee. All these, and families unnamed, arose at His command, who, fraught with wisdom as with power, clothed them with plumed majesty, and furnished them with powers ordained to wing the ambient air, or swim the surface of the briny main ; to feed and gambol, and enjoy delights amidst the sunbeams, or the foliaged shade. The birds of song, also, with melody delight the ear, early as the day-dawn, at mid-day, and at even ; and the nightingale, even at midnight, sings her lovely music floating o’er the ear more sweet than concerts of the revelling tribes, by art attuned lascivious ; for innocence is there, simplicity, and love.

The peculiar structure of birds renders them specifically lighter than water, therefore they float thereon, and the aquatic tribes, furnished with webbed feet, swim with celerity, and gambol therein with joy ; and although birds are somewhat heavier than the atmosphere, they are borne aloft by the action of expanded wings, while their own gravity gives them facilities of descent at will. The swiftness of birds is proverbial ; for we say of a very fleet animal, or the wind, it flies. The ease with which the various feathered tribes fly thus swiftly *through the air*, arises out of the facility *with which*, by means of air-bladders dis-

persed throughout their bodies, and even within their bones, they enlarge their bulk, and thus become buoyant ; which relieves the wings from the labour that must otherwise be expended in bearing them up, and thus leaves the whole effort of the muscles at liberty to urge their flight.

The winged insects are included in the varieties which arose this day into being at the command of Elohim. These minute creatures receive the name of insects, because their bodies are separated into two parts, which parts are united by a small ligature, as we behold in the bee, the common fly, &c. &c. With extensive varieties of these, we are all acquainted ; the moth, the butterfly, the beetle, the house-fly, the bee, the wasp, &c. &c. branching out into tribes far too numerous to be individually dwelt upon in this short article, are daily before our eyes. The variegated beauties exhibited by this class of winged beings, minute as they are, either as they float in the ethereal and reflect the solar rays, or as they rest in the sequestered shade, inspire our minds with high ideas of infinite wisdom, and, in the creature, display the lovely to high perfection in that mind which formed all these minute, yet perfect in their parts, and beauteous, with splendour winged and fed on odoriferous sweets, from flowers of every hue, and plants herba-ceous.

The economy of the bee, which during the summer months wings, arduous wings his way over many a flowery mead and gay parterre, and culls from these materials for his hive, wherein he builds, with extracted wax, cells for the purposes of store and incubation. and, summer gone, abides intrenched midst chosen honey and his waxy walls, rearing his progeny for summer’s swarms, is a living memorial to man, from age to age afforded, of wisdom, in the high instinct infused by the Creator, in this day’s work, into so minute a form.

“And Elohim surveyed the whole, and, behold, it was beautifully perfect. And Elohim blessed them, pronouncing, Be ye prolific, multiply, fill the fluids of the oceans, and, ye winged, become multitudes in the terraqueous.” All this assemblage of animation, pronounced beautifully perfect on being surveyed by the great Creator, was not intended to be so evanescent as to perish on the day of its creation, like the splendid exhibitions wrought up as fetes by men ; no, it was created for perpetuity. Be ye prolific, multiply, fill the fluids of the oceans, and, ye winged, become multitudes in the terraqueous, was the blessing of Elohim on that day ; and to this day,

, it stands fast; and the promise of it, as to futurity, is as hale as the old blessing.

fish we notice the prolific to the utmost perfection, because we can detach the pregnant roe, and examine it at leisure.

hundred and fifty thousand eggs have been counted in the roe of a large cod, and M. Lieuwenhoek enumerated hundreds of nine millions in the roe of a salmon.

It is quite easy at any time, on examining the roes of the fish which we consume for food, to perceive that thousands of their progeny are destroyed in their development; and that in cooking one fish, we utterly destroy multitudes. In herrings and shrimps, the multitudes we destroy are so obvious, that we cannot but notice more or less, whenever we feed upon them.

The winged insects are exceedingly prolific; and the waters are filled with animalculæ, which are so minute that thousands of individuals are contained in a single drop. Thus has the design of the great Creator rendered the world prolific—they teem with life, and form an inexhaustible nursery of being from generation to generation.

The instinct necessary for the preservation and increase of the species is as observable throughout the varieties we have just enumerated, as in any species of animals we can refer to. Self-preservation is evidently the first law of nature, in the whale equally with the sprat; and even the whale, the mother shines with a mother's fondness, so obviously, that the fishermen note its operation, even when they are engaged in the destruction of the parent and progeny. In the production of birds for depositing their eggs, during the lengthened act of incubation, and the rearing of their young, parental care is developed; and the mother produces forth with equal perfection, from the humming-bird to the humming-bird. Self-preservation, with maternal fondness, reigns, twin-laws, even in the insect tribes; they are included in the original blessing, multiplied and they subserve its purpose from age to age, equally as on their primal day.

The evening was and the morning was, the third day."

the fluids received existence previous to the solids, so the fluids, in the order of nature, are first stored with life; the spirit is first placed upon them; and all the volatile of wing and fin, joy in the sun, while, yet in their prime, they diffuse light throughout the terraqueous. Every day creation beholds its novelty; yet not one thing is destroyed to make room for new

creations, but each eventful day beholds its addition to the mighty works of the Creator—each an addition, and a growing up into a lovely whole. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable. There is that leviathan, whom Thou hast made to play therein. These all wait upon Thee, that Thou mayest give them their meat in due season."

W. COLDWELL.

King Square, July 23, 1832.

EXTRACTS, CHIEFLY FROM THE GREEK AND ROMAN HISTORIANS.

Ambiguity of the ancient Oracles.

CRÆSUS, king of Lydia, after endeavouring to render Apollo propitious by the most magnificent sacrifices, sent costly presents to his oracle at Delphos, amounting in value to nearly a million sterling of our money. His messengers were at the same time instructed to demand of the god, whether the war Cræsus was meditating against Cyrus and the Persian nation would be prosperous or not. The answer of the Pythoness was very short: "If Cræsus undertakes war against the Persians, he will destroy a great nation." Highly pleased with this answer, Cræsus sent other presents, and again demanded of the god, whether his dynasty should be of long duration. The answer was as follows: "When a mule shall be king of the Medes, fly, effeminate Lydian, from the banks of the Hermus; resist, not, nor blush at thy cowardice." This answer gave Cræsus more pleasure than the last, for being fully sure that it was not possible for a mule to sit upon the throne of Media, he believed that the god promised the empire of Lydia to him and his descendants for ever.

The result of his attack upon the Persians is well known; his army was destroyed, the empire of Lydia overthrown, and he narrowly escaped being sacrificed by the victor on a burning pile.

Being afterwards admitted to the friendship of Cyrus, he begged as a great favour of this prince, that he might be permitted to send to the oracle of Delphos, to reproach the god with his ingratitude: leave being given, Cræsus sent his attendants to Delphos, and ordered them to lay his fetters on the threshold of the temple, as a present to the god, and demand of Apollo, if he were not ashamed at having by his oracles excited so true a worshipper to his own destruction?

The priests were too cunning to be thus easily caught, and the Pythoness, according to Herodotus, returned the following answer:—

“It is impossible, even for a god, to shun the lot marked out by the Destinies. Cræsus is punished for the crime of his fifth ancestor, who, being only a private guard of a king of the race of the Heraclidæ, lent himself to the instigations of an artful woman, killed his master, and seized the crown to which he had no right. Apollo has done all in his power to turn aside the misfortunes of Cræsus from himself to his successors, but has been unable to mollify the fates. All that they could grant to his prayers he has done, to gratify this prince. He has delayed for three years the taking of Sardis. Let Cræsus be assured, that he has been made prisoner three years later than was appointed by the destinies. In the second place, he has succoured him when about to become a prey to the flames. As to the oracle, Cræsus has no right to complain. Apollo foretold him, that in making war on the Persians, he would destroy a great empire. *If Cræsus had been wise, he would have sent again to demand of the god, whether he meant the empire of the Lydians, or that of Cyrus.* Having neither understood the meaning of the oracle, nor sent again to ask an explanation from the god, he has only himself to blame. In the last instance, he has equally misunderstood the answer of Apollo, relative to the *mule*. Cyrus is this *mule*, his parents being of two different nations; and his father being of a less illustrious race than his mother: she being a Mede, and the daughter of Astyages, king of the Medes: while the father is a Persian, subject to the Mede, and who, though inferior in all respects, has married his sovereign.”

The Lydians returned to Sardis with this answer of the Pythoness, and communicated it to Cræsus; and then, as Herodotus very piously concludes, “*Cræsus saw that the blame rested with him, and not with the god.*”

Apollo was not always thus ambiguous; his answer to the inhabitants of Ægeum is not to be misunderstood: the anecdote is thus related by several historians. The inhabitants of Ægeum having vanquished the Etolians in a naval combat, and having captured a galley of fifty oars, sent a tenth of the spoil to the temple of Delphos, and, being flushed with their victory, demanded of the god, who were the most excellent of the Greeks? The Pythoness replied, “The best cavalry is that of Thessalia; the handsomest women are those of Lacedemonia;

those who drink the clear waters of the fountain of Arethusa, are brave; but the Argians, who inhabit the country between Tiryntha and Arcadia, abounding in flocks of sheep, are more so. As for you, Ægeans, you are neither the third, nor the fourth, nor even the twelfth; you are thought nothing of, you are hardly reckoned among the cities.” It is but fair to state, that Suidas, and some other writers, say that this answer was returned to the Megareans.

Herodotus tells us that the Cnidians, a Lacedemonian colony, being threatened with an attack by Harpagus, one of the generals of Cyrus, determined to fortify their city, which was situated on a small peninsula, by cutting a deep trench across a narrow isthmus, which joined it to the main-land. They employed numerous workmen, but made little progress, owing to the hardness of the stone, and the frequent accidents occurring to the labourers. The idea then struck them, that some supernatural power impeded the work, and they sent to Delphos to inquire the reason of their ill success. The oracle replied, “Do not fortify the isthmus, dig not at all. Jupiter would have made your country an island, if he had thought it proper.” At this answer of the Pythoness, the Cnidians gave over digging, and when Harpagus and his army presented themselves, surrendered their country without striking a blow. This took place about five hundred years before our era; and though we may wonder that a people could be so easily deluded, yet we may impute their weakness to the ignorance of the times in which they lived: but what shall we say to the following similar instance of superstition which was exhibited in Europe, at the close of the 17th century?

In the reign of Charles the Second, king of Spain, a company of Dutchmen offered, at their own risk and expense, to open a water conveyance between Madrid and the sea, upon the condition that they were, for a certain number of years, to have all the tolls levied upon the merchandise which should pass that way. Their plan was to deepen the bed of the Manzanares, and make it navigable to the spot at which it falls into the Tagus, near Aranjuez, and, by means of a canal, to render the latter river passable to Lisbon. The design, if carried into effect, would have been of incalculable advantage to Spain; and it was submitted to the council of Castile, who, after a long and serious deliberation, came to the following remarkable resolution:—“If it had pleased God to make these two rivers navigable, he would not have needed the assist-

of man to do it. Since he has not thought it, it is clear that he has not thought it that they should be navigated. The need enterprise, therefore, appears to be the decrees of his providence, and is empty to correct the imperfections it pleased his wisdom to leave in his!!!"

(To be resumed in our next.)

ANATOMICAL STUDY.

EDITOR,

-There is not at the present moment a more interesting subject than anatomical study, not only from its intrinsic beauty and utility, but from the recent appalling crimes that have thrown such a melancholy shadow over the secrets of the dissecting-

room: blood-stained horrors of the burking have aroused the vigilance of the legislature, and new laws of doubtful utility are proposed to arrest the career of murderous sacrilege, by providing a supply of subjects for anatomical study. But while enactments are in progress, the cause of science is impeded, and the student is deprived of those sources of information, nothing but practical dissection can supply. This is more peculiarly the case with respect to operative surgery, in which many cases occur, where such is the effect of disease, that the structure of the parts (in many vital indeed) is so changed, that but a man intimately acquainted, by repeated and minute dissection, examination, and preparation, with their natural form and position in a healthy state, would be able to recognise them, or be able to operate for their safe and successful removal. An example of this occurred at Bartholomew's, a short time since, in a woman who was operated on successfully by Mr. Earle, for a cancerous tumour in the mouth and jaws, nothing but the most minute knowledge of the parts could have enabled him to perform the operation.

Thus, in every operation, the simplest as well as the most complex, a knowledge of anatomy by dissection is indispensable, and it may be hoped that such enactments will provide, as, without outraging human feelings, may supply sufficient subjects for the use of students, while proper regulations insure their appropriation to the legitimate purposes of study, which is often neglected, and bodies are mangled by students. Rigid attention, and classicism on the part of the demonstrator,

would promote order, and facilitate science; this is done in our classical schools, and why may it not be as beneficially employed in our schools of anatomy? I am not, sir, an anatomist, but surely this, like every other branch of science, is capable of being reduced to the analytical method of study, and thus one body properly distributed might supply daily employment for thirty or forty pupils. The body may be divided into, 1st, the extremities; 2d, the trunk; 3d, the head; 4th, the viscera. The extremities are four, two legs and two arms; these would occupy four classes—1st class, the first layer of muscles in the arm; 2d class, second and third layer of muscles; 3d and 4th classes, the leg; 5th class, the continuing parts of the trunk; 6th class, the head, with the brain and the organs of sight, hearing, smell, and taste; 7th class, the viscera and their parts. Thus a general sketch would be made of anatomical structure, and reference and explanation might be given by means of models, preparations, and lithographic coloured diagrams, the size of life.

Another division might be made on the same principle, of the more advanced pupils, as, class 1st, the arteries; class 2d, the veins; class 3d, the nerves; class 4th, the science of injection, and other anatomical preparations. By such means, a regular course of study would be promoted, and a much smaller number of subjects required weekly, than in the present practice. Each of these classes should have its master, and the students should each in rotation perform the dissection of the part assigned to the class. Hundreds of professional men might be found in London, at present half starving, who could be engaged at a stipulated salary to perform this office, to the great benefit of the students, and the promotion of science. Let not your scientific readers scoff at this *national system*; it has been availably employed in the most complicated sciences of languages and numbers, and why should it not be equally available in anatomy? Mystery has been too long the bane of the medical profession, and it is now time the veil should be removed, and the structure of the frame, even in its most minute parts, as well known as the construction of a clock or steam-engine.

One source of information I cannot omit mentioning before I conclude, which is the Hunterian Museum at Surgeon's Hall; this, for minuteness of detail, variety of specimens, and scientific arrangement, is an invaluable institution to the anatomical pupil, and should be open at stated times to the students of our hospitals and schools of anatomy.

The uniform kindness and intelligence of Mr. Cliff, the conservator, must be gratefully acknowledged by all those who have visited the museum, and it is to be hoped that in the present exigence it will be opened to students on certain hours in each day by tickets from the respective demonstrators. If there are any other collection of a similar kind in our hospitals, they should be opened likewise, and the cause of science would thus be promoted during the progress of the proposed enactments.

Anatomy as a study is so interesting and instructive, that when once commenced *con amore*, it cannot be easily relinquished. Its practical details to the amateur are certainly disgusting, and perhaps few, comparatively, would defile themselves with the "filth and garbage of the dissecting-room," except to follow it as a profession. But many would, and do, study it, for its interest and utility, from prints, models, and preparations, by which a sufficient knowledge of the structure and uses of the several parts may be obtained, as will serve for all the purposes but those of operative surgery, and to such the student may at all times direct his attention with eminent profit; and it cannot be doubted, that in the present emergency every facility will be afforded by our public institutions to forward this desirable object.

Sept. 1832.

E. G. B.

MEMOIR OF THE ECCENTRIC
MR. T. STUCLEY.

MR. STUCLEY.

MR. STUCLEY'S biography, or the characters of persons, who have been remarkable for their deviation from the ordinary practice of mankind, may be useful to the observers of human nature. The following sketch of one of these singularities was originally drawn by a very eminent physician, who knew the man well, by living in the same town in the north of Devonshire.

Thomas Stucley, was the son of Lewis Stucley, the celebrated Independent minister, who was ejected for non-conformity, from the cathedral of Exeter, after the Restoration. On his being silenced, he retired to Bideford, where, having a good fortune, he continued till his death, in 1687. His son, the subject of this article, was born at Bideford, and brought up to the bar, in which profession he might have succeeded to advantage, had he employed his talents with energy. But he wanted steadiness, and, having an estate of a thousand pounds a year, he felt no desire to increase it.

Being once put into motion, he was extremely apt to continue so: and when at rest, he hated moving. By this disposition, when he was prevailed upon by his companions to pass an evening in gaiety, he never desired to change that mode of living, and would have persisted in it, if he could have got them to do the same. He was then as eccentric, and as inclined to motion, as a comet.

In like manner, when he had once become sedentary, by two or three days' staying in his chamber, he hated the thoughts of being put into action again, so that it was not without difficulty he could be brought abroad; like a heavy stone, which has lain some time in one spot, and formed a bed, out of which it is not easily removed.

When he left London, he retired into the country, filled with the project of perfecting the perpetual motion. This naturally kept him much at home, in pursuit of his object; and as no one in the town had resolution enough to reason with him on his conduct, or had sufficient influence to make him alter it, the consequence was, that he kept within doors entirely. During the course of thirty years, he never came abroad but once, and that was when he was obliged to take the oath of allegiance to George the First, in the Town Hall. This was the only time, also, that he changed his shirt, garments, or shaved himself, the whole time of his seclusion. He was a very little man, and at once the dirtiest and cleanliest person alive; washing his hands twenty times a day, not neglecting every other part. In all this long period, he never would have his bed made.

After he had given up all hopes of success in discovering the perpetual motion, he took pleasure in observing the work and policy of ants, with which insects he so plentifully stocked the town, that the gardens suffered considerably by them.

In the reign of Queen Anne, whenever the Duke of Marlborough opened the trenches against any city in Flanders, Mr. Stucley broke ground at the extremity of a floor in his house, and made his approaches regularly with his pick-axe, gaining work after work, which he had chalked out according to the intelligence in the Gazette. His operations were so correctly carried on, that he never failed to take the place in the middle of his floor at Bideford, on the same day that the duke was master of it in Flanders. Thus every captured city cost him a new floor.

He never sat in a chair: and when he chose to warm himself, he had a pit before

into which he jumped, and squatted on the floor.

A person was admitted to his presence, the heir of his estate, his brother and : the first when he sent for him, was but rarely, the others sometimes a year, and then he would be very full, and talkative of the tittle-tattle of own. His family consisted of two servants, but only one of them slept in the house. Notwithstanding this singular and apparent avarice, he was by no means covetous. On the contrary, during the whole time of his retirement, he neither asked nor asked for any rent from his tenants : and those who brought him money, he would sometimes keep at an interval of several days, pay all their expenses, and send them back without taking a penny.

He lived well in his house, and frequently gave alms to the poor : always with large joints on his table, and never suffered the same to be brought before him twice. At Christmas he divided a considerable sum among the necessitous of the town. He seemed to be afraid of two things only : one, being murdered for his money ; and the other, being infected with a contagious disease. Under these apprehensions, he would sometimes send his servant to borrow a half-crown from his neighbours, to hint that he was poor : and when he lay in bed against fever, he wore a hat tarred with pitch, and fumigated all the letters or papers which were brought to him, and received his medicine in a basin of water.

He never kept his cash under lock and key, but piled it up on the shelves, before the fire in his kitchen. In his bedroom, into which no servant was allowed to enter, he had two thousand pounds on the top of a low chest of drawers, covered with dust ; and there were five hundred more on the floor, where, at the time of his death, they had lain five-and-twenty years. This last sum, a child who was fond of playing with, had run down, by oversetting a small table on which it stood, and which also, ever since, continued in the same situation. Although this money he had made two thirds by kicking the pieces aside as he walked : one of which led from the door to the chimney ; the other from the window to the door.

When he quitted the Temple, he left an old portmanteau over the portal of the chamber, where it remained undisturbed many years, during which time the room had been occupied by several persons. At last, the gentleman who took

possession of them, being about to make some alterations, ordered his servant to pull down the portmanteau ; in doing which, it broke, by being rotten, and out fell four or five hundred pieces of gold, the owner of which was ascertained by some papers that were found with them. There was no reason also to believe that he had placed some thousands in the hands of a banker, or tradesman, in London, without the precaution of taking any memorandum, or acknowledgment. All these sums, however, were lost to his heirs, as he never would say to whom he had lent the same, through fear, perhaps, lest he should hear that the money was lost ; which some minds can bear to suspect, though not to know for a certainty.

After leading this useless life of a recluse above thirty years, Mr. Stucley was found dead in his bed covered with vermin. His remains were interred with his ancestors, in the vault of the church of West Worlington, the advowson of which rectory is still possessed by the family.

Mrs. Sarah Stucley, the sister of this extraordinary being, founded and endowed the Grammar-school of Bideford. The nephew and heir at law, Lewis Stucley, was a barrister and recorder of Bideford. He was the last of the male line of this ancient family. Lewis William Buck, Esq., of Daddon, and late member for Exeter, inherits the estates of the Stucleys, by female descent.

ANECDOTE OF DR. BARROW.

EXEMPLIFYING THE FORCE OF PREJUDICE AND EXAMPLE.

MR. EDITOR,
SIR,—Of this profoundly learned, and, I will add, eloquent divine, Dr. Barrow, you have lately given an appropriate character. I should have wished to see a fuller memoir ; in the absence of which, be pleased to accept the following curious anecdote, as related by his friend Dr. Walter Pope, author of that excellent Horatian song, "The Old Man's Wish."

"Dr. Barrow was a very liberal man, and an excellent preacher ; though his personal appearance, like that of St. Paul, was far from prepossessing. At the beginning of the Restoration, Dr., afterwards Bishop Wilkins, desired him to preach at his church, of St. Lawrence, Jewry, then, perhaps, the most popular pulpit in the city. The church was full, and great was the sensation when Dr. Barrow made his appearance, with an aspect pale, meagre, and unpromising, slovenly and carelessly dressed, his collar unbuttoned, and his hair un-

combed. Thus accoutred, he mounted the pulpit, began his prayer, which, whether he did read or not, I cannot positively assert or deny. Immediately all the congregation was in an uproar, as if the church were falling, and they scampering to save their lives, each shifting for himself with great precipitation. There was such a noise of pattens of serving maids and ordinary women, and of unlocking of pews, and of cracking of seats, caused by the younger sort hastily climbing over them, that, I confess, I thought all the congregation were mad; but the good Doctor, seeming not to take notice of this disturbance, proceeded, named his text, and preached his sermon, to two or three gathered, or rather left together; of which number, as it fortunately happened, Mr. Baxter, that eminent nonconformist, was one; who afterwards gave Dr. Wilkins a visit, and commended the sermon to that degree, that he said, he never heard a better discourse. There was also amongst those who stayed out the sermon, a certain young man, who thus accosted Dr. Barrow, as he came down from the pulpit, "Sir, be not dismayed, for I assure you, it was a good sermon." By his age and dress, he seemed to be an apprentice, or, at the best, a foreman of a shop; but we never heard more of him.

"I asked the Doctor, what he thought when he saw the congregation running away from him? "I thought," said he, "they did not like me or my sermon, and I had no reason to be angry with them for that."—"But what was your opinion," said I, "of the apprentice?"—"I take him," replied he, "to be a very civil person; and if I could meet with him, I'd present him with a bottle of wine." There were then in the parish, a company of formal, grave, and wealthy citizens, who, having been many years under famous ministers, as Dr. Wilkins, Bishop Ward, Bishop Reynolds, Mr. Vines, &c. had a great opinion of their skill in divinity, and of their ability to judge of the goodness and badness of sermons. Many of these came in a body to Dr. Wilkins, to expostulate with him, why he suffered such an ignorant, scandalous fellow, meaning Dr. Barrow, to have the use of his pulpit: I cannot precisely tell whether it was the same day, or some time after in that week, but I am certain it happened to be when Mr. Baxter was with Dr. Wilkins. They came, as I said before, in full cry, saying, they wondered he should permit such a man to preach before them, who looked like a starved cavalier, who had been long

sequestered, and out of his living for delinquency, and came up to London to beg, now the king was restored; and much more to this purpose. He let them run out of breath; and when they had done speaking, and expected an humble, submissive answer, he replied to them in this manner:

"The person you thus despise, I assure you, is a pious man, an eminent scholar, and an excellent preacher; for the truth of the last, I appeal to Mr. Baxter here present, who heard the sermon you so vilify. I am sure you believe Mr. Baxter is a competent judge, and will pronounce according to truth." Then turning to him, "Pray, sir," said he, "do me the favour to declare your opinion concerning the sermon now in controversy, which you heard at our church the last Sunday." Then did Mr. Baxter very candidly give the sermon the praise it deserved; nay, more, he said that "Dr. Barrow preached so well, that he could willingly have been his auditor all day long." When they heard Mr. Baxter give him this high encomium, they were pricked in their hearts, and all of them became ashamed, confounded, and speechless; for though they had a good opinion of themselves, yet they durst not pretend to be equal to Mr. Baxter; but, at length, after some pause, they all, one after another, confessed they did not hear one word of the sermon, but were carried to dislike it, by his unpromising garb and mien, the reading of his prayer, and the going away of the congregation; for they would not by any means have it thought, if they had heard the sermon, they should not have concurred with the judgment of Mr. Baxter.

"After their shame was a little over, they earnestly desired Dr. Wilkins to procure Dr. Barrow to preach again, engaging themselves to make him amends, by bringing to his sermon their wives and children, their man-servants and maid-servants, in a word, their whole families, and to enjoin them not to leave the church till the blessing was pronounced." Dr. Wilkins promised to use his utmost endeavour for their satisfaction, and accordingly solicited Dr. Barrow to appear once more upon that stage: but all in vain; for he would not by any persuasions be prevailed upon to comply with the request of such conceited, hypocritical coxcombs."

AVARICIOUS CHARACTERS.

THE greatest endowments of the mind, the greatest abilities in a profession, and

ne quiet possession of an immense e, will never prevail against avarice. Lord Chancellor Hardwick, when eight hundred thousand pounds, set ne value upon half a crown, as when s worth only one hundred pounds. reat captain the Duke of Marlborough, he was in the last stage of life, and nfirm, would walk from the public in Bath to his lodgings, in a cold ight, to save sixpence in chair hire : d worth more than a million and a erling, which was inherited by a on of Lord Trevor's, who had been f his enemies. Sir James Lowther, hanging a piece of silver, and paying nce for a dish of coffee in George's house, was helped into his chariot, e was then very lame and infirm,) ent home : some little time after, he d to the same coffee-house, on pur- o acquaint the woman who kept it e had given him a bad halfpenny, emanded another in exchange for it. mes had about forty thousand pounds num, and was at a loss whom to it his heir. I knew one Sir Thomas , who lived at Kensington, and was, s, a commissioner in the victualling he killed himself by rising in the when he was under the effect of a fic, and going down stairs to look for y of his cellar, which he had inad- ly left on a table in his parlour :—he pprehensive his servants might seize y, and deprive him of a bottle of

This man died intestate, and left than two hundred thousand pounds funds, which was shared among five day-labourers, who were his nearest es.—*Dr. King's Anecdotes.*

A REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

MARKABLE circumstance, we were in- d, occurred near this place about three before. A poor woman, who owed dlord fourteen pounds, scraped seven er, which she brought him. But he tely refused to take less than the , yet detained her in talk till evening. en set out on a car. When she was a mile of home, she overtook a , who said he was exceedingly tired, urningly entreated her to let him ride er on the car, to which she at length ited. When they came to her house, g there was no town within two miles, gged that he might sit by the fireside e morning. She told him she durst ffer it, as her's was a lone house, and was none in it but herself and her girl :

but at last she agreed he should lie in the girl's bed, and she and the girl would lie together. At midnight, two men, who had blackened their faces, broke into the house, and demanded her money. She said, "Then let me go into the next room and fetch it." Going in, she said to the soldier, "You have requited me well for my kindness, by bringing your comrades to rob my house." He asked, "Where are they?" She said, "In the next room." He started up, and ran thither. The men ran away with all speed. He fired after them, and shot one dead ; who, being examined, appeared to be her landlord ! So that a soldier was sent to protect an innocent woman, and punish a hardened villain !—*Wesley's Journal.*

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE mean temperature of August, was 65 $\frac{3}{4}$ degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. The maximum of 72 degrees occurred on the mornings of the 10th and 11th, with a south-westerly wind. The minimum, which was 57 degrees, was observed on the 29th, when the direction of the wind was westerly. The range of the thermometer was 15 degrees, and the prevailing wind south-west. The direction of the wind has been south-westerly 12 days ; westerly 7 $\frac{1}{2}$; north-westerly 5 ; southerly 2 $\frac{1}{2}$; easterly 2 ; south-easterly 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; and northerly $\frac{3}{4}$.

Rain has fallen on 21 days, and 12 have been accompanied with wind : the 27th was attended with a considerable gale from the south-west. On the evening of the 2d, a heavy shower fell, accompanied with thunder ; the electric fluid descended in the Thames, and proved fatal to two individuals in a wherry : it appeared that an umbrella was the conductor. Heat-lightning occurred on the evening of the 14th.

POETRY.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF DOCTOR ADAM CLARKE,

(WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE, AUGUST 26TH, 1832.)

LET others sing of beauty, wit, or wars,
I trace the gloomy records of the dead ;
For Venus, Mercury, Apollo, Mars,
I weave no garland, I no tears can shed :
The Scholar, Christian, Preacher, I deplore,
The able Commentator, sound Divine,
For CLARKE with dignity those titles bore,
To him my muse shall consecrate the line,
And round this *British Oak*, my Christian myrtle
twine.
Not for myself, but for the Church I feel ;
What power on earth can countervail the loss !
Ah ! who, the *sudden*, awful stroke can heal ?
Or, add so bright a lustre to the Cross ?
For now he sleeps beneath the silent clod,
Beside his Wesley,—name for ever dear !
He meets his father in the realms of God,
Who hails him to that beatific sphere,
Where tears are never shed, for all are happy there !

Princes and kings may vanish or appear,
Thrones seldom want the regency supplied;
This not a welcome gets, nor that a tear,
Such slender tribute have the sons of pride:
But time and patience, genius and thought,
Alone can make the seer, the scholar, sage:
Crowns may be won in war, for lucre bought,
But who can fill the mind-illumin'd page,
Or flash, like Clarke, bright truth across the age?

What, though the frost of seventy years had cast
A hoary whiteness, still his mental powers
Were lucid, rich, and vigorous to the last;
The Spring, though fled, had left undying flowers,
And richest, ripest, undecaying fruit,
To please the mental and the moral taste,
Such as might every various palate suit,
The flow of intellect, *without a waste*,
For he with all the mind's *vast wealth* was grac'd.

The mighty ocean of delightful truth,
He circumnavigated night and day;
He promised at the *altar*, when a youth,
To make the *Bible* his delight and stay:
Hence, richly furnish'd from that sacred mine,
His ample mind was to overflowing stor'd:
He saw the Holy Teacher's vast design,
Enamour'd, as the ocean he explor'd,
A well-instructed scribe, to serve his risen Lord.

The sacred pulpit was his favourite place,
And thousands on his lips delighted hung,
While the rich treasures of redeeming grace,
And God's philanthropy, flow'd from his tongue:
There he was always home, the theme was dear,
It flowed as from the fountain deep within,
The weak to strengthen, the dejected cheer,
And save the lost from wretchedness and sin,
That they might grace and life eternal win.

He saw the drift, the object, end, and aim,
Of Heaven's benevolence to mortal man,
And pour'd a flood of light upon the scheme
We call redemption's covenanted plan;
Its height, its depth, its breadth, its length, he saw,
Budding in Paradise, but blooming fair
Upon the Cross, when love repeal'd the law,
Sad covenant of works, no hope was there,
Till mercy died to cancel man's despair!

Learning, though he had pluck'd her richest flowers,
Was but the second jewel in his crown;
Without the aid of academic bowers,
He rose to *greatness, dignity, renown*;
Some follow fame, and worship at her shrine,
But she was emulous to court his eye,
To sound his trumpet, and his temples twine,
For truth and learning give the goddess joy—
She *courted* him, for he was ever coy.

Full fifty years, he spread the bleeding cross,
And toil'd and suffer'd in his Master's cause;
Hence, pure Religion mourns the sage's loss,
Who made his life a *comment* on her laws:
For, sure, his mind was ample as his need;
He grasp'd the ransom'd family of man,
And long'd to see the life-eternal seed,
Spreading its bloom from Shetland to Japan;
Free general grace was his beloved plan.

Science, philosophy, and learning wove
A wreath, to deck his venerable brow;
But he delighted most of all to rove
Near Siloa's font, with Wesley, Baxter, Howe:
The Lamb! his honour'd, chosen, darling theme,
Though wits might sneer, and infidels condemn,
Content, if good men bless, and wise esteem,
To fix his tent among the tribes of Shem;
He lov'd his people, and he dwelt with them.

He had his spots, and spots are in the sun,
To err is human, since the general fall;
But now, (the thread of shame and glory spun,)
Where shall we find his equal, all in all?
Explore the Emerald Isle, or Albion's shore,
Or Scotia's heathy hills, the search is vain,
For deep research, pure zeal, and pious lore,
"We shall not quickly see his like again,"
In these fair Isles, or o'er the Atlantic main!

The love he bore to learning was a mote,
If Goths and Vandals as a jury sit;
But grant the Christian world a single vote,
And every saint will canonize his wit:
He pour'd his soul along the nervous line—
A truce to critics, he was full of zeal;
Hence, if his compositions be not fine,
There is no apathy—we read, and feel:
He wrote, like Baxter, for the common weal.

Mourn, Shetland, mourn! for thou hast lost a friend;
Weep, fair Ierne! for thy favour'd son;
Daughter of Zion, o'er his ashes bend,
And let thy tearful eyes like fountains run.
Come, fair Benevolence, and o'er his grave
Thy weeping willow plant, to shade his tomb,
Let many an Irish child and negro slave
Embalm his name in gratitude's perfume,
And may his works and worth to distant ages bloom.

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

DR. ADAM CLARKE.

[The following Lines were written in a Lady's Album, by Dr. Clarke; and as a copy was presented to a friend as a great favour, but not to be given to any one till the Doctor's death, I presume it has not been yet published.] W. F.

"I HAVE enjoyed the Spring of life;
I have endured the toils of Summer;
I have culled the fruits of Autumn;
I am passing through the rigours of Winter;
And am neither forsaken of God,
Nor abandoned of man.

I see at no great distance the dawn of a new day,

The first of a Spring that shall be Eternal;
It is advancing to meet me;—

I haste to embrace it:

Welcome! welcome! eternal Spring!

Hallelujah!"

Liverpool, May 10, 1830.

ADAM CLARKE.

CAMELODUNUM; OR, COLCHESTER.

On this delightful hill, once rude and wild,
(Encircled as you see by yonder stream,)
With underwood entangled, and o'ergrown
With aged oaks,
Our rude forefathers form'd a settlement.
Their sylvan town, to *nature*, not to *art*,
Owed its defence,
The wall, the fosse, the castellated tower,
Were all supplied by British valour.
The Roman eagle, rear'd in sunny climes,
Wing'd his destructive way across the strait
Which severs Albion from the Gallic coast.
Then, 'midst our woods and wilds,
The din of war startled the ear;
The painted chief, surrounded by his bowmen,
Bravely fought, when Rome's imperial cohorts
First essayed to try their strength
With Kent's unconquer'd sons.

Just where the beauteous Colne meandering flows,
In evil hour, the foreign scout descried the rising smoke

Tow'ring aloft above the foliage of the topmost trees.
And hither all the hardy sons of Rome,
Thirsting for conquest, urged their dauntless way;
While Britain's chieftain, last of all his train,
Retreated, as a lion leaves his lair.

Then *first* on Albion's coast Pomona smil'd,
And Ceres raised her head.

Here, where the stedfast oak had stood for ages,
Tower'd the sacred Fane.

There baths and battlements, turrets and towers,
Were rising to perfection,
When Boadicea, by revenge inspired,
Came rolling onward like a winter's flood,
And swept the infant colony away.

n'd town rose, like a phoenix,
ie flames of war,
ve the world (so Providence ordained)
l Cæsar, first of Christian kings,

lon declined in days of yore,
ia perished, Macedonia fell,
t of all, great mistress of the world
l Rome.
rdian power withdrawn,
tish towns lay open to the foe,
tish warriors, and the Scottish clans;
nish pirates came across the sea,
rag'd all the coast,
ally, the Saxon power prevail'd,
itain saw the Heptarchy complete.

William's doubtful title was enforced,
en made clear and valid by success,
nder ruin'd tower the curfew toll'd,
nish'd joy from every British hearth.
er more may civil discord desolate the land:
ig remember'd are the feuds of war!
: the mind reverts to by-gone days,
isle and Lucas, lovely in their lives,
h were not divided.

ise they warmly cherished,
e befell them; and in one
n grave, their mouldering ashes sleep.
w the trump of war no longer sounds,
ain's peaceful shore,
Druids worshipp'd, where the Romans rul'd,
altars stood, to Theor and Woden rais'd,
d of heaven is worshipp'd, fear'd, ador'd,
the living charities of life
nd flourish.

W. SHARP.

LINES ON PARTING.

t—again we part—the hues of life
mrose hues, that bloom and pass away;
ends in weeping, misery, and strife,
-liv'd dreaming is its longest day.

asure's lap the bright and brief caressing,
rom the grasp, as fleeting as 'tis fair;
icy-pinion'd hours of bliss and blessing,
ought behind but vanity and care.

'n on earth, all sullied as it is,
art can find its summer-time of flowers,
, though distant from the land of bliss,
dim wilderness sweet resting bowers.

ien it meets again after long years,
v, the lov'd ones of this earth's dim sphere,
with them of its God, and prays, and hears,
xt world's happiness half imaged here!

ul is bright again, when sun and breeze
's face,—God's Spirit,) shine and hover near it,
d it looks by faith, and clearly sees
ams of love its Saviour sends to cheer it!

ps in flowers—the Spirit of the Dove
peace o'er heart and mind, o'er hill and plain,
indred souls it feels the warmth of love,
most fancies earth is heaven again!

s not long, the world's dim coil is o'er us,
comes to leave the sunny spot behind,
r extent of desert spreads before us,
no sweet resting-place our wings may find!

o this earth,—'tis all a place of sadness,
e of misery, a land of toil,
-beaming happiness, fond joy, and gladness,
ants that cannot grow in this low soil.

et us part—and if to meet no more
se our bodies of vile sin and guilt,
ll,—our souls shall meet on heav'n's far shore,
lovely in the blood which Jesus spilt.

e will part, and cheerfully we'll part!
ot, my friends, to meet again on earth;
1! that we may meet where cares depart,
bright region of eternal birth!

W. P. SPARKS.

REVIEW.—*Essays tending to prove Animal Restoration.* By Samuel Thompson, Wesleyan Minister. Newcastle. 12mo. pp. 235.

SEVERAL months have elapsed since this book came into our hands, and we can only say to the author, by way of apology for our delay, that we have still many on our shelves that have had a lodgment there during a much longer period.

Of these Essays, the former parts have nothing more than a preliminary connexion with the question professedly discussed, and in the latter portions, the author has rather collected and urged what may be advanced in favour of his position, than examined the subject in its various bearings, and combated the formidable objections to which his theory is liable.

It will be readily allowed, that the author has given to his hypothesis a plausible aspect; and, on a supposition that in his investigations he has circumscribed the whole arcanum of facts, he will appear in the estimation of many to have established the theory for which he contends. But when, on the contrary, we find that he has ranged through an ample field, and only culled those arguments, and employed those reasonings, that were calculated to suit his particular purpose, leaving hostile propositions behind; we begin to hesitate, to demur, and, finally, to doubt if his reasonings are accurate, and his conclusions fair.

That many great and good men have advocated the doctrine of animal restitution in a future state, numerous passages scattered throughout their writings abundantly prove. It is also an undeniable fact, that many strong and powerful arguments have been, and may be urged on the side of the question which Mr. Thompson has espoused. We are not, however, convinced that the sufferings of animals in the present state, can furnish that ground for compensation hereafter, on which its advocates seem greatly to rely. If this basis were legitimate, we see no reason why the suffering branches of the human family should not also be compensated hereafter for their privations here; and on this ground every argument that might be advanced in favour of brutes, would apply with still greater force to the wretched offspring of Adam.

Rewards and puishments hereafter, are connected with virtue and vice, which enter immediately into the moral region, and presuppose the existence of a moral nature, which brutes can hardly be presumed to possess. If brutes are to be rewarded for suffering, ought they not on the same prin-

ciple, to be punished for the mischief which many of them do? Without this, it may be fairly argued, that their condition is superior to that of man. A future compensation for present suffering implies the power of connecting both together, otherwise the animal will never know that it receives a remuneration. It does not appear, from any knowledge which we have of animals, that they are capable of doing either moral good or evil, and, therefore, we have no legitimate ground on which to conclude that they can have any claim on future rewards or punishments.

It is argued in favour of brutes, that they were originally designed by the Almighty for certain enjoyments, of which they have been deprived by the wickedness of man; that the purposes of God cannot ultimately be defeated, and therefore they shall receive in another state, a compensation for what they have lost in this. Plausible as this may appear, it will not stand the test of a rigorous scrutiny. We cannot doubt that the Almighty primarily designed mankind for happiness. Sin, however, has defeated his purpose, and, with fallen angels and finally impenitent human spirits, it will remain defeated for ever. Analogy will carry our conclusions to the brute creation.

It is not, however, our province to enter on the ground of disputation with the author. The liberty of opinion is his inherent birthright; and from the plain, and undisguised manner in which it is avowed, he commands our attention and respect. We can have no objection to his conclusions, if persuaded that they were fairly established; for no one can suppose that the immortal happiness of animals will lessen that portion of felicity which falls to the lot of man. But when we perceive a theory, which in its wide embrace must include, not only the larger species, but reptiles, and vermin which we need not name; the conclusion appears too formidable to be adopted, and in its revulsion menaces with destruction the parent that gave it birth. Indeed, if the chain be not broken between man, and the next link as we descend, it is more than doubtful if the same theory will not carry its operations into the vegetable kingdom, and confer immortality on turnips, leeks, and onions.

But we have done: "A disputable point is no man's ground." Mr. Thompson has concentrated in his pages nearly all that we could expect to find, in favour of the subject. To his reasonings and arguments, we readily assign due weight and influence; and, although not converts to his hypothesis, we hesitate not to admit that the

side to which we adhere is not without its difficulties. That the question is speculatively important, every thinking person must allow; and to all who feel an interest in its investigation and decision, on either side, we sincerely recommend an attentive perusal of this book. To those who view the subject as it has been surveyed by Mr. Thompson, his arguments will appear unanswerable; and although, with others, the tide of opinion may run strongly in an opposite channel, no person has a right to treat what he has advanced with indifference or contempt, without first neutralizing the energy of his observations.

REVIEW.—*Practical Essay on Entire Sanctification.* By A. Watmough, 12mo. pp. 124. Mason. London.

ON all works that inculcate doctrines advocated by one sect, and denied by another, a diversity of opinion will be entertained. Approbation on the one side is counterbalanced by the protests of the other, and the public are left to decide between the arguments advanced, and the objections urged; in this state of indecision, nearly all controversial subjects rest.

Mr. Watmough espouses the opinion embraced by the late Mr. Wesley, among whose followers, we apprehend, he is a regular minister, and argues in this treatise, that an entire sanctification of the soul is attainable in this present life. In favour of this sentiment he has produced very many plain and unequivocal passages of scripture, and named several persons in whom the doctrine for which he contends received a living exemplification. His reasonings on the possibility and probability of the fact are energetic and commanding. He contends that the nature, power, and will of God are decidedly in favour of this doctrine, and that in his revealed word we are expressly assured, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

It is somewhat remarkable, that in this latter position all professing Christians agree; but when they proceed to inquire into the *when* and *how*, their reasonings and conclusions assume very different aspects. Hence, the Papists have invented a purgatory, to purify the soul by fire; and the followers of Calvin have contrived, in the moment of dissolution, to transfer the remains of spiritual corruption from the soul to the body, from which it will probably be ultimately detached by decomposition, and never heard of more. The Quaker friends contend for holiness in this present life,

and the church of England prays that God would "cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of his Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love him, and worthily magnify his holy name."

But independently of all systems, creeds, and dogmas, the grand question is, What saith the Spirit of God in the scriptures? To this immutable standard we must ultimately repair, and by its declarations we must finally be guided. Here Mr. Watmough finds an impregnable fortress, and lodges in security. How long before death this great work is to be accomplished, he does not presume to determine. His reasonings, however, tend to this point, that if only one minute be granted, the principle may be extended to five, to a day, to a week, to a month, to a year. He that can forgive sin, can also cleanse from all unrighteousness; and no limits can be imposed on the Divine operation in the one case, more than in the other.

In the early part of his book, Mr. Watmough has explicitly defined the terms he uses, shewing what he does not mean, and also what he does. Thus clearing a foundation, the scriptures furnish him with a goodly supply of corner-stones; and with these, and a variety of inferences from passages quoted, together with arguments and reasonings of a coincident character, he rears the edifice which we now inspect.

REVIEW.—*The Truths of Revelation demonstrated, by an Appeal to existing Monuments, Sculptures, Gems, Coins, and Medals. By a Fellow of several learned Societies. 12mo. pp. 294. Longman. London. 1831.*

THE author of this work derives his evidences in favour of revelation and the truths it contains, from sources, which few only have either the means, the opportunity, or the ability to explore. Historical documents are without doubt of inestimable value; the internal evidence of genuineness which the sacred writings supply, carry conviction to every impartial mind; and reasonings founded on given data, leave scepticism with but scanty possessions in the field of doubt.

Diverse from all the preceding, the author of this book turns his attention to more tangible objects. He explores, in retrospection, the productions of departed ages, picks up fragments from among the spoils of time, and calls upon marble and metal to give their testimony. By an appeal to existing monuments, sculptures,

gems, coins, and medals, he has rendered the museums of antiquarians subservient to his purpose, and drawn from them a body of evidence too formidable for the reflecting and dispassionate either to gainsay or resist.

When fragments of art, memorials of great events, and animal remains, grown venerable by age, appeal to our senses, departed occurrences seem to obtain a mental resuscitation, and to flit before the organs of vision. These speak a language that cannot be misunderstood; and when they are distinguished by dates and inscriptions, still legible and intelligible, we are transported in a moment into a remote period of antiquity, to converse with generations, and mingle with incidents and transactions, of whose existence we can no longer doubt.

This is precisely the situation in which we are placed by the author of the book before us. On history, science, and antiquity, he has levied an impost, and they readily pay their contributions. With the numerous coins and medals, whose inscriptions bear testimony to events recorded in scripture, we have been forcibly struck; they furnish a valuable species of evidence, because they will stamp the seal of conviction, on many minds, more indelibly than it could be impressed by any language or reasoning, and confirm, by their actual existence, the facts which revelation communicates on the credit of its own authority. The sources of evidence thus explored, yield a powerful auxiliary, to co-operate with other branches, that have been, and may be, adduced in favour of revelation.

REVIEW.—*An Offering of Sympathy to Parents bereaved of their Children, and to others under Affliction, &c. 12mo. pp. 240. Simpkin. London, 1832.*

THIS little volume is avowedly a compilation from manuscripts and letters not before published. To this is added an appendix, of selections from various authors, several of whom are of established reputation. The volume is of American origin, whence it has found its way across the Atlantic, and, in this country, having attracted attention, it now appears in an English edition.

The various authors of these documents seem to have explored all the sources of consolation which Christianity affords, and to have availed themselves of all the motives for resignation to the dispensations of Divine providence, which reason suggests, and religion inculcates. In many cases they will administer balm to the wounded spirit; but there are others too deep, and too severe,

for any human lenitives to reach. In these extreme bereavements, an application by prayer to the throne of grace is strongly recommended to the sufferer, that patience and resignation may have their perfect work, and lead to a reliance on the Divine wisdom and goodness, even while clouds and shadows conceal the motives which cause the heart to bleed.

The great and formidable obstacle which this book has to encounter, while administering consolation to a pious mind, is, the apprehension lest those over whom we mourn should not have their names written in the book of life. Here the only anchorage is, the Judge of the whole earth will do right; and in his justice, clemency, and mercy, submission to his will is a duty which we owe to his commands, and to our own peace of mind.

To the remembrance of many, these pages will suggest motives of sterling importance, which in the tide of sorrow might be forgotten or overlooked. These will have a powerful influence on the living, although they cannot affect the dead; and through their operation, tribulation may work patience, and patience experience, and experience hope. It is a work that is piously designed, and ably executed; and if carefully perused, will administer tranquillity to multitudes, who think that their woes can admit of no alleviation. It is, on the whole, the best book, within a narrow compass, that we ever recollect to have seen written avowedly on this momentous subject.

REVIEW.—*A Text-Book of Popery, comprising a brief History of the Council of Trent, a Translation of its Documents, Decrees, and copious Extracts from the Catechism published by its Authority, &c. By J. M. Cramp. 12mo. pp. 450. Holdsworth. London.*

AGAINST the method which the author has adopted to bring popery fairly before the public, we think no papist can reasonably urge any weighty objection. The council of Trent is admitted by all parties to furnish a legitimate source of authority; and while its decrees shall remain unrepealed, the picture of popery which it presents to the world, must be allowed to exhibit a faithful representation of its likeness.

It would occupy more room than we can spare, even to enumerate the expedients to which the doctors of the Romish church have resorted, to countenance the monstrous absurdities that have crept into this unholy communion.

The second commandment, which prohibits idolatry, is wholly suppressed in Butler's Catechism, a work extensively circulated in Ireland; and the tenth is divided into two parts, to preserve the number. The word "repentance" is almost invariably translated "penance." "The sacrifice of the mass," "pilgrimage," "tradition," "human merit," and the "fire of purgatory," are equally indebted to similar interpolations, and forced translations, for their existence.

On the subject of transubstantiation, the author quotes several pages from the Council of Trent, which are too extended to be transcribed. The following passage, however, conveys a correct idea of their import.

"Since, therefore, Christ our Redeemer affirmed that it was truly his body which was presented under the species of bread, the church of God hath always held, and this holy council doth now renew the declaration, that by the consecration of the bread and wine, the whole substance of the bread is converted into the substance of the body of Christ our Lord, and the whole substance of the wine into the substance of his blood; which conversion is by the holy Catholic church fitly and properly called transubstantiation."—p. 153.

After thus citing from the decrees of the Council of Trent, which will remain to the latest generations as a monument suspended on the gibbet of infamy, a variety of passages, the author exposes their enormity, and the insults which they offer to all legitimate reasoning, and to the dictates of common sense, in a copious assemblage of smartly-written notes. This is judiciously done, that the poison may not be propagated without its accompanying antidote. These notes he does not profess to be wholly original. Many of them have been long before the world in various forms. The enemy has nibbled at them, but they are too strongly fortified with truth to be demolished, either by jesuitical sophistry, the sorceries of criticism, or the thunders of the Vatican.

When the infant is arrested in its cradle, and fetters are imposed on the intellect before it has acquired its natural energy, it is impossible to say what it may not be persuaded or compelled to believe, especially when sanctioned by the prevalence of example, and terrified by priestly fulminations, if it presume to doubt. But where the understanding has attained a state of maturity, and ecclesiastical anathemas are unaccompanied with physical power, we should imagine that no person of sound mind, after reading this book, can become a convert to popery, or hear its dogmas without indulging the sneer of virtuous indignation.

REVIEW.—*The History of Charlemagne ; with a Sketch of the State and History of France, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the Rise of the Carlovingian Dynasty.* By G. P. R. James, Esq. 8vo. pp. 520. Longman. London, 1832.

THERE can be no doubt that Charlemagne, in the ample fields of policy, government, and war, was the greatest man of the age in which he lived. When surrounding luminaries were sinking beneath the horizon, or retiring behind clouds from which they never afterwards emerged, he arose like a star of the first magnitude, and imparted a steady lustre to the hemisphere in which he shone.

Amidst the desolation of nations, he appeared as a monumental beacon, and held forth a torch to guide despairing intellect across the morass of confusion, where the mighty Roman empire found its grave, to a region in which civilization might erect her standard, and prevent barbarism from obtaining universal dominion over the inhabitants of the earth. His intellectual energies, wisdom, and courage were suited to the exigencies of his times ; and although more than a thousand centuries have elapsed since the period in which he flourished, many of his institutions still remain, nor is it probable that they will ever be discarded, until the nations of Europe shall mingle with the savage hordes that prowl through the deserts of the world.

The reign of Charlemagne extended through nearly forty-seven years, during which period he rekindled that light which the dissolution of the Roman empire had nearly extinguished, and concentrated in himself a considerable portion of the power which the conquering barbarians had dispersed. It is, therefore, both pleasing and instructive to trace the biography of so celebrated an individual, pursuing his march through a region of comparative darkness, and, under such disadvantageous circumstances, to follow the movements of his powerful mind, amidst the evolutions of its exercise, and the perils of its adventures. This very important task, Mr. James has undertaken, and accomplished in the volume before us, in a manner that can hardly fail to prove satisfactory to every impartial reader.

There can be little doubt that the compilation of this work has been attended with considerable difficulties. Of transactions so remote, many records must have been found obscure ; and the occasions were not few, in which the events were very differently represented. Between these conflicting memorials the author had to steer

his way, with only probability for his guide. If, therefore, in some subordinate particulars, his narration is not so explicit as could be wished, there can be no difficulty in tracing the obscurity to its proper source.

In all the great and leading characteristics of Charlemagne, we perceive no deficiency, which the historian can be expected to supply, and in occurrences of inferior magnitude we have no particular interest. The condition of the surrounding nations at that period, is a subject of far greater importance. To this the author has transiently directed our attention in his sketch of the history of France, for, without this, the spirit of his hero would want an arena in which to display its operations.

Having pursued this mighty monarch through his vicissitudes of peace and war, and, finally, seen him gathered to the sleep of his fathers, A.D. 814, in the seventy-second year of his age, and the forty-seventh of his reign, Mr. James thus concludes the concentration of rays which form his character ; and with this brief extract we take our leave of the author, his hero, and his book.

"He (Charlemagne,) was sober and abstemious in his food, and simple to an extreme in his garments. Passionately fond of robust exercises, they formed his great relaxation and amusement ; but he never neglected the business of the public for his private pleasure, nor yielded one moment to repose or enjoyment, which could be more profitably employed. His activity, his quickness, and his indefatigable energy in conducting the affairs of state, having already been spoken of at large, it only remains to be said, that in private life he was gentle, cheerful, affectionate, and kind ;—and that, with his dignity guarded by virtues, talents, and mighty renown, he frequently laid aside the pomp of empire, and the sternness of command.

"No man, perhaps, that ever lived, combined in so high a degree those qualities which rule men and direct events, with those which endear the possessor, and attach his contemporaries. No man was ever more trusted and loved by his people, more respected and feared by other kings, more esteemed in his life-time, or more regretted at his death."—p. 499.

REVIEW.—*A Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden, with Calendars for the Work required in the Orchard and Kitchen Garden every Month in the Year.* By George Lindley, C. M. H. S. &c. 8vo. pp. 632. Longman. London. 1832.

THE author of this volume appears to be chiefly indebted for the information he communicates to practical observation, which every one must allow to be the only rational source of real knowledge. To the common reader, however, it will be found a work of no great interest. It is among gardeners, horticulturists, and the scientific pupils of

Pomona, that it must look for support, and to these it will prove of no inconsiderable value.

There can be no doubt that this has been a work of great labour to the author. His experiments must have been numerous, and his diligence in watching their results unremitting. Into this account must be taken the seasons of the year, heat, cold, sunshine, and rain, together with the shelter, exposure, age, and character of the articles cultivated; and also the soil and aspect best calculated to bring them to perfection. These, for common purposes, are subjects far more interesting and useful than scientific names, genus, species, and classification; and to these the author has paid particular attention, without neglecting those branches on which science has an imperious claim.

On the selection of seeds, plants, grafts; on planting, training, watching their progress, both in luxuriance and tardy growth; and on their treatment and manure when sickly, or in full vigour, the author has given ample and diversified directions, from which the most unskilful in horticulture may derive much useful information. It is a work which no scientific gardener should be without, in what situation soever he may be placed. He will, no doubt, find many things with which he is already intimately acquainted; but it can hardly be questioned that others will appear, on which he may be glad to receive information. Even a solitary hint is sometimes found of essential service, by opening a door to experiments that are attended with the most beneficial results. Practice can never approximate so nearly to perfection, as to exclude all the advantages that may be derived from variety in process and operation. These, however, can only be known by the transmission of thought, and an interchange of ideas, to which science, in every branch, is laid under continued and lasting obligation. In this volume, Mr. Lindley has done his part; and all who are anxious to improve in this department of knowledge, have an opportunity of profiting by the information which he communicates.

REVIEW.—*Family Classical Library.*
No. XXXIII. *Cæsar.* Vol. II. 12mo.
pp. 308. *Fahey.* London. 1832.

CÆSAR was great in arms, and he still appears great in his Commentaries. Without any strong pretensions to intrinsic merit, the name of the author would have been sufficient to preserve this work from oblivion, but nothing short of genuine merit

could have crowned it with laurels that will never fade. While the name of the mighty Roman lives, the fame of his Commentaries will never die. With men of learning, taste, and extensive reading, they have always been held in high reputation, but it has been reserved for Mr. Valpy to present them to the public in a portable form, and at a moderate price, and thus to bring them within the reach of thousands, whose ancestors could have known little of them besides the name.

REVIEW.—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia,*
No. 33, *History; Vol. II. The United States.* 12mo. pp. 354. *Longman.* London, 1832.

EVERY reader knows that the history of the United States of America is full of interest, as the principal part of its great occurrences have not yet been carried by time beyond the memory of man. Over these numerous and diversified topics, this volume ranges with admirable dexterity. The subjects which it embraces, might easily have been expanded into three times its present dimensions, but it is not improbable that it would have lost in interest more than it would have gained in magnitude. We will only add, that the leading incidents, and more prominent occurrences, which distinguish the vicissitudes of this vast republic, are luminously, though briefly stated, in this thirty-third volume of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.

REVIEW.—*Fort Brisbane, or, Three Days' Quarantine.* By a Detenu. 12mo.
p. 266. *Smith, Elder, & Co.* London, 1832.

THIS is a kind of gossiping publication, in which is recorded the tete-a-tete conversation which may be supposed to have taken place on board a vessel conducting its precious cargo of passengers to a port in France, and also after their arrival at the foreign inn. The prevalence of the cholera, free trade, bad times, machinery, the advantages and disadvantages of commerce, political economy, and, what is for dinner? are among the topics discussed. Even the Reform Bill, Whig and Tory influence, and annual parliaments, engross the attention of the company, who decide on nothing, but to leave every thing undecided.

It has frequently been said, that this is an age of light reading. If the remark be just, this volume will most assuredly suit the public taste, and gain many admirers. The characters are exhibited under fictitious

nes, but if this volume is intended to rize any of our public men, as an anonymous paper intimates, we cannot but ask that it will prove an abortion. Scattered throughout its pages, we find a few agent remarks—but tittle-tattle and frivolous may lay claim to all the rest.

VIEW.—*The Byron Gallery, a Series of Embellishments to illustrate the poetical Works of Lord Byron, Part II.* Smith, Elder, & Co. London.

E cannot accumulate our epithets of miration with so much facility as the artists in these engravings display the delicate and varied beauties of their profession; our readers must, therefore, be content with common language, although employed to direct their attention to a work of uncommon merit. If the word *exquisite* had not been stolen by the Indies, and degraded from its original meaning, to express the appearance of a varnished fool, it might, in some measure, have served our purpose, on the present occasion; for whoever looks at these beautiful productions of graphic skill, must acknowledge, that art has lavished upon them her commanding powers, in all the glory of *exquisite* consummation.

Of the five engravings which this part contains, the artists are well known; and celebrity has long been associated with their names. They can, therefore, only hope from the productions of their patience, perseverance, and genius, for an extension and perpetuity of that fame which they have already acquired. It is only from a few highly favoured individuals, at the head of their profession that works like these are to be expected. Others, stimulated by a noble emulation, eye them from afar, and travel hard in the path of experience, towards the tempting elevation; but they need not be informed, that it is only

“By toil and art, the steep ascent they gain.”

The genius of Lord Byron was of a superlative character; it had few rivals, and no superior. The station which his muse still sustains is one of proud pre-eminence, and these engravings which illustrate his poetical works, are in every respect worthy of the noble bard.

REVIEW.—*Sermons by Rev. Samuel Ogden, D.D. With some Account of his Life, Summary of each Discourse, Notes, &c. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D. 8vo. pp. 421. Valpy. London. 1832.*

THIS is the twenty-second volume of

“Divines of the Church of England,” several of which we have already noticed. Mr. Ogden flourished during the former half of the last century, but his works appear destined to live through future generations. They bear evidence to his intellectual energy, his zeal for truth, and his ability to place it in a commanding attitude. The subjects are doctrinal, experimental, and practical, and in each department they evince that their author was a sound and orthodox divine.

By those who attended Mr. Ogden's ministry, his delivery and voice have been represented as ungraceful; but all concur that he was a good scholar, a liberal-minded Christian, and an honest man. In these sermons he deals faithfully with all to whom his observations apply, but we perceive little or nothing of that severity which report has transmitted, from his pulpit discourses.

REVIEW.—*The Laws of Christ, being a complete Digest of all the Precepts contained in the New Testament; with Comments and devout Meditations on each Topic of Duty. By Joseph Turnbull, A. B. 12mo. pp. 396. Hamilton and Co. London. 1832.*

THIS is not a regular treatise, but a collection of precepts and aphorisms from the pages of the New Testament, which prescribe the line of duty under nearly all the common occurrences of life. They exceed one hundred in number; all primarily founded on passages selected from the sacred volume. To each of these is subjoined a short dissertation by the author; either enforcing, explaining, or applying the precepts that had formed the basis of his superstructure. These are appropriated to each day in the week, in consecutive order; and present to the reader many admirable lessons, which may be rendered highly beneficial in all the varied walks of life.

It is not a mere ethical morality, that the author advocates and recommends; he appeals to the affections, as well as to the understanding, and expects religion in the heart as well as in the life. His sentiments are liberal; but candour never betrays him into indifference, as though truth had been diminished in its value, and rendered in his estimation but half worthy of regard. Against the unamiable spirit of bigotry he has advanced many judicious observations, and distinguished it from commendable zeal by several characteristics. It is a book that contains a great variety of useful ob-

servants on many important and interesting topics, and is better calculated to amend the heart and improve the morals of the services acquired after salvation, than to amuse critics with the blandishments of learning, and gratify traders in unprofitable speculations.

Review.—*Let Testimony to the Truth of the Sacred Records, &c. By a Layman.* 12mo. pp. 220. Hamilton, London, 1852.

When ministers of the gospel attempt to defend the truths of revelation, the advocates for infidelity, in general, disregard their arguments and impeach their motives. They are considered as interested in what they advance, and their credulity depends upon their sincerity, and that their calling leads them to impose upon mankind. Base and unwarranted as these imputations are, they have in imposing aspect, and multitudes have been deceived by their sorcery. Through this delusion, many a powerful argument has been neutralized in the estimation of some characters, and those whose knowledge, correct opinions, and habits of reflection, enable them to judge with accuracy, and defend with vigour, are compelled to reason and expostulate in vain.

With respect, however, who rise above the prejudice of infidelity, such writers find a more favourable reception. By them, their arguments are impartially weighed, and if they obtain credit for all that is advanced, they desire nothing more. Hence, their persons with whom these writings are received and permitted to operate, Christianity has nothing to fear, and infidelity has little to hope, notwithstanding the moral depravity of human nature is retained in its state.

Aware of the prevailing state, the author of the volume has had recourse to the testimony of known enthusiasts; and to these, the above objections will not attach. In selecting them, he has not regarded either period, country, sect, or party. It was sufficient for his purpose, that they were men of talents and of known reputation, competent to judge, and impartial to decide, on the evidence which appeared to them to support the christian system. The names of individuals thus collected, exceed two hundred in number, and among them we find what the author had promised, some "of the most celebrated historians, philosophers, statesmen, orators, and poets, of all nations." Of these the works have been examined, and the result furnishes the extracts thus concentrated, to

evinced their opinion, that revealed religion is of divine origin.

It will be readily admitted, that opinion is not argument, but it must also be allowed, that men of established reputation would not risk their character in favour of an opinion which they had no argument to support. We also find in many of the quotations given, that the opinion advanced, is connected with the foundation on which it rests. On all these occasions, conviction is not the result either of prejudice or education, but of deliberate judgment founded on rational investigation.

Among the number of those whose writings thus afford quotations, we find many avowed infidels, who either in their sober or their unguarded moments have borne testimony in favour of doctrines and facts, which, through the general tenor of their publications, they have endeavoured to destroy. To many of these, we, however, attach but little importance; as it is not improbable that they would resolve every expression of approbation which they have uttered, into political expediency, and represent revelation as a convenient instrument in the hands of government, for exacting obedience from an otherwise refractory people. Yet we should not forget, that there are others, whose testimony is of considerable importance. The discrimination can easily be made; and after granting every deduction that reason can require, we have in this book a formidable phalanx, before which ridicule must cease to sneer, and scepticism must stand appalled.

BRIEF SURVEY OF BOOKS.

1. *A Letter to the Right Hon. Earl Grey, on Colonial Slavery, by John Murray, F. S. A., F. L. S., &c.*, (Holdsworth, London,) attacks the principle on which slavery, in all its branches, is founded. No mild treatment of the slave, he argues, can make that right which is radically wrong. It is an energetic, and well-written pamphlet, which cannot be read without having a corresponding influence.

2. *The Sinner Impleaded in his own Court, &c., by Thomas Pierce, D. D., abridged by John Bustard*, (Mason, London,) is a work well known in the theological world. The original carries us back to the days of Baxter, when powerful appeals to the conscience, zealous piety, and masculine intellectual vigour distinguished multitudes of works which then issued from the press. "O how unlike the books of times to come!" In this new

1. Mr. Bustard has given a judicious judgment, retaining the essence and of the larger work, and adapting it to the spiritual condition and wants of those from whom it is presented. It is a valuable work in any form, but in no one is it more likely to be useful than in this, which is edited by John Bustard.

The Churchyard Lyrist, consisting of One Hundred Original Inscriptions to commemorate the Dead, &c., by G. Moghoulston, (Houlston, London,) provides not only a grave for its readers, but numerous inscriptions, from which every one may make a selection, either for himself or others. In this collection, the author has happily avoided every thing quaint, humorous, and witty. Many of his epitaphs are rich and nervous in expression, and every inscription is adapted to the solemnity it is intended to perform. The variety is great, and, if any are erroneously applied, the fault must be attributed to the reader, and not to the author. The last pages contain passages from scripture, which may at once "teach the rustic to die," and furnish a suitable inscription for his tombstone.

Angel Visits, and other Poems, by Riddall Wood, (Wightman, London,) range not beyond the sacred writings. The Angel Visits therein recorded, the reader finds ample materials for his voice, especially as the excursions of his imagination are extended to the historical events connected with the celestial phenomena. The versification is highly respectable, and the sentiments will not shrink from the most rigorous scrutiny. Of the author we know nothing but through his book, which is creditable to his mental powers, and his poetical talents.

The Voice of Humanity, &c., for exciting Rational Humanity towards Animal Creation, Vol. II., (Nisbett, London,) we have had occasion several times to notice with approbation, and this now confirms the favourable opinion we have uniformly entertained and unequivocally expressed. The facts adduced in this volume, as well as in the preceding one, show the necessity of some measure being adopted to prevent the wanton cruelties which are daily practised. The society aims at legislative enactment, and we hope their efforts will prove successful; but, if they rise, their simple exposure of barbaries cannot be without some beneficial

The Wedding Garment the Righteousness of the Only Lord and Saviour Christ, &c., by Joseph Herbert, SERIES, NO. 22.—VOL. II.

(Bridgewater, London,) is a curious combination of prose and verse, a thing made up of "shreds and patches." It appears to have been compiled under the influence of feverish zeal, and so strenuous has the author been, in giving "a word of advice to those who expect to be saved by their own works," that he has inadvertently opened the door to antinomianism. To such as embrace this dreadful sentiment, this will be a precious morsel.

7. *Lessons in Latin Literature, in Prose and Verse; selected from the most celebrated Latin Authors*, by J. Rowbotham, (Wilson, London,) the student will find both entertaining and instructive. The different translations given, can hardly fail to communicate much useful knowledge, and, by the examples set before him, the pupil will be enabled to perceive the operation and ramification of rules, which he may easily turn to great advantage on other occasions.

8. *The Plague and Fire of London described by an Eye-witness*, by the Rev. John Scott, M. A., (Seeley, London,) display desolation in, perhaps, the most awful forms that it can assume; and, at the present time, when a pestilence, though less destructive, rages, it excites an interest of which none can be insensible. Of these awful visitations in 1665 and 1666, the accounts in this pamphlet are dreadfully vivid, such as none but an eye-witness could describe. It is a picture of consummated horror.

9. *A Father's Recollection of Three Pious Young Ladies, his Sermons at their Funeral, and a Poem to their Memory, &c.*, by a Clergyman, (Longman, London,) we think no one can peruse without sympathizing with the bereaved parent, and perceiving how very much the language of reality exceeds that of fiction. In almost every part of this interesting volume, familiar tenderness strikes the eye, and the meltings of the father's heart are everywhere apparent. Of the young ladies, the picture presents a pensive yet pleasing aspect. We mourn over their early departure, and yet rejoice to find that they were prepared to meet their God. On the subject of "guardian angels," the author's views are, perhaps, rather sanguine than extravagant. It is a question involved in much obscurity, and one on which a diversity of opinions has been entertained. Taken in the aggregate, this book is full of lively interest, alike creditable to the author and the young ladies over whose sepulchres he heaves his sighs.

10. *Early Discipline Illustrated; or, 3 Q 166.—VOL. XXV.*

the Infant System Progressing and Successful, by Samuel Wilderspin, (Westley and Davis, London,) is a book, at once curious, instructive, and interesting. It begins with the commencement of infant schools, traces their progress and extent, and enters with some minuteness into the shifts and contrivances of the author to gain the attention of the children, and mould them into that state of discipline, which, in these institutions, they now exhibit, to the great astonishment of all who visit them. In what light soever infant schools may be surveyed by the proud and thoughtless, they cannot fail to operate powerfully on the lower orders of society. It is a lever that will move future generations, and connect the name of Mr. Wilderspin with all its moral influence.

11. *Maxims and Morals for every Day in the Year*, &c. by C. W., (Baldwin, London,) finds its resources in the book of God, and in the writings of men who have drunk deeply from that sacred fountain. The passages are short, 'sententious, and fraught with valuable materials, that may both easily and profitably be committed to memory.

12. *The Child's Own Book on the Soul*, by T. H. Gallaudet, (Seeley, London,) is an attempt to render the sublime and interesting truths of philosophy and religion comprehensible to the mind of a child. Dialogue is the method which the author has adopted, and in his effort he has been eminently successful.

13. *Scripture Portions for the Afflicted, especially the Sick*, (Religious Tract Society, London,) have been selected from the sacred source by many authors, whose names and observations are here presented to the reader. This neat little volume furnishes balm to the wounded mind; and a due attention to its contents can hardly fail to ease the throbbings of many an aching heart.

14. *The System; a Tale of the West Indies*, by Charlotte Elizabeth, 2d Edition, (Westley and Davis, London,) passed under our review on its first appearance, and commanded our approbation. To expose the iniquity of the slave system, is the burden of its pages. The picture is of the most appalling kind; exhibiting every outrage that human nature seems able either to inflict or endure. Sir William Belmont is the negroes' champion; and by his strong and overwhelming arguments, he puts to flight the heroes, and their reasonings, that appear in favour of the slave system. It is a well written book deserving to be circulated until slavery is no more.

15. *Spiritual Perfection unfolded and enforced*, by William Bates, D. D. A. D., 1699, (Religious Tract Society, London,) resembles a piece of sterling gold, that has been handed down from the seventeenth century. It will bear the crucible and the fire, without yielding much alloy.

16. *A Harmony and Exposition of our Lord's last Prophecy, &c.*, by John Fannin, A. B., (Fannin and Co., Grafton Street, Dublin), is a pamphlet displaying both talent and ingenuity, on a subject that is not without its difficulties. We cannot, however, avoid thinking, that many of the author's remarks are more fanciful than convincing; and are better adapted to accommodate his views, than to furnish a clear elucidation of the passages which are quoted. We must, however, admit, that the distinction which he makes between the application of the prophecy by Matthew and Mark, to the overthrow of Jerusalem, and that of St. Luke to the final catastrophe of the world, is worthy of the most serious attention.

17. *Reflections and Admonitory Hints of the Principal of a Seminary, on retiring from the Duties of his Station*, (Simpkin, London,) come before us with many internal testimonials of recommendation. The author admits, without any deduction, all the advantages of literary and scientific acquirements; but these he confines to their proper sphere of operation. Neither science nor literature will bring its pupils to a spiritual acquaintance either with themselves or God. This he strongly urges by convincing arguments, as essential to human salvation.

18. *Combination; a Tale founded on Facts*, by Charlotte Elizabeth, (Hamilton, London,) is admirably calculated to illustrate this important truth, that "Evil communications corrupt good manners." The "combination" among the workmen of a manufactory, on a trifling reduction of wages, is followed by the fair authoress through its various ramifications, with much simplicity and address. The incidents attending the progress of discontent are such as every one acquainted with the occasion, might expect to happen. The tale is conducted with considerable ability; and in its results, we find the actors augmenting the evils they foolishly intended to remedy.

19. *An Historical Account of the Plague, and other Pestilential Distempers which have appeared in Europe, more especially in England, from the earliest Period; with an Account of the Cholera Morbus, &c.*, (Burdekin, London,) furnishes a melancholy statement of the dreadful scourges

ich Europe, and England in particular have been exposed in various periods of story. The accounts are short, but correct. Dates, places, diseases, and the number of victims, are always mentioned; such occasional remarks as circumstances seemed to require. The cholera is also traced from its appearance in India, through its progress almost round the world. It is a chronology of disease; interesting to the reader, in every feature, and of a most affecting and impressive aspect of horror.

The Voice of Humanity, No. IX., (Westley, London,) besides various other facts connected with this humane institution, gives in detail many specific instances of cruelty to animals, that are highly interesting. Strangers to the institutions practised in London would hardly believe, that cats are actually skinned alive! but the readers of this work will soon be convinced of this detestable

Christian Amusement, being a Collection of Two hundred Questions, with a &c., by a Country Curate, (Simpkin & Co., London,) is a composition that may be rendered useful as well as entertaining; but at the same time, its contents are liable to abuse. It imposes on sacred texts an enigmatical character, which, though puzzling and pleasing to juvenile vanity, is too apt to diminish the awful solemnity with which they should always be regarded.

The Life of Andrew Marvell, the celebrated Patriot, by John Dove, (Simpkin & Co., London,) is a pleasing portrait of a marvellous man; who, in a short age, defied, and triumphed over all moral contamination. He lived in the eventful days of Cromwell, and the licentious reign of Charles II., and has transmitted to posterity a bright example of unshaken integrity. Brilliant wit, keen cutting sarcasm, were among his more valuable weapons; and these were all directed against the vices with which he was surrounded. In this volume, Mr. Dove has placed him in an amiable light, and displayed a commendable share of philosophical talent in delineating the character of his hero.

Counsels to the Young, by John Johnson, D.D., (Westley and Davis, London,) are piously conceived, and ably executed.

Seriousness of appeal, purity of style, and simplicity of language, are conspicuous in every chapter. It is a little over-calculated for great usefulness, and is worthy the attention of every youthful reader.

14. *The British Preacher, under the Sanction of the Ministers whose Discourses appear in its Pages, Vol. III.*, (Westley, London,) is a work pretty generally known among the Dissenters; and held in due esteem by them, and many others of different denominations. The authors are of good repute as men of talent and high ministerial respectability. In this volume are preserved many valuable discourses, which, in all probability, would never otherwise have been known beyond the congregations to whom they were addressed.

25. *The Book of Butterflies, Sphinxes, and Moths, with Ninety-six coloured Engravings*, by Capt. T. Brown, in 2 Vols., Vol. I., (Whittaker, London,) belongs to the series of "Constable's Miscellany," and furnishes an entertaining and instructive detail in this branch of natural history. The specimens are nicely touched, and appear as fair representatives of nature's productions. The history of each species is short, but sufficiently ample for the information of general readers.

26. *History, Description, and Survey of London, Westminster, and Southwark, Parts I. II. III., to be continued Monthly*, (Wilson, London,) is a work of fair promise; containing much curious antique matter, connected with these celebrated places. The parts before us throw many rays of light on names, customs, privileges, and traditions which were involved in obscurity. To the antiquarian they will prove highly gratifying; and as the work advances, the field will become more ample, and yield a rich historical harvest to every reader.

27. *The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation, &c.*, by the Rev. Andrew Fuller, (Religious Tract Society, London,) coincides in character with the numerous works published by this institution. Mr. Fuller's name, and the character of the society, will give to this work strong recommendation.

28. *Memoir of Mary Lothrop of Boston, America*, (Religious Tract Society, London,) gives a pleasing exemplification of experimental and practical piety in early life. The memorialized died when about seven years of age; leaving an encouraging testimony, and a bright example, to every youthful survivor.

29. *The Entomological Magazine, No. I.*, (Westley, London,) has but just made its appearance, it is therefore too early to analyze its character. It enters an extensive field, and we look forward to a plentiful harvest.

20. *An Address to the Dissenters of England on the Subject of Tithes*, by a Dissenter, (Wightman, London,) inveighs, as might naturally be supposed, in strong terms, against both tithes and establishments. The author, perceiving nothing but evil in either, wishes for their abolition, forgetting that Utopian schemes sometimes appear on paper, with delusive advantages.

2. *Report of the Stranger's Friend Society for 1831*, (London,) belongs to, perhaps, the brightest and most extensive domestic charity that England can boast. Without any regard to creed, colour, or country, a fellow-creature in distress is an object of its bounty. During the past year 8,597 cases, chiefly families were visited and relieved. The money distributed, amounted to £2619.10s. 2d. It is supported by voluntary contribution.

DRUNKENNESS AND REFORMATION.

(An affecting Tale; from the Christian Guardian, in a Letter to a Friend.)

My very Dear Friend,

I SHALL be most happy if I can contribute to your satisfaction, by informing you of the causes which have induced me to join the Temperance Society. You know I was always an enemy to drunkenness, but I was for a long time of opinion, that it was not necessary to join the society in order to become, or to keep ourselves temperate. I had a strong objection to entire abstinence: I was persuaded that resolution was quite sufficient to effect the great object of temperance, and that occasionally we might innocently, and even with comfort and advantage, take a little ardent spirits; and I considered it foolish and weak to surrender my discretion, and bind myself by a public pledge, when I could as well restrain myself without it. I have lived forty-three years, and been in all sorts of company, but I never was drunk except three times; therefore, as regards myself, I need not have joined the society; I have no confirmed habits to overcome, nor is it likely I shall ever contract any.

But I am now fully assured, that it is the duty of every well-wisher of the community to lend his name, and use his influence, and exhibit his example, to put down a practice that threatens to involve in distress and ruin two-thirds of our population. I have read a great deal, and thought much upon the subject, and am convinced of the necessity and propriety of joining the society. Such combinations can effect much more than individuals, by collecting, and spreading information, and influencing the mind of the public.

There is nothing but the principle of entire abstinence that can be efficient in promoting temperance: with regard to ardent spirits, I would say to all, "Touch not, taste not, handle not." The situation I hold affords me an opportunity of witnessing the dire effects of drunkenness to a greater extent than you can imagine. I intended to make known some facts which have come to my knowledge, hoping thereby to benefit the public, by stopping the progress of some unfortunate men, who have fallen into the snare of intoxication. I relate the following as a specimen.

It was on St. Andrew's day I was at York, Upper Canada: the streets were dirty, and the atmosphere thick and hazy. At the corner of a narrow lane I saw three men standing: just opposite to them, I met our friend B.—They attracted our attention by their loud talking: one was a Welshman, one Irish, and the other Scotch—they were just such fellows as Shakspeare describes as the soldiers of Sir John Falstaff. While we stood, a poor ragged Yorkshireman came up, whom they instantly surrounded; the Welshman made an attempt to speak to him, but the Scotchman put his open hand before his mouth, saying, Haud your tongue, you blubberin Welsh fuil, I'll persuade him mysel; then seizing the Yorkshireman by the coat, said, "Willie, you'll may be gang wi' us, we're intennin to hae a mutchkin of Furintosh, it's St. Andrew's day, an a' wi' want is the siller. I saw ye just noo get hauf a dollar for cutting the Doctor's wood." "Aye," says the red-vested Yorkshireman, "that's true anif, but I've bean eam sin then, and ma wife an bairns ha'e had nowt to yeat to-day, and I'm boun to tak em a loaf, an' sum butter, an' a bit o' ta, this ist first money I've haddled for aboon a week. Noa, noa, lad, ye persuaded me yesterday to sell my wife's cloak ot Lady ——— geed her, and made me spend every bit ot money, soa I shall tak some bread and butter eam." "Barra mennin," says the Welshman, intending to follow up his speech with some persuasive, but the eager Scotchman cried "Haud your tong', you fuil you, he canna unnerstan ye, —ye'll just hae plenty, Willie, to buy your bread and pay for a mutchkin ower." "Sure an you will," says Pat, "I'm a bit of a scholar mysel, and can count money as well as ere a one of you, barrin I han't got any the day. But, Bill, you said it vid your own pretty mouth fornenst the hull of us, that ye've have half a dollar; cum, lets just go into Tim Donoly's here, he's the boy will give us a drap chape, he says he gits it hullsale, and, by the powers, he never in-

tends to pay for it, and d—l a bit he pays for licence either, but that's between ourselves, ye see; an if he can't sel chape, who can?"

The Yorkshireman seemed bewildered; the Scotchman and the Welshman laid hold of him, and began to pull him along. Pat leading them, and palavering as he went, "Och, Bill, an' you'll sing for us Dick Bumpkin, and I'll sing you Father Dominic and the Cuckoo Clock."

Tim Donoly's door opened, and they all went in. "Tim," says Pat, "bring us the full quart and the old ta cup," which were soon in Pat's hand. "Here, Bill," says he, "let us be dacent, its your own trate, and ye shall drink first." The poor fellow evidently felt some upbraiding of conscience, for his hand trembled and his lips quivered; he looked at the old cup and the whiskey for some time, and at length set it down hastily, —sprang to the door—went out, and shut it after him. Pat followed, and as he opened the door, Tim shouted out "Ye'll pay for it, so you will, whether ye drink it or not;—and better whiskey ye'll not find in York!"—"Come, come, what do ye mane, man?" "Why," say the Yorkshire man, "I made a resolution, and promised my wife to-day, that I would drink no more for six months." "Faith, an a good resolution it was," says Pat, "and well you kept it,—come back an trate yourself for being so determined, you deserve an extra glass for it,—it's only the blues* you've got, I've been so myself, when I spent the last shilling of my wife's fortune, that is the price of the potato patch, and next week saw her die of a broken heart leaving me little Mary-Ann, that Mrs. ——— has taken, and George that cleans shoes now at ———. Sure now, an I felt the blues at her wake, an if it had not a been for my friends Tim Farrel and Anthony Hinchey, and the drop of good whiskey they brought, and the women putting nutmeg and sugar in it, and many a glass of comfort a that sort they ga'me that night, they'd a been waking vid me the next night, and so they would; come now, and Tim Donoly 'll tell you the same.

* By the *blues* is meant those upbraidings of conscience which a drunkard feels when his reason begins to return, and shows him the enormity of his guilt, and the terrible consequences of his conduct. These honest convictions might and are intended by him who sends them to produce reformation, but the drunkard considers it essential to his existence to drown them, and therefore flies to strong drink again.

"What hero like the man who stands himself,
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
Who hears intrepid the full charge it brings,
Resolved to silence future murmurs there:
The coward flies, and flying is undone."

YOUNG.

It's only a drop more whiskey you want, you've had none the day. All the blues will fly after the third glass,—I've tried it."

The poor fellow yielded, went back, and soon forgot his wife and children, spent all his money, and stifled his convictions for that time. He even sang Dick Bumpkin, and Pat slapped him on the back, and with a grin, which he meant to pass for a laugh, cried out at the top of his voice, "Did'nt I tell you the best way to drive away the blues?—here's your health and song, old boy," and he emptied the old cup, and began to sing:—

"And whiskey we'll have howsoe'er the world goes,
Caring nothing for ating, or labour, or cloaths;
Our friends may remonstrate, our conscience up-
braid,
But still we will follow this free jovial trade.
When we're sober, we're foolish; when half drunk,
we're mad,
But when dead drunk, we're happy; now, arn't we
Bill, lad."

Pat then struck the Yorkshireman on the shoulder a violent blow, and the crazy old chair on which he sat broke down, and he fell.

It is but rason, says Pat, that we should go home vid you, seeing you'r ready for bed.

They then picked him up, and staggered home with him, reared him against the outside, then thundered at the door, and left him.

His wife was aware of the state he would be in from his long absence, and she bid the children hide themselves until she got him into bed. He had always been fond of his children until he gave himself up to drunkenness, but latterly, when he had come home only half drunk, he had snarled and beaten them, cursed, swore, and abused his wife. She opened the door, and he fell half in and half out; she pulled him in, and closed the door.—Now, my dear Sir, I would willingly spare you the sight, and the pain that the recital will cause you, but I wish to persuade you to lend your name and influence to the Temperance Society; so vouchsafe me your serious attention.

In this small room are six immortal beings. The drunkard who lies senseless on the floor, four children, one three months old lies on a few rags near the fire, three others came out of their retreat behind an old box, and after ascertaining that their unnatural father had brought no bread, they return to gnaw a few half-roasted potatoes. The next and most prominent object in the picture is the mother. She stood fixed as a statue, looking down upon the author of her misery; with one hand she held her tattered garments, which had received an additional rent while in the act of lifting him into

house, the other was raised to her mouth, and she was biting her nails like a maniac. One of the children, poor little innocent creature, cried, Mamma, has not father brought the bread he promised, we've had none to-day. Her whole frame shook, her bosom heaved, she looked wildly at her children, then again on her husband, then lifted her eyes up towards heaven. O! could I paint her agonized features; the mingled affection, sorrow, and despair exceeds imagination. Her sighs quickened into sobs, and then, after a few moments' stillness, she uttered a melancholy stifled shriek, and thus threw the load off her heart, which must otherwise have made her a corpse or an idiot. Who does not execrate the wretch who can cause misery like this? A flood of tears came to her relief, I have seen it somewhere said—

The tearless grief that cannot speak,
Whispers unto the heart, and bids it break.

She sat herself down on a few bricks that were piled up for a seat; chair, table, or stool, she had not.

The children seemed to take little notice of what was passing; but a little girl about eight years of age, after giving her share of potatoes to the lesser children, walked softly to her mother, and kneeled beside her, putting her little hands on her lap, she said, "Mother, don't cry. I will go in the morning to sell some matches to Mr. Belton's; he gave me a quarter dollar last time I went for two bunches, and bid me call again; saying, that he would rather give the industrious double for their work, than give any thing to idle beggars.

A beam of hope darted into her mind; a mother's kindness, and a wife's affections, rallied round her heart. She smiled upon her child, and kissed her. Just at this moment, the drunkard rolled over on the floor, and began to make an unusual noise; she went to him, and found him black in the face, and almost strangled by his handkerchief. She loosed it, then lifted him upon the straw bed that lay in a corner of the room. She gazed eagerly on him for a few moments, and muttered in broken sentences, "My husband—the father of my children—bad company—far from home and friends—was a good husband once—loved his children—his mother—pious woman—may yet reform." As she said this, she bent down to pull over him the ragged remnants of blankets, and let a tear fall on his cheek, which she kissed off. After having done all she could for him, she joined her children on the hearth, and began to assist the little girl to make the matches which she was to sell in the morn-

ing, before they could break their fasts. Some time in the night he came to himself; he rose half up—all was dark and still—then conscience, with her whip of scorpions, found him.

I have often heard drunkards say they like to get drunk, and do not dislike to be drunk; but the horror of getting sober again, is past describing. If there be a hell on earth, 'tis felt by a man when he is returning from the wild tumultuous state of intoxication to reason and consciousness; when he has nobody to speak with; nor strong drink, to drive him back into the regions of unreal existence. So it seemed with this poor wretch. In the greatest agitation he exclaimed, "Where am I? in hell, or in life?" The cricket chirpt on the hearth, "Ay, that's an earthly sound." As he moved to break his solitude by awaking his wife, the rustling of the straw-bed brought to his recollection, how he had sold the feather-bed his mother gave him on his wedding-day; the tick which she spun, while she watched his cradle. He felt a tear start in his eye, for a thousand associations were connected with this thought, and he involuntarily sent his hand in search of the sheet to wipe his face: but, alas! no sheet; his wife's mistress gave her two pair when she was married, as a reward for her good conduct, and long service; but all these he had sold. He felt a chill of horror, and a trembling seized him, he strove to find his wife's cloak, that latterly had served to keep them warm in the night, and in the day had served to cover her rags when she went abroad; but he found it not.

Conscience gave him another unmerciful lash, and she repeated her strokes with such force, and in such rapid succession, that he could bear it no longer, but called upon her whom he had abused and ruined to get a light, "Mary, Mary, Oh! do get a light." She in her soul yet loved him, said nothing, but obeyed. How the conscience-stricken sinner dreads darkness and solitude! and how gladly would he flee from himself if he could. She soon procured a light, and found him holding his head with both hands, as if to prevent it from splitting open. She bound her only remaining handkerchief round his temples, and then he opened his eyes; but he found that the objects that surrounded him contributed nothing to his comfort. The dirty bare walls of his room, a few bricks and a large stone the only seats; then ten thousand tender recollections rushed upon his mind at once; although he had never been rich or affluent, he had always lived in a gentleman's house, and enjoyed domestic comfort.

His frantic eyes met those of his wife, as he rolled them about in search of something on which he dare rest them; here he fixed them for some moments—he strove ineffectually to tear them away. She, poor creature, all unconscious of what was passing in his agonized soul, expected oaths and curses as formerly, and feared to break the horrid silence; at length he sighed out “Mary! you are not like the same woman you were when I married you, then you had rosy cheeks and a cheerful countenance, but now you are pale and thin.”

“Yes, William, but—” “Stop! stop! Mary, that’s enough!”

After a long pause, and with strong emotion, she resumed. “I was going to say, William, that if you would leave off your bad company, and give up drinking, we might yet—” a deep sob choked her utterance for some moments—“we might yet earn our living here; but if you go on much longer, you will kill yourself, and break my heart, and then the children—” He then started as if he was shot. “Oh, don’t say another word!” Seeing he was not the band-like wretch he had for some months been, she felt a hope, almost a confidence, that he would be a changed man; she saw by his writhing, his perspiration, his sighing, and his clenched teeth, what he felt. He even let the word mercy escape his lips. She tried to soothe him; she threw her arms around his neck, and said, “William, I yet love you.” “What I love me, when I hate myself!” The children, who were at the other end of the straw bed, being awakened by the conversation, and seeing a light, lifted up their little innocent heads, and seeing their father was not furious, but in distress, and their mother also, they came to inquire what was the matter. This was the climax of his misery. The ragged bed-clothes exhibited a memorial that he could not look upon—a piece of his wife’s wedding gown.

His naked children, his emaciated wife, the remembrance of former days, the prospect of ruin, and———“I must beg of you, Sir, to infer the rest.

I must, however, tell you, that he joined the Temperance Society, gradually recovered his health, became a loving father, an affectionate husband, an industrious and religious man.

I will send you, in a short time, other specimens of the evils of intemperance; and have no doubt that you will, ere long, become an active member of the Temperance Society.

Yours, sincerely,

J. F.

OLEANIKOR.

Experiments on Feeding Animals.—The experiments suggested to the council of the Zoological Society, and noticed in our Number for May, p. 488, have been carried into effect, and the following are some of the results. Two lambs were weighed, the weight of one was 91 pounds and the other 100 and a half pounds. The first was fed in the usual manner, with 4 pounds of beef daily, given in one meal in the evening, and the other with 8 pounds of beef in the morning at 8 o’clock and the same quantity at 8 o’clock in the evening. After an interval of five weeks they were again weighed when the weight of the first was 84 pounds and of the other 100 pounds. The latter animal became three times as fat as he had previously been, and was particularly violent. Two hares were weighed 25 pounds was the weight of the first and 31 pounds of the other. The food of the first was 1 pound of beef given in the usual manner and of the other the same quantity of meat divided in two equal portions, one of which was given in the morning and the other in the evening. These animals were again weighed after an interval of eight weeks, when the first was found to have increased in weight 3 pounds and the other to have diminished by the same quantity. The latter animal was observed to take less exercise than usual, and to sleep more, but his temper was not affected. Similar results were obtained from the same experiments on two goats.

Trider constitutes Perfection.—A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue some time afterwards he called again. The sculptor was still at his work. His friend took a glances at the figure, exclaimed, “You have been idle since I saw you last!” By no means replied the sculptor. “I have finished this part and polished that. I have softened this feature, and brought out his muscles. I have given more expression to this lip and more energy to this limb. Well, well, said his friend, but all these are trifles. It may be so, replied Angelo, but recollect that trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle. *Penny Magazine.*

Curious Mode of Punishing a Murderer.—Sir George Staunton visited a man in India, who had committed a murder, and in order not only to save his life, but, what was of much more consequence, his name, he submitted to the penalty imposed, which was, that he should sleep seven years on a bedstead without a mattress, the whole surface of which was studded with points of iron resembling nails, but not so sharp as to penetrate the flesh. Sir George saw him in the fifth year of his probation, and his skin was then like the hide of the rhinoceros, but more elastic. At that time, however, he could sleep comfortably on his *bed of thorns*, and remarked that at the expiration of the term he should most probably acquire that system from choice which he had been obliged to adopt from necessity. *Penny Magazine.*

Political Aphorism by Hume.—All constitutions are bad, if the government is not in the hands of the wisest. All the difference between a democracy and a monarchy is this—that in the former 500,000 and perhaps odd fools may decide against 500,000 sensible people and in the latter one fool may veto 500,000 philosophers—if they will let him!

Blasphemy of Slavery.—If any husband or father among our readers should imagine that the condition of a slave is not so wretched as has been represented, we submit to his consideration a few particulars of a slave’s situation under those relations. A slave cannot marry without his master’s consent, he cannot prevent the sale of his wife or the owner’s pleasure; he cannot prevent the sale of his own child; he cannot with impunity refuse to beg his own wife, with her person all exposed, at his master’s order; he cannot obtain redress, if deprived of his goods by his master; he cannot attend either private or public worship, without risk of punishment if forbidden by his master. For any Englishman foolishly to pretend, that under such circumstances the slaves are well treated and happy, is an insult to a common understanding and an outrage upon British feeling. *Reading Mercury.*

Larceny.—Why was my paper discontinued? *Ans.* Because it was never paid for.

Frugality.—“A slight knowledge of human nature will show,” says Mr. Colquhoun, “that when a man gets on a little in the world, he is desirous of getting on a little further. Such is the growth of present habits that it has been said, if a journeyman were late by the first five shillings his fortune is made. Mr. William Hall, who has bestowed great attention on the state of the labouring poor, declares he never knew an instance of one who had not such misery coming to the parish. And he adds, moreover, “these individuals who were, twenty years

better workmen. If they do not work better, they behave better, and are more respectable, and I would sooner have in my trade a hundred men who save money, than two hundred who would spend every shilling they got. In proportion as individuals save a little money, their morals are better they have had that little, and there is a superior tone given to their morals, and they behave better for knowing they have a little stake in society. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that habits of thoughtfulness and frugality are at all times of immense importance. — *Widdowson's Early Disposition*

Consideration.—Whether the sum of human happiness have increased during the last forty years, is a question which each will determine conformably with the experience of number one, but, that the average duration of human life has expanded, is a comfort placed beyond all doubt by the Parliamt Board of Longitude, in their annual report for the present year. They state, that in 1700, it was eight and twenty years and nine months, but that in 1831, it had risen to thirty-one years and six months.

Sir Isaac Newton's House.—Every memorial of so great a man as Sir Isaac Newton, says his late biographer, has been preserved and cherished with peculiar veneration. His house at Woolthorpe, a hamlet about four miles from Grantham in Lincolnshire, has been religiously protected by Mr Turney, of Kerbro Rocheford, the proprietor. It is built of stone, like the houses generally in that quarter, and is a reasonably good one. It was repaired in 1703, when a table of white marble was put up by Mr. Turner in the room where Sir Isaac was born, with the following inscription—

"Sir Isaac Newton, son of John Newton, Lord of the manor of Woolthorpe, was born in this room, on the 25th December, 1642.

"Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said, 'let Newton be,' and all was light."

The following lines have been written on the house.—

"Here Newton dawned, here lofty wisdom woke,
And to a wondering world distinctly spoke.
If fully glowed when Phœbus' steps he trod,
Or fancy formed philosophy a god,
If songs still for Homer's birth stood,
The sons of science at this dome must bend.
All hail the shrine! all hail the natal day!
Can boast his son—this cot his morning ray."

Economy of Scale Bread.—The London bakers, in their answers to the questions put to them by the Committee of the House of Commons in England, appointed during the scarcity of the year 1801, to devise means of affording relief, asserted that three ounce loaves were equal to two fresh ones.

Literary Notices.

Just Published.

- Part IX of Biographical Sketches of the Present Reform Ministers.
- No. XLII of the National Portrait Gallery.
- Franklin's Translation of Sophocles. Complete in one pocket vol. cloth, forming No. 25 of Volpy's Classical Library.
- Simon's Hebrew Lexicon, translated by Seager. 1 vol. 12mo.
- Concise to the Young. By Rev J. Morison, D.D.
- The whole Works of the Rev. John Howe, carefully revised with a life by Calamy. In 4 vols., royal 8vo. Edinburgh Calcutta Library, Vol. IX., containing the Privileges of Discovery in North America.
- The First Things Recovered till Last. By Thomas Brooks. 1657.
- Funeral Address on the Death of the late Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke. By Joseph Beaumont.
- Countess's Miscellany, Vol. 76. Butterfield, North.
- 4to. Vol. 11.
- Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XI. Chemistry.
- Hours of Leisure. By Louisa Coote.
- The Music and Mental Acrobatics. By W. M. Higgins.
- A Practical Commentary on the First Epistle of St. Peter. 2 vols. By Robert Lathbury, D.D.
- Catechisms and Hymns adapted to the Latin System. By Wm. Herling, Edinburgh.
- A Letter to Lord Brougham, on the Magistracy of England.
- Questions on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans for Children.
- The Parent of a list of Amusement and Instruction.
- Memories of the Rev. John Leighton, late a Wesleyan Missionary to Jamaica. By George Jackson.
- Examples, or Family Scenes.

Election according to the Holy Scriptures, is a reference to the Eternal Destination of the Human Race. By Alexander Donovan.

Construction viewed as a Means of Cure, with Remarks on the Use of the Lance. By John Fyfe, M.D.

The noble office of the Sunday School Teacher. By the Rev G. W. Dams, A.M.

The Church in our Reformer. By John Smith, Oxon.

Open Air Service. By the Rev Ed Irving, A.M.

The Literary Librarian No. 1.

Family Classical Library No. 23. Sophocles.

A corrected Account of the Evidence adduced by the Trustees of the National Church Church, in support of the charges against the Rev Edward Irving, and his Defence.

Sketch of a Petition to the Legislature by the Friends of Peace and Justice in Ireland. By V.

Observations on the Nature of Cholera and its Remedy. By R. South.

Anti-Slavery Reporter Nos. 12 and 13.

British and Foreign Temperance Herald, No. 4.

Illustration of Political Economy, No. VII. Louis Marshall, a Tale. By Harriet Martineau.

In the Press.

The Annual for 1833 the Eighth of the Series, is announced for publication early in November, among its embellishments are prints from Lawrence's pictures of the Duchess of Richmond and John Arbuckle & Co. the other engravings are from paintings by Wilkie, Newton, Mulready, &c. &c. The literary portion of the work will, as heretofore, consist chiefly of articles of permanent interest and value.

The Juvenile Budget No. Not, edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall, will be this year published under the most auspicious of Mr. Ackerman and Messrs. Wootter and Davis. It will contain several fine engravings in steel, and the literary contents will be as usual from the pens of the most eminent writers for the year.

The Pacemaker, a Tale in 3 volumes, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, is announced for publication on the 1st of November.

The Geographical Annual for 1833, is announced to appear early in October in a far more elegant and cheaper form than heretofore. It will include the new discoveries in various parts of the world, and a new map of Great Britain according to the continuation of 1832.

Records of my Life, by the late John Taylor Esq. author of "Monsieur Tonnson," is just ready for publication.

Our Island, comprising two tales entitled Lawyer and the Lunatic, intended to illustrate some striking defects in our criminal jurisprudence.

The Lives and Exploits of celebrated Banditti and Robbers in all Parts of the World. By Chas. Marshall, Esq.

The Spenser's Web, a mingled yarn good and ill together, will be ready about the middle of October.

The Biblical Annual, uniform with the Geographical Annual is on the eve of publication.

Lord and Lady Nugent will shortly publish a work under the title of Legends of the Library at Lamb.

Handsomely bound in rose coloured morocco. Heath's Pictorial Annual for 1833, containing 9 beautifully finished Plates executed by the best Engravers under the exclusive direction of Mr. Heath from drawings by Clarkson Stanfield, Esq.

In crumpled silk. The Acropolis for 1833.

In Turkey morocco. The Literary Souvenir for 1833, edited by Anne A. Watts.

The New Year's Gift and Favourite Souvenir for 1833, edited by Mrs. Anne A. Watts, containing a variety of highly finished Line Engravings.

An interesting and useful Volume, to be reprinted. The Missionary Annual for 1833, edited by the Rev W. Lumsden.

The Emigrant's Tale, with other Poems. By J. Bird.

Preparing for Publication.

A new and beautiful Edition of Shakespeare, by Mr. Volpy, containing the whole of the 100 Illustrations originally published in Boydell's splendid edition, in 15 Monthly Volumes to commence on the 1st of December.

A cheap series of Original Novels and Romances, by the most popular authors of Europe and America, conducted by Lewis Ritchie, and Theo. Rogers.

A Sermon preached at the Parish Church of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-street, at the commemoration of Sir Thomas Graham. By Rev W. M. Henson, M.A., late of Oriel College, and Assistant Minister of St. Mark's.

By Subscription, Notable Ladies, or Nation of Leath, agree Linc. To be embellished with Engravings.



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THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE.

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MEMOIR OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET.

(With a Portrait.)

WHAT opinions soever may be entertained respecting the character and tendency of SIR WALTER SCOTT'S writings, no one can doubt that he was a most extraordinary man. The extent and fertility of his genius scarcely knew any bounds, and his industry fully corresponded with the activity of his mental powers. To his extensive acquaintance with historical facts, he added a warmth of imagination that stood unrivalled among all competitors; and ages will probably elapse, before he will be eclipsed by the rising of a brighter star.

In poetry, metaphysics, medicine, moral philosophy, history, and general literature, Scotland has long been honoured with names of renown; and the genius of Sir Walter Scott has given to the constellation a brilliancy which no clouds can obscure, no feculence can ever tarnish. His writings have erected an imperishable monument to his memory, and deeply engraven on the tablet of fame an inscription, which the lapse of ages will be unable to efface.

It is in general, both interesting and instructive to trace the early history of rising genius, whether favoured with the auspicious gales of fortune, or struggling with adversities, which nothing but persevering energy can surmount. In the latter case, genuine talent shines with the most resplendent lustre; even destiny appears to submit to enterprise, and conquest is hallowed by the instruments of victory.

Sir Walter Scott entered life under very favourable circumstances. "He had to encounter none of those difficulties which sometimes crush the youthful spirit in its earlier and unaided efforts; he had to struggle with no dependence, that frequently breaks the mind which it overloads; nor to grapple with poverty, which is generally associated with bitterness and degradation. From the first dawn of intellect, his path was smooth before him, so that his entrance into life was easy and unembarrassed. With him, mental exertion was a matter of choice, not of necessity. Employment was sought, to give a relish to leisure; he was surrounded with every thing to render life comfortable, and passed his early years in the bosom of his family, enjoying contentment and respectability."

The subject of this memoir was the eldest son of Walter Scott, Esq. a counsellor in Edinburgh. His mother was the daughter of Mr. David Rutherford, a distinguished member of the same profession. He was born on the 15th of August, 1771, and educated in the High School, Edinburgh.

We are not aware that any particular incident or combination of circumstances had any distinct influence on his mind, that could lead him to embrace that department of literature in which he has so far outshone all his associates and predecessors. The innate vigour of his spirit prompted him to activity, and a constitutional predisposition presenting vivid pictures to his imagination, administered, while roving in the fields of fancy, to the delight which rewarded his excursions in the regions of fiction and marvellous narrative. The following paragraph in his own words, will convey a characteristic statement of his views, feelings, and attachment, at the early period of which we speak.

“I must refer to a very early period of my life, were I to point out my first achievement as a story-teller—but, I believe, some of my old school-fellows can still bear witness, that I had a distinguished character for that talent, at a time when the applause of my companions was a recompence for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance writer incurred, for being idle himself, {and keeping others idle, during hours that should have been employed on our tasks. The chief enjoyment of my holidays was, to escape with a chosen friend, who had the same taste with myself, and, alternately, to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight-errantry, and battles, and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another as opportunity offered, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure; and we used to select for the scenes of our indulgence, long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur’s Seat, Salisbury Craigs, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of these holidays still forms an oasis in the pilgrimage which I have to look back upon.”

In the pursuits thus noticed, Mr. Scott was confirmed by a severe illness, through which, for a considerable time, he was confined. This was occasioned by his breaking a blood-vessel, which debarred him from more active exercise. Books now furnished his only amusement, and the shelves of a circulating library, at Edinburgh, filled with novels, romances, travels, and adventures, yielded an inexhaustible supply. These being congenial to his taste, soon made him an inhabitant of an imaginary world, and rendered even historical facts subservient to the creations of his prolific fancy, in which, through future life, he always found himself at home.

His friends, at this time, either disregarding, or altogether overlooking the predilections of this ardent lad, had, in their own minds and calculations, destined him to the profession of his father; and in accordance with this view, his earlier years were devoted to the study of the law. Legal technicalities, and tedious forms, however, could not furnish the charms which fiction was always ready to supply. To the former he attended from a sense of duty, but the latter was at all times a matter of choice. That gave him employment, this afforded constant recreation. There he found himself a drudge, but here he revelled in the sunshine of literary fascination.

A few ballads founded on tales, traditions, and incidents, very generally known, were first submitted to the public eye. These attracted rather more attention than the author had anticipated; and the effect of their success was, to transform the legal student into a votary of the muses. His friendship and intimacy with Mr. Lewis led to the publication of “Glenfinlas,” and “The Eve of St. John,” and his researches into the legendary stories with which the traditions of Scotland abounded, after some time, gave

birth to "The Border Minstrelsy." This also was favourably received, and the success which had attended his exertions, stimulated him to an enterprise still more arduous. At length "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" made its appearance, which, being in story and style, original, fascinating, and strange, opened a new element in the world of poetry. "The heather was now on fire;" fame had opened the gates of her temple; and nothing appeared, to impede his progress towards the sublime elevation.

In his early attempts at versification, the youthful bard had submitted the production of his muse to some well-known friends, and, following their judgments, he had many a time committed his compositions to the flames. To this sentence, he has since observed, "I sometimes submitted with a heavy heart." Wearied, however, with their unfavourable decisions, he resolved to appeal to strangers. The effect justified the experiment; and public opinion readily acknowledged that merit, which his more intimate associates were unable to discover.

The "Last Minstrel" was favoured with an extensive and rapid sale; and so well satisfied were the publishers with its success, that when "Marmion" was presented, they gave the author for it one thousand pounds: and, as a proof that they were not dissatisfied with their bargain, they subsequently presented the author with a hogshead of claret.

"The Lady of the Lake" rather increased than diminished the author's popularity. It is a poem which gives what may be termed the domestic life of chivalry, developing its private scenes, and, in the tumult of gentle affections, strangely blending the pathos and action which constitute its leading characteristics. In this poem there are numerous beauties, and, for a considerable time, they furnished subjects for conversation and criticism, which in general operated in favour of the author's reputation.

"The Lady of the Lake" retained its poetical ascendancy, until "Rokeby" appeared, and became its rival. Of this latter poem, the story is highly interesting; but to its fine descriptions, snatches of beautiful song, nicely drawn contrasts, and shades of character, the author is chiefly indebted for the plumes with which it has adorned his brows. The fascinating grasp which these two works had taken of the public mind, may be inferred, from the comparative estimate of their respective sales.

Sold of "The Lady of the Lake," from June 2d to Sept. 22d, 1810.

2,000 Quarto, at £2. 2s.	£4,200
6,000 Octavo, at 12s.	3,600
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		£7,800

Sold of Rokeby from January 14th to April 14th, 1813.

3,000 Quarto, at £2. 2s.	. (less 120 remaining,)	£6,048
5,000 Octavo, at 14s.	3,500
		<hr/>
		£9,548

Of these two poems, so high was the celebrity at the time to which the above estimates refer, that it was rather dangerous and disreputable for any person of taste not to be acquainted with the poetry of Mr. Scott. On this tide of opinion, many were known to sail with a tolerable degree of credit: because they were acquainted with the titles, and number of pages, that each volume contained, but who, if asked to produce a single line, would have betrayed the nakedness of the land:—Have you seen "The Lay of the Last Minstrel?" Have you seen the "Lady of the Lake?" Have you seen "Rokeby?" were generally leading questions, in all respectable companies. "How do you like them?" could easily be answered in the affirmative.

mative, and between such rival compositions there could be little danger in venturing an opinion.

For several other poems we are indebted to the pen of this indefatigable author. Each in its turn enjoyed a high degree of reputation, and many have passed through numerous editions. So loud indeed, at one period, was the trumpet of fame, in favour of his poetry, that no one anticipated its discontinuance, or predicted a louder blast.

Lord Byron, however, about this time, ascending above the poetical horizon, was hailed as a star of the first magnitude, whose lustre far outshone the brilliancy of all his contemporaries. The muse of Mr. Scott still retained its intrinsic value, but another having soared above him, the station which he occupied in the public mind now became secondary, from the more elevated rank which Byron commanded in the hemisphere of poetry. To the productions of his lordship, all eyes were turned; and the combination of superior talents with a titled bard, exhibited a novelty that was every where attractive. Of this successful rivalry, the poetry of Mr. Scott was destined to feel the mortifying effects. Few inquired after his works; the sale was in a great measure suspended; and after some time the productions of this poetical idol languished in neglect, and became partially forgotten. Few instances are on record, in which the versatility, and even the meanness of public opinion, are more apparent than in its connexion with Mr. Scott's poetry. On the plaudits of capricious fame, no dependence can be placed; and in the case before us, those who bask in her most fascinating smiles, may learn a useful lesson from this contemplation of her instability.

To the eclipse of Mr. Scott's poetical popularity, three causes may be said to have conspired. First, he felt a consciousness that he must now abdicate a throne which could no longer exact undisputed homage; and, as a natural consequence, a correspondent change was wrought in the ardour of his spirit, and the fervour of his imagination: secondly, the intense interest which the writings of Lord Byron had excited, left him little to hope; and thirdly, the desire of novelty, which is never without its influence on the reading world, especially on such as are captivated with the rich colouring and romantic excursions of a vivid imagination, was now gratified with a new object. These causes, combined in their effects, created for a season a suspension of his mental operations, but, in the issue, wrought for him a revolution in the direction of his energies, in which no future Byron is ever likely to outshine his brilliancy, or tarnish the halo of glory that surrounds his name.

But before we proceed to the prose department of Sir Walter Scott's works, to the margins of which we have arrived, it may be needful to view him in connexion with the duties of his profession at the bar, and of this we have the following account in his own words.

"It may be readily supposed that the attempts which I had made in literature had been unfavourable to my success at the bar. The goddess Themis is, at Edinburgh, and I suppose every where else, of a peculiarly jealous disposition. She will not readily consent to share her authority, and sternly demands from her votaries not only that real duty be carefully attended to and discharged, but that a certain air of business shall be observed even in the midst of total idleness.

"Of late, however, she has relaxed in some instances in this particular; an eminent example of which, has been shewn in the case of my friend, Mr. Jeffrey, who, after long conducting one of the most influential literary periodicals of the age, with unquestionable ability, has been, by the general consent of his brethren, recently elected to be their *Dean of Faculty*, or President, being the highest acknowledgment of his professional talents which they had it in their power to offer. But this is an incident much beyond the ideas

of a period of thirty years' distance, when a barrister who really possessed any turn for lighter literature, was at as much pains to conceal it, as if it had in reality been something to be ashamed of; and I could mention more than one instance, in which literature and society have suffered loss, that jurisprudence might be enriched.

"Nor did the solicitors, upon whose choice the counsel takes rank in his profession, do me less than justice by regarding others among my contemporaries as fitter to discharge the duty due to their clients, than a young man who was taken up with running after ballads, whether Teutonic or national. My profession and I, therefore, came to stand nearly upon the footing on which honest Slender consoled himself with having established with Mistress Anne Page: 'There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance.' I became sensible that the time was come when I must either buckle myself resolutely to the 'toil by day, the lamp by night,' renouncing all the Delilahs of my imagination, or bid adieu to the profession of the law, and hold another course. I confess my own inclination revolted from the more severe choice, which might have been deemed by many the wiser alternative."

It has been said, that two distinct circumstances concurred, to direct the author's attention to prose. First, his emulation had been awakened by the success of Miss Edgeworth's "Tales of Irish Life;" and secondly, by his undertaking to edit John Strutt's posthumous romance of *Queenhoo Hall*, whose want of success induced the editor to alter the original plan. He observes that "by rendering the language too ancient, and displaying his antiquarian knowledge too liberally, the ingenious author had raised an obstacle to his own success." By this discovery, Sir Walter resolved to profit, and no one who is acquainted with his prose productions can for a moment doubt, that he has avoided the rock on which Strutt's romance had suffered shipwreck.

The first sketch of *Waverley* having been drawn up, was advertised by Ballantyne as "*Waverley, or, 'Tis Fifty Years Since.*" This was afterwards altered to "*Sixty,*" to suit the actual time of publication. Having made some progress in this work, he fell again into the same error that had marked his early poetry. He submitted the MSS. of about seven chapters to a friend. The decision was unfavourable; the publication was abandoned, and the papers, now no longer deemed of value, were thrown aside, and for a time mislaid, if not forgotten. An accidental search for some fishing-tackle, led to their discovery, and finally, to their publication.

We need not descant on the powerful sensation which the first appearance of *Waverley* excited. It seemed to open a new era in this species of composition; the superior talents of the author were every where acknowledged, and as no name appeared, conjecture found full employment in attempting to discover what the writer had impenetrably concealed. The mystery in which he lay enveloped, served only to increase and prolong the interest that was every where apparent, but, like the letters of Junius, for this work no legitimate parent could any where be found. The secrecy, however, operated with an attractive power, and was not without a considerable influence in directing public attention to this most wonderful composition. But no ingenuity could draw aside the curtain, no research could penetrate the author's hidden retreat. By public consent, *Waverley* was, therefore, acknowledged in all its beauties to be the production of some GREAT UNKNOWN. Succeeding works displayed the same talents, but the author still remained buried in the same obscurity; and it is not improbable, that the midnight darkness would have continued unbroken, and, perhaps for ever, if the failure of a celebrated publisher in Edinburgh had not compelled Sir Walter Scott to avow himself the author of those remarkable compositions.

From the first publication of *Waverley*, to the period of his death, Sir Walter Scott, without any interruption, floated on the full tide of popularity.

Nor is this a subject to excite our surprise. If we look at the quantity which he has written, it would seem incredible; but when we also look at the quality, and contemplate the vast mass of materials that he must have accumulated, it adds wonder to applause.

To give any thing like a detailed account of his numerous productions is scarcely possible, within the limits we have prescribed. His works are a library of themselves, in addition to which he furnished many contributions to the periodicals of the day. Among these was a tribute to the memory of Lord Byron, which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, written with much feeling, and in the generous spirit of one exalted mind doing justice to another.

Under the incessant labours of Sir Walter Scott, it is more a matter of surprise that he should have survived so long, than that he should have sunk beneath the accumulated load. People are sometimes apt to covet the luxury of literary pursuits, and to envy the pleasures of an author; but those who thus talk of literary ease, know nothing of the wear and tear of a mind, whose powers are in continual requisition, and almost incessantly on the rack. This mental exhaustion has an amazing influence on the bodily powers, and a general lassitude is the effect of both. Sir Walter Scott has laboriously earned the honours and profits of literature, and well does he deserve his share of both—even though his fame has been extended through every civilized country of the world.

Equally appreciated at home and abroad, never perhaps did any individual receive more tokens of unequivocal and universal admiration. His works are translated into most known languages; and Mrs. Charles Gore mentions, in her *Hungarian Tales*, that at one of the Inns, the head of "*Valter Skote*" is hung up as a sign. The rank of baronet, with which the author was honoured by his late Majesty George IV. is the first instance of such a distinction being conferred on literary merit. From those who were intimately acquainted with Sir Walter, we learn, that his conversational powers were exceedingly great; and that his style of telling a story was unrivalled in its dramatic effects. His memory was exceedingly retentive, and even to the evening of his health, it could dwell with delight on its early tales of "legendary lore."

It does not appear that Sir Walter Scott had any anticipations of his labours drawing to a close, until disease seized upon his vitals, and gave no one besides himself any thing to hope. It has been asserted, that while walking with Wordsworth some time early in 1831, he was detailing his literary plans of works that were yet unborn. Having proceeded to some length, Mr. Wordsworth interrupted him by saying, "Why, you are laying down work for a life." "No, no," rejoined Sir Walter, "not for a life, but for twenty years. I have twenty years mind and health in me yet." Alas! how vain are such calculations, when we know not what a day may bring forth.

Under the severe and incessant labours which Sir Walter Scott imposed upon himself, no human constitution could long remain unbroken. His spirits and mental energy far exceeded his physical strength, and in the spring of 1831, an attack of paralysis, a disease that had long been hereditary in the family, produced effects that were both visible and alarming. To avoid the melancholy consequences that were anticipated, many of his friends recommended a suspension of his literary toils; but to this, he could only be induced partially to submit. In a letter to a friend, so early as *March 7th*, he observes, "Dr. Abercrombie threatens me with death, if I write much; and die I suppose I must, if I give it up suddenly."

As autumn approached, and brought with it no indications of returning health, his physicians recommended a residence in Italy. To this, however, he was reluctant to submit, being unwilling to leave a country that had been long endeared by the most powerful ties, and he dreaded the thought of ending his days in a foreign land. The importunity of his friends at length prevailed, and, through the kindness of Captain Basil Hall, a passage was procured for him in his Majesty's frigate *Barham*, then about to sail for Malta.

The *Barham* sailed from Portsmouth on the 27th of October, and reached the place of her destination in safety. During this voyage, Sir Walter's health was so much improved, that great hopes were entertained of his restoration to health. From Malta, after a short residence, he proceeded to Naples, where he arrived on the 27th of December, but with hopes less flattering than when he landed at Malta; and the early months of 1832 brought no beneficial change. About the middle of April he proceeded to Rome, where he was received with every mark of honour and respect. In this venerable and renowned city, and its vicinity, many highly interesting objects attracted his attention, and to Tivoli, Albani, and Frascati, he was enabled to pay visits. It was not, however, his good fortune to find the Temple of Health; and without this, antiquities, and classic grandeur exhibited little more than withered charms.

Conscious of growing weaker instead of acquiring strength, and also that no rational hope of recovery was to be entertained, he resolved, while able, to return to his native land. The journey was accordingly undertaken without delay, and perhaps was prosecuted with more rapidity than his debilitated state could bear. During six days he travelled seventeen hours each day; and in passing down the Rhine, he sustained another severe attack of his awful malady. This, for a season, produced such a state of complete insensibility, that his almost immediate death was seriously anticipated. His attendant, however, bled him profusely, and a partial recovery took place, and in this state he reached London. Arriving in the metropolis, he was taken to the St. James's Hotel in Jermyn-street, where he was immediately visited by Sir Henry Hallford and Dr. Holland; and also by his son-in-law, and daughter. The skill, however, of these eminent physicians was now of no avail. Disease had gained an ascendancy which the power of medicine was unable to subdue. His state in general was that of insensibility, with occasional gleams of returning intellect, during which he was aware of his situation, and expressed a strong desire to be removed to his native land.

Sir Walter Scott remained in London a few weeks, and received every attention that the power of man could bestow; but on all occasions, when able, his desire was to be removed to his own home. As no hopes of his recovery were now entertained, it was resolved to carry this his almost dying wish into execution. He was accordingly placed on board a steam-vessel, which left London on the 7th of July, and on the evening of the 9th arrived at Newhaven, when, with all possible care, he was landed, and conveyed to a hotel in his native city. Here he remained two nights and one day, and on the morning of the 11th, was removed to Abbotsford, the place of his residence, and of his desires, and where he wished to breathe his last.

On approaching this retreat, which his own industry and taste had rendered truly delightful, an instinctive consciousness of being near his home, gave for a few moments a new impulse to his exhausted powers. The gleam, however, was evanescent; for, on reaching the house, he scarcely recognized any person or object, except his old friend Laidlow, on pressing

whose hand he indistinctly said, "Now I know that I am at Abbotsford:" but he speedily relapsed into a state of insensibility.

At Abbotsford, encircled by the members of his family, and attended by Dr. Clarkson, of Melrose, Sir Walter Scott languished for about two months, apparently unconscious of every thing around him. On one occasion he slept without any intermission about twenty-seven hours, and from this remarkable circumstance, hopes were entertained that some favourable change was at hand. Nothing, however, occurred to justify these expectations. Day after day he gradually sunk under the weight of his afflictions, until his death became the only subject of anticipation. In this state he continued to linger until mortification made its appearance in several parts of his body, and under its inroads he languished nearly a fortnight. At length the gloomy messenger arrived; and on Friday, September 21, 1832, he breathed his last, about one o'clock in the afternoon.

The remains of this illustrious person were almost immediately consigned to a leaden coffin, which had been prepared, when the mortification had reached an alarming crisis. The funeral took place on Wednesday, the 25th, at Dryburgh, where the family possessed a piece of sepulchral ground. The procession consisted of about sixty vehicles of different kinds, and a few horsemen. On every side, the road and houses presented an incalculable mass of spectators, whom affection, respect, sympathy, curiosity, and novelty had attracted to the line of passage.

It was towards night when the procession reached the precincts of Dryburgh. On arriving at the confines of this ancient abbey, the coffin, taken from the hearse, was borne on the shoulders of men, in a slow and solemn manner, along the shady walks which conducted to the place of interment, followed by about three hundred mourners. The funeral service of the episcopal church to which the deceased belonged, was read by the Rev. John Williams, in a devoutly serious, and deeply impressive manner. The body was then deposited in "the narrow-house," there to remain until "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible."

In person, Sir Walter Scott was full six feet high, stout, bony, well-formed, and strongly knit together, but not inclined to corpulency. His eyes were deeply seated beneath large shaggy eyebrows; their colour was a bluish grey; and on certain occasions they furnished a decisive index of what was passing within his mind. His head was remarkably small, but finely formed, and, during his latter years, the thin white hair with which it was adorned, gave him a singular and characteristic appearance.

Of his intellectual powers, the numerous works he has published furnish the best memorial. From that source the reader may derive information to which neither friendship nor enmity can give any delusive colouring. The character of his mind and genius, there displayed, no one can mistake; and from the immutable lines in which it is engraven, distant posterity will have the same opportunity of judging as the present generation.

Those, however, who wish for a more extended account of this extraordinary man, than the present memoir contains, will find an ample delineation of his life and writings, in the *Athenæum* for October the 6th, and also in the *Supplement to Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, of the same date. In each of these accounts, some notice is taken of Sir Walter Scott's pecuniary embarrassments, the manner in which he became involved, and the means which he used to extricate himself from his overwhelming difficulties. To these, therefore, having extended this memoir to the utmost limits allotted for biography, the reader is referred, for any further information that he may require.

ATTEMPT TO ELUCIDATE VARIOUS
DIFFICULT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE, ON
THE PRINCIPLES OF MODERN SCIENCE,
MR. ABRAHAM BOOTH, LECTURER
EXPERIMENTAL CHEMISTRY, ETC.

There can be no task more truly delightful to the devotional philosopher, who is saturated with proper feelings towards the Author of his being, than to pay the dues of science to the oracles of God, so to make every study subservient to the ends for which such contemplation only is afforded; so, I trust that the attempt which I propose to make, to furnish an explanation of several passages in scripture record, which have been elucidated by the principles of modern science, will not only be found to foster the faith of the wavering in its inspired truth, but prove interesting to the devotional reader.

The present day particularly calls for the revival of Christian watchfulness: practical holiness, and a total disregard to all Divine ordinances, were never perhaps so widely prevalent. It therefore behoves all those who appreciate the superior excellence of the gospel dispensation to exert themselves, to the extent of their talents, to demonstrate to the unbeliever and to the world, how just, and pure are the doctrines and precepts of that inspired record, which can make us wise unto salvation.

The consideration of those passages in holy scripture which refer to different natural phenomena, has often been a source of great consolation and pleasing reflection to my mind. Subjects similar to those which I shall occasionally submit to the notice of your readers, commentators either are in general negligent, or their elucidations are not conformable to the present state of scientific inquiry. Even the most liberal, and the most judicious, by such interpretation, these may be rendered proof against the attacks of scepticism, they give an additional lustre to all parts of the divine writings, of which, without such aid, they are not susceptible.

A. B.

—“And Moses took the calf which they had burnt, and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder and strewed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it.” Exod. xii. 20.

There are, perhaps, few passages of scripture which are more the subject of cavil and scepticism, than this. Yet the only point which is apparently vulnerable is, that as no miracle is implied by the sacred writings, the act was merely suggested by the wisdom of Moses; and this, by taking the passage in its literal sense, implies that Moses possessed more knowledge than chemists of the present day.

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It is in this verse asserted, that Moses burnt the golden calf in the fire. Gold, it is well known, will endure the most intense heat, long continued, without being oxidized, even although kept for some time in a state of fusion. By the phrase “burnt it in the fire,” we are not, however, to understand that any actual combustion took place, as chemistry, both in the language of the Arabians and of the Egyptians, had a name signifying the science of fire; it being from this agent that the most important changes in their operations were produced.

There is no reason for believing that the chemical knowledge of Moses was limited to the action of heat upon substances, as this passage may be considered rather to imply that he submitted the gold to a chemical process. It was long since observed by Stahl, that gold, when fused with an alkali, forms a compound soluble in water. Gold is also soluble in nitro-muriatic acid; and the compound thus obtained is crystallizable, and soluble in water. Each of these solutions is intensely disagreeable to the taste, and the children of Israel were probably compelled to drink the water in which the golden calf had been strewed, because it was by this means rendered disgustingly nauseous to their palate.

WATER.—“And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray you, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my lord seeth; but the water is naught, and the ground is barren.

“And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein; and they brought it to him.

“And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt therein, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters, there shall not be from hence any more death or barren land.

“So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha which he spake.”—2 Kings ii. 19—22.

The effects of the water complained of by the men of the city, will answer the description of a water saturated with sulphate of lime. Where this salt is contained to much extent, the water is not only noxious to the health, but unfit for all purposes of domestic economy, and for vegetation.

Besides common salt, (muriate of soda,) such as is generally used for culinary purposes, trona, or carbonate of soda, as being very common in Egypt and Arabia, is extensively used in the arts, and for all purposes of domestic economy. This might probably be the salt supplied to Elisha, which, by being thrown into the water, would produce a decomposition of the sulphate of lime. Carbonate of lime would precipitate, and sulphate of soda (Glauber's salts) remain in solution, and form the changes produced in the composition.

the salts, contained in the water from this double decomposition. Hence, the spring would not only become softer, and more fitted for all domestic purposes, and for vegetation, but would even contain some medicinal efficacy peculiarly valuable in this climate. Here then we may account for the phenomena with great propriety upon chemical principles; but as the effect of an experimental agency can only occur when under its immediate influence, the water could only remain so, by a peculiar interposition of DIVINE POWER, which defied all human attempts to imitate; and its illimitable extent was rendered more forcible by its being contrasted with the feeble results, and the most extended efforts, of human intelligence.

“And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter; therefore the name of it was called Marah.

“And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink? And he cried unto the Lord; and the Lord showed him a tree, which, when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet.”—Exod. xv. 23.

Bitter waters, similar to those of Marah, are recorded by travellers, as very common in Arabia. They were formerly supposed to owe their bitterness to bitumen, and as such these are described by most Biblical commentators; but they may more properly be considered as solutions of muriates of lime and magnesia, two salts often present in water, and particularly distinguished by their peculiar, bitter taste. These have been detected in the waters of Persia. In the description of this event, no particular interposition of an Almighty power is recorded, and it might be performed merely by what the chemical knowledge of Moses would suggest.

Carbonate of potash is contained largely in all plants: in some it constitutes the largest proportion of their ashes. This salt, if thrown into the water, would decompose the muriates of lime and magnesia. The carbonates of these earths would then precipitate, and muriate of potash remain in solution, this being a salt which would not render the water at all unpalatable or unwholesome.

“If I wash myself in snow water, and make my hands never so clean.”—Job ix. 30.

That the beauty of the sacred writings is best perceived by referring to the minuteness and simplicity of its details, is an observation, to which a consideration of the above passage necessarily leads. The deterative or cleansing quality of water is lessened in proportion to the quantity of earthy or saline matter which it contains. Every natural water contains more or less

impurities; rain or snow-water, or that which having undergone a natural distillation from the earth, and is condensed again in this form, is the purest, and as such is the most fitted for cleansing. Soap was probably unknown in the time of Job, and therefore the strongest simile which he could use was that of the purest water.

SOAP.—“For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God.”—Jer. ii. 22.

If, instead of *nitre*, (nitrate of potash,) we read *natron*, (carbonate of soda,) the meaning of this passage is very obvious.

In soap, the causticity of the alkali is weakened by its dilution with oily or fatty matters, but it yet retains a strongly cleansing quality, without the liability of injuring the animal texture. The deterative quality of soap arises from the combination of the alkali with the resinous or other animal or vegetable matters which soil the skin. Natron is much more deterative. The strength of the simile is increased by saying—you have used much soap, which is cleansing; but as that fails, you have used the uncombined alkali, which is far more powerful, but without success.

(To be continued.)

ON SCOFFING AT RELIGION.

As the Christian religion is decidedly adverse, and diametrically opposed in all its aspects, to the inclinations and passions of the immoral and corrupted, (which is the greater part of mankind,) it has been its fate, in every era of its progress, to encounter opposition, and sustain the obloquy which its foes have endeavoured to attach to its majestic form and venerable constitution. At one period, it has been assailed by a destructive hurricane of violence and persecution; at another it has been attacked by false reasoning and plausible sophistry; and in the course of its collision “with enemies from within and from without,” it has been exposed to the scoffs of the ignorant, the censure of the superficial, and the contempt of the profane and the vicious.

Those men, whose only distinction consisted in a frivolous mind, and an imbecile understanding; who had no comprehension of thought for discerning what is sublime in intellect, or pure in morals; and who had no elasticity of soul, or solidity of judgment, for deciding on what is true, vital, and essential to their own weal, or that of their coadjutors in the work of disparagement, have taken upon them to deride religion, and treat its sacred mysteries with

; as if it were of no importance to well-being of society, or that it had no power to improve the world, and regenerate its inhabitants. They have attempted to deride the whole of that beautiful and venerable fabric, which has so long commanded the respect and secured the homage of the virtuous and the good, which for ages has gained the reverence of the learned, the plaudits of the wise, as having originated in the gloomy conceptions of poets and visionaries; who delighted in extravagant hypotheses, and revelled in unphilosophical theories.

When men are first initiated in vice, and in the incipient stages of dissipation, it is not only the case, that they are anxious to conceal their faults, and gratify their passions in secret; to make use rather of artifice and cunning, than of undisguised impudence and avowed effrontery. But the effects of subterfuge and hypocrisy are in time rendered useless and unavailing, and some unfortunate circumstance arises, to defeat their schemes, and baffle those plans which they cautiously laid and prepared, for procuring a premature discovery. At length, in the progress of events, others begin to detect them of those practices which they themselves were wont before as undeniably to abominate; till curiosity, that insatiable and insatiable passion of the mind, is awakened, suspicion begins to operate, and at last they are so closely pursued, that their deeds are made manifest, and their ignominious fate, which inevitably follows, is memorialized to the world as a warning to warn others of immediate and certain destruction. It is then too late to attempt to deceive mankind by false appearances and unbased pretexts; and nothing remains but to avow and palliate what can no longer be denied, or concealed from public observation and public reprobation.

Such is the deplorable state of a man totally abandoned to the indulgence of vicious inclinations and wicked practices; the enormity of the deed to him loses almost all its inherent turpitude; and he is compelled by necessity to regard the dictates of uncurbed and unbridled passion, in action and in thought, as more commanding than the voice of reason and the monitions of conscience. He justifies one crime by the commission of another, even more flagrant; cherishes false principles, in order to support his practices; endeavours to corrupt others, rather than own himself defiled and degraded; and, to avoid a confession of his sins, which would be accompanied by a sense of shame, and painful sensations of remorse, he calls "evil good, and good

evil, puts darkness for light, and light for darkness." Hence, he endeavours to deride and ridicule those laws which he is known constantly and systematically to violate; and scoffs at the very truths of religion, which, if once admitted, and allowed to exert their drastic influence, would be in direct opposition to his conduct and procedure, and have an evident tendency to convict his whole behaviour of extreme folly and positive absurdity.

Our chief business as humble inquirers after truth should be, to search for it with an untiring patience and an unremitting diligence; to emulate each other in a holy competition in making discoveries of this inestimable gem; to strive ardently, deliberately, and carefully; constantly animated with the hope, if successful, of actual possession, and that the efficacious power which it is capable of imparting, will be a permanent benefit, equally to the individual inheritor, as to a community through which it may be extended and diffused. To believe a thing to be true or false, merely because others assert it, is highly culpable; and displays an unprecedented degree of neglect, palpable and blameable in the extreme, in the most important concern in which it is possible for us to engage. But still let it be remembered, that the nature of things in themselves good, are not alterable by our conduct, neither do they lose their intrinsic excellence because our prejudices are opposed to them. Therefore, a proposition of eternal moment, involving human destiny, can become neither less certain nor important, by being regarded and considered, or neglected and despised.

The apostle Saint Peter, in his second epistle to the Christian church, solemnly predicted, that "there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts;" a prediction which in our time we have too often seen verified and fulfilled. As the insinuations of such men against religion, have in some instances proved a stumbling-block to the weak, and the parade of their shallow objections has entrapped the unwary, we will briefly turn our attention to this interesting subject.

The doctrines which Christianity inculcates are strictly rational, perfectly pure, and singularly adapted to the nature, and precisely adequate to the wants, of man, as a fallen creature, in a state of probation. All that it has revealed and announced, concerning the perfections of God, his moral government and laws, the certainty of a future state, and the appointment of rewards and punishments hereafter, are opposed to reason, but rather corroborated

by its sanctions ; though it must be acknowledged, that some of its articles, from the present limitation of our faculties, we are unable sufficiently to comprehend. Questions which relate to the essence of the Godhead—the origin of evil—the fallen state of mankind—and their redemption by the incarnation of the Son of God—are now involved in a degree of mystery, inscrutably dark, which the developments of eternity, and the superior light of another sphere, can alone illuminate, unravel, and explain. Against these, the scoffer has often lifted his weapons of invective, and sported the jests of the buffoon, as if whatever could not be explained by finite ingenuity, ought necessarily to be exploded as absurd, and regarded as a chimera.

It is unnecessary to rebut the objections we have above enumerated, separately ; as there is one observation, founded on analogical reasoning, which, if duly weighed and properly considered, is sufficient to silence the cavils of the scoffer, and place the disputant in an awkward dilemma. He is compelled to admit, that the whole system of material nature around him teems with mysteries absolutely dark and insolvable. Why then does he suppose that the doctrines of revelation, the offspring of the same divine Parent, and the production of the same Almighty Author, should be solely divested of obscurity ? All that is requisite for the conduct of temporal life, and likewise for the attainment of spiritual life, both in the diversified system of nature, and the ample volume of religion, divine wisdom has rendered plain and intelligible in all their parts. As nature has provided us with suitable instincts and adequate information, concerning what is proper for our food, our comfort, and preservation ; so religion has plainly and abundantly instructed us in our duty towards God, and obligation to our species. But when we attempt to search into what is profoundly hidden, and hermetically sealed, from the scrutinizing approach of beings whose powers are limited ; when we fruitlessly endeavour to be “wise above that which is written,” our efforts prove abortive, and darkness, even darkness that may be felt, meets us on either hand.

After the same manner, there are similar difficulties which arrest the attention in the study of natural religion. Here questions arise, “thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa,” concerning the creation of the world from nothing, the subsequent state of chaos whence order was educed from confusion, the existence of evil under the government of a perfect and

holy Being, and the compatibility of human liberty with divine prescience. These are equally as intricate and perplexing as any of the deep and inexplicable questions that may be found in the study of Christian theology. The system of nature, animate and inanimate, undoubtedly is full of mystery, especially the essences of those material bodies we inspect and handle, which possess the property of reproduction. In them there is an arcanum which we cannot enter and explore, without the requisite clue ; there are many cabalistic monuments in the range of the material world, both near and remote, the hieroglyphic characters inscribed on which, we are now totally unable to decipher or interpret. But instead of this being any objection to revelation, or derogating from its value, namely, that some of the doctrines in the Christian system are mysterious, it would have been much more incongruous, and likewise have given to it the appearance of being destitute of the least trace of coherence subsisting between them, if none had exceeded our comprehension, or surpassed our knowledge ; and then there might have been some propriety in supposing it had not proceeded from God, since it would have been then so dissimilar to what is presented to our notice in the system of visible nature. But as they are now exhibited, they perfectly harmonize with each other ; they each help to elucidate the obscurities which gather round either, when considered separately ; but when viewed together, the exact correspondence which is maintained, aid us to solve the difficulties in which we find them involved.

If we advert to the didactic portion of the doctrines of the Christian religion, which the scoffer has often stigmatized and pronounced idle and superfluous, as the misshapen abortions of fear, and the monstrous progeny of enthusiasm ; we shall invariably find them distinguished for simplicity and propriety, unencumbered by extraneous matter, and lustrous in purity, possessing the clearest credentials that they are the exclusive emanations of the Divine Lawgiver. The scoffer considers that the Deity is so exalted, and resides at such an infinite distance as to be inaccessible to his creatures ; and, therefore, can derive no advantage, nor receive any pleasure, from our expressions of homage and prostrations of worship. Prayer and praise, he affirms, can be of no avail to that self-existent Being, at whose fiat streams of ceaseless felicity spontaneously flow, and constantly meander before his own immediate dwelling-place : that sacred days, and prescribed forms of

adoration, were originally dictated by superstition, and supported by imaginary terrors; upon which vulgar and untutored minds delight to descant, but which the liberal and refined look upon with indignation and scorn.

Now, as a counteractive to the insults of the scoffer, if we refer to either ancient or modern history, we shall assuredly find, in the united sentiments of mankind, of every era, and under whatever dynasty, (providing the one were sufficiently recondite to frame archives, and the other strictly impartial in its records,) that their aggregate testimony, when accumulated and combined, contradicts his assertion, and renders his objections baseless and nugatory. For, thoughtless and indisposed to reflect as the majority of men are, solely attracted and mainly influenced by objects which they see around them, either of a sensual order or a material texture, this principle has never been eradicated from, nor extinguished in, the human breast, though it may have been materially modified; that to the great Parent of all, the creator and benefactor of the world, not only the reverence of the heart is due, but likewise external homage is a tribute which ought voluntarily and cheerfully to be paid to the mighty Governor of the world and the universal Potentate. Whether homage and worship are indispensable to an independent being, is not the question we have to investigate; but, that we are deeply indebted to Him "in whom we live, and move, and have our being;" and that emotions of the profoundest gratitude to such an exalted benefactor, it is our bounden duty to cultivate and inspire. It is a proof of the genuineness of the source whence virtue arises, when it is incessantly eager to embrace every opportunity to publish and avow the grateful sentiments which it feels rising and swelling within, and to give them utterance in all the dignity of expressive animation.

In accordance with this sentiment, it has been the uniform practice, from time immemorial, of most nations on the face of the globe, whether polished or rude, to assemble and adore, in some, or every variety of form, the Creator and controller of the world. In this manner, the spontaneous dictates of the heart have prompted men, of whatever rank and distinction, cheerfully to engage in singing songs of praise, and uttering apostrophes of worship, to an invisible Ruler. There are none to be found but the apathetic and ungrateful, who can contemplate the unbounded beneficence which the Almighty displays in the universe that he has formed; (for even in this

temporary abode, we perceive it to be diversified with innumerable beauties, which silently proclaim, that in its primitive state, before sin entered Eden, it must have been filled with many a noble monument of the good and fair, possessing an astonishing fecundity of delights, and an illimitable range of the purest enjoyments,) without making one solitary effort to evince their gratitude. Therefore, it is palpably useless for the scoffer to deride what the legitimate dictates of nature, and the loud voice of conscience, sternly require, and invariably applaud.

The scoffer, by his licentious ridicule and indecorous remarks on the duties of piety, and the institutions of religion, incurs an awful amount of guilt; he is the odious instrument of propagating a crime, the extent of which is inconceivable, and its magnitude incalculably great. His proceedings tend to weaken the power of conscience in restraining the actions of men; he is, in reality, essaying to remove the safeguard of society, and attempting to demolish the firmest rampart of public order and domestic happiness. These are primarily founded, and principally consolidated, by the prevalent belief of an omniscient witness, and by the profound veneration which the thought of an omnipotent Governor is calculated to excite. An unshaken belief in these verities constitutes the whole obligation of an oath; destitute of which, the intricate machinery of government could not exert its functions, justice be impartially administered, nor could private property be effectually secured from invasion. If the strong apprehension of an invisible avenger, and the dread of future punishments in reversion for the guilty, which are the only adequate restraints that can be imposed, were to be removed from the human mind, we should have no security against the perpetration of innumerable crimes; successful wickedness would triumph, and unobtrusive virtue be defeated.

But if religion were to be universally despised, and its institutions constantly derided, how would it be possible for its regulating and restraining influences to be exerted, so as to conduce to the public welfare? If those who assemble for the purpose of religious instruction were to be dispersed, and the holy day appropriated for rest and sacred worship abolished, the enemies of the Christian faith might glory, even though it ought to be their shame, and an indelible token of disgrace; since the performance and strict observance of sacred duties were originally intended to be

solemn mementoes of the existence and the perpetuity of the dominion of God, and to be striking monitions to sinners that their actions are amenable at his tribunal. To men of every rank and station in life, it is invaluable; but especially to the lower classes of society, the most inattentive observer must have noticed that the sentiments which public religion invariably excites, are eminently calculated to enlighten, improve, and instruct their minds, in all things that appertain to the present state, as well as in those mightier qualities that stretch beyond the verge of time; for in both respects its tendency is highly salutary and peculiarly beneficial. Deprived of the advantages of education, with all its refining and elevating blessings, generally ignorant for the most part of the laws that have been enacted by the legislature of the realm; were they to forsake the sanctuary of religion to which they have been accustomed to resort, they would acquire a ferocity of character, and assume an effrontery of manners, which no law could restrain, no force could mitigate, no government tame.

They, therefore, who scoff at the sacred mysteries of the Christian religion, who employ levity, and use sarcasm and invective, instead of gravity and reason, are the pests of society, and the avowed enemies of mankind. Such characters, and the injury they do to the moral interests of the world, are thus figuratively delineated in the book of Proverbs, "They are madmen, who cast firebrands, arrows, and death; and say, are not we in sport?"

That great class of duties which we owe to our fellow-creatures, and by which our conduct ought to be stedfastly guided, has been but partially vilified by the fierce enemies of religion; because the absolute necessity of these to the welfare of the community, will appear, to an unvitiated mind, almost self-evident, when it is considered that justice and truth, honesty and integrity, are the fundamental pillars on which the social system rests. Although the virtues above enumerated have not been attacked with such virulence, and to such an extent, as the evangelical doctrines which Christianity sanctions and approves, yet, considering they are adjuncts or appurtenances, that give an additional symmetry to that beautiful fabric, of which they form a part; like the ornaments placed on some majestic building, that impart to it splendour and richness, though they add not to its stability, or materially increase its magnitude; they have not been exempt altogether from the malice of the interested, and the scorn of the profligate.

Those who act from purely disinterested motives, and strictly philanthropic intentions, which lead them to disregard personal advantage and mere selfish aggrandizement, in order to subserve the public weal, and advance the interests of the world at large, when opportunity offers, and circumstances concur; these, as well as the principles which support, and the energy which sustains them, the scoffer is unable to appreciate, and, therefore, such conduct appears to him positively incomprehensible. They who have maintained a consistent deportment in the midst of a corrupt court and a licentious age; in the bustle of camps, or the conflict of armies; men who have remained unmoved by flattery, and unintimidated when conscience reproved, by the threats of power or the mandate of kings; men whom bribes could not seduce from the path of inflexible integrity, or proffered emoluments tempt to infringe on the just rights of their brethren; these ornaments of the race—these guiding stars in the galaxy of human intelligences—who have refused to comply with prevailing manners where evil was likely to result, or be impelled by the furious tide of popular opinion, when inimicable to justice and truth; these upright men, who, so to speak, impregnate society with an ingredient like salt to bodily substances, without which, it would speedily tend to putrefaction, and arrive at a state of decomposition; have been pronounced as persons of romantic character and airy notions, Utopian schemers, over whom imagination has usurped an imperative dominion.

These great supporters, however, of inflexible virtue and unbending integrity, instead of being objects of ridicule, are entitled to the greatest respect, and ought to inspire universal reverence, uncourted, unasked, and unsolicited. These intrepid supporters of the rights and liberties of mankind, are in fact the bulwarks of society; these illustrious patriots are the mighty germs that foster those renovating principles which are destined to reflect lustre, and achieve honours for the country that gave them birth; they are loved by the good of their own time, and will be revered by the latest posterity to whom their deeds are transmitted.

THOS. ROYCE.

Leicester, Sept. 18th, 1832.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

Shepherds in the East.

THE flocks were tended by servants; also by the sons, and frequently by the daughters, of

the owner, who himself was often employed in the same service. In the summer they generally moved towards the north, or occupied the loftier part of the mountains; in the winter they returned to the south, or sought a favourable retreat in the valleys. A shepherd was exposed to all the changes of the season, as the flocks required to be watched by day and by night, under the open sky. Thus Jacob describes his service:—"In the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night; and my sleep departed from mine eyes." So also the shepherds were watching their flocks by night, when the angel of the Lord came down with the glad tidings of a Saviour's birth. The flocks, however, did not give so much trouble, as we might imagine such vast numbers would. They grew familiar with the rules of order, and learned to conform themselves to the wishes of their keeper, on the slightest notice. They became acquainted with his voice, and, when called by its sound, immediately gathered around him. It was even common to give every individual of the flock its own name, to which it learned to attend, as horses and dogs are accustomed to do among us. If the keeper's voice was at any time not heeded, or could not reach some straggling party, he had but to tell his dog, who was almost wise enough to manage the flock by himself, and immediately he was seen bounding over the distance, and rapidly restoring all to obedience and order. When he wanted to remove them from one place to another, he called them all together, and marched before them with his staff in his hand, and his dog by his side, like a general at the head of his army. Such is the beautiful discipline which is often seen in the flocks of the Eastern shepherds. With a knowledge of these circumstances, we can better understand the language of our Saviour, in his beautiful parable of the Shepherd and his flock: "The sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice. And a stranger they will not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers."*

Building on the Sand.

"I will liken him unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell," Matt. vii. 26, 27.

The fishermen of Bengal build their huts, in the dry season, on the beds of sand, from which the river has retired. When the rains set in, which they often do very

suddenly, accompanied with violent north-west winds, the water pours down in torrents from the mountains. In one night, multitudes of these huts are frequently swept away, and the place where they stood is, the next morning, undiscoverable.†

"It so happened, that we were to witness one of the greatest calamities that have occurred in Egypt in the recollection of any one living. The Nile rose this season three feet and a half above the highest mark left by the former inundation, with uncommon rapidity, and carried off several villages, and some hundreds of their inhabitants. I never saw any picture that could give a more correct idea of the deluge, than the valley of the Nile in this season. The Arabs had expected an extraordinary inundation this year, in consequence of the scarcity of water the preceding season; but they did not apprehend it would rise to such a height. They generally erect fences of earth and reeds round their villages, to keep the water from their houses; but the force of this inundation baffled all their efforts. Their cottages being built of earth, could not stand one instant against the current: and no sooner did the water reach them, than it levelled them with the ground. The rapid stream carried off all that was before it; men, women, children, cattle, corn, every thing, was washed away in an instant, and left the place where the village stood, without any thing to indicate that there had ever been a house on the spot."‡

* Nieven's Biblical Antiquities.

† Ward's View of the Hindoos, vol. ii. p. 335.

‡ Belzoni's Researches in Egypt, p. 299.

VISIT TO THE ASIATIC CHURCHES.

THE astonishing loss of population, which those parts of the world have sustained since ancient times, is still more affecting. I have wandered amidst the ruins of Ephesus, and had ocular and auricular demonstration, that where once assembled thousands exclaimed, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," now the eagle screams, the jackal moans, the echoes of Mount Prion and Mount Coryssus no longer reply to the voice of man. I have stood on the hill of Laodicea, and I found it without a single resident inhabitant. There was, indeed, an inferiority in its desolations to those of Babylon. Of Babylon it was predicted, (Isaiah xiii. 20.) "The Arabian shall not pitch tent there." At Laodicea, the Turcoman had pitched his migratory tent in the area of its ancient amphitheatre; but I saw neither church nor temple, mosque nor minaret, nor a single permanent abode.

I paid a visit to the city of Colosse—if that, indeed, may be called a visit, which left us in some degree of uncertainty whether we had actually discovered its remains. Colosse has become doubly desolate: its very ruins are scarcely visible. Many a harvest has been reaped, where Epaphras and Archippus laboured. The vine has long produced its fruits, where the ancient Christians of Colosse lived and died; and the leaves of the forests have for ages been strewn upon their graves. The Turks, and even the Greeks who reap the harvest, and who prune the vine where Colosse once stood, have scarcely an idea that a Christian church ever existed there, or that so large a population is there reposing in death.

How total is the work of demolition and depopulation in those regions, is evident from the fact, that the site of many ancient cities is still unknown. It was owing to the exertions of the Rev. F. Arundell, my fellow-traveller in Asia, that the remains of Apamea and Sagalassus were brought to light: and there are still cities mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, which have eluded research. Where is Antioch of Pisidia? Where are Lystra and Derbe, cities of Lycaonia? Where is Perga of Pamphylia? We sought for Antioch, on our journey through Pisidia; but its place, as yet, has not been found.

I have myself observed the exactitude with which the denunciations of Divine anger against the three churches of Ephesus, Sardis, and Loadicea have been fulfilled. Whilst the other four churches of Asia, which are in part commended and in part more mildly menaced, are still populous cities, and contain communities of nominal Christians; of each of those it may now be said, that “it is empty, and void, and waste.” And though “the Arabian may pitch his tent” at Laodicea, and “the shepherds,” as at Ephesus, “make their fold there,” still have they scarcely “been inhabited or dwelt in from generation to generation.” Wild “beasts of the desert lie there”—hyænas, wolves, and foxes.—“Their houses are full of doleful creatures:” scorpions, enormous centipedes, lizards and other noxious reptiles, crawl about amidst the scattered ruins; and serpents hiss and dart along through the rank grass which grows among them.—“And owls dwell there.” When I was standing beneath the three stupendous columns of the Temple of Cybele, which are still remaining at Sardis, I looked upward, and saw the species of owl which the Greeks call “Cucku-vaia,” perched on the summit of one of

them. Its name is derived from its note; and as it flits around the desolate ruins emitting this doleful sound, it might almost seem to have been appointed to chant from age to age the dirge of these forsaken cities.

After so many remarks on the desolation of ancient cities, it would be culpable in a Christian to proceed with his task, without adverting to the very solemn lessons which these scenes are calculated to teach. When I stood amidst these ancient ruins, every pedestal, stone, and fragment appeared to have a voice. A most impressive eloquence addressed me from mouldering columns, falling temples, ruined theatres, decayed arches, broken cisterns, and from aqueducts, baths, and sarcophagi, and other nameless masses of ruin. The very silence of the spot had language. The wind, as it sighed through the forsaken habitations, seemed to carry with it the voice of twenty or thirty centuries. I know not if I ever spent a more solemn or more edifying day, than that which was passed amongst the ruins of Ephesus.—*Heartley's Researches, &c. &c.*

AN INFIDEL'S TESTIMONY TO THE TRUTH OF PROPHECY.

THE character of Volney's writings is too well known to require many words on our part. He devoted his talents to the cause of irreligion, and endeavoured to discredit revelation in every possible way. His *Travels in Egypt and Syria*, and *Ruins of Empires*, are the two works on which his reputation as a man of research and genius chiefly rests. But the most complete refutation of his objections, is to be found in his own pages, from which the Religious Tract Society of Paris has selected a series of irresistible testimonies to the divine truth of Scripture, in which the language of prophecy is compared with Volney's own words; and thus he is made an unwilling witness to the cause he sought to destroy. The accuracy of his descriptions is acknowledged by all; so that, even as a commentary on the prophecies, we are glad to transfer these passages to our Magazine. Nor can we invite our reader's attention to this subject, without observing, that infidelity may in this instance be compared to the poet's eagle, who was pierced with an arrow feathered from his own wing.

“The kingdom shall cease from Damascus, and the remnant of Syria.” Isa. xvii. 1.

“They shall call the nobles (of Edom) to the kingdom, but none shall be there,”

her princes shall be nothing," Isa. 12.

will cause to cease the kingdom of use of Israel," Hos. i. 4.

urveyed the kingdom of Damascus dom, of Jerusalem and Samaria, and arlike states of the Philistines, and ommercial republics of Phœnicia. yria, I said to myself, now almost ulated, counted formerly a hundred ul cities. Her plains were covered illages, towns, and hamlets. Every one beheld cultivated fields, fre- d roads, and thickly-studded houses. what has become of those ages of and animation? To what are so brilliant creatures of the land of man —*Ruins of Empires*, c. 2.

hy riches, (Tyre,) and thy fairs, thy andise, thy mariners, and thy pilots, lkers, and the occupiers of thy mer- ise, and all thy men of war, that are e, and in all thy company, which is midst of thee, shall fall into the midst seas in the day of thy ruin," Ezekiel 27.

ere are those fleets of Tyre, those of Arad, those arsenals of Sidon, and multitude of sailors, of pilots, of s, and of soldiers? and those labour- ose houses, and those flocks, and all reation of moving beings, of which the f the earth was proud?—*Ruins*, c. 2.

will make her like the top of a rock. ll be a place for the spreading of nets midst of the sea," Ezek. xxvi. 4, 5. e whole population of the village con- f fifty or sixty families, who live ob- y by cultivating grains, and by fish- *Travels*, c. 21.

will sell the land (of Egypt) into the of the wicked: and I will make the waste, and all that is therein, by the of strangers: I the Lord have spoken zek. xxx. 12.

h is the case of Egypt: torn for three- wenty centuries from its natural pro- rs, she has seen established succes- within her, the Persians, the Mace- ns, the Romans, the Greeks, the , the Georgians, and lastly, that race rtars, known by the name of Ottoman .—*Travels*, c. 6.

ineveh is empty, and void, and . Their place is not known where are," Nahum ii. 10; iii. 17.

here are those battlements of Nine- —Nineveh, whose name scarcely re- !—*Ruins*, c. 2 & 4.

Thus saith the Lord of hosts, The broad of Babylon shall be utterly broken," i. 58.

Those walls of Babylon, where are they? —*Ruins*, c. 2.

"Cast her up as heaps, and destroy her utterly: let nothing of her be left," Jerem. l. 26.

Babylon has nothing remaining but heaps of earth.—*Ruins*, c. 4.

In closing this paper, it is right to say, that all the extracts have been compared with Volney's work, and that the texts have been revised.—*Christian Guardian*.

ADMONITORY PRECEPTS.

ADMONITION is the most precious of all kindnesses; and therefore they to whom we owe this, should be looked upon as our chief and greatest benefactors. It was the practice of Vespasian, the Roman emperor, to call himself to an account every night for the actions of the day; and as often as he had let slip one day without doing some good, he entered in his diary this memorial—"I have lost a day."

Socrates was remarkable for patience under calumny, and when one of his friends admitted his indifference respecting slander, he replied, "They do not hurt me, because they do not hit me." At another time he said, "We should not be too much moved with reproaches: for if they are true, we should amend by them; and if they are false, they are of no consequence."

A heathen philosopher once asked a Christian, "Where is God?" the Christian answered, let me first ask you, "Where he is not?"

Plato said, "Passionate persons are like men who stand on their heads, they see all things the wrong way."

Much pride, or little sense, is indicated, when we are out of temper at a reasonable remonstrance, or a kind reproof.

William the Conqueror, knowing his own deficiencies in learning, used to say, that, "An ignorant prince is a crowned ass;" which assertion made so strong an impression on his son, afterwards Henry I. that he obtained, from his success in learning, the surname of Beauclerc, that is, the fine scholar.

Some are so foolish as to interrupt, or anticipate, those who speak, instead of hearing them out, and thinking before they answer.

The best method of humbling a proud man, is to take no notice of him.

Be punctual even in trifling matters, as in meeting a friend, or returning a book; for failing in little things will cause you to fail in greater, and render you suspected.

Whatever be the motive of insult, it is always best to overlook it; for folly scarcely can deserve resentment, and malice is punished by neglect. A good temper is one of the principal ingredients of happiness.

The story of Melancthon affords a striking lecture on the value of time—which was, that whenever he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute, to be fixed, that the day might not run out in the idleness of suspense. Spirit is now become a very fashionable word; to act with spirit, to speak with spirit, means only, to act rashly, and to talk indiscreetly. An able man shows spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

Preston Brook, Sept. 1832. S. S.

WHAT WOULD BE THE RESULT OF UNIVERSAL ABSTINENCE FROM INTOXICATING LIQUORS?

1. Not an individual would hereafter become a drunkard.

2. Many who are now drunkards would reform, and would be saved from the drunkard's grave.

3. As soon as those who would not reform should be dead, which would be but a short time, not a drunkard would be found, and the whole land would be free.

4. More than three-fourths of the pauperism of the country might be prevented, and also more than three-fourths of the crimes.

5. One of the grand causes of error in principle, and immorality in practice, and of all dissipation, vice, and wretchedness, would be removed.

6. The number, frequency, and severity of diseases would be greatly lessened; and the number and hopelessness of maniacs in our land be exceedingly diminished.

7. One of the greatest dangers of our children and youth, and of the principal causes of bodily, mental, and moral deterioration, would be removed.

8. Loss of property, in one generation, to an amount greater than the present value of all the houses and lands in the country might be prevented.

9. One of the greatest dangers to our free institutions, to the perpetuity of our government, and to all the blessings of civil and religious liberty, would be removed.

10. The efficacy of the Gospel, and all the means which God has appointed for the spiritual and eternal good of men, would be exceedingly augmented; and the same amount of moral and religious effort might

be expected to produce more than double its present effects.

11. Multitudes of every generation, through all future ages, might be prevented from sinking into an untimely grave, and into endless torment: they might be transformed into the Divine image, and prepared, through grace, for the endless joys of heaven.

12. God would be honoured, voluntarily and actively, by much greater numbers; and with greater clearness, and to a greater extent, would, through their instrumentality, manifest his glory.

13. Nor is the interest of females in this subject so unimportant as many suppose. More than fifty thousand of the daughters of the last generation were doomed to the tremendous curse of having *drunken* husbands; and of being obliged to train up their children under the blasting influence of *drunken* fathers. But let the means be furnished to extend the principle of abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors throughout our country, and the daughters of the next generation from this tremendous curse may be free. Their children, and children's children, to all future ages, will rise up, and call their deliverers blessed.—*Rev. J Edwards.—New York Christian Advocate.*

ON EXTERNALS.

"We slight the precious kernel of the stone,
And toil to polish its rough coat alone."

The Progress of Error.

SIR ANDREW laid down the paper. "And so," said Lady Wilmot, "the reform bill has passed." "Yes; it is now become law, and I hope we shall hear no more about it, for I'm quite sick of the word." "Then we've nothing more to do with reform." "Do!" cried Sir Andrew, "they've done nothing; it has all been talk as yet. It remains to be put in force." "Oh! how delightful. Surely you mean to reform, Sir Andrew." "I! what have I to do with it; I'm no national character." "But if 'charity begins at home,' surely reform ought." "Then you mean to begin with me," said Sir Andrew, puzzled in conjecturing his sister's meaning. "Why, yes; do you know, brother, that you are very old-fashioned." "Well!" "That you live in an old-fashioned house." "Well!" "and if it isn't pulled down, it will soon tumble about your ears." Sir Andrew stared with astonishment. "What's the meaning of all this! Lady Wilmot, are you mad—turned radical quite?" "Per-

haps I'd better say no more; you don't like to hear disagreeable truths." "Disagreeable; on my conscience, to tell me I'm an old-fashioned fellow! It signifies nothing; it is what all my ancestors were before me. Yet, if I must be reformed for the sake of antiquity, it is but an empty reason for an unnecessary act." "Ay; you never will be convinced. Here is the very house we live in, so old and so gloomy, it quite gives me the horrors to look at it." "For that reason I venerate and esteem it." "And there is the dark closet where the rusty armour hangs, into which not a soul dares enter, because it has been haunted for the last two centuries. Altogether it is a most dull, and frightful place to live, or rather to die in."

"Then pray what would be your wish respecting it?" "I would pull it down, and build an elegant mansion after the modern style. Your two old peacock trees, that give the gardener so much trouble to trim, should be cut down, and a beautiful shrubbery should be laid out instead of those finical fountains and flowers." "And pray what would be your next step of reform?" "I would send away your heavy lumbering old coach, and substitute an elegant chariot in its stead. I would give up to the plough your steady, sure-footed, thick-legged horses, and procure steeds rather more spirited." "To break my neck, I suppose. Well! and what next?" "I would then proceed to my worthy brother, Sir Andrew." "You want to give me a new face, hey?" "Why, no, I'll not quarrel with family looks; but your—your manners, Sir Andrew." "Manners! I understand you. But an old-fashioned fellow must have old-fashioned-manners." "Why must he? What a pity it is that a sensible man should offend by rude and disagreeable behaviour." "If people will be offended with truth and sound sense, it's a great pity; I shall care but little to palliate them. And now, my dear sister, allow me to take up the subject, for it is a very important one." "You look serious, Sir Andrew, are you going to read me a sermon?" "Why, no, I'll speak it extempore, and I'll take my text from Mackenzie's 'Man of the World.'"

"Politeness taught as an art is ridiculous: as the expression of liberal sentiment and courteous manners, it is truly valuable. There is a politeness of the heart, which is confined to no rank, and dependent upon no education; the desire of obliging, which a man possessed of this quality will universally show, seldom fails of pleasing, though his style may differ from that of modern

refinement." Now, you see in what true politeness and good manners consist; they have their source in real benevolence." "What a novel idea!" "Rather old-fashioned, as it happens. I would wish you to observe the tinsel and artificial ornaments of modern life, and tell me if you think they too spring from benevolence." "I should hope that they do." "I fear not. Regard the conduct of the age, and see how differently it speaks and acts. A superficial politeness covers selfishness with its film, and may perhaps deceive the inexperienced and unwary, but true nobleness of feeling must turn aside from it in disgust."

"Now, what would Lord Chesterfield say to that?" "I care not: his letters have contributed their share to the manners of the times, but whether their influence has been beneficial or not, I have always doubted. His lordship has made the principle of his politeness to be, not genuine benevolence, but selfishness masked with hypocritical kindness." "How satirical you are, Sir Andrew!" "Now, indeed, language is perverted and refined, in order that the same ideas, conveyed under a different form, may not shock." "To be sure. What! would you have no mercy on our feelings on the refinement of sensibility?" "True sensibility is a lovely trait in human nature, but it is rarely to be met with. Its counterfeit, which is so current, is too disgusting to receive mercy. The world exerts itself to appear amiable under whatever appearance it can assume: even almsgiving, and the bestowment of money on religious or benevolent purposes, is too generally given only in ostentation."

"Oh! Sir Andrew, how uncharitable you are!" "And so I ever would be to vice, let it assume as specious a disguise as it may. Besides this hypocritical ostentation, there is a constant endeavour, in some classes of society, to appear more wealthy and more respectable than they really are; and to this bauble they sacrifice their comfort and happiness." "But is it not lawful to endeavour to rise in the world?" "It is not their endeavour to rise, that I would censure; but their constant efforts to appear what they are not, to patch up their pride—by the bye, you recollect Mr. Hogg!" "Oh! yes; I shall never forget the brazier's son." "The father, a respectable man in the city, by dint of economy and industry, acquired a tolerable fortune; but, with an error too common among tradesmen, determined to bring up his son to a gentleman's expectations, so that the young man by nature and education despised

source of his father's gains." "What a pity! Isn't that he, who altered his name, to make it more genteel?" "Oh! yes; a constant practice with monosyllabics now-a-days—doubled the final consonant, and added e." "But it made him less swinish, you know. Whenever I saw him, I used to think his origin doubtful; but his impudence carried him through every thing." "Yet not entirely, for who could see that forwardness, and aping after gentility, without thinking of brass, without talking of brass."

"For shame, Sir Andrew! You are indeed too satirical. But I must say he was a prodigious favourite with most of the young ladies of the village; so very attentive, that I could sometimes feel inclined to forgive his aping after gentility. Why, to be sure, it was pardonable, if it wasn't very wise; there's nothing like being a gentleman—so the world thinks." "But it didn't last long, for he soon left us. Do you know what has become of him?" "He was gazetted as a bankrupt last week." "Bankrupt!" ejaculated Lady Wilmot, dropping her work, "Did he still carry on business?" "Yes, indeed; he pretended to do so, under the old-fashioned name of Hogge. Yet, as he paid but little attention to it himself, it never thrived after his father's death. Mr. Hogge became a gentleman because of his money, and a bankrupt because he was a gentleman." "But why should he become bankrupt for being a gentleman?" "No necessity for it at all; but so he did. He wished to be thought genteel, and played off the gentleman when he had only a tradesman's pocket. His father's earnings were soon spent in gew-gaws, hunting, gambling, racing, &c. Moreover, he wanted to be thought rich, when he knew he had no more brass to turn into gold."

"Poor fellow!" "Though he may have some claim upon our pity, he has more upon our censure. When a man, to keep up the appearance of a gentleman, robs the honest but more humble tradesman, he is guilty of the most fraudulent robbery." "Mr. Hogge danced very prettily though. I've often thought it a great pity he was a brazier." "Well! for my part, I rather pitied him because he was not. If he had trodden in the steps of his father, he might still have remained a respectable member of society. But now that the source of his gains has failed, he is despised by his father's friends for his ridiculous pride, and his fashionable associates care no longer to dissemble their contempt." "Yes, as you say, it was very wrong. Then I suppose he must now go

to trade, and spoil his white hands; I always thought they looked genteel. And his manners too will all be lost behind a counter." "Good manners can be lost nowhere. But, if by the assistance of his friends, he resumes his father's business, it is to be hoped that he will endeavour to lay aside the gentleman's notions, and take up the tradesman's." "Such a nice head of hair too, and he sings so prettily!" "Well, he may brush his brass with his hair; and as for singing, it will make his business more cheerful."

"You're very unfeeling, Sir Andrew, you have no pity for the poor young man. It must be a very dull change for him; he must not expect any more pleasure as long as he lives." "But it will be well for him, if he profits by the lesson misfortune has taught him. If he can now discard the empty notions of gentility for the sober application of a tradesman, and aim at being respectable rather than to be thought genteel, he may still live comfortably." "I declare you seem to be quite an enemy to any thing genteel; but I can assure you that gentility makes a man a great deal more amiable than learning." "Humph!" said Sir Andrew, and resumed his perusal of the paper. "It is as I said; you don't like disagreeable truths," rejoined Lady Wilmot. "Then the point still remains to be argued, whether we are not surfeited with polite hypocrisy, and external gentility." "Oh no; that is not my meaning. Let us have politeness without hypocrisy, and genuine worth without deception." "The first words of reason," said Sir Andrew, "that I've heard from you this morning." "Then I hope they will not be thrown away, since they have been so scarce." "I hope not, for it is obvious to any person of reflection, that politeness is a graceful polish to conversation and manners, and gives them at least the appearance of being amiable." "And gentility appears to be the modernizing of respectability, and embellishing it with the variegated ornaments of taste."

"Well, Sir Andrew, what objection can you have to these?" "None at all. My objection lies to the assumption of them, to hollow politeness where benevolence has left nothing but her garb, to that constant aping after gentility, to the reigning desire of being thought wiser and more amiable, richer and more respectable, than we really are. And this, it must be confessed, is a leading foible of the age, that nothing can affect but ridicule, and that nought can conquer but painful experience."

Beaconsfield.

J. A. B.

**EFFECTS OF A STROKE OF LIGHTNING,
WHICH OCCURRED ON THE 13TH OF
APRIL, 1832.**

ONE of the most awful, and at the same time grand phenomena of nature, is exhibited, when the electric fluid has accumulated in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and darts with destructive and deadly violence to the earth. A thunder-storm scarcely passes over any part of the country, but we hear of buildings destroyed, stacks burnt, or lives lost: and such is the rapidity with which the fluid approaches and passes through the human body, in most cases depriving the individual of life, that before he can even think of guarding against the stroke, he is hurried into an eternal world. Any facts, therefore, relating so this direful phenomenon, must be at all times interesting, not only to the philosopher; but also to the general reader: we shall, therefore, without further remark, introduce an accurate statement of facts, relative to a stroke of lightning which occurred on the 13th of April last, a little distance from Tenbury; written by Benjamin Boddington, Esq. of Badger Hall, and which Mr. Faraday has communicated to the world through the medium of the *Philosophical Magazine*.

It appears from the statement, that Mr. and Mrs. F. Boddington were riding in the barouche seat of their post-chariot; when rain beginning to fall, and distant thunder being heard, Mr. Boddington put up an umbrella; but perceiving it was an old one, and somewhat torn, he gave it to his wife, to hold over her bonnet, while he put up another. While extending the latter, a flash of lightning struck them both senseless, threw the horses on the ground, and cast the post-boy to a considerable distance: the servants who were inside the carriage were unhurt. Mrs. Boddington stated, that she neither saw the flash, nor heard the thunder; but her first consciousness was the feeling of suffocation: she felt, however, that they had been struck by lightning.

The passage of the electric fluid, as connected with Mrs. Boddington, was traced most distinctly. It struck the umbrella she held in her hand, which was made of cotton, and had lost the ferule that is usually placed at the end of the stick; so that there was no point to attract the spark. This it literally shattered to pieces, the springs in the handle were forced out, the wires that extended the whalebone broken, and the covering rent into a thousand shreds.

From the wires the fluid passed to the wire attached to the edge of her bonnet, the cotton thread twisted round the wire being burnt off at the place of entrance over the left eye. From this part the fluid crossed the back of the head, and passed down into the neck above the left shoulder: it singed the hair it came in contact with in its passage; made a hole in a handkerchief that was round her throat; and zigzagged along the skin of her neck to the steel busk of her stays, leaving a painful wound, and affecting the hearing of the left ear. The busk was enclosed in a brown-paper case, which was perforated on the outside, and the busk fused for about a quarter of an inch on the upper surface, where it presented a blistered appearance. Its passage down the busk could not be traced in any way; but its exit at the bottom was as clearly indicated as its entrance at the top; the steel was fused in the same manner, and the paper perforated in the same way, but on the opposite side.

The fluid, in passing through the busk, communicated to it some curious magnetic properties: both ends were found strongly to attract the south pole of the needle, and the upper part, for some considerable way down. The point of northern attraction was about one-third of the length of the busk from the bottom; the greatest portion of the busk had consequently acquired southern attraction. The passage of the fluid through the gown and petticoat was distinguished by marks of burning; and upon its leaving the busk, it pierced the inside of the stays, and all the garments under them; and penetrated both thighs, where it left deep wounds. It next perforated every article on which she sat, and tore the cloth which covered the cushion very extensively: the passage of the fluid through the cushion, which was stuffed with horse-hair, could not be traced; but the cloth edge of the cushion immediately behind where Mrs. Boddington sat, was torn outwards, and the leather that covered the iron was forced off in the same spot, clearly marking its egress from the cushion, and entrance in the iron.

The above are the facts connected with Mrs. Boddington, and the statement proceeds to notice the facts connected with Mr. Boddington, previous to tracing the further progress of the fluid. Mr. Boddington, it appears, was insensible for about the space of ten minutes, and when he revived he was perfectly unconscious of what had occurred: he felt his eyesight affected, and pain all over him. The umbrella, which he was extending, was made

of silk, and it appears the fluid principally passed down the handle to his left arm, as it was but slightly damaged. A portion of it, however, made a hole in the brim of his hat, and burnt off all the hair below it, together with the eye-brows and eye-lashes. The electric stream shattered the left hand, fused the gold shirt-buttons, and tore the clothes in a most extraordinary manner; forcing parts of them, together with the buttons, to a considerable distance: it inflicted a deep wound on the wrist, and laid the arm bare to the elbow; which is presumed to have been, at the moment, very near his left waistcoat-pocket, in which there was a knife; as this was forced from its situation, every article of dress torn away, and a severe wound made on his body: it also made a wound on his back, and set fire to his clothes in its passage to the iron of the seat.

Another portion descended to the right hand which held the lower part of the stick of the umbrella: this was attracted by the sleeve-button, where it made a wound, passed down the arm, (which it discoloured, and broke the skin off in two small places,) to a gold pencil-case in the right waistcoat pocket. The great coat which he wore was very thick; this was torn to pieces, and the coat immediately above the waistcoat pocket much rent: but the waistcoat itself was merely perforated in two places, where the fluid approached the pencil case, and where it receded from it: at this part it set fire to his trowsers and drawers; and inflicted a deep wound round his back, (the whole of which was literally flayed,) in its passage to the iron of the seat. It is worthy of notice, that when the fluid arrived at the pencil-case, it had accumulated so much intensity, as to melt one end thereof, and displace a cornelian seal at the other extremity: and it may also be remarked, that a very striking difference was observable in the wounds of Mr. and Mrs. Boddington: her's were fractures of the flesh; and his, on the contrary, whether deep or shallow, were all burns, and had a white and blistered appearance.

After passing over Mr. and Mrs. Boddington in the manner above described, the whole shock was collected in the iron that formed the back of the barouche seat: the leather attached to it was torn off; the iron broken in two, immediately opposite the spring; and the ends of the fractured parts bent forward, so as nearly to touch it. By this conveyance it is supposed the electric fluid diffused itself over the whole of the under-carriage, and passed to the earth by

the tires of the wheels, as four holes were made in the road at the points they touched at the moment of the shock. They were about fifteen inches in diameter, perfectly round, and nearly as deep as they were wide: the stones appeared to be thrown out as if done by a miner's blast.

The horse which the postilion rode was found to be dead, but no wound was visible, nor any apparent cause for his death: the brass front of the bridle was indented inwards, as if struck with a hammer, and a corresponding mark was found on the bone of the head; from this spot to the termination of the spine, the flesh was quite black and putrid for about the space of three inches, and there were diverging marks of the same nature on each side of the head, which passed under the throat: similar but much wider ones were observed on the flanks.*

The spot on which the accident occurred was elevated ground; but by no means the summit of the surrounding country: on the contrary, there were many higher hills in the neighbourhood, and the road was so much hollowed out, that the banks must have been nearly equal to the height of the carriage.

In a field to the right, within a few yards of the hedge, and exactly opposite to where the shock took place, was a very high pear-tree, which bore no trace of injury. The statement concludes with a few collateral facts. The landlord of the inn at Tenbury was sitting in his parlour talking to another person, when he saw the flash of lightning that must have caused the accident; he observed to his companion, that he had never before seen so singular a flash, as it appeared to divide into four parts when it came within about thirty yards of the earth. From this circumstance, and the traces of the different strokes being so distinct, Mr. Boddington considers that they were not struck by a single discharge of electric matter, but were enveloped in a mass of electricity. The fluid appears to have pervaded the atmosphere, as many things were magnetized that were not in the line of any of the tracks that could be traced. Parts of Mr. Boddington's watch were highly magnetized, especially the balance-wheel: this was shown to Mr. Faraday when at Oxford, who set it afloat on a cork, and found the poles so well defined, that Mr. Boddington has since had it mounted as a compass.

Mr. Boddington in conclusion regrets that more minute researches were not made

* It appears that the fluid passed through the brain, and along the spine; and thus the death of the animal may be accounted for.

time, as to these facts ; but states whoever has watched over the sick bed of a beloved son, with but faint hopes of recovery, will not be surprised that philosophical investigations were all absorbed in the deeper interest of the affections.

CREATION.—NO. VII.

(Second Series.)

We have at length arrived at the morning of the last day occupied by Elohim in the formation of the universe, and find it noted : "And God said, Let the earth bring forth living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth, after their kind : and it was so. And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and the creeping thing after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind : and saw that it was good. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, God said, I have given every green herb for meat : and it was so." Or, as it may be rendered, "And God commanded, Let the earth become fruitful, bearing life, the creatures of motion according to their varieties : cattle and creeping animals, and the beasts of the earth, according to their varieties. And it was established. Elohim formed the beasts of the earth according to their varieties ; the creeping things according to their kind, and every thing that is prone upon the earth according to its variety. And Elohim surveyed the work, and behold it was beautifully perfect. And to every animal of the terrene, and to every winged of the ethereal, and to every creature prone upon the earth possessing life, Elohim pronounced, I have given every green herb : to them it is for food. And it was established.

In this last day of creation, we behold, as we have during every preceding day, a steady progression in the great work, and a forward movement, as to the dignity of the subjects formed. We have before us the former part of this day's work, the first link in the chain of creation, which connects man with the clods of the earth ; and in the latter part thereof, we shall behold man, himself, the very last link in that chain, connecting matter and spirit ; and in the spirit we behold the bond of union between the created atoms, and the uncreated, eternal Elohim. The dignity of the animals, called on this day into existence, is obvious, from the written word, which declares : "All flesh is not the same ; but there is one kind of flesh of men,

another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds." For there we have, in the order of being, the beasts which were this day created, ranked next unto man, who is the head of the creation ; and, indeed, the shade of difference between the structure of certain of these animals, which approach nearest to the corporeal frame of man, is only perceptible to a nice examiner.

The power of extracting heat from the atmosphere is an attribute of a hot-blooded animal, such as this day received being : for this power, by which the whole animal frame, and especially the vital parts thereof, maintain a temperament higher than the surrounding air, is essential to the being of these animals ; and whenever this power becomes extinct, the animal dies. The extraction of heat from the atmosphere takes place in the act of breathing ; atmospheric air, which contains latent heat, is inhaled ; and in the high temperature of the lungs, this latent heat is suddenly rendered active ; and the incessant repetitions of the act of breathing, supplies the heat in perpetuity, so as to keep up the temperament from day to day.

The act of breathing, while it is incessant, is involuntary, and even unconscious. The act of breathing, in an animal not amphibious, is incessant ; hence the exclamation, "Man, whose breath is in his nostrils." For in its passage to and from the lungs, the breath is perpetually passing through the mouth or nostrils, and of course, although it is not stationary, it is always there ; yet there fleeting, as is his passage through time. The act of breathing is involuntary. The breath does not depend upon incessant recurrences to acts of will, in the animal breathing. Happy is it for the creature that this is not the case : for the whole attention of the animal would be completely engrossed, did every act of breathing depend upon a distinct act of the will, during its waking hours ; and during the hours of rest, such incessant acts of will would banish sleep. If we attempt, indeed, to amend the breathing by recurring to acts of will, our efforts are abortive ; for we soon discover that we breathe more freely in the natural way, than by our artificial mode. Breathing is, also, an unconscious act. Unless we turn our attention to the subject, we do not perceive the several acts ; but the process of breathing continues as regularly as if we directed the whole. Thus are the whole of the animal, as well as the mental, powers in man, left perfectly unencumbered and undistracted, to the free exercise of whatever functions or duties the wants or the pleasure of the animal require. What wisdom, what power, what perfection

tion in the Creator, is here displayed ! Had the act of breathing depended upon the will of the animal, and had the circulation of the blood, consequent thereon, been otherwise than serenely regular, what annoyance to the feelings, what disturbance to the whole animal system, and perturbation of the whole mental faculties, would have occupied and harassed the animal throughout the unenviable period of its existence !

Perhaps the breathing of an animal may be thus defined : Cold air is suddenly introduced into the cavity of elastic lungs, where the temperature is higher than the atmosphere ; this cold air is as suddenly rarefied, and, of course, expanded : but the cavity being already full of air, this expansion acts upon the elasticity of the lungs, and contracts their volume. The reaction of the elastic lungs expels the air ; but as the air, thus acted upon, escapes freely through the mouth or nostrils, the lungs, by the force of the spring of contraction, expand beyond the natural volume ; and then a second re-action of the lungs leaves a cavity for, and inhales air from, the atmosphere, to fill up the vacuity : this air, in its turn, is rarefied and expelled ; and thus in succession may the acts of breathing in a hot-blooded animal perpetuate its breath. The reverse of all these may perpetuate this in a cold-blooded animal.

“Elohim formed the beasts of the earth according to their varieties, the cattle according to their kind, and every creature prone upon the earth according to his variety.” The Great Creator here notes three distinct classes of animals ; each of which, in the order in which they stand, demands our attention. As the amphibious, aqueous, and airy animals, were created for the air and waters—to swim and fly—so are the animals on this day called forth by the Omnific Word intended to stock the land—to run, walk, and creep, upon, or near, the earth’s surface. Rich are the varieties of these, equally with those created on the preceding day ; unwearied by previous labours, vast as they were, creation is not cut short, much less abandoned ; for on this eventful day, the superiority of the work rises as transcendently over the former day’s work as any one of these do over the other : so true it is, that “Jehovah, which made heaven and earth, neither slumbereth nor sleepeth.”

The first class of animals here enumerated are the beasts of the earth. The elephant and rhinoceros of the land, in the vast, may rank with the whale and the hippopotamus of the waters ; and quadrupeds of every grade, from these to the lion, and

down to the squirrel, and even to the field-mouse, seem to be included here : supposing the next class, the cattle, to consist only of animals domesticated by man. If the fluids teemed with life, the earth, become prolific, bears life also in abundance. Here the majestic lion, the tiger arrayed in grandeur, and with beauty, the leopard tribes, in all the varieties of fur, even to the cat of the woods, range at large and in numerous districts possess the earth : while the bear, the wolf, the hyena, the jackal, the fox, and a host of others, independent of man, are, “like the wild ass, used to the wilderness, that snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure, and in her occasion who can turn her away ?” The teeth, the tongues, the vitals, the blood, the juices, the arteries, the veins, the sinews, the bones, the skin, the hair, the nails, and all their several members, included in the head, the neck, the body, the feet, and tail, are so curious, so admirably adapted to their several uses, and so fitly joined each to each, that infinite wisdom here shines equally conspicuous in all the parts of these multifarious animals as it does in the whole. On this class, which includes the whole of the wild animals, volumes have been written in every age ; we are, therefore, in possession of the recorded wisdom and experience of all the ages of the world upon this interesting subject, amounting to a mass of information, which it is impossible to epitomize into the narrow limits of these essays. Whoso runneth, may read ; and while he reads, may he adore the Creator !

The second class of animals on this day created are the cattle. Of these we note a rich variety, from the huge ox to the pigmy antelope, whose lowing and whose bleating are familiar to our ears. Every nation and every clime has its variety of this class of animals, domesticated for the uses of man and for his pleasure, whose habits are restrained by culture, and disciplined to subserve his purposes, to which their docility bows, and to which their strength is turned, ministering to him from day to day. For man to have been alone would not have been well, therefore mankind are each to each social and fraternal ; but for man to have been alone, excepting only his brother man, would not have been good, for where all are equal, an object is wanting whereto to bow the mind. But the inferior animals, ministering to his wants, returning his caresses, learning wisdom at his voice, and obeying the intimations of his will, while they bow the man, they lead him up to his munificent Head, who hath thus given him life, and all

things. In volumes of natural history, and in the journals of travellers, we read descriptions of wild animals, and are treated with anecdotes illustrative of their manners, but the domestic animals are a part of the volume of creation, spread wide open before us from day to day, wherein we cannot but read, whether we will learn or not, to acknowledge the hand that feeds us and them. This class of animals are, in several instances, endowed with the powers of rumination, whereby the food, when imperfectly masticated, is returned into the palate and rechewed, which we term, chewing the cud; horns also and hoofs crown many of their heads, and defend their feet; while a familiarity of manner, aloof from the fears betrayed by wild animals on the approach of man, renders them rather associates with, than foes, even to the tender branches of his household.

The third class of beings on this day called forth, are the creatures prone upon the earth. The whole of that beautiful, but, to man, hateful tribe of animals, denominated serpents, which, by the undulations of their flexible bodies glide over the earth's surface, and hiss away their enemies, belong to this class. Some of these are of the most enormous size, while others, even deadly vipers, are not larger than a worm. The earth-worms, also, and of worms varieties abundant, class here, together with insects having feet, all but innumerable. It is to these that the inspired volume, minute as they are, sends man to receive a lesson on diligence and foresight; when it says, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest." We behold the labours of these indefatigable insects, which swarm around their ant-hill, at once their store-house and their home, with astonishment at the evident vigour of their bodies, and the no less conspicuous instinct, which, in their judicious and methodical labours, carries them up to that point in the chain of being, which so nearly approaches mind. Here, as heretofore, even to enumerate would overcharge our paper; such is the abundance, for we cannot say redundancy, seeing nothing is created in vain, which every where presents itself in the creation of God.

"And Elohim surveyed the whole, and, behold, it was beautifully perfect:" All were pronounced to be perfect, rich, and good, on the day in which they were severally created, from the first survey to the

last—no one day in this respect differed from another; indeed, how could it possibly be otherwise? The great Creator was, is, and for ever will be, holy, just, and good, and therefore good alone can proceed from Him. It is in Infinite Wisdom to conceive good, and it is equally in Infinite Power to execute the good when it was once determined—the will and the work are one. What a lesson are those daily surveys made by the Creator, of all that was done in the day, to man!

"And to every animal of the terrene, to every winged of the ethereal, and to every creature prone upon the earth, possessing life, Elohim pronounced, I have given every green herb: to them it is sustenance." The bodies of all these animals were composed of earth, and their fluids of water, united to gas, the whole being tempered with caloric; and the director implanted in each, is the most subtile principle of which matter is capable, namely, instinct. This principle directs the animal, and when hungry it eats, when thirsty it drinks, when weary it sleeps, when blithesome it frolics, and when deprived, aggrieved, or afflicted, it moans. A creature that moves, digests, and evacuates, consumes its substance, and must, therefore, feed, or be fed. The vegetable finds its own food within the scope of its location, and if within these limits it cannot secrete enough of genial matter to sustain its waste, and maintain its substance, it must languish, decay, and die: but the animal, being a locomotive being, can roam at will; and if a small district does not afford him genial supplies, he lays a larger under contribution. To instinct, the senses are subservient; the animal sees, smells, touches and tastes, and whatever offends his senses, unless sore pressed with hunger, he rejects. Thus the animal which must seek his food, and is endowed with a will to choose it, is provided with organs suited to his wants; while the vegetable, which is fed by the genial matter which surrounds it, provides for itself by its own affinities—the one feeds, the other is fed; but both are furnished with the requisites of life, and live. How beautifully diversified, how rich in life, is creation!

The declaration here made on the gift of every green herb to the animals on this day created, namely, "To them it is sustenance," must be attended to in its course. This was the day of creation, the day of primeval purity, of innocence and peace, and I doubt not, the food then assigned to the animals was adapted to their wants, genial to their frame, and calculated, un-

the Divine blessing, to sustain them : it was not until after the general deluge had destroyed the old world, that man was permitted to eat flesh. Our next essay, which will be the last, will introduce us, as we have already observed, to man, the very last and highest link in the chain of creation—the link which connects matter and spirit—in whom we, at once, behold matter, connecting him with the animals, and spirit connecting him with the infinite God ; and upon man hung the well-being of this whole sphere. Head of all, and the bond of union for all, with the living God, while he stood firm, all were sustained ; and when he fell, the whole fell with him. Alas, how changed are all things here ! To what a depth his fall precipitated this else fair sphere, is but imperfectly known, even to men who have made it the business of their lives, and have lived long to observe upon it ; while to the man who has merely skimmed the surface of things, it is hidden in impenetrable darkness. I originally intended, after having concluded the history of creation, to have entered upon a regular investigation of the operations of the curse throughout the sphere we inhabit ; beginning with the third chapter of Genesis, and ending with the ninth chapter, which includes the destruction of the old world by the general deluge ; but the materials I have already prepared could not be compressed into less than eight or ten essays, which would occupy the whole year ; and I have not courage to undertake the compression of this matter.

King Square, Sept. 5, 1832.

W. COLDWELL.

INDICATIVE SIGNS OF DISPOSITION.

It has been the opinion of many philosophers, both ancient and modern, that the disposition and temper of individuals may be ascertained by various indications of external structure. Hence has arisen the physiognomical system of Lavater, and the more recent but complicated theory of phrenology by Gall and Spurzheim.

Of the first, or system of physiognomy, considerable probability exists, respecting accuracy of determination, and that from the following reasons :—

1. The operation of the passions, when they are habitually indulged, and suffered to rule the conduct unsubdued by the restraining hand of reason, will be found, on investigation, to have a powerful influence on the muscular structure ; and consequently on the features of the face, which

will thus acquire a different expression at different periods of life. It has often been observed, for example, that drunkards have large and red noses. Now, this most probably arises from the accelerated circulation occasioned by the liquor, and the viscosity of the blood being thus forced through the small vessels which are plentifully distributed over this organ : yet it does not follow, that all those who have red noses are drunkards, as this peculiarity may arise from bodily constitution as well as intemperate habits ; though the latter, from the above reason, is likely to occasion it.

Again, anger, and general irritability of temper, will induce a constriction of some of the muscles of the face, particularly those of the mouth and chin, which often cause a fixed expression to mark the countenance. Grief preying upon the mind will also have a similar effect. These are to be attributed to that mysterious union which exists between the soul and body during their co-operative action, since they are often much mitigated during sleep, and sometimes they entirely subside after death.

2. Habit also has a considerable effect on the muscular parts of the face, in which physiognomical character greatly consists. Deep thought and mental abstraction are apt to produce a wrinkled forehead, and constriction of the mouth ; which is often far from the natural expression of the countenance, when the mind is engaged with light and pleasing thoughts ; but if constantly employed in deep reflection, this character may become as much fixed by the mere force of habit, as that arising from anger or grief.

3. Hereditary disposition may have a powerful influence in producing physiognomical character, according to the opinion of some writers on this subject, though the problem is involved in too much mystery to admit of actual demonstration.

4. Though passion, habit, and hereditary disposition are thus allowed their full influence in producing indicative signs of disposition, as far as the operation of the mind on the muscular structure of the face is concerned, it becomes extremely doubtful whether the same causes can be allowed to produce the same effects on the ossific structure of the face ; which constitutes, what Lavater terms, the facial angle, and gives a general character to the whole countenance, by which the disposition can be determined. Much less can we yield to the doctrine, that the organs of the medullary substance of the brain can, by their expansion, through the influence of sentiment or passion operating at and after the

age of puberty, when the bone is fully formed, impress its substance, and occasion those external developments which form the foundation of the theory of Gall and Spurzheim.

Some persons have imagined, that indications of disposition may be collected from hand-writing. This, however, admits of much doubt; for though there can be no question that the mind, acting upon the animal machine, has considerable influence over the motions of the hand in writing, through the medium of the nervous system, in moments of passion, excitement, or illness; yet these are transient in their effects, and cannot operate with certainty on the hand under a state of bodily health and mental composure. In considering the subject of hand-writing we may observe—that it has been an art cultivated for its utility in all ages and countries. It is a perfectly imitative art, like drawing; and of its most ancient state, the Hebrew, Egyptian, Babylonian, Persian, Arabic, and other Oriental engraved and written characters, now in existence, afford specimens. In later times, in our own country, court-hands prevailed; and though somewhat different in the various reigns, as may be seen in “Wright’s Court-hand restored,” they had all the same essential character of being an imitation of print.

The modern “join-hand,” as it is sometimes called, appears to have arisen either in France or Italy, but most probably the latter, as the professors taught what they termed the Italian hand (if I mistake not) as early as the reign of Elizabeth; but previous to this period, the manuscripts are awkward attempts at modifying the old court-hands; and being filled with contractions, are scarcely legible.

From this period writing began to be more cultivated; but as all did not learn of a master, the writing was unequal, and the formation of the letters often regulated by the caprice of the writer. During the interval from the reign of James I. to George III., the hand-writing of individuals varied, according to their own taste; and in this case the temper and disposition, and general habit of thought, might, and probably did, have its effect: thus the literary student was either precise and round in his letters, or small and cramped; both which characteristics are to be found in the manuscripts of the 18th and 19th centuries. The middle and higher classes exhibit a careless running style, in which the pen seems to have moved over the paper in horizontal lines, mingled with dots and slanting strokes, in which little distinction of letters is to be

detected. The poorer classes who could write, imitated a kind of round hand; which, though imperfect in formation and orthography, was much more legible than the scrawl of their betters.

About the latter end of the reign of George III., a new system was adopted by Butler, Lewis, and others of the same school; which was universally taught both to young and old, at their writing academies. This, which is now common, has had the effect of reducing most, if not all hands, to the same general character; so that though the disposition of the individual could be guessed at when the hand-writing depended upon his own ideas and habits, the case it materially altered, and the test rendered nugatory, when it depends, as at present, on a fixed and determined system.

The following very curious Theory of discerning Temper by the Tones of the Voice, is from an anonymous Manuscript among the Birch and Sloane Manuscripts, No. 3080.—The author, after speaking of the principles of speech, and general tones of the voice in different individuals, proceeds thus:

“I know no reason why many observables as pertinent, if not more, may not be deduced from y^e musick of tones in ordinary speech.” He then goes on to state the various characters of the moods among the Greeks; which he thus specifies:—

“The Doric . . .	Gravity and sobriety.
The Lydian . . .	Buxome freedome.
The Cæolique . .	Sweet stillnesse and quiet composednesse.
The Phrygian . .	Jollity and youthfull levity.
The Ionque . . .	A stiller and allayer of stormes and dirturbances arising from passion.

“Now why may not we conclude, y^t such persons, whose speeche is accustomed to y^e notes peculiar to either of these moodes, y^t they y^mselves are of such and such a nature? ’Tis true, none knowes particular thoughts of y^e heart (if theire should be a serious composure of body) besides God; yet if thoughts are bred and nourished by any affection, or passion, y^e meanest will, and may presume to guess att y^m in generalls, by alterations of y^e outward man.”

As this will be sufficient for a specimen of the style and orthography of the original, I shall give the remainder of this curious manuscript in modern language.

He proceeds to argue thus:—

If, according to the testimony of scripture, “out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,” we may, by the tone and manner of the delivery, form some judgment of the thoughts passing in the mind; and not only by the words th~~at~~

selves as significant of the ideas, but by the key, and other particulars, of the musical tones in which they are conveyed. For example :—

He that speaks in the key of C, is a man of ordinary capacity and good disposition : in G, peevish and effeminate, if not peevish, of a weak and timid disposition. He who has a voice that will in some measure agree with all keys, is of good parts, and suited to a variety of employments ; but fickle and inconstant.

Then as to time : He who uses semi-breves in his speech, may be judged to be heavy, dull, and phlegmatic. Minims denote gravity and seriousness. Crochets, wit and fancy. Quavers indicate passionate persons ; as scolds use them. Sharps, bespeak a man effeminately sad. Flats, manly and melancholy sad. Semibreve rests, denote a man to be either full of more matter than he can utter, or to be troubled with a natural hesitation. Minim rests, shew thought and deliberation. Crochet, and lesser rests, passion.

Thus, by the several musical marks, we may collect indications of disposition. But the effort of nature, in thus modulating the musical character of the speech in accordance with the feelings of the mind, is almost incorrigible ; and though by custom and watchfulness we may in some degree remedy its influence, the best method is to correct the mind, and there will then be no necessity for affected attempts to disguise the voice by artificial modulation.

August 25, 1832.

E. G. B.

EXTRACTS, CHIEFLY FROM THE GREEK AND ROMAN HISTORIANS.

An Ancient Greek Riddle.

THE following lines on the birth of the god Pan, are a curious specimen of the ancient enigma, and are, perhaps, the oldest instance of that species of composition in existence, with the exception of the riddle proposed to the lords of the Philistines, by Samson ; they are to be met with in the *Syrinx* of Theocritus.

’Ουδενὸς ἐννάτειρα, Μακροπτολέμοιο δε
ματηρ

Μαίας Ἀντιπετροιο θοδὸν τέκεν ἰθύντῃρα·

’Ουχὶ Κεράσαν, ὅν ποκα θρεψατο ταυρο-
πάτωρ,

Ἀλλ’ ὅν Πιλιπὲς αἶθε πάρος φρένα Τέρμα
σάκους.

”Ουνομ’ ”Ολον.

The wife of Nobody, the mother of Macroptolomeus, has conceived a son, who shall

govern the swift nurse of Antepetrus ; not that Kerastes, who was formerly fed by the daughters of the bull, but he whose heart was scorched by the border of a buckler, which wants the letter pi. His name is All.

According to heathen mythology, Pan is the son of Mercury, and Penelope, the wife of Ulysses. Those who have read the *Odyssey* will remember, that Ulysses, when taken prisoner by the giant Polyphemus, and asked his name, replied *Οὐτις*, that is, Nobody ; Penelope is therefore called the wife of Nobody, and mother of Macroptolomeus, or Telemachus. Jupiter is by the poet called Antepetrus, because his mother Rhea gave his father Saturn a stone to swallow instead of the child, Saturn having determined to destroy all his children ; he having been informed by the oracle, that one of them should dethrone him. Jupiter was suckled by the goat Amalthea, here called his swift nurse, and fed with honey ; the bees are said to be daughters of the bull, because the ancients supposed the only way to produce bees was to kill a young bull, stop up the nostrils and mouth, and leave the carcase exposed ; that in a few days bees would be produced from the putrefaction of the entrails, and burst in swarms from the body. Pan is well known to be the god of shepherds, and is always represented with horns, and so is Jupiter under the name of Amon, so that both are properly called *kerastes*, that is, horned. The circumference of a buckler in the Greek is called *ἰρυς* ; add the letter p to it, and it becomes Pitus, the name of a nymph who was much beloved by Pan. Both *Olon* and *Pan* signify all, and the name is said to have been given to this god because he presides over all nature : the more scandalous legend is, that Pan was the son of Penelope, and one of the numerous suitors who besieged her during the ten years’ absence of her husband at the siege of Troy ; and as it was uncertain which of them had the best claim to name the child, it was determined to call him after the whole of them ; he was therefore named Pan, that is, *all*.

The Pagan Account of the Destruction of Sennacherib’s Army.

Herodotus, in the 141st section of the 2d book of his history, gives us the following account of the destruction of the army of Sennacherib king of the Assyrians : it is a remarkable corroboration of the history given in the 19th chapter of the 2d book of Kings, and proves that such a discomfiture

did take place by the evidence of a heathen writer, who never could have seen the Jewish account.

“After Anysis, a priest of Vulcan, named Sethos, mounted the throne of Egypt. He had no respect for warriors, and treated them with contempt, as if he expected never to require the assistance of soldiers. Among other outrages, he took from them that portion of land which had been assigned to each individual of the tribe of warriors, by the kings, his predecessors, for their support. But in process of time, when Sennacherib, king of the Arabians and Assyrians, marched to attack Egypt with a numerous army, the military tribe refused to muster for the defence of their country. The priest, finding himself very much embarrassed by this mutiny, retired into the temple, and throwing himself at the feet of the statue of Vulcan, began with sighs and groans to lament his unhappy lot. While he thus deplored his misfortunes, he fell asleep, and in a dream thought that the god appeared to him, to encourage him, assuring him that if he marched against the Arabians, no ill should befall him, for that he himself would come to his assistance.

“Full of confidence in this vision, Sethos took with him all of the nation whom he found well affected to his cause, placed himself at their head, and went and encamped at Pelusium, which is the key of Egypt. This army was formed only from the tribe of merchants, and that of artisans, and from the lowest of the people: not a single man of the tribe of warriors accompanied him. These troops being arrived at Pelusium, a prodigious number of field-rats spread themselves through the enemy’s camp during the night, and gnawed in pieces all the quivers, the bows, and the leather thongs, which serve as handles to the bucklers; in so much, that in the morning, the Arabians, finding themselves without arms, took to flight, and the greater part of the army perished. There is to the present day, in the temple of Vulcan, a statue of stone representing this king, and having a rat in the hand, with the following inscription: ‘*Whoever you are, learn, in seeing me, to honour the gods.*’”

It is probable that the above legend was invented by the priests, to conceal their ignorance of the true meaning of the hieroglyphic, and that the statue holding the rat in its hand, was meant to represent Tirhakah, king of Æthiopia, who came to the assistance of the Egyptians. The Æthiopians were called Troglodytes because they inhabited caverns, and were thus said

to resemble rats. It is to this king that the prophet alludes, when he tells Sennacherib that “he shall hear a rumour.” Libnah, where this awful destruction of the Assyrian army took place, is the same that Herodotus calls Pelusium, and is now called Tineh; it was while besieging this town that Sennacherib heard the *rumour*, that Tirhakah had joined his forces to those of the king of Egypt, and here “that the angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians, an hundred fourscore and five thousand.” Whether this angel of the Lord was the king of Æthiopia, as some think, or a pestilential blast, as others contend, is of little consequence; Jerusalem was delivered, Sennacherib confounded, and the prophecy fulfilled.

The Altar at Athens dedicated to the Unknown God.

It is stated in the 17th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, that St. Paul, during his sojourn at Athens, took an opportunity of declaring many important truths to the assembled multitude on Mars’ Hill, from the circumstance of his having observed an altar in the city inscribed to the *Unknown God*. It has been supposed by some writers, who are fonder of making assertions than of inquiring into facts, that this was an altar which in some miraculous manner had been, in the midst of a heathen nation, erected to the honour of the true God; a little research will put the matter in a different light, and the following is the account given by Herodotus, Diogenes Laertius, Pausanias, and Strabo, of the origin of these altars.

In the 35th Olympiad, or about A.M 4102 of the Julian æra, Cylon of Athens having been proclaimed conqueror at the Olympic games, became so filled with ambition as to aspire to the absolute government of Athens. In order to succeed in his enterprise, he engaged some of the chief men of the city to unite with him, and they endeavoured to seize the citadel, but were defeated, and obliged to take refuge at the foot of the statue of Minerva. From this asylum they were induced to depart under the most solemn promises of the magistracy that their lives should be spared; but no sooner had they left the temple, than they were all put to death. What may have been the reason for this breach of faith we know not, history leaves us quite in the dark on this subject; all that we know is, that it gave rise to a very dangerous commotion in Athens, and the citizens were so much divided, that a civil war in the city

itself was very near breaking out : to add to the distress, a pestilential disorder devastated not only Athens, but all Attica. In this dilemma, the Athenians, being a very religious people, (and here the historian makes use of the very same term, which in our version and the Vulgate, is translated *superstitious*, *Δεισιδαίμων*;) had recourse to the gods, and sent to consult the oracle. The answer was, "If you wish to put an end to these plagues, let Epimenides purify your city."

Epimenides of Phæstos, in the isle of Crete, then enjoyed the highest reputation ; he was a celebrated magician, who was in the habit of making expiation for nations or individuals, by means of certain ceremonies and mysterious words. To do this man honour, the Athenians sent one of their most illustrious citizens, Nicias, son of Niceratus, to invite him to Athens. On his arrival, he purified the city, and the plague stayed, and peace was restored. The following were the means he used to purify the city.—He collected a number of black and white sheep at the Areopagus, or Mars' Hill, and then ordered them to be scattered in all directions, setting people to watch where each animal lay down ; and upon this spot it was sacrificed, and an altar erected to the NAMELESS UNKNOWN GOD. The words made use of by Pausanias are remarkable, as being the same used by the Apostle : the historian says, in memory of this expiation, the Athenians erected, *Βωμοὶ δὲ θεῶν τε ὀνομαζομένων ἀγνώστων*, that is, altars of unknown and nameless gods ; most likely where each sheep was sacrificed, a separate altar to an unknown god. The Apostle says, "For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, *ἀγνώστω Θεῷ*, to the UNKNOWN GOD," Acts xvii. 23.

WELCH TRADITION.

THE following curious tradition is extracted from the collections of Hugh Thomas—Harleian MSS. No. 6831.

The great pool called Llinsavathan, is in a pleasant country, surrounded on all sides with high hills. It is about two miles in length, and above one in breadth, and between five and six miles round. It is very deep and is full of fish, and has several parishes and fine houses on its banks.

The inhabitants of this country have a general tradition, that there was once a great and beautiful lady, who was heiress of all the land covered by this vast lake ; of whom a young man of mean or no fortune was very much enamoured ; but with-

out much gold, that so much dazzles the eyes of poor mortals, it was impossible for him to gain her.

The unfortunate Inamerato, finding nothing but gold would do, doating more upon her than regarding his own soul, cared not what courses he took to make himself rich enough to obtain her favour. The lady, on the other side, like many of her sex, let him come by wealth as he might, it mattered not, so he had it ; she cared not what the man is or was, if he had enough to satisfy her wishes. The youth, in his despair, met, with a great charge of money, at a place not far from the pool, a carrier, whom he not only robbed, but murdered ; and buried in the place, for fear of a discovery.

Afterwards, going to his darling saint, he told her he had gold enough : the lady, incredulous, would not believe him till she had seen it ; and then would not marry him, till he discovered to her how he came by it. The youth, to satisfy her, and fearing no discovery, having enjoined her to secrecy, told her the unhappy story. Then was there a report of a spirit troubling the place where the murdered was buried. At this the lady, being somewhat surprised, resolved again not to marry him till he went to the grave in the night, to appease the ghost, and to hear what he had to say. Love fearing no dangers, and having a conscience seared after his foul deed, to satisfy his mistress, he undertook this last task to please her. When at midnight, he heard a voice cry aloud, "Is there no vengeance for innocent blood ?" and another to answer, "Not till the ninth generation ;" at which, presuming upon the mercy and patience of the Almighty, and thinking himself free from the heavy vengeance, he was not moved or terrified in the least at this judgment ; but, without remorse of conscience, he resolved to prosecute his amour ; and going to the lady, he told her the dreadful judgment. She, on the other side, caring not for the eternal punishment, so as she could escape the temporal shame, most audaciously answered him, "Before that time, we shall be rotten in our graves ; therefore, we will enjoy ourselves while we may, and take our fill of the pleasures of this world."

Behold ! how these poor miserable mortals satisfied their brutal passions at the expense of their souls. They married, and, the tradition assures us, had a numerous family ; who first uniting themselves with the inhabitants of the city, their children married among themselves, like the dwellers in Sodom and Gomorrah, till all the people

of the city were of their race. The original parents, marked by the vengeance of Heaven for punishment, were permitted to live to see the ninth generation of their offspring. Then, with the same daring impiety that marked their whole career, they said to each other, "We have now seen the ninth generation of our offspring; we are great, rich, and potent, and we have not yet seen the vengeance threatened to our ninth generation; unless it be that now, by the course of nature, and reason of our great age, we cannot think to live long; and, therefore, as we have lived according to our hearts' delight, and have enjoyed all the pleasures of nature, let us once before our deaths invite and call together all our people, our children, grand-children, their children's children, and make for them a great and splendid feast, to be merry with them for our last farewell."

This they accordingly put in execution; but during the feast, the long-threatened judgment fell upon them; for there happened a terrible earthquake; and the ground opening, swallowed them all up alive, not one soul of them escaping, by reason of their drunkenness; and the spot was immediately deluged with water, which forms the pool called Llinsavathan.

The author concludes by stating:—"For confirmation of this story, we have no history; but this is the general tradition of the whole country, and is common to almost every child here: therefore, as long as it is consistent with the justice of Heaven, and not contrary to reason, nor contradicted by any more prevailing argument, I must look upon it of as much authority as any history."

August 27, 1832.

E. G. B.

PATRICK O'CONNOR.

A Narrative.

BY W. PRESCOT SPARKS.

"To man, in this, his trial state,
The privilege is given,
When tost by tides of human fate,
To anchor fast on heaven."

THERE are circumstances in life, which, whilst they afford important lessons to mankind, at the same time excite in some minds a doubt whether they occur under the sanction of Divine Providence. When, for instance, we behold a good man bowed down with sorrow, beset by afflictions, and despised by the world; when, on the other hand, we observe the wicked crowned with prosperity, lacking nought, but abundantly blessed with the goods of this world; we

are apt to wonder why things are so, and almost to imagine that God is either not at all concerned in them, or else that he seems to act inconsistently with his justice. But how much soever the weak-sighted children of mortality may err in judgment, it cannot for a moment make void his assertion, that, unnoticed by him, not a sparrow falleth to the ground. He whose ways are not as ours, permits nothing to take place from which good may not be extracted. Troubles may come in as a flood, and "overflowings of ungodliness" may make afraid; but be it remembered, that God knoweth how to deliver his people from persecution.

It is, nevertheless, certain, that man cannot fathom the mysterious workings of the divine counsels; neither, indeed, is it expedient that he should. It is for God to act; and our duty, arising from our dependence upon him, demands a passive submission to his will, which for the present may seem grievous, but must in the end be attended with most blessed consequences, when sorrow shall be turned into joy, stormy conflicts into everlasting repose, and "light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

With these remarks I proceed to my narrative:—

In the most retired part of a beautiful village on the banks of the river Boyne, Patrick O'Connor cultivated his paternal fields: alike a stranger to the hardships of poverty or the temptations of wealth—inheriting from his fathers a small estate, which the luxuriant hand of nature had amply adorned and fertilized—united to one, who in youth had been the desire of his eyes; his days passed in peace and security, without a wish for more extended enjoyment. Home was to him the seat of all earthly bliss; his noblest occupation was the tillage of his farm, and his pleasures were extracted from the society of his family.

But a higher gratification than all these was derived from that intercourse which, from day to day, he held with his heavenly Creator, to whose superintending providence he justly attributed all the comforts he enjoyed. The completion of the promise he knew was founded upon obedience to the precept, "In all thy ways acknowledge me, and I will direct thy paths." To the performance of these duties he had been, from his earliest infancy, accustomed; and as he advanced in years, the occurrences of every day gave him stronger

proofs that they were paths of pleasantness and peace. It was therefore natural, that such esteemed privileges should be made known, for the comfort of those who were dearest to him in this world. It is at all times the greatest pleasure a true Christian can experience, to discover to the beloved few which bind him to earth, the treasures he himself has found : and what is dearer than wife and children ?

Patrick O'Connor, indeed, had no other ties : he was the only child of honoured parents, who had long become tenants of the sod, but who had left behind them a bright example, to follow which was their son's constant care ; to the end that, when the time should arrive which would summon him to meet them again in the land of peace, the sweet remembrance of a father's love, and holy faith, might be incentives to his offspring to tread in his footsteps also.

It had pleased God to bless him with two children, a son and a daughter ; the former of whom, at the commencement of our history, had just attained his twentieth year. Arthur O'Connor appeared to inherit all the virtues of his parent. A natural frankness of disposition, and kindness of heart, were visible in his walk and conversation ; but an impetuous, and, at times, almost ungovernable temper, manifested itself, to the no small anxiety of his father ; who feared lest the high-flighted spirit of his son should one day spurn the contracted limits of his village hills, and go in quest of enjoyment, where he knew it was not to be found ; namely, beyond the threshold of his cottage home, and apart from the quiet of the domestic circle.

The gentle Catherine, who partook of the mild innocent deportment of her mother, was three summers younger than Arthur ; fair as the morning, and open as the day. She dwelt in the bosom of her beloved family, unknowing and unknown ; a happy stranger to the deceitful snares of the world. She believed every one as artless as herself ; and deemed every wish and thought as disinterested and pure as if it took its rise from her own spotless bosom.

Such were the dispositions, and, if we include a venerable man grown old in the service of his Master, the number of those who constituted the household of Patrick O'Connor : by them the labours of the day were actively and cheerfully fulfilled—the morning and evening devotions never forgotten. Love, obedience, a desire to bear one another's burdens, and to fulfil the law of Christian charity, were the principal features and leading designs of every word

and action. As a master—a father—a Christian—Patrick knew his own responsibility, being well acquainted with the blessedness of the man who has brought up his family in piety and godly sincerity. He was moreover convinced, (not indeed by experience, for in such a case he never had or wished for it, but from the word of God,) that the world, with all its boasted pleasure, could not give him any thing like the peace he enjoyed. And who would not envy such a family as this ; for what can riches and honour give like unto it ? “Blessed are they that fear the Lord, and walk in his ways,—for thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands ; O well is thee, and happy shalt thou be ! Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine upon the walls of thine house, thy children like the olive branches round about thy table : Lo ! thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord.”

But notwithstanding the comparative excellence of his character, Patrick O'Connor had yet to learn one important lesson. Hitherto he had asked for blessings, and they had been bestowed upon him from a bounteous hand ; but he had never received any lessons in the school of adversity. Like Job of old, he was an upright man ; like him, he had been prosperous, but not like him had he seen affliction. That it was not far from him, was a truth, from its improbability, perhaps too lightly considered. At times, indeed, the strange conduct of his son would awaken his fears, but they were allayed almost as soon as excited ; and the naturally kind disposition of Arthur forbade a fond father to attribute his impetuosity to any thing save the fervour of youth, which would pass away with that season.

But it pleased Him “who doeth all things well,” that such fair prospects should be clouded, and that his servant should learn to trust him even more than he had done ; and to evince, even in the midst of fiery tribulation, that spirit of resignation, whose language is, “It is God, let him do what seemeth him good.”

The vicinity of O'Connor's estate consisted chiefly of fields and parcels of ground, cultivated by persons of like habits and circumstances with himself ; but proceeding a mile or two westward, the traveller observes a wide tract of waste land, covered with long grass, with here and there a cluster of oak, chestnut, or ash, all which seemed to indicate that it had once constituted a park or lawn ; and even now in its neglected state, it wore a romantic, and, in some parts, a wildly beautiful appearance. At one end of this common (for so it might now be justly

called,) stood a large uncomfortable looking mansion, built of red brick, in the style of ancient architecture; it had formerly been the residence of the principal landowner or squire of the neighbourhood; but it had long passed away from its original possessors, and, at the time our narrative commences, was uninhabited, and had been so for years. The ravages of time were visible upon its broken casements, mouldering battlements, and grass-grown gardens, in which every kind of weed rose in wild and noxious luxuriance.

The neighbouring peasantry, always accustomed to look upon an old dilapidated mansion with feelings of superstitious fear, increased in the present instance by divers strange reports of "fearful forms and horrid groans," avoided the spot as much as possible; in short, it seemed quite probable that time, without molestation, would be suffered to complete the work of destruction he had begun. But these conjectures were at length proved to be unfounded; for, to the no small surprise of the good neighbours that any creditable person should trust himself within the walls of "the House," as it was called, it was announced that it would shortly possess occupants. This report was confirmed by the appearance of workmen and servants; and when the necessary repairs and preparations had been effected, of the possessor himself, an old gentleman; whose family consisted of himself and an only son, between twenty and thirty years of age.

Various rumours were instantly afloat concerning the mysterious strangers; and among the poorer community, none of the most charitable prevailed. These, indeed, might be somewhat influenced, if not exaggerated, by the chagrin caused by the loss of the park, which had furnished so abundantly fodder for their cattle; but which was now altered and improved, and surrounded by an enclosure. Be this as it may, it was certain that Mr. Halloran and his son were very mysterious personages; no one knew whence they came, or for what purpose they had fixed upon this house above all other places for their abode. That they were rich, was beyond a doubt, from the manner in which they lived; but how they had acquired those riches, or what was their object in dwelling so obscurely as they did, were questions which the sagacity of the wisest of the village Platos could not discover.

Time, however, rolled on: the important intelligence was obtained by means of the occasional intercourse between the villagers and the servants of the house.

It appeared that Mr. Halloran, a quiet, inoffensive old gentleman, had come from a remote part of Ireland to this unfrequented place, with a view, if it were possible, to correct the conduct and manners of his son; who, since the death of his mother, by whom he was much beloved and imprudently indulged, had launched out into a course of vice and dissipation, to the great distress of his father, who was a man of integrity and principle. It was moreover said, that the old man was not treated with that respect by his son, to which he as a father was entitled; and it was thought that the only thing which prevented Maurice Halloran from renouncing his parents' authority, and escaping from his control altogether, was the want of means to support his own extravagant pursuits: for though Mr. Halloran was undoubtedly rich, he had the good sense no longer to encourage the follies of his son by assisting him with pecuniary resources; and he hoped that, by retiring to a place where temptation could not so strongly assail, a change for the better might be effected.

The past conduct of Maurice was amply discussed, insomuch that every one around, happy strangers, perhaps, to the flagrancy of vice so common in more fashionable communities, was led to look upon him as a monster of wickedness, and to shun him as a person utterly unworthy and dangerous.

Among the rest, Patrick O'Connor was not backward in expressing his sentiments; and his son received a severe reproof for having coupled Maurice Halloran with the words "nice young man," as he accidentally saw him riding on the road contiguous to the field in which he was working. O'Connor conceived, that by the arrival of the strangers at the house, a stumbling-block had been cast in the way of many, and he knew his own son to be by no means strong in resisting temptation; he therefore made it a matter of watchfulness and prayer, that nothing might occur to cause an hitherto innocent heart to err from the right path. There was, however, in Patrick's heart, a certain presentiment of evil, when the occasional temper of his son shewed itself, that he would one day become a cause of grief, and "rock of offence" to him. Against this he could only hope and pray; and in the latter duty he never was deficient. But how inscrutable are the ways of Providence! A man must have much experience in life, and often bitter experience too, ere he can see all that happens for good. Prayer may be unceasingly made, but it may not always be answered, or at least in the manner for

which the suppliant looks. Nay, circumstances may occur, which are in direct opposition to our requests and wishes; it therefore requires time, it requires patience, to wait for the day when all things, whether adverse or prosperous, shall work for good; and in God's own time, such will undoubtedly be the case.

O'Connor was not as yet fully acquainted with these feelings; his days had passed in peace, his cup of blessing was full, his pathway smooth and flowery; it was, therefore, the more strange and afflicting to him, when he perceived that all his care and prayers had no avail to prevent a growing intimacy between his son and Maurice Halloran, which, through casual meetings from time to time, at last settled into a friendship enthusiastically sincere on the part of Arthur, and certainly professedly so as regarded the other. Flagrant as Halloran's conduct undoubtedly was, magnified as it had been, Patrick could not but anticipate the most woeful consequences from such a connexion. He considered friendships between persons of unequal situations, at all times dangerous; but in this case, knowing, as he did, what report said of young Maurice, it seemed doubly dangerous. He resolved, therefore, seriously to speak with his son on the subject; with a hope of convincing him what a fatal step he had taken, and to advise him, as a father, to retract ere it became too late.

"Arthur," he said, one evening, when his son had just quitted his friend, "I like not that Halloran, much less can I approve of your intimacy with him. Believe me, my son, not from any real regard, but to further some project of his own, does he thus associate himself with you. Have you not heard his arts long ere you knew him? Have you not heard how he caused a widowed mother's heart to break, by robbing her of her only support and comfort, her daughter? Know you not what sums of his father's money the gaming-house has acquired? Have you not seen how he lives without the fear of God, or dread of his commandments? Oh Arthur, if you value your own, your parents' happiness, be not led astray by one so practised in the arts of deceiving?"

"Indeed, Father," replied Arthur, "report belies Maurice; he has a good heart; and surely you will not stand in the way of my advancement in life; his parent is aged; and when he dies, I shall reap the benefit of his son's regard. He has promised to do great things for me."

"Good heart! promised!" echoed the

old man; "Alas! my son, under the cloak of good-heartedness how many are the sins concealed; and he who would ruin a daughter, and break a mother's heart, will never lack promises when they can serve to promote his interests?"

Arthur was again proceeding to vindicate his friend, by the plea, that report was false concerning him, but his father interrupted—

"Enough, Arthur," he said, "I clearly see how blinded you are both to his faults and your own interest; but the serpent has coiled around your heart, and what father should I be, did I not strain every nerve to save you? Hear me, son; if my arguments fail to convince you, it is my command that you break off this connexion. You were ever wont to regard my commands with obedience, see you do so now, or——"

He paused; probably moved by the marks of contrition he saw in the countenance of Arthur. His faithful partner joined her entreaties with those of her husband. And the gentle Catherine, with tearful eyes, besought her beloved brother to discard his new and dangerous companion.

To this, succeeded the evening devotion: long and fervent were the prayers offered up by the old man in behalf of his family, but more especially he entreated the God of goodness to watch over his wayward son, and to keep him mercifully from falling into the snares so thickly spread in his path.

(To be concluded in our next.)

POETRY.

THE GOAL ATTAINED.

(ON THE DEATH OF DR. ADAM CLARKE.)

By Rev. J. Young.

ONCE more the harp, the harp of wo,
Whence deepest notes of grief ascend;
Commix'd with sighs and tears which flow,
Proclaim the exit of a friend.
The Church, bereft of one most dear;
The Christian world, of one most lov'd;
Wail pensive o'er the fun'ral bier,
Of worth and zeal so often prov'd.

But hark! what lofty, different sounds,
From harps of gold arrest my ear:—
The choirs which JAH's high throne surround,
Pour forth a strain—it reaches here:—
"Conflict is o'er—the victory's won:
The valiant silver-headed chief
Retires to rest, his labour's done,
No more to toil, or suffer grief."

CLARKE has attain'd the heavenly goal!
The tidings fill th' ethereal plains:
The God-man greets the sainted soul,
Where sublimated pleasure reigns.
Around him numerous spirits throng,
Fruits of his pious zeal below;
Numbers he views the crowd among,
Whom here he *did* not, *could* not know.

See, pressing through the flaming hosts,
A mighty spirit hastening flies;
An eager wish his manner boasts,
To hail CLARKE welcome to the skies.
His brow a dazzling halo crowns,
Brighter than those his fellows wear—
A child-like meekness too surrounds
His limbs, which marks of greatness bear.

'Tis COKE's high spirit stands confess'd—
Behold, the friends in Jesus meet!
Each spirit presses to his breast
The friend he loves, with warmest greet:
Saints hover round—and new delight,
As spirits only could sustain,
Appear to crown the rapt'rous sight,
While CLARKE and COKE together reign.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

By Mrs. Sigourney of Hartland, America.

Why do ye tear
Yon lingering tenant from his humble home?—
His children cling about him, and his wife
Regardless of the wint'ry blast, doth stand
Watching his last, far footsteps with the gaze
Of speechless misery.—What hath he done?—
In passion's madness did he raise the steel
Against his neighbour's breast,—or in the stealth
Of deep, deliberate malice, touch his roof
With wildly desolating flame?—No.—No.—
His *crime is poverty*.—He hath no hoard
Of hidden wealth from whence to satisfy
His creditor's demand.—Sickness perchance
Did stay his arm,—or adverse skies deny
The promis'd harvest,—or the thousand ills
That throng the hard lot of the sons of toil,
Drink up his spirits.—Ye indeed may hold
His form incarcerate,—but will this repair
The trespass on your purse?—To take away
The *means* of labour, yet require its *fruits*
In strict amount, methinks do savour more
Of ancient Egypt's policy, than Christ's.
Themis, perchance, may sanction what the code
Of Him who came to teach the law of love,
Condemns.—“*How readest thou?*”

There are who deem
The smallest portion of their drossy gold
Full counterpoise for liberty and health,—
And God's free air, and home's sweet charities.
'Mid the gay circle round their evening fire
They sit in luxury,—the warbled song,
The guest,—the wine-cup speed the flying hours,
Forgetful how the captive's head doth droop
Within his close-barr'd cell,—or how the storm
Doth hoarsely round his distant dwelling sweep,
Where she, who in their lowly bed hath wrapp'd
Her famish'd babes, kneels shivering by their side,
And weeping mingles with her lonely prayer.—
—Revenge may draw upon these prison griefs
To pay her subsidy,—and sternly wring
An usury from helpless woman's woe,
And Infancy's distress: but is it well
For souls that hasten to a dread account
Of motive and of deed, at Heaven's high bar,
To *break their Saviour's law*?—

—Up,—cleanse yourselves
From this dark vestige of a barbarous age,—
Sons of the Gospel's everlasting light!—
Nor let a brother of your sun-blest clime,
Rear'd in your very gates, participant
Of freedom and salvation's birthright, find
Less favour than the heathen. It would seem
That Man, who for the fleeting breath he draws
Is still a debtor, and hath nought to pay,—
He who to cancel countless sins expects
Unbounded clemency,—'twould seem that he
Might to his fellow-man be pitiful,
And shew that mercy which himself implores.

“THERE IS JOY IN THE PRESENCE OF
THE ANGELS OF GOD OVER ONE SINNER
THAT REPENTETH.”—Luke xx. 10.

Oh! sweet the notes his lips employ,
Whose soul hath felt the blissful peace,—
And tasted, first,—the balmy joy
They know—and only know, when cease
The strife and enmity which, erst,
Have rais'd 'gainst God the puny hand
Of creatures fallen and accursed,
Seared by a spirit-blighting brand—
Lighted in hell—by Satan given,
The pledge of hate to God and Heaven.
O sweet—most sweet, when—whispering there,
In solitude, the voice of prayer!—
When issues forth the plaintive sigh,
On new-born faith to God on high—
From him who then in such an hour,
First, feels the Spirit's cheering power—
That blessed Spirit who doth give
Life, light, and peace,—the blissful boon,
That bids the dying sinner live,
And wakes in Paradise the time
Which angels sing—seraphs that shine
With ceaseless radiance all divine:
Who, fired with love celestial, fling
Their blazing coronets before
The throne of Heav'n's eternal King;
Ardent to worship and adore;—
To tell of man redeem'd—and laud
With joyous songs, contrition's tear;
On golden harps to wake the chord,
In holiest strains, when first appear
The gushing, pearly drops of dew,
Falling fast down the pallid cheek,
When tears of penitence subdue
The stricken spirit, and bespeak
The mind by sanient grief oppress'd,
And panting for that blessed balm,
Which yields the wounded conscience rest
From guilt's remorse, and sin's alarm;—
The voice of love that whispers peace,
That peace which flows from sin forgiven,
Bidding the soul's fierce tumults cease,
Lighting the spirit on to Heaven.

W.

AUTUMN.

By W. C. Bryant.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the
year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and sere—
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the summer
leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying wind, and to the rabbit's
tread!
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the
shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all
the gloomy day.
Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that
lately sprung and stood,
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sister-
hood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race
of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and
good of ours—
The rain is falling where they be, but the cold
November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth, the lovely
ones again!
The wind-flower and the violet, they perish'd long
ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the
summer's glow;
But on the hills the golden rod, and the aster in the
wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook, in autumn
beauty stood,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from
upland, glade, and glen!

And now, when comes a calm mild day, as still such
days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee, from out their
winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though
all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers, whose
fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood, and by the
stream, no more!

And then I think of one, who in her youthful beauty
died,
The fair, meek blossom, that grew up and faded by
my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest
cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely, should have a life
so brief!
Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young
friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the
flowers!

APOSTACY TO BE DEPLORED.

Most persons will own, the apostolic creed
Is to follow their Master in word and in deed;
That Christians shall constantly let their light shine,
And prove to the world that its source is divine.

But if any person, late wash'd from his stain,
Should wallow, swine-like, in the mire again;
Does reason allow, that we always should blend
With hypocrites, all who religion commend?

This maxim, however by some understood,
Will not be maintain'd by the wise and the good.

If a sheep be diseas'd, and to wander is prone,
Are the flock the less pure for defect of that one?

If a man is entrusted with goods of the crown,
Yet studies no interest but that of his own,
And by pilfering grows rich with the national pelf,
Are all placemen scoundrels as well as himself?

If Judas prov'd traitor, does that make it true,
That all Christ's disciples are hypocrites too?
You shudder I hope at the impious thought,
When your mind to the touchstone of reason is
brought.

The man who feels not for another man's woes,
When sickness assails, or is prest by his foes,
We justly condemn as inhuman and base,
And hold such an one in eternal disgrace.

But should we not feel, when by a worse evil,
A man is entrapt by the snare of the devil?

Our sickness by medicine might be reliev'd;
And loss of our property may be retriev'd;
But loss of our rectitude, shocking to tell,
Our bliss might endanger, and sink us to hell.

Is this then a matter for shouting and glee?
Will men in this case with infernals agree?
Are men so unfeeling, and void of all good,
When angels, if human, would weep tears of blood?

Let reason decide, as was mentioned before,
And hear its instructive and pertinent lore:

Let sin, as it justly deserves, be abhor'd;
And let its commission be ever deplor'd:
Yet feel for the sinner, and make it your aim,
Instead of reproaching, seek means to reclaim.
If this you feel no inclination to do,
You are the worst sinner by far of the two.

July 30, 1831.

F. KENT.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

Ye flatt'ring scenes of earth, adieu!
Thou tempting world, farewell!
I go my Saviour's face to view,
And in his kingdom dwell.

O life! what are thy shadows now—
Those burnish'd sparkling toys?
They charm no more; how dim they grow,
Before celestial joys!

Ye cares that tore my anxious breast,
And chaf'd my spirit here,
No more shall you disturb my rest,
In heaven's untroubled sphere.

O that I e'er should heave a sigh!
At ills that pass away
Quick as the shadowy sunbeams fly,
That gild a winter's day.

J. W.

Carlinghow New Hall, near Leeds.

PRAYER.

WHEN torn is thy bosom by sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like Prayer:
It seizes—sooths—softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Gives vigour to hope, and puts passion in chains.

Prayer, sweet Prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like Prayer.

When forc'd from the friend we hold dearest, to part,
What fond recollections yet cling to the heart:
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are
there,

Oh! how hurtfully pleasing till hallow'd by Prayer.
Prayer, sweet Prayer, &c.

When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,
The syren sings sweetly, or silently charms,
We listen—love—loiter—are caught in the snare;
Or, looking to Jesus, we conquer by Prayer.

Prayer, sweet Prayer, &c.

While strangers to Prayer, we are strangers to bliss;
Heaven pours its first streams through no medium
but this;

And till we the seraphims' ecstasy share,
Our chalice of bliss must be guarded by Prayer.
Prayer, sweet Prayer, &c.

Preston Brook.

S. S.

ADMONITION.

Is Man a slave to his fell appetite?
Are all his pleasures sensual? all his joy
Deriv'd from that foul source? can no delight,
That's spiritual and pure, his thoughts employ?
Do animal propensities destroy
That spark divine—connecting link with Heaven!
For things terrestrial, which at best but cloy,
Shall present peace and future hopes be given?
Pause for a moment!—let thy faults be shriven
To Him who can forgive, and renovate
The heart and the affections; be not driven
By worldly lusts beyond the present date,
Lest thy repentance may be found too late
To make thee happy here, and in a future state.

Nottinghamshire.

M. A. C.

SERENADE.

Rest!—no crystal billow
Roves the sea to-night:
And the young moon's pillow
Is a cloud of light.

Rest!—for earth is sleeping,
Ev'ry sound is still—
Save the sly wind creeping
Up the lonely hill.

Rest!—hath not the show'r
Wept itself away,
O'er the last sad flow'r
Of the autumn day?

Rest!—each rill reposeth
In an icy sleep,—
And the midnight closeth,
All in silence deep.

Rest!—then in thy bow'r;
Be thy slumbering
Sweet as the summer flow'r,
When she dreams of Spring.

M. E. S.

REVIEW. — *Illustrations of Political Economy: No. VII., "A Manchester Strike," and No. VIII., "Cousin Marshall."* By Harriet Martineau. pp. 136—132. Fox. London. 1832.

WHEN some of the former tales in this series passed through our hands, we took occasion to notice them in terms of more than common approbation. Their intrinsic merit, however, far transcended our tribute of praise; and wherever their circulation extends, this will constitute their more permanent recommendation.

"A Manchester Strike" is a lively, but melancholy picture, which appears to have been taken from the commotion it describes; and is, like the prophet's roll, "written within and without, with mourning, lamentation, and woe." The following short extract will convey some idea of the author's descriptive powers. The tale begins at the gates of a factory, around which some hundreds eagerly engage in consultation, in consequence of a reduction in wages that had taken place. Allen, one of the men who wishes to hasten home, after some time escapes from the crowd, and walks so rapidly as presently to overtake his little daughter, Martha, who had left the factory somewhat earlier.

"He saw her before him for some distance; and observed how she limped, and how feebly she made her way along the street, (if such it might be called,) which led to their abode. It was far from easy walking to the strongest. There were heaps of rubbish, pools of muddy water, stones and brick-bats lying about, and cabbage leaves on which the unwary might slip, and bones, over which pigs were grunting, and curs snarling and fighting. Little Martha, a delicate child of eight years old, tried to avoid all these obstacles; but she nearly slipped down several times, and started when the dogs came near her, and shivered every time the mild spring breeze blew in her face.

"Martha, how lame you are to day!" said Allen, taking her round the waist to help her onward.

"O father! my knees have been aching so all day; I thought I should have dropped every moment."

"And one would think it was Christmas by your looks, child, instead of a bright May day."

"It is very chill after the factory," said the little girl, her teeth still chattering. "Sure the weather must have changed, father?"

"No: the wind was south, and the sky cloudless. It was only that the thermometer had stood at seventy-five degrees within the factory.

"I suppose your wages are lowered as well as mine," said Allen; how much do you bring home this week?"

"Only three shillings, father; and some say it will be less before long. I am afraid mother——"

"The weak-spirited child could not say what it was that she feared, being choked by her tears.

"Come, Martha, cheer up," said her father. "Mother knows that you get sometimes more, and sometimes less; and, after all, you earn as much as a piecer as some do at the hand-loom. There is Field, our neighbour: he and his wife together do not earn more than seven shillings a week, you know; and think how much older and stronger they are than you. We must make you stronger,

Martha. I will go with you to Mr. Dawson, and he will find out what is the matter with your knees."

"By this time they had reached the foot of the stairs which led up to their two rooms, in the third story of a large dwelling, which was occupied by many poor families. Barefooted children were scampering up and down the stairs, at play; girls nursing babies, sat at various elevations, and seemed in danger of being kicked down as often as a drunken man or an angry woman wanted to pass; a thing which frequently happened. Little Martha looked up the steep stairs and sighed. Her father lifted and carried her. The noises would have stunned a stranger, and they seemed louder than usual to accustomed ears. Martha's little dog came barking and jumping up as soon as he saw her, and this set several babies crying; the shrill piping of a bullfinch was heard in the din; and over all, the voice of a scolding woman.

"That is Sally Field's voice, if it is any body's," said Allen; "It is enough to make one shift one's quarters, to have that woman within hearing."

"She is in our rooms, father. I am sure the noise is there: and see, her door is open, and her room empty."

"She need not fear leaving her door open," observed a neighbour in passing. "There is nothing there that any body would wish to carry away."

pp. 2—4.

Although the preceeding extracts may convey some idea of the author's manner, it can give no adequate conception of the book. With equal spirit, vivacity, and keenness of observation, the various branches of a "Manchester Strike," are detailed with dreadful minuteness; and the consequences which follow, fill up every vacancy in the picture of hunger, poverty, drunkenness, desperation, and misery.

"Cousin Marshall," although totally different in its scenery, is nearly allied to the former in general character. It ranges among the lower orders of society, and familiarizes the reader with overseers and paupers; with the despotism of the former, and the stratagems of the latter; and delineates in awful colouring, the demoralizing effects which may always be expected from such a state of society. The repulsive language and unfeeling spirit displayed by men entrusted with a little parochial "brief authority," cannot but awaken indignant feelings in the children of want. Neglect and disregard, are so nearly allied to oppression, that they generate revenge; and by many minds it is deemed a virtue to practise imposition.

In this combination of wretchedness, profligacy, fraud, and oppression, the independent spirit of "Cousin Marshall" shines with great advantage. Active in its operations, and influential in all its dictates, it appears like a little oasis in the midst of a desert; and we cannot but infer from what we observe in this individual character, that were all in similar circumstances actuated by the same exalted principles, society among the lower orders would speedily assume a more healthful and pleasing aspect.

REVIEW.—*A Funeral Address delivered in Southwark Chapel, Sept. 8, 1832, on the Death of the late Dr. Adam Clarke. By Joseph Beaumont. Simpkin and Marshall. London.*

THE occasion of this discourse, in the religious community of which Mr. Beaumont is a minister, was one of very memorable import. The deceased, for nearly half a century, stood conspicuously in the foremost ranks among his brethren, and by his learning, talents, and stability of principle and character, had done more to advance the respectability of Methodism, than any other man since the days of Mr. Wesley. To the memory of this venerable minister, many tributes of respect have been paid throughout the kingdom, both from the pulpit and the press, and among them is the discourse which is now under inspection.

Mr. Beaumont's text is from John xi. 25. "Jesus said, I am the resurrection." From this passage Mr. B—— takes occasion to descant, first, on the ravages of death; secondly, to contemplate the resurrection of the pious dead; and, thirdly, to show the connexion between that magnificent event, and the mediation of the Redeemer.

Having devoted something more than one half of his discourse to the elucidation of the passage, the author appropriates the remaining part to a brief narrative of Dr. Clarke's life, and a development of his character.

In the former part, while contemplating the resurrection of the pious dead, we find many thoughts and expressions which are remarkably striking and appropriate. To the question, "how shall the bodies of those that shall be then (at the last day) alive, be changed into immortal, seeing they die not, seeing they rise not?" the author thus answers?

"How was the water at the marriage of Cana in Galilee turned into wine? In a moment—instantly—was the water changed, and became wine? How shall it be with those who shall be found alive, when the Saviour descends in the clouds of the air? They shall not undergo the long processes of the transmutation which the dead in Christ undergo. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the pulse of immortality shall beat through the whole of their frames, and in an instant all the feculencies of their primitive physical condition shall pass away; and there they are, immortal as those that have been raised from the dead."—p. 17.

In a subsequent page, Mr. Beaumont observes as follows:

"The same voice that called up the dead at Bethany, shall be heard pealing through all the repositories of the dead—into the tones of the archangel's trumpet, Jesus shall put an infinite energy, that shall startle from their slumbers many generations of the children of Adam. He shall call, and they shall answer—he shall send forth an irresistible summons into the wide regions of the grave,

and, lo, the universe shall at once obey. Say not, how can these things be? how can that dust of humanity, which is scattered throughout every region of nature, and which has formed new and endless combinations, be recomposed again? Jesus is able to do it. Where can your dust go, that the eye of omniscience shall not trace it? Into what manifold and tenacious combinations shall it enter, that omnipotence cannot dissolve? Extensive and mighty is the work, and confounding to our imagination is the very idea of its being accomplished; but he is able to do it according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself."

To the memory of the deceased, the tribute of respect which the author pays, is rational, exalted, and appropriate; and, although some inaccuracies may be found among the incidents which give interest to the narrative, the aggregate is not unworthy either the author or his friend. From the attention we have devoted to the examination of this discourse, we are satisfied that it is far above the common mediocrity of sermonizing; and, after perusing its contents, we feel no surprise that it should be published, in compliance with the earnest solicitation of the leaders' meeting, at whose desire it was delivered.

REVIEW.—*Observations founded on Select Passages of Scripture, with Original Hymns adapted to the Subjects. By Thomas Bradshaw, Paragon Chapel, Bermondsey. 12mo. pp. 214. Holdsworth and Ball. London. 1832.*

IN every publication we certainly ought to "regard a writer's end," and by this rule we shall measure the volume before us. In page 200, Mr. Bradshaw observes, "He felt no wish to imitate those individuals, who seem resolved never to appear in the character of authors, without bringing forth something novel and startling; thinking it much better to adhere to 'the old paths, where is the good way.' He would rather be the means of converting one sinner, or of edifying one saint, than of exciting the astonishment of a multitude."

The author's motive in publishing, appears to be in accordance with this principle. "The profits, if any, arising from the sale, will be applied to the liquidation of a debt on the Sabbath-school connected with his place of worship." Those principles, and this motive, have a right to command our respect, and we readily allow them, as pleading strongly in the author's favour.

The scriptural passages selected for observation are such as lead to practical development, and to this the author has adhered, without leading his readers into the thorny labyrinths of controversial speculation. His book is designed for the edifi-

of those who are seeking to be made unto salvation, and by the humblest it may be perused with much spiritual and practical advantage.

The hymns are only fifteen in number; therefore make a more conspicuous place in the title-page than in the book. The metres are adapted to common tunes; as compositions, they are distinguished by simplicity and perspicuity. In all its parts this book exhibits one common character. Its aim is not to amuse the curious, to gratify the vain; but to unfold duties, precepts, and promises, set forth in the plain writings, "that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." The author has done his duty, and it is incumbent on his readers to improve.

REVIEW.—*A Memoir of the Rev. John Jenkins, late Wesleyan Missionary in America.* By George Jackson. 12mo. 228. Mason. London. 1832.

The life of a missionary who has of late spent much of his time in the West Indies, is generally an article of considerable interest. Nothing can be more obvious than, that the planters are hostile to the liberation of their slaves, unless it be by means who exert themselves to rivet the chains which they wear. Hence, missionaries have been made the subjects of colour prejudice; and persecution in its worst form has been inflicted, to drive them from the colonies. Men who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil, are unwilling to have the secrets of the prison-house disclosed; but secrecy cannot be maintained, while any enemies of slavery are permitted to witness its abominations.

The subject of this memoir was born in England, and, after furnishing the most unequivocal evidence of a saving conversion, was called to the work of the ministry. For some time he was employed in England; he was then sent to the island of Antigua in 1824, where he remained about eighteen months and two years. He was then appointed to the Bahamas, from whence his want of health compelled his return to England in 1827. He was afterwards stationed in the Scilly Islands, where he finished his course on the 9th of April, 1830.

In this biographical sketch, the author has exercised a degree of literary prudence, which many of his contemporaries want. He has not extended the narrative to an immaterial length, by introducing matter which has little or no connexion with his subject,

nor augmented his pages with sermonizing dissertations, which leave the reader no room for the exercise of his own reflections.

With a commendable degree of affectionate fidelity, Mr. Jackson has followed his departed friend through the more prominent evolutions of his life, recording instances of his zeal for God, and unwearied efforts to promote the cause of the Redeemer. On glancing over his pages, we cannot but conclude, that the late Mr. Jenkins was a pious, intelligent young man, every way calculated for the missionary station which he was called to fill, and that his life affords a bright example, which, under similar circumstances, will at all times be worthy of imitation.

Of West India law and justice, some pages in this memoir draw a frightful picture; and as the writer was for some time a missionary in these regions of slavery, his own observations confirm the statements which the deceased had recorded in his diary.

That this excellent young man should have been cut down in the prime of life, and in the midst of his career of usefulness, we can only resolve into the inscrutable providence of God. On the shadows which encircle his moral government, there can be scarcely any end to questions that may be proposed. Who can say why slavery is permitted to continue, under the universal superintendence of a wise and benevolent Being? We see but in part, and know but in part, and must wait in faith for the light of eternity to dispel the shadows of time.

REVIEW.—*A Practical Commentary upon the First Epistle General of St. Peter.* By Archbishop Leighton. 2 Vols. 12mo. Religious Tract Society.

THIS justly celebrated prelate was distinguished, during the period in which he lived, by vigour of intellect, extensive learning, ardent zeal, and exalted piety. His works have survived their author, and in every new edition they preserve the lustre of his name. It was the misfortune of this worthy man to live in turbulent times, the severity of which he strongly exerted himself to mitigate: all his efforts, however, proved unavailing; he, therefore, resigned the mitre, and retired into private life, where his days were spent in doing good to those who resided within the sphere of his benevolence and influence. Few prelates have left behind them a character more completely embalmed in its own perfume.

"The Practical Commentary upon the First Epistle of St. Peter" by this able divine, may be justly reckoned among his

more valuable works. It contains elucidations of many obscure and difficult passages, and then turns the whole into a channel of practical utility. Into subjects of controversy, which several passages would seem to suggest, he very sparingly enters; it being more congenial with his natural disposition to promote peace and good-will among men, than to generate strife and animosity in the Christian church. On the amiable spirit which breathes in every page, no serious reader can look without admiration. His unassuming piety, and duly tempered zeal, appear to swallow up every inferior consideration, and to lead him at once to the hearts and lives of all who may peruse what he has written.

The Religious Tract Society, generally judicious in their selection of books from the writings of the old divines, have rarely displayed their taste and judgment to greater advantage than on the present occasion. A neat body of divinity may be said to be included in this commentary. Rational motives, scriptural authority, a mild and persuasive eloquence, founded upon learning, which shines without ostentation, and imparts a grandeur to simplicity, are among the prominent characteristics of these volumes. They bring with them a passport of usefulness and tranquillity, which entitle them to a place in every Christian library.

REVIEW.—*Constable's Miscellany, Vol. LXXVI., Butterflies, Sphynxes, and Moths Illustrated, by 96 Engravings, coloured after Nature, in two Vols. Vol II. 12mo. pp. 208. By Captain Thomas Brown, F.L.S. &c. Whittaker. London. 1832.*

THE preceding volume of this entomological series, we noticed in our number for October; and there was no praise bestowed on that, to which this may not lay an indisputable claim. Numerous as the species are which these volumes represent and describe, they form only a small portion in this department of the vast family of nature. Their beauties and varieties, however, are sufficient to awaken the most profound admiration, and to create in the inquiring mind a strong bias in favour of the insect world. Each specimen is distinctly exhibited, in form and colouring resembling what nature displays, and to young persons the inspection must afford high gratification.

The descriptions which accompany the drawings, though brief, are satisfactory to all who only seek for amusement, and

common information. The natural philosopher will, without doubt, extend his researches; through more voluminous regions, and to his inquiries no boundaries can be prescribed. The empire of animated nature is seen to encircle us on every side; yet in all probability, among the minute and the diminutive, a much greater portion still remains unnoticed by man, than has hitherto engrossed his attention.

The two volumes of this work, if carefully perused, can hardly fail to excite adoration in the contemplative mind. The varieties, peculiarities, and exquisite symmetry every where observable, lead inquiry to a great intelligent Cause, as the primary source of all. "The wisdom of God in creation," so admirably developed by Ray, is a subject that never can be exhausted; and as the invention of instruments enables us to extend our researches, new worlds of creative wonder burst upon our senses, and unfold more and more the infinity of God.

REVIEW.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. IX. Northern Coasts of America. 12mo. pp. 444. Simpkin. London. 1832.*

THIS volume comprises a general survey of the more northern coasts of America, of the discoveries made by numerous adventurers, and the hardships they endured while prosecuting their arduous labours. It is not, however, confined exclusively to the arctic regions; the detestable exploits of Cortez, in the more southern territories, claim a transient notice; and the efforts of modern voyagers and travellers bring down the contents of this volume to the present day.

From simple discovery, the author turns his attention to natural history; and surveys the mountains, plains, and valleys, extended over this almost boundless region. He then devotes one chapter to the quadrupeds; a second, to birds; a third, to the fishes, and other zoological productions; a fourth, to vegetation; and a fifth, to geology. The subjects themselves render these chapters exceedingly interesting; while the manner in which they are treated gives an aspect of originality to facts and incidents, with which most readers have been long familiar.

No one can be ignorant, that, to the historian and naturalist, America furnishes a rich fund of materials. Into this arcanum of wealth the author has boldly entered; and, enriched with the spoils he has acquired, the public are invited to share the prize. The statements of former historians, founded on an imperfect acquaintance with many

subjects, we find corrected in this volume ; and several cases occur, in which the general character that had been given to a genus, has been found true only in that particular species, which the discovery embraced.

It is needless, however, to follow in its details, a work which has already established its reputation in the public mind, and which the interest and the ambition of the publishers conspire not only to keep alive, but to cherish in healthful vigour. The "Edinburgh Cabinet Library" is a work with which we have been highly pleased from the beginning, and this ninth volume is not calculated to sink it in our estimation.

REVIEW.—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia : Vol. XXXIV. Chemistry; Vol. XXXV. Spain and Portugal. Longman and Co. London. 1832.*

VOLUME 34 contains a general survey of the permanent principles on which chemistry is founded. It then follows the progress of experiment in its various details, to the exalted state in which the science now appears. To those who delight in exploring the arcanum of nature, this volume will prove at once amusing, interesting, and instructive. It comprises the latest discoveries that have been made, and furnishes rules through which nature may be imitated by art in many of her surprising operations. In talent, knowledge, and utility, it is equal to any volume that has preceded it in the series, and in several respects it has a claim to superiority which few can presume to rival.

The history of Spain and Portugal is resumed in volume 35, which is the fourth that has been devoted to this subject, and others may be expected to follow in succession. The events and occurrences of modern times will confer on this department a degree of interest, in which, as a nation, England will appear to be deeply involved. We are now standing on the margins of an eventful crisis ; from which the clouds of obscurity may be expected speedily to be withdrawn, and in its issue, it is not improbable, that the nations of Europe will be embroiled. To these, the attention of the author will be steadily directed ; and for the concluding volume of this historical series, the reader will wait with the most intense solicitude.

The present volume conducts us through scenes of tyranny, oppression, cruelty, and injustice ; it is a region of darkness, in which ecclesiastical despotism stifles the

generous feelings of nature, and stains the pages of history with blood. Of court intrigue, and papal dominion, the picture is truly appalling. The minions of each are ever ready to execute its mandates ; and the greatness of their triumphs seems to depend on the number of their victims, and the privations and tortures under which they were deprived of life.

REVIEW.—*Family Classical Library, Nos. XXXIII. & XXXIV. 12mo. p. 373 —343. Valpy. London. 1832.*

THE first of these two volumes gives the works of Sophocles, to which is prefixed a brief memoir of the author. Sophocles is said to have flourished nearly five hundred years before Christ. This fact strongly indicates, that his writings embody much intrinsic merit, otherwise they would have been lost on the stream of time, and his name have been buried in oblivion. Instead of this, he has continued to occupy an exalted station in the ranks of classic literature, and although two thousand years have elapsed since his laurels began to bloom, they remain unwithered to the present day. His works, which are extant, consist of seven tragedies, but upwards of one hundred are presumed to be lost. He has been represented "the prince of ancient dramatic poets : " his fables are interesting and well chosen ; his plots regular and well conducted ; his sentiments elegant, noble, and sublime ; his incidents natural ; his diction simple ; his manners and characters striking, and unexceptionable ; his choruses well adapted to the subject ; his moral reflections pertinent and useful ; and his numbers, in every part, to the last degree sweet and harmonious." This reprint is from the translation of Dr. Thomas Franklin, in whose elegant and nervous language Mr. Valpy has given it to the world.

The second of these volumes enters on the works of Euripides, which are to be continued, until his finished compositions appear in this new edition. The translation is by the Rev. R. Potter, M. A. when prebendary of Norwich. Euripides was intimately acquainted with Socrates, and their pursuits after wisdom, cemented by a similarity of manners and studies, ripened into a friendship which nothing but death could dissolve. This celebrated poet owed much to his study of nature. His genius appears bright and glowing ; his images are vivid, and deeply impressed ; and, in moving the tender passions, his powers are unrivalled, and almost irresistible. But of works so well known, and so highly

esteemed, all commendation is superfluous. An author that has stood the test of twenty centuries is placed beyond the influence of modern opinion, and the reach of both censure and applause. To Mr. Valpy much praise is due for bringing such works of genuine taste and classic excellence into general circulation.

REVIEW.—*Example; or, Family Scenes.* 12mo. pp 248. Smith & Elder. London. 1832.

THIS book belongs to that class of religious narrative, which brings the powerful principles of Christianity to bear on the wily seductions of infidelity. This contrast is, however, rather to be inferred from the practical effects which each produces, than from precepts, axioms, and arguments, with which an author might very easily and speedily fill a volume. The influence of example is here placed in a commanding light; and as nothing is stretched into the region of extravagance, it exhibits a picture of domestic life, not overcharged with colouring, nor embellished with facts that reality hesitates to acknowledge.

The individuals introduced, are admitted to be fictitious, but the characters are such as real life constantly supplies. In the preface we are told, that—"The form of a domestic story has been adopted, in order to present to youthful readers, in a more interesting and familiar manner, the important lesson it is the author's aim to inculcate; and to enable him to exhibit in a more striking point of view, the wide contrast that exists between the fruits of "true holiness," and those of the "natural and unrenewed heart," however amiable, externally, they may appear."

Surveyed as a tale, in the carrying on of which several persons come before us, this book has many attractions, and the reader is introduced to scenes which render the narrative pleasingly interesting. But when from these minor subjects of recommendation we turn to the author's motives, and the end which he has in view, we find amusement supplanted by superior excellence, which induces practical Christianity, to claim this volume as her own, and to give it a place in her library.

Among young readers we expect that "Family Scenes" will find its chief admirers. The sprightliness of the style will suit their taste; and no great intensity of thought will be required, to comprehend the author's meaning. Incidents, when judiciously arranged, exert an attractive power, which few are disposed to resist.

REVIEW.—*The Byron Gallery; a Series of Historical Embellishments to illustrate the Poetical Works of Lord Byron.* Smith, Elder and Co. London. 1832.

THIS is another Part of these exquisite engravings, to which the powers of language are hardly adequate to do justice. We have examined the former parts with minute attention, and to this we have devoted an equal portion of time. Where all are superlatively beautiful, it would be dangerous, and even invidious, to make selections. In such a series of graphic excellence, fancy rather than judgment must give direction to choice. In some, the figures and their attitudes may not be so captivating as those of others, while the superiority of execution may more than compensate for the imaginary deficiencies. Much also will depend upon the habit and taste of those who venture on a preference. In these respects youth and age will perhaps be at variance; but we think all must concur in this, that a more beautiful series of engravings has never before been presented to the public, and that in every respect they are worthy the pen of the noble bard, and of that superb edition of his poetical works which they are intended to illustrate, now publishing by Mr. Murray.

REVIEW.—*The Amulet, a Christian and Literary Remembrancer for 1833.* Edited by S. C. Hall. 12mo. pp. 312. Westley & Davis. London.

WERE it not that these annuals bloom in the dreary month of November, when scarcely any other flower appears to enliven the face of nature, Flora would be in danger of losing her dominion over the smiling tribes of vegetation. The beauty of the Amulet having been displayed before the world during the last seven years, its character and decorations are too well known to require any extended amplification. The present volume contains the family excellencies, and is a suitable companion for its predecessors. Bound in purple morocco, and the edges of its leaves covered with gold, the following twelve engravings embellish its interior department.

1. The gentle student, painted by G. S. Newton, and engraved by Charles Rolls. 2. Vignette title-page portrait of Lady Montjoy, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and engraved by J. C. Edwards. 3. The Golden Age, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and engraved by F. C. Lewis. 4. Vignette, the Golden Age, by Sir T. Lawrence, and engraved by F. C. Lewis. 5. The Duchess.

of Richmond, by Sir. T. Lawrence, and engraved by Robert Graves. 6. Portrait of the late John Kemble, by Sir T. Lawrence, and engraved by W. Greatbach. 7. The Young Navigators, by Mulready, and engraved by Charles Fox. 8. The Theft of the Cap, by Wilkie, and engraved by Finden. 9. The Evening Star, by Sir T. Lawrence, and engraved by J. C. Edwards. 10. The English Mother, by Sir T. Lawrence, and engraved by Greatbach. 11. La Mexicana, by Boaden, and engraved by C. Marr. 12. Vignette, the Lute, by Liverseege, and engraved by Sangster.

All the above plates have an enlivening and beautiful aspect, at once displaying fine specimens of art, and diffusing through the volume an intensity of interest, which mere literary descriptions, unaided by the burin, never can impart. In these graphic decorations, both the painters and the engravers appear to great advantage, and the Amulet has derived additional charms from the union of their efforts. Such meritorious productions deservedly merit the patronage which they enjoy.

The literary articles, both in prose and verse, have been supplied by authors of celebrity, with whose names the public have been long familiar. In general they are original, and several have been avowedly written for this work. The style is sprightly and animated; but we are not aware that in any case it has degenerated into an unbecoming levity. The type and paper are excellent, and the high moral character of the Amulet will stand in exalted competition with any of its numerous competitors.

The editor observes in his preface, that "he hopes he may be permitted to state his main object has ever been to collect into his work the higher and more important class of compositions — considering attractive tales and beautiful poems, however essential to the interest and variety of the volume, as secondary to that which conveyed information, and led to improvement." For his success in this design, we give him the fullest credit; and while the Amulet continues to retain its moral excellence, we hope it will never cease to be perennial.

REVIEW. — *Friendship's Offering and Winter's Wreath* for 1833. 12mo. pp. 394. Smith, Elder, & Co. London.

FROM the first time that *Friendship's Offering* fell into our hands, we have never ceased to admire its binding. Embossed, elegant, and durable, the colour is not

likely soon to fade, nor will it be so susceptible of tarnish, as some which dazzle the eye, but will scarcely suffer a touch from the most delicate finger, without bearing evidence of having its complexion hurt.

The engravings which ornament this volume, are certainly of a very superior order. In design they are excellent, and in execution they have rarely been excelled. In number they amount to twelve, which is the usual complement, and bear the following names:

1. Unveiling, by Richter; engraved by Goodyear. 2. The Presentation Plate, by Corbould; engraved by J. W. Cook. 3. Corfu, by Purser; engraved by G. K. Richardson. 4. Affection, by J. P. Davis; engraved by T. A. Dean. 5. Christ entering Jerusalem, by J. Martin; engraved by E. J. Roberts. 6. The Morning Walk, by Pastorini; engraved by W. Ensom. 7. Female Pirates, by John Wood; engraved by T. A. Dean. 8. The Highland Huntsman, by J. Hayes; engraved by J. W. Cook. 9. Viola, by H. Corbould; engraved by T. Garner. 10. The Miniature, by J. Wood; engraved by H. Shenton. 11. The Bridge of Alva, by Purser; engraved by R. Brandard. 12. The Vintage, by J. Boaden; engraved by C. W. Marr.

Of these masterly embellishments no language can convey an idea which an inspection will not equal, and perhaps surpass. It is scarcely possible to examine these beautiful specimens of the arts, without being struck with the rapid advances they are making towards a state of perfection, which, but a few years since, no person thought attainable.

We learn from the preface, that between "*Friendship's Offering*" and "*The Winter's Wreath*," an union has been formed, or rather that the latter work has merged into the former. It furthermore informs us, that the stores, as well as many steady hands that did belong to "*The Winter's Wreath*," have been transferred to "*Friendship's Offering*," through which transfer, its resources have been augmented, and the means of furnishing variety increased.

Its articles, both in prose and verse, are adapted to accommodate "the grave, the gay, the lively, the severe;" and to many among them, a considerable portion of interest is attached. Works of this kind are in general calculated for youthful readers, to whom science would be a burden, and close reasoning without any charms. Amusement and light instruction are the objects at which they aim; and unless incident and narrative can

times approximate to the marvellous, they will yield little or no gratification.

Throughout this volume, we, however, have not discovered even a single expression, which can sap the foundation of principle, or deteriorate the reader's mind. It affords rational entertainment. The style is lively and animated, and the greater number of articles are original. The persons by whom they have been furnished, are well known as authors of reputation, whose names are a sufficient guarantee for the moral tendency of what they have written.

From the variety which this volume affords, we should be glad to select some article to lay before our readers, but the month having been far advanced before it reached us, we have neither time nor room for any extract that might supply an adequate specimen of its contents. In a future number we may take an opportunity to compensate for the present deficiency. On the whole, we consider Friendship's Offering as a flourishing plant in the garden of annuals, which few flowers can surpass either in fragrance or beauty. In this tenth year of its growth it appears as vigorous and healthful as ever, having no blasted buds or decayed limbs, but flourishing with luxuriance in the soil first selected for it by the literary gardener.

BRIEF SURVEY OF BOOKS.

1. *The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction*, (Smith and Elder, London,) gives some pleasing fragments of natural history, incidents, and anecdotes, that can hardly fail to be intelligible to the understanding of a child, and to prove both entertaining and instructive. Some woodcuts will give it additional attraction in the eyes of children.

2. *The History of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ*, (Religious Tract Society, London,) has in substance been long before the world in various shapes. The history is here condensed within a narrow compass. It contains much useful information on subjects of vast importance, and is deserving the attention of all whose means of purchasing books are limited.

3. *The Noble Office of a Sunday-school Teacher*, by Rev. G. W. Doane, (Sunday-school Union Depository, London,) is a small import from America. It is, however, well written, and is deserving the attention of teachers.

4. *The Cholera and its Consequences*, (Religious Tract Society, London,) is a

serious address to all, founded on an awful instance of this terrible disease, which fell under the author's immediate notice. It inculcates, from the alarming visitation, the necessity of preparing to meet our God.

5. *Memoir of Nathan W. Dickerman*, (Religious Tract Society, London,) displays in a remarkable manner the influence of divine grace on the mind of a child. Nathan died at the age of eight, but his religious experience would have adorned the character of one more than double his years.

6. *The Saint Indeed*, by the Rev. John Flavel, 1667, (Religious Tract Society, London,) is a little work well known, and duly esteemed in the Christian world, and one that is in no danger of getting wholly out of fashion.

7. *Believers' Baptism, the only Scriptural Mode of Entrance into the Christian Church, &c.*, by Theophilus, (Bagster, London,) is less calculated to drown us, than some other treatises we have seen on the same subject. The author pleads for adult baptism, which should only follow genuine conversion. He has gone over the old ground, but does not appear to have made any new discovery. The necessity of regeneration he has urged with considerable force.

8. *Questions on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans*, (Holdsworth and Ball, London,) may be considered as a moral school-book, and the plan which the author has adopted, we conceive to be well calculated for its intended use. Practical and explanatory observations are occasionally introduced, but nothing of a controversial aspect is allowed to appear. It is a plan calculated to make the pupil acquainted with the Scriptures.

9. *The Best Things Reserved till Last*, by Thomas Brooks, 1657, (Book Society, London,) may be known by the quaintness of its title, to belong to a generation that has passed away. Time, however, that alters manners, cannot alter truth, nor impose an erroneous character on a book, which, like this before us, is fraught with gems.

10. *A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Brougham and Vaur, on the subject of the Magistracy of England*, (Cawthorn, London,) is laden with heavy materials, and dictated by justice and common sense. The author complains that the magistracy of England are not held sufficiently responsible for their abuse of power, and that as the law now stands, they are entrenched in almost impregnable fastnesses. He clearly establishes the fact, that serious evils exist,

appeals to his Lordship for an adequate
y.

*The Power and Pleasure of the
e Life exemplified in the late Mrs.
nan,* (Society for Promoting Religious
ledge, London,) is a reprint which the
of the Rev. Mr. Charles Gilbert has
at from obscurity. It contains the
of a pious woman, and promises to
eful to the present generation.

*Two Catechisms and Keys, for the
f Families and Schools, by William
ng,* (Compiler, Edinburgh,) belong
class of school books now much in
The questions are fair and rational,
e answers pertinent and satisfactory,
ve come to the keys; in which much
ogy appears, and we fear the learner
e perplexed by the numerous ques-
to which answers are required. The
ion, however, is highly commend-
and under certain moderating re-
ons, they may be used with great
tage.

*Anti-Slavery Reporter, Nos. 99,
101,* sustain the uniform character of
predecessors. The negroes are black,
e tyranny of their white oppressors is
much deeper shade. When will this
of human nature cease to insult our
nd ears with its enormities?

*A Funeral Sermon for the Rev.
Kinghorn, preached in Norwich,
1832, by John Alexander,* (Simp-
ondon,) contains the usual topics in-
ed on such solemn occasions. Of
ceased, the author gives an interest-
character, but one which appears to
been drawn by the hand of fidelity.
e numerous friends of the departed
er, it wants no recommendation; and
who fill the sacred office, it holds a
example worthy of imitation.

Anti-Slavery Record, Nos. 5, 6,
; some enormities of the slave system,
; names, places, dates, and particulars.
all belong to modern days; and if
y is now in a mitigated state, while
flagrant acts of cruelty and injustice
as this record details, what must
y have been in former years? Let
holders answer the question.

*The Child's Book on the Soul, Part
Seeley, London,) follows up with com-
able taste and talent the former part,
we noticed in our last Number.
questions, though on subjects of great
and moment, are proposed with per-
ty in simple language. This little
bears evidence, that, with a little in-
ty, abstruse subjects may be rendered
rehensible to children.*

17. *Considerations for Young Men,*
(Religious Tract Society, London,) is an
importation from America, and is well de-
serving its passage across the Atlantic. It
lays open the dangers and temptations to
which young men are exposed; and fur-
nishes admonitions and warnings, which the
prudent will not disregard. It is a series
of well-written letters, to which we heartily
wish an extensive circulation.

18. *A Sermon on the Death of the Rev.
Dr. Adam Clarke, Brunswick Chapel,
Leeds, Sept. 12, 1832, by John Anderson,*
(Mason, London,) improves with much
ardour the solemn visitation, which called
for the discourse. Independently of death
and its consequences, to which the author
adverts, he pays a tribute of respect to the
learning, talents, piety, and ministerial use-
fulness of the deceased. Dr. Clarke was a
burning and shining light, and Mr. Ander-
son has not neglected to introduce him,
to illuminate the pages of his discourse,
which is at once creditable to the author,
and the venerable man whose loss it de-
plores.

19. *A Charge, intended to be delivered
at the Ordination of his Son, by the Rev.
Wm. Williams, of Norwood,* (R. Baynes,
London,) comes before the public under
very peculiar circumstances. It was pre-
pared by a father for the ordination of his
son; but before the time for its delivery
arrived, the parent was no more. The
charge is well written, and suited to its
intended occasion. A brief memoir of the
deceased is prefixed, which contains all
that the public can be interested in know-
ing.

20. *Hours of Reverie: or the Musings
of a Solitaire, by Louisa Coutier,* (Whit-
taker, London,) might have added to the
title, "or, the dreams of a roving imagina-
tion, the unmeaning excursions of fancy, or
the visionary excursions of mental aberration."
We presume that the young lady
had some meaning in what she wrote; but,
unfortunately, little besides the words is at
present discoverable.

21. *Synopsis of Stenography, or Short
Hand, by W. H. Sigston, of Leeds,*
(Pickard, Leeds,) exhibits the whole system
on an open sheet, which also contains a
portrait of his present Majesty, to whom it
is dedicated. The alphabet, combinations,
contractions, specimens, and directions to
the learner, all find appropriate places in
this sheet, which, spread before the pupil,
discloses the whole in one view. This is
certainly an advantage in one respect, but
an extended sheet is liable to be dirtied
and damaged, and these are serious in-

veniences, from which the book-form is in a great measure exempt. The system is simple and unembarrassed, and with a little attention may be reduced to useful practice.

STRICTURES ON "THE WONDERFUL AGENTS BY WHICH THE WORLD IS SUPPLIED WITH WATER."

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—In your Number of the Imperial Magazine for September last, there is a philosophical piece on "The Agents by which the World is supplied with water," upon which I shall venture a few remarks.

The author does not appear to have a sufficient knowledge of modern chemistry, to enable him to write correctly on the subject; and he has consequently committed several blunders in the course of his essay, on which I shall take the liberty to animadvert.

In page 415, the writer says, (referring to oxygen gas,) "Another peculiar and marvellous property of this gas is, that no substance, how inflammable soever it be, can be made to burn without its presence; and, consequently, it is the means of our being able to produce that effect which we call fire." This is an unguarded assertion; as it is well known to chemists, that chlorine gas is, in an eminent degree, a supporter of combustion. Phosphorus inflames in it spontaneously. Many of the metals burn in it vividly, presenting a beautiful appearance, and throwing off sparks. Iodine and bromine will also maintain combustion.

In page 416, where hydrogen gas is spoken of, the writer says, that "miners have given it the very expressive name of fire-damp." And immediately after,— "Most people are now also acquainted with it, from the attention it has attracted of late years, by being employed as a substitute for oil-lamps, in lighting streets, shops, taverns, &c." Then again,— "It is also pretty generally known to be that same gas employed for filling balloons, being, as it is, one of the lightest substances in nature; thirteen gallons of which, when pure, not being heavier than one of common air." Here the writer exhibits great confusion of ideas, in giving the name of hydrogen (which is a pure gas) to the compound gases known as the miners' fire-damp, and the common coal gas used in lighting our shops and streets. Water, which is compounded of oxygen and hydrogen, may with as much propriety be called hydrogen, because that element forms a component

part of its substance. The above-named gases contain hydrogen as a component part only, and it is not a sufficient description of them to say, that they consist of hydrogen in a mixed or impure state. These gases (the fire-damp and coal gas) are, in reality, a chemical compound of hydrogen gas and carbon (or charcoal;) in which the hydrogen gas is condensed into half its natural bulk, and combined with three times its own weight of carbon. They are, also, at least eight times heavier than pure hydrogen gas. Hence, you may perceive the glaring impropriety of confounding these gases with pure hydrogen. They are very rightly called *carburetted hydrogen*—a term significative of its compound nature. But coal gas is not even pure carburetted hydrogen, being contaminated with a variety of impurities.

In the same column, continuing his remarks upon hydrogen, the author says—"That it exists copiously in metallic substances, may be inferred from its being derived very abundantly and purely by the decomposition of iron by sulphuric acid." In what chemical work does the writer learn that "iron" is a "compound substance?" The efforts of the alchemists through centuries of laborious exertion, and the utmost skill of modern philosophers, have not effected the decomposition of any metal; and the probability is, that they are simple substances. But the writer has inferred it from experiments, which we proceed to examine. Sulphuric acid is diluted with water, and iron or zinc filings are added; hydrogen gas is then produced in abundance. The real source of the hydrogen in this experiment is the water used in diluting the acid. The oxygen of the water abandons its hydrogen, and combines with the metal, forming with it an oxide. The liberated hydrogen escapes from the water, and the sulphuric acid combines with the metallic oxide, producing a sulphate of iron or zinc. Thus we see the hydrogen is derived from the water, and not from the metal.

My concluding criticism is upon a passage in page 417, where it is asserted, that "actual combustion is the means of interflux of the two ethereal essences, oxygen gas and hydrogen gas, in the precise relative proportions that convert them into water; it is thus that every drop of water ever produced in the world has been generated!"

It is very true that philosophers know of no other mode of effecting the combination of the two elements, oxygen and hydrogen, so as to produce water, than by the combustion of the two gases. But the

ghty Creator is not to be limited by feeble conceits and circumscribed re of Man; and your readers may be filled with amazement at the pretension of this expression, which boldly states, that it is thus that every drop of ever produced in the world has been generated!

The inaccuracies exposed above are so glaring, that I think you should not permit them to pass without correction; for the purpose you are welcome, if you wish, to publish these strictures, and I am, Sir, with much esteem, your con- reader and well-wisher,

J. D.

Travistock St., Covent Garden,
Sept. 26th, 1832.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

mean temperature of September, was degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. maximum of 66 degrees occurred on 20th, with a southerly wind. The minimum, which was 48 degrees, took place on the 20th, when the direction of the wind was south-westerly. The range of the thermometer was 18 degrees, and the prevailing wind south-west. The direction of wind has been south-westerly 9½ days; westerly 7½; westerly 4; south-easterly 17th-easterly 2; southerly 2; northerly 1½ days.

Thunder has fallen on 9 days, and 5 have accompanied with wind. Thunder commenced on the evening of the 6th; heavy all on the nights of the 11th and 22d, and on the evenings of the 4th and 5th the thunder was tinged with a beautiful pink and blue. From the 23d to the 29th the weather was particularly fine, the thermometer ranging considerably during the course of the day, and the four first days were cloudless, nothing occurred but a drizzle, which was principally observed in the north: the prevailing wind during this period was south-west.

CLEANINGS.

London.—The Gas which lights London, is led to consume 28,000 chaldrons of coal per week, lighting 88,000 lamps in shops, houses, &c., 10 street lamps. In 1830 the gas pipes in and London were above 1,000 miles in length. Six of half an inch in diameter supply a light equal to 10 candles, of one inch in diameter, equal two inches, and three inches, to 1,000.

Woman's Life.—At the late meeting of the Temperance Society, in London, the Rev. G. Evans drew the attention of the Meeting to a Bill which he put in to his hands for that purpose. It was a petition to a tradesman, and demanded the £5. 6s. 6d. for gin supplied to his wife during thirty-three days of her life, by which it appears the unfortunate woman had drunk three pints of gin daily during that period, and no more. —*Herald.*

Ancient Practice in Churches.—The following extract from Bishop Grindall's episcopal injunction, will show, at least, what had been the practice in churches. "That no pedlar should be permitted to sell his wares in the church porch in time of service. That parish clerks should be able to read. That no lords of misrule, or summer lords and ladies, or any disguised persons, morrice-dancers, or others, should come irreverently into the church, or play any unseemly parts with songs, jests, or ribald talk, in time of divine service."

A Curious Watch.—There is at this time in the possession of Mr. Thackwell, watch maker, of this town, a very curious antique watch, which is said to have belonged to Lady Jane Grey. The case is of crystal, very curiously cut and set in gold with a gold dial. It was made long before the invention of fuses, a piece of fine cotton being used instead. It has no pendulum spring, or minute hand, and, though near three hundred years old, is in as perfect a state as when it came from the maker, and is even now a very elegant article and a great curiosity. It is enclosed in a black leather case, lined with red velvet, and studded with gold. —*Monmouthshire Advertiser.*

Beaumont and Fletcher.—Those who are amazed by the discovery of what are termed "curious coincidences," will think it worthy of notice, that the Rev. J. V. Beaumont and the Rev. A. Fletcher were lately associated in the task of preaching on behalf of a chapel recently built at Chisford, Essex, and will probably be of opinion, that their combined talents were more usefully employed than those of the ancient dramatic firm of the same name.

Laws and Popes.—In the State of New York there are two thousand five hundred and eighty regularly licensed physicians, one thousand nine hundred and sixteen practicing attorneys, and three thousand and eighty-nine justices of the peace, to a population of 1,913,000 souls.

More Cuts than Mice.—At the late Exeter sessions, there were six prisoners, forming four cases, during the forenoon fifteen barrieters dropped in!

Imprisonment for Debt.—In 1829 there were committed to Whitecross-street prison on process, out of the Court of Requests, for debts under 40s. 1800 persons, the amount of whose debts were £2071, and costs £746. In Horsemoorer Lane, there were committed in the same year 638 persons, whose debts amounted to £1000, and costs to £374. —*The Legal Observer, February, 1831.*

Debtor Laws in England.—The fraud, impoverishment, and desolation, resulting from the administration of the debtor laws, are almost incredible. From returns of affidavits of debts, it appears, that in two years and a half, 70,000 persons have been arrested in and about London, the law expenses of which amount to no less than half a million sterling.

William the Fourth.—It is rather a singular fact, that our present Majesty should be at one and the same time King William the First, Second, Third, and Fourth. As King of Hanover, he is William the First, that country giving the title of Elector only to its rulers, previously to George the Third. As King of Ireland, he is William the Second, for that kingdom was not added to the British crown until the reign of Henry the Second, and consequently William the Conqueror and William Rufus were not sovereigns of Ireland, and as there were no native kings of that name, William the Third of England was the First of Ireland, and our present monarch is of course William the Second. As King of Scotland, he is William, the third, the only monarch of that name, previously to James the First, (who united the two kingdoms, being the celebrated William the Lion). And as King of England, he is William the Fourth. —*Crosby's Life and Times of George the Fourth.*

Sam Sellers, last of his.—We have good authority for stating, that in a town in Massachusetts, the following affecting incident occurred. A pious man visited his own brother, on his dying bed, and arousing him from the lethargy of death, said, Brother, do you remember me? The dying man opened his eyes, and, fastening them attentively upon him, answered, "Yes, I remember you, I shall always remember you and your story, where I contracted habits which have ruined me both for this world and the next: and when I am dead and gone, and you shall have taken from my widow and fatherless ones the shattered remains of my property, to satisfy my run debts, they too will remember you. Yes, brother, we shall remember you to all eternity." —*Con. Observer.*

Portsmouth, July 25.—A person has obtained the sanction of the Admiralty, to descend, by means of air pipes, to the wreck of the *Bayne*, late of ninety-eight guns, which, it may be in the recollection of many, caught fire, by accident, at Spithead, on the

1st of May, 1808, at eleven in the morning, drifted from her moorings, and finally blew up, about six in the evening of the same day, opposite Southern Cam. At low water, the wreck is approached at about two or three fathoms. A ladder of sufficient length reaches the wreck from a vessel moored over. The corpse descends, his head enveloped in a large Indian mask, with grim eyebrows, protected by small brass bars, his body covered with an Indian rubber drum, leaving his hands perfectly free to use his arms and feet. By this means he traverses the wreck, and has been able to ascend a few rusty iron piers, which were hoisted into the vessel above. This afternoon he discovered what is supposed was the captain's (the late Sir George Grey) boat, who was gone. He first brought up one bottle then two, he then took down a basket, which he fired, and finally brought up twenty-one bottles, eight and part, which of course have been immersed in salt water for the last thirty-seven years. He refused, on the deck of the vessel, twenty shillings a bottle for it, but handsomely tipped out by way of water for the by-standers. His agreement with government is to have all he comes to be brought up, except the copper, which is to be deposited in the Dock yard, for which he will be allowed the usual mileage. An immense number of bars, chiefly filled with Indian, arrived every day. The bottles are covered with immense herons.

Pyramids of Egypt.—The pyramids of Egypt always strike along the wonders of the world. Three of them still remain at the distance of a few leagues from the great Cairo, where the ancient Memphis stood. It has been calculated by a French engineer, that the stone in the largest of the three, raised the great pyramid in six millions of men, and would be sufficient to build a wall round the whole of France about eighteen hundred miles, ten feet high and one foot broad. It forms a square each side of which has a seven hundred and forty-eight feet and covers nearly fourteen acres of land. The perpendicular height is about five hundred and sixty feet. The entrance which when viewed from below appears a point is found to be a platform, each side of which is eighteen feet long. The stones with which this enormous edifice is built, are thirty feet long. A host stupendous works of man were originally designed to last for their kings. From what we may infer the grandeur and splendour of the nation. (Continued in the next, p. 545.)

Schools in France.—It appears that the present number of elementary schools in France is 30,708, of which 20,516 are Catholics, 101 Protestant, and 101 Jewish. The aggregate number of children instructed, is stated to be 1,375,000 in winter, and 1,511,000 in summer. Not Good.

The Older Sunday Scholar.—At the conclusion of his present Majesty William the Fourth, twenty thousand Sunday school children greeted the celebration. Among the honours, to the presentation at Manchester, one bore the inscription, "The man who follows this banner, was one of Mr. Mathew's scholars, in the first Sunday schools ever established." The man above referred to was a fine-looking old man, above seventy years of age. He was greeted by the populace, and the pleasure of shaking hands with many highly respectable individuals, and greatly enjoyed the proceedings of the day.

DR. ADAM CLARKE

Arrangements are making in London for the erection of a suitable Monument to the memory of this distinguished individual.

Literary Notices.

Just Published.

Part XXI. of Reimer's History of Lancashire, is enriched with a superb Engraving of the Earl and Countess of Derby, from a Painting by Vandijk.

Portrait Gallery Part XLIII. Dukes of Kent, Bishop of Gloucester, and Marquis of Lansdowne. The Lives of the Reform Ministers, 1 Vol. 8vo. is ready for delivery.

The Reform Act, Boundary Act, &c. for England, Ireland, and Scotland—a bulky law book condensed into an 8vo pamphlet.

Part II. of Westmoreland, Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland, containing eight Views, the first exhibiting Part comprising sixteen Engravings, being henceforth to be divided into two, for the convenience of purchasers.

Drawing Room Scrap-Book for 1833 containing 32 superb Engravings.

No. IX. of the Nautical Magazine, for November.

Garton's New Topographical Dictionary of Great Britain and Ireland, with Fifty-four Maps, 3 Vols.

The Obligations of the Pastoral Office and the Clerical Ministry of their Parish, by George A. Charge intended to be delivered at the ordination of a Son. By the late Rev. W. Williams of Norwich.

The Sacred Music Offering, the Poetry of Edward Parson, Miss Caroline Bow as Lee, George Hogg, John, Maurice Harcourt, Bishop Hogg, the Hon. James Knox, R. & J. Mervin, Mrs. M. M. Parson, Rev. J. Young, &c. The Music by J. Adams, Leithoven, Dr. Parson, Cluck, W. H. Holmes, Monks, Chevalier, &c. R. J. Nelson, C. H. A. J. Purday, L. Spake, R. J. & H. Westrop, C. M. Van Weber, &c.

A Portentous of Modern Scapism, or a Formalist's View of the principal Excesses which show the Scriptures to be a Revelation from God. Intended as a present to the young. By F. Mervin, &c. &c.

Address at the Opening of the Medical Session in the University of London. By J. F. Mervin.

Gibbon's French Language and Latin Vocabulary. Syntax of the University of London. The masterpiece of Mr. Pass. By Mrs. Lark.

Illustrations of Political Economy, No. IV. Ireland, a Tale. By Harriet Martineau.

The Warlike of Yorkshire and Lancashire, being lives of distinguished persons. By Harriet Martineau.

A Letter to Lord John Russell. By Captain James R. S.

Daily Lessons, Prayer and Praise. Religious Tract Society.

Latin Latin in Latin School Grammar. Grammatical Exercises on the Latin Language, and Syntax of the Latin Language. By G. F. Mervin.

A Letter to John Murray, Esq. from Lord Nelson. Essay on Education. By Nathaniel Rogers, M.D.

Advice to a Young Christian, &c. By a Young Person.

Daily Prayers and Praises. Religious Tract Society.

Daily Verse. Religious Tract Society.

Lives of British Reformers from Wickliffe to Fox. Religious Tract Society.

A Commentary on the Holy Bible from Henry and Sam. Job to Solomon's Song.

The Records of Providence, or, the Government of God displayed in a series of interesting Facts. By the Rev. John Young.

Tracts for Christian Ministers. Religious Tract Society.

The Family Temperance Meeting. The House of Grace, &c. By Abraham Fock.

Society for Promoting Religious Knowledge. The Tracts of True Civilisation, &c. By R. R. R.

Society for Promoting Religious Knowledge. The Holy Annual for 1832. Edited by J. G. G.

of the Faithful. The Young Offering, or, Ladies' Meetings.

Juvenile Forget Me Not. Edited by Mrs. A. C. Hall.

The Month. By R. Montgomery. A new edition.

In the Press.

My Village, or, Our Village. By the Author of "My Village."

The Second Series of "Tracts and Sermons of the Irish Preachers," in 3 vols. Part One. By the author of the First Series.

The Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., to be published in Monthly Parts.

The Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, and their Application to Astronomy, Dialling, and Trigonometrical Surveying. With Plans. By M. R.

Abstract of Grove House, Tottenham. By Mr. Curtis, Architect to His Majesty, a Second Edition of his Essay on the Deaf and Dumb, &c. &c.

Tracts on the Diseases of the Eye.

Hints on Picturesque Domestic Architecture in the Form of Designs for Gate Lodges, Gamekeepers' Cottages, and other Rural Residences. By J. F. R.

Architect, &c.

A Periodical is about to appear in Edinburgh, under the management of Mr. Atkin, late Editor of "Cassell's Magazine," the "Cabinet," &c. &c.

—In our Number for September, p. 494, we "Hasten to Exile," for the lines, as they now pass, read as follows:

"The glazy ocean, stretched below,
With day's last radiance shone,

The sun just setting in the sun,
Shook him from his bright throne free,

And plunging in the ocean's swell,
He bade the exile king farewell."

In the second line which follows the above, the spring read spring.



San Francisco, California, from the top of the hill

THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1832.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF LONDONDERRY, IN IRELAND.

(With an Engraving.)

THE large and populous city of Londonderry is situated in a county bearing the same name, in the province of Ulster. It lies to the west of Antrim, from which it is in a great measure separated by the river Bann. The country is in general mountainous, excepting the eastern part, adjoining Lough Neagh and the river Bann. A great part of this county was given by James I. to the twelve London companies, on condition of their fortifying the towns of Derry and Coleraine. From this circumstance both the county and the town acquired the name of Londonderry, which, from that period to the present time they have continued to retain.

Londonderry, the capital of the above county, is situated on the Foyle, over which, a bridge of singular construction, was erected from the design of Lemuel Cox, in the year 1791. It is 1068 feet in length, and is deserving the attention of every visitor. This town, which is a county within itself, has long been remarkable for the order, sobriety, and industry of its inhabitants. At an early period it was surrounded by a wall, which, though bearing the marks of age, and the corrosions of time, still remains in a respectable state of preservation.

Within this enclosure are four principal streets, which cross each other at right angles, and form, with other streets and lanes, which follow the same arrangement, a kind of parallelogram, extending twelve hundred and seventy-three feet, by six hundred and thirty-five. The Exchange is in the centre, from which the main streets issue, and terminate at a gate that takes its name from each street. The ground on which the town stands is hilly, which renders some parts very inconvenient for carriages, but every attention has been paid by the inhabitants, in paving and lighting, to remedy these local disadvantages.

The old walls were flanked with bastions in 1614. These still remain in excellent repair, and are an ornament to the town. On the summit of the rampart is a parapet. The cathedral is a gothic structure, built, in the year 1633, by Sir John Vaughan. It also contains a chapel of ease, two Presbyterian meeting-houses; a Roman Catholic chapel, besides Wesleyan-Methodist, and dissenting, places of worship.

The central market-house, or town-hall, was erected in 1692, over which were the courts of justice, and an apartment occasionally used as a ball-room. These have, however, been recently superseded by a spacious and handsome structure, erected for these special purposes. A new jail has

also been built within a comparatively few years, which is esteemed one of the best in the northern counties. The episcopal palace is a spacious edifice. Besides private schools, supported by voluntary contributions, for educating the children of the poor, a public building has been erected for the same benevolent purpose. An infirmary has also been built on a large scale, at the expense of the county, which is supported by benevolent contributions. A small theatre, and a convenient linen-hall, must also be included among the public buildings of this place.

The principal exports of Londonderry consist of linen and linen yarn; the raw material of which, the county abundantly supplies. Some of these manufactures find a market in the West Indies, but by far the greater portion is transported to America.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth, Londonderry was a military station of considerable importance, which, from the peculiarity of its situation, admirably adapted it for keeping the surrounding country in subjection. In the reign of James I. it was fortified and strengthened by the citizens of London, to whom it had been given by this monarch, as already noticed. During the rebellion of 1641, and succeeding years, it was twice besieged; but in both instances the assailants were repelled with considerable loss, and no small portion of military dishonour.

The most memorable feature, however, in the history of Londonderry, arises from the siege which it sustained, under circumstances the most disastrous, but in the result most triumphant, against the army of James II. in 1688 and 1689. On this occasion, being pressed severely with all the horrors of famine, the military commander, thinking all further resistance useless, manifested a disposition to surrender to the forces of the invader. To this submission the inhabitants were, however, decidedly hostile, and, headed by the Rev. George Walker, whom they chose for their governor, they took the management and defence upon themselves, and in the issue gained immortal honours.

As the account of this ever-memorable siege is related in the form of a journal by the Rev. George Walker, D.D. we shall select from it some of the more remarkable passages.

“April 19th, 1689, Mr. Walker, a clergyman, and Major Baker, were chosen by the inhabitants of Londonderry to be their governors, during the siege. The garrison consisted of 7020 men, and 341 officers. The number of men, women, and children, in the town, was about 30,000. Upon a declaration of the enemy to receive and protect all that would desert the town, and return to their dwellings, 10,000 left us; after that, many more grew weary of us, and 7000 died of disease.

“April 21st, the enemy placed a demiculver 180 perches distant from the town, E. by N., on the other side the water; they played on the houses in the town, but did little or no mischief only to the market-house. This day our men sallied out, as many as pleased, and what officers were at leisure, not in any commendable manner, yet they killed above 200 of the enemy's soldiers, besides Mamou, the French general, and several other officers.

“May 5th, this night the besiegers drew a trench across the windmill hill, from the bay to the river, and there began a battery; from which they endeavoured to annoy our walls, but they were too strong for the guns they used, and our men were not afraid to advise them ‘to save all that trouble and expense, as they always kept the gates open, and they might use that passage if they pleased, which was wider than any breach they could make in the walls.’

“ June 4th, the besiegers made an attack at the windmill works, with a body of foot and horse ; the horse they divided into three squadrons, and assaulted us at the river-side, it being low water ; the foot attacked the rest of our line. The front of the horse was composed of gentlemen who had bound themselves by an oath, that they would mount our lines ; they were commanded by Captain Butler, second son to my Lord Montgarret. Our men placed themselves within our lines in three ranks, so advantageously, that one rank was always ready to march up and relieve the other, and discharge successively upon the enemy ; which (though it is strange how they could think otherwise) greatly surprised and astonished them, for they, it seems, expected we should make but one single volley, and then they could fall in upon us. Their foot had fagots laid before them, for a defence against our shot. They and the horse began with a loud huzza, which was seconded from all parts of their camp with most dreadful shrieks and howlings of a numerous rabble that attended the besiegers. The fagot men, unable to stand before our shot, were, however, soon forced to quit their new defence, and run for it, though Captain Butler topped our works, which was but a dry bank of seven feet high, at the water-side, and thirty of his own sworn party of horse followed him. Our men wondered to find, that, having spent so many shot, none of them fell : but Captain Crook, observing they had armour on, commanded them to fire at their horses, which turned to so good account, that but three of these bold men with much difficulty made their escape. We wondered also, that the foot did not (according to custom) run faster, till we noticed, that in their retreat, they took the dead on their backs, which, preserving their own bodies from the remainder of our shot, rendered them more service than they did when alive.

“ The enemy, in this action, lost 400 of their fighting men ; most of their officers were killed ; Captain Butler was taken prisoner, and several others. We lost on our side, six private men, and one Captain Maxwell ; two of the men were killed by a shot from a great gun from the other side of the water, opposite the windmill works.

“ June 30th, at 10 o'clock at night, my Lord Clancarty, at the head of a regiment, and with some detachments, possessed himself of our lines, and placed some miners in a lower cellar, under the half-bastion. The noble Captain Dunbar, and several other gentlemen, on seeing this, sallied out at the Bishop's gate, and crept along the wall, till they came very near the enemy's guards. Our men received their firing quietly, till they got to a right distance ; and then thundered upon them. Our case-shot from the bastion, and small-shot off the walls, seconded their firing so effectually, that his lordship was forced to quit his post, and hasten to the main body of the enemy, leaving his miners, and a hundred of his best men, dead upon the place, besides several officers and men, who were wounded, and who died of their wounds some days after the action, as we were informed. We were often told that some great thing was to be performed by this lord, and they had a prophecy among them, ‘ that a Clancarty should knock at the gates of Derry.’ The credulity and superstition of his countrymen, with the rarity of so brave an attempt, and some good liquor, easily warmed him to this bold undertaking ; but we soon taught him that little value was to be put on the Irish prophecies, or confidence in courage so supported.

“ On July 8, the garrison was reduced to 5520 men

13,	5313
17,	5114
22,	4973
25,	4891
27,	4456 ;—

and under the greatest extremity for want of provision, which appears from the following account, taken by a gentleman in the garrison, of the price of our food :

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Horse-flesh, per pound, sold for	1	8
A quarter of a dog, fattened by eating the bodies of the slain Irish	5	6
A dog's head	2	6
A cat	4	6
A rat	1	0
A mouse	0	6
A small flock taken in the river, not to be bought for money, or purchased under the rate of a quantity of meal.		
A pound of greaves	1	0
A pound of tallow	4	0
A pound of salted hides	1	0
A quart of horse blood	1	0
A horse pudding	0	6
A handful of sea wrack	0	2
A handful of chickweed	0	1
A quart of meal, when found	1	0

“ We were under so great necessity, that we had nothing left, unless we could prey upon one another. A certain fat gentleman conceived himself in the greatest danger, and, fancying that several of the garrison looked upon him with a greedy eye, thought fit to hide himself for three days.— Our drink was nothing but water ; for which we paid very dear, and could not get it without great danger ; we mixed in it ginger and aniseed, of which we had got plenty. The tallow and starch, which we were compelled to eat, not only nourished and supported us, but this food was an infallible cure for the flux, and recovered a great many that were strangely reduced by that distemper, and preserved others from it. In the midst of this extremity, the spirit and courage of the men were so great, that they were often heard to discourse confidently, and with some anger contend, whether they should take their debentures in Ireland or in France ; when, alas ! they could not promise themselves twelve hours’ life.

“ July 30th, about an hour after sermon, being in the midst of our extremity, we saw some ships in the Lough, making towards us, and soon discovered they were those that Major-general Kirk had sent us, according to his promise, when we could hold out no longer ; he being resolved to relieve us, at every hazard. These vessels consisted of the *Mountjoy*, of Derry, Captain Browning, commander ; the *Phoenix*, of Colerain, Captain Douglas, master ; being both laden with provisions, and convoyed by the *Dartmouth* frigate.

“ The enemy fired most desperately upon them from the fort of Culmore, and both sides of the river ; and they made sufficient return, and with the greatest bravery. The *Mountjoy* made a little stop at the boom ; occasioned by her rebound after striking and breaking it ; so that she was run aground. Upon this, the enemy set up the loudest huzzas, and the most dreadful to the besieged, that ever we heard ; fired all their guns upon her, and were preparing their boats to board her. Our trouble was not to be expressed at this dismal prospect ; but, by great providence, on firing a broadside, the shock loosened her, so that she got clear, and passed their boom. Captain Douglas all this while was engaged, and gave them warm entertainment ; at length, the ships got to us, to the inexpressible joy and transport of the garrison ; for we only reckoned upon two days’ life, having only nine lean horses left, and among us all, no more than one pint of meal

to each man. Hunger, and the fatigue of war, had so prevailed among us, that of 7500 men regimented, we had now alive but about 4300 ; of whom one-fourth part were rendered unserviceable, having been close besieged for 105 days, by near 20,000 men, constantly supplied from Dublin. But God Almighty was pleased in the greatest extremity to send relief, to the admiration and joy of all good people, and to the great disappointment of so powerful and inveterate an enemy."

Of this illustrious event, for which we could not easily find a parallel in the records of any country, the inhabitants of Londonderry long cherished a proud and fond remembrance ; and the name of Walker has been transmitted from generation to generation, associated with all the honours which energy, coolness, prudence, courage, and perseverance, could supply. Of Governor Walker, every age readily resounded the praise ; but it was reserved for the present generation to raise a more substantial image of his reputation. This has been happily effected by the erection of an elegant column, surmounted by a statue of the heroic governor. Its completion, and first public display, occurred on the 12th of August 1828, when it was opened with much ceremony and rejoicing.

The design, which is by James Henry, Esq., architect, is a composition from the Greek and Roman Doric. It consists of a shaft eighty feet in height, resting on a pedestal both classical and original. The capital is surmounted by a dome supporting a colossal statue of the celebrated governor, executed by Smith, in a very masterly manner. The figure looks towards the river Foyle, and, with an outstretched hand, points towards the spot where the boom was stretched across the river, to intercept all relief from the sea ; and by this attitude recalls to mind the eventful crisis upon which the whole issue of the siege depended. On the city of Londonderry Walker has conferred immortal honours, and the inhabitants have evinced their gratitude by erecting this monument to perpetuate his fame.

A PARALLEL BETWEEN THE SAVAGE AND
CIVILIZED MAN.

Translated from the Semeur, a French periodical.

BY W. K. T.

NEVER has there been so much said of civilization as at the present time ; never has its benefits been so greatly extolled. The mere word, civilization, is to many a magic sort of electricity, without which they can suppose nothing capable of arriving at prosperity or glory. A nation, in their opinion, is great only in proportion as industry and commerce, the arts and sciences, literature and philosophy, flourish. This is the great touchstone with which they appreciate the value of a people ; and they imagine that a greater injury, or a more unfavourable impression, cannot be given or received, than to say of a country, "it is not civilized," or, "civilization has, as yet, little advanced."

Judged in this light, the heathen are, above all, the most wretched, and worthy of compassion, inasmuch as they are totally ignorant of European legislation, politics,

and social economy. Between the savage and the citizen of Europe, there is an immeasurable distance ; the two different beings appear scarcely to belong to the same world ; they seem only to enjoy one common physical organization and delineation of feature, but for the rest they are absolutely different. Such is the opinion of most of our cotemporaries.

Far be it from us, indeed, ever to become the adversaries or slanderers of modern civilization ; too well we know its value. Disciples of the gospel of Christ, and consequently friends of the true light, we are incapable of living indifferent to any social improvement, whatever be its nature. On the contrary, we encourage with our whole might, the intellectual and moral development of humanity, in the foundation of schools, in the diffusion of instruction to all classes, in fostering institutions eminently philanthropic, in supporting those which already exist, and which appear worthy of preservation, and in sending the Bible, and with it a new world, to the most recluse inhabitants of the earth ; the incontestable superiority in the present age, of our soci-

eties, over those of pagan nations, is, we think, sufficiently obvious.

Nevertheless, we frankly avow our disbelief that civilization, without Christianity, can establish any essential difference among mankind. In our opinion, an uncivilized heathen, and a civilized European, without Christian faith, are not such totally dissimilar beings as some imagine. The exterior is, certainly, not feature for feature exactly the same in the one as in the other. In the inhabitants of our towns are to be found many modifications to which the heathen are total strangers; but at the principle they are the same, morally speaking, as we shall presently see.

The savage retains all the harshness of unpolished nature; the civilized man, all the polished and easy manners of the society in which he lives. The former abandons himself without reserve to all the impetuosity of his passions; the latter studies to restrain his within certain bounds; and either his ideas of convenience, personal interest, or conscientiousness of duty or dignity, rarely allow of their explosion. The former is negligent and idle; the latter active and enterprising. The one spends day after day in merely satiating the wants of the moment, regardless of the future; the other is provident and economical, and preserves the fruits of his labours for the sustenance of himself and family; the one is without civil, as he is without moral, laws; the other recognizes a society and a social order to which he submits himself, and to which, as a citizen, he believes it his duty to contribute, by his obedience to established order. But here we must close this altogether antithetic parallel. If we have sketched the leading traits and principal points of barbarism and civilization, it is but to shew that we know full well how to distinguish, in a social point of view, a savage from a European. But what we maintain, and what may appear paradoxical to many, is, that the heart of the one and of the other, if not regenerated by the gospel, is the same in the eyes of Him who knoweth what is in man.

Let it be understood that we do not range all heathens under the same line, as to their intellectual capacities and moral development; and without wishing to establish ourselves judges of the hearts of men, we discover shades sufficiently distinct between the inhabitants of New Zealand and the Hottentot; the Hottentot and the Indian; the Indian and the Chinese; the Chinese and the Persian. Moreover, while speaking of European civilization, we have not forgotten the prodigious influence which

Christianity has exercised on the amelioration of modern society. Of it we cannot say too much. If slavery is banished from amongst us, if our females have assumed their proper range and dignity, if we have a legislation and a jurisprudence, liberal institutions, academies, hospitals, and asylums; if we are distinguished by our beneficence and amiability of manners, it is to Christianity we are indebted for these inappreciable benefits; for it is this principle which has united, little by little, into one mass, this morality infinitely more pure than that of the ancients, and to the influence of which, all men born in the nineteenth century more or less submit; nevertheless, as an individual, he does as little love or practise the gospel as an Indian or a negro. But, let us here investigate the European as a stranger to the faith and life of Christianity, glorying in a civilization which has not and cannot change his heart, erring, as that of all other men.

Now let us establish a comparison between savage and civilized man, considering them in a religious point of view.

What do we discover in the greatest portion of pagan nations still living in a savage state? Gross idols, monstrosities, bloody worship, fanatic priests, and homicidal sacrifices. Amongst others who have risen a step higher, out of a state of barbarism to a species of civility, we find the worship of the stars of heaven, or the adoration of the plants and animals of the fields. In a third altitude of civilization, we with difficulty discover any manifestations of religious sentiment. But without attempting a full account of pagan worship, let us examine the distinct and characteristic feature of its theology.

According to our ideas, it consists in an absence of true notions of the moral character of God; a substitution of an imaginary in the place of a true deity, and a total want of solid hopes and consolations. The reader will doubtless perceive, that a difference in expressing various religious sentiments, is not essential to an argument. Without, then, stopping to view the various aspects which the pagan religions are capable of assuming, (for these variations serve only to establish, not to constitute, fact,) we would ask, can it be imagined that the student of the civilization of the nineteenth century, has a God less fictitious, more true or more real, than the pagan? He does not appear, we agree, under the hideous character of an idol, and thus the difference seems immense. But that God in whom he believes, from whom he derives his ideas, and seeks his knowledge, has the

same source as the pagan deities, in himself, and from his own conceptions.

The God whom he fancies he serves, is not that God manifested throughout the vast works of creation, not the God of the Bible, but a god which man has made for himself, after his own taste, his particular inclinations and passions; it is a god formed on a human model which is his prototype, whom he regards scarcely as his equal, fears as little as he loves, loves as little as he fears, to whom he bears a perfect indifference, and who follows him closely in all his sins.

The pagans of Greece and Rome had a patron saint of robbers, a goddess presiding over lewdness, a murdering Mars, and many other rival deities, vain, lascivious, proud, and ambitious. The gods of pagan Europeans are the same, for their spirits are employed in attempting to destroy the moral perfections of the only true God; in annihilating his sanctity and justice, through the medium of his mercies. Thus by representing his imaginary goodness and mercy always ready to forgive sin, they hold, perpetually, that the gates of heaven are open for all men without distinction; nor is there a man, from the honest tradesman, to the villain and criminal, who does not flatter himself that he shall obtain complete indulgences for his vices.

But a god who neither sanctifies nor consoles; inspires neither joy nor love; whose threats are no more dreaded than they are felt; and from whom succour cannot be derived, either in the time of affliction or the hour of death: does such an one deserve the appellation of a God? And those who are united to a divinity of such a nature, in what do they differ from that wretched being, who has for his only refuge in times of calamity, in the moment of his quitting this sublunary world, and entering an eternal one, but a piece of wood or stone fashioned by his own hands? The definition which the word of God gives of paganism, is philosophical; all men, according to it, are pagans, who live without God and without hope in this world.

In a moral respect, we discover the same traits of resemblance between the savage and the civilized man. For what is the aim of the former? It is to enjoy life as much as he possibly can, in drinking from all the streams of sensual gratification. And, amongst us, what is the ultimate intention of all our boasted establishments, of all our alliances and contracts, of all our education, but either to acquire a name, secure a fortune, open a bright career, or to live in ease and affluence? O could but the thought

of God be united to this industrious and commercial life, to sanctify it; and occupations which are entirely terrestrial, be elevated and ennobled by his Spirit.

But the love of God, the glory of God, has no more existence in the literary or mercantile works of the greatest portion of our citizens, than in the brutal expeditions of a savage army. The object of every one appears to be enjoyment. The whole world is explored a thousand times, to yield pleasure to sensuality—here, in a hideous and disgusting form; there, in a manner refined and distinguished. In Europe, egotism lies concealed, for it is a squeamish conscience which inspires it, and frequently those who are the most attached to this vice, declaim most warmly against it. Amongst pagans, where a dread of exhibiting this feeling does not exist, egotism walks in broad daylight, and each individual sacrifices to his wishes general and particular interests.

In Africa, and in the forests of America, there exists hatred between one chief and another, rivalry between one tribe and another. In France, at Paris, we have intrigues and squabbles amongst our literary societies, political discussions between our national representatives and the nation itself, rancour amongst members of all bodies, and persons of all states. The savage glories in the strength of his body, the pliability of his limbs, the perfection and ease with which he can throw his javelin or wield his mace. With us, we are proud of every thing, of birth, of rank, of riches, of exploits, of mind, and of science. When we look closely into this subject, civilization is but a deceitful varnish, through the means of which man seeks to shield himself, and disguise his moral misery to others. But, despite of his externally depicted beauty, his natural corruption pierces through the whole surface, and discovers his internal deformity.

Are you yet proud, men of modern Europe! of a civilization which has scarcely changed you, which has, morally, so little elevated you above the savage; of a civilization which has contributed so feebly to your true happiness, to the happiness of your souls? Were you serious or reflective, would you not already have profited by the many experiments you have made, and which must have convinced you of the insufficiency of the remedy you have employed?

Tell us, in particular, Frenchmen, fellow-citizens, how comes it to pass that, in the nineteenth century, after two revolutions, performed in the space of forty years, and

which ought to have purged society of all loathsome and heterogeneous elements; possessing so many distinguished men in all nations, so many able orators, legislators, public men; enjoying the value of such lofty institutions; instructed and enlightened as you are by the experience of all people, and all ages; seeing the arts, the sciences, and industry, flourishing among you; in a word, finding yourselves placed at the very head of European civilization, to which you give impulse, and which, without you, is checked;—how comes it to pass, that, in the midst of such riches, you are yet in trouble, without security either for the present or the future? It is because civilization without Christianity is a disguised, a masked paganism; it is because you yet lack one thing, “the one thing needful.” That which alone can give you solid peace, assure your hope, complete your happiness, realize your wishes, and be a lasting blessing, is the gospel of Jesus Christ; for “that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.” “Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.” “Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.” “Who hath ears to hear, let him hear!!”

ON THE REMINISCENCES OF EARLY YEARS.

“Ye days that balmy influence shed,
When sweet childhood, ever sprightly,
In paths of pleasure sported lightly,
Whither ah! whither are ye fled.”

Beattie.

IN the reminiscences of childhood, there is something peculiarly affecting. The retrospect of early years affords many mournful reflections. In the lapse of time, how many incidents have arisen, how changed are circumstances! Youthful companions, separated from each other by the roaring sea; the friends of childhood lain in the grave; those spots which once witnessed the sports of boyhood, so changed that they exist in memory alone; the initials graven on the bark of some favourite tree, now grown over and scarcely legible; another generation occupying the place where we once sported in thoughtless happiness. These reflections kindle the chord of melancholy, and throw a pleasing shade over the past. In the varied incidents of after-life, all the little troubles and anxious fears that then harassed the mind are forgotten, and we think of nothing but the joys participated in those gone-by

days. These joys imagination paints in such lively colours that we almost sigh at their remembrance;

The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That viewing it, we seem almost to obtain
Our innocent, sweet, simple years again.

Cowper.

We cannot at times help fancying that the sun shone brighter in those days, and that the sky was more cloudless. The fields and trees seemed to have put on a richer green then, and the flowers bloomed more beautifully, and diffused a richer scent, than they do now. But are not these in a great measure the delusions of imagination? Is Nature changed since then? Has it become more accursed? Oh, no!

There is a disposition in man to slight the advantages and pleasures of the present time, in the anticipations of hope, or in the retrospection of the past. Such a disposition manifests itself more peculiarly in the poet who loves to dwell on the happiness of days gone by, and to throw a melancholy shade on passing events: Thus so many bards have sung of the period of childhood as that stage of existence which is almost unalloyed by sorrow or care; but whether such a position is strictly correct, or correct to the extent supposed, admits perhaps of some doubt.

In childhood the bud of life has not yet opened its bosom to the storms and adverse gales that await the riper years of life. The limits of the youthful mind are not extended to that degree which can feel, in their highest sensation, the keenness of anguish or the bitterness of sorrow. And yet the obvious cause which precludes children from these serious calamities, at the same time prevents their participation in the refined enjoyments of a more advanced age. Their crosses are light when compared with those which they afterwards experience, and yet they undoubtedly affect them as seriously. The happiness of childhood seems to arise chiefly from a thoughtless buoyancy unused to reflection, and heedless of causes or consequences. Gray writes,

—“Where ignorance is bliss,
’Tis folly to be wise.”

But to a thinking mind, how worthless is bliss that is based on ignorance! Who would prefer the vacant, unmeaning inanity of an idiot, to sane reasoning and warm sympathy, which, though they may suffer much, are nevertheless capable of refined enjoyment. The one is as the unconsciousness of sleep, the other as an awakened sense of what is passing around. So in youth; memory has no scenes to trace. Its pleasures

chiefly lie in anticipations of hope, and it scarcely believes it will be deceived. The happiness of childhood is an undefinable feeling; it enjoys, without caring whence its enjoyment arises. A physical buoyancy imparts an elasticity to the mind that makes it soon forgetful of the past. Yet who would desire, though he were the most miserable wretch in existence, that he should be deprived of the memory of the past; that recollection should be steeped with the dull potion of Lethe? What if there is much sorrow to be traced in the contemplation of events and feelings that are past, is there no treasure in the remembrance of happier hours? Surely no one would consent to lose the one, because of the pain of the other. No; we do not thus prize unconsciousness and insensibility.

In childhood, the mind revels in fairy bowers, and scenes of ideal felicity supply the place of reasoning. But who would soberly prefer the ramblings of fancy, even in her most delightful excursions, to the calm realities of truth? Who would prefer dreaming through life, to a consciousness of all its transactions? Few indeed. Fiction has charms, but they are delusive; the enjoyments of truth are real. The delightful anticipations of hope are soon dissipated; "the baseless fabric" is soon swept away; but the pleasures of reality are more permanent.

Some have asserted that childhood is happier than any other period of existence, because it is a state of innocence, its impulse generous, its actions confiding, open, and upright; that inhumanity to the distressed, and insolence to the fallen, those besetting sins of manhood, are utter strangers to the heart; that but little of sordid interest or selfishness, and that much of intrepid honesty is there displayed. Yet are such assertions correct? Will an unprejudiced person say, that he has often met with young persons so amiable, so sinless? It is true that we see less of crime in early years, but it is not because the mind is less corrupt. The desires of youth are limited; they seek those gratifications which are most in their reach. They are less exposed to temptation, on account of the vigilance of parents and guardians, therefore the more precluded from the commission of crime. Nevertheless, their conduct sufficiently betrays the depravity of their hearts; and though a complacency of disposition may lead them in after life to extenuate the errors of childhood, they are not the less real. Whoever has closely contemplated the dispositions of children from their earliest years upwards, and compared them with pure motives and religious princi-

ples, must have seen how very far they fall short; how much deception lurks within, and how little true ingenuousness! Or, supposing this to shew itself but partially on account of the absence of temptation, to what an extent does selfishness manifest itself in disrespect to parents or instructors! Indeed, the principle of every vice exists as much in the bosoms of children as in those of riper years. It becomes more developed by change of circumstances and frequency of temptation, but the principle remains the same in youth as in other periods of existence. That which once received extenuation on account of the weakness of reason, is in after years stamped with the more serious name of crime.

The idea that childhood is happy because it knows but little of sin, is delusive. Sin exists as really and operates as fatally in the minds of the young, as in those of more advanced years: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Though it may be sufficiently concealed, the germ of every evil lies buried in the bosom of a child. Yet it is not by any means entirely concealed there; it buds forth, and produces its fruit—death. Whence the sorrows that arise in their minds? Are they not generally the consequence of derelictions from the path of duty? Disobedience, deceit, ingratitude, dislike of religion, are they not most frequently the cause of youthful sorrow? Let it not then be asserted that childhood is free from sin; for it contains its germ, though it may not manifest itself to a superficial observer, by reason of the restraint of education or guardianship. Yet it is true that they are not generally subject to that painful remorse which attends the crimes of riper years. There is often a certain degree of peace shed over the mind by comparative innocence in childhood, that affords a calm happiness, which they never feel afterwards when exposed to temptation and sin. As Cowper affirms,

"In early days the conscience has in most
A quickness, which in after years is lost."

Still, it is evident that generally they are by no means free from the sorrow and trouble that arise from misconduct and vice. The same demon reigns within, and brings forth the same corrupt motives and feelings.

There is one thing that more particularly mars the happiness of a child, and that is restraint. His mind is constantly soaring beyond his years, for that imaginary pleasure of which he is deprived at present. He fancies that when he is older he shall be happier, for he will not then be refused this, nor annoyed with that. But he

find, as he advances in life, that though one restraint may be removed, others will rise in its stead, and that vexation will constantly attend him. Still, he knows nothing of this, nor will he be convinced except by actual experience. The pleasures and pride of manhood are his constant dreams, the consolation of some sorrows, but the despoiler of his happiness. He thinks of the future as a guardian genius that shall rescue him from the fetters of dependency. That control which is wisely placed over his wishes and actions, appears to him, through the false medium of ignorance, to be nothing better than odious tyranny. He sighs to be independent, as if he could then mould his own destiny. Little does he think how dangerous an enemy to his peace lies chained up within, which shall arouse at the watchword of liberty, and shall bind him in misery with chains beyond his power to unloose; when those passions which are now curbed, and lie dormant, shall raise their dominion of slavery. Little thinks he of these, as this worm at the core of his happiness destroys his peace with dreams of liberty and independence.

"From disappointment on to disappointment,
Year after year, age after age pursued,
The child, the youth, the hoary-headed man
Alike pursued, and ne'er grew wise."

POLLOCK.

A painfully purchased experience may teach him at last the vanity of his pursuits when reason does not sanction them, and that, as he anticipates happiness only in the future, so he prepares himself for continual disappointment.

Thus, upon the whole, it does not appear that youth or childhood is superior to every other stage of life as regards happiness. On a close inspection, we do not find either of them so free from sorrow as is commonly thought. And, even if it were practicable, there are few indeed, who, for the sake of its enjoyments, would choose to lay aside their present condition, and submit again to the circumstances of youth. Let discontent then be banished from the minds of those who are advanced in years. Let them no longer idly dream over those evanescent joys which have scarcely left a just remembrance behind. There are advantages and peculiarities attendant on every stage of life, and it certainly does not augur well to impugn the wisdom of Providence in rendering the most useless and most dependent period of life the highest in the scale of bliss. If happiness is inseparable from a right discharge of duty, and a career of usefulness, then can it be confined to no stage of being; but as the taste and judg-

ment become refined and corrected, so man becomes more capable of pure and intellectual enjoyment.

Beaconsfield.

J. A. B.

CREATION—NO. VIII.

(Second Series.)

WE now proceed to note the closing verses of the narrative of creation contained in the inspired volume.

"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in His own image; in the image of God created He him: male and female created He them. And God blessed them; and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat: and it was so. And God saw every thing that He had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day. Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made: and He rested on the seventh day from all his work which He had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made."

Or, as it may be rendered, Elohim exclaimed, Let Us create man in Our image; Our similitude. Let them enjoy dominion over the fish of the sea, over the fowl of the air, over the cattle, over the beasts, and over every prone animal, prone upon the earth, and over the whole terraqueous! And Elohim created man in His image; in the image of Elohim created He him: male and female created he them. And Elohim put His blessing within them. And Elohim pronounced over them, Be ye prolific; multiply; replenish the earth, and rule over it. Yea, have ye dominion over the fish of the sea, over the fowl of the air, and over every living creature of motion upon the earth. And Elohim pronounced, Behold, I give you, even every herb bearing seed, upon the face, to the bounds of

the earth; and every tree bearing fruit, within which is the seed of a tree: to you it is sustenance. And it was established. And Elohim surveyed every thing which He had created, and, behold, it was beauty and perfection. The evening was, and the morning was, the sixth day! Thus were finished the heavens and the earth, and all the hosts thereof; a decorated system.

On the sixth day finished Elohim His work which he had created and formed; and on the seventh day rested He; ceasing from all the works He had created and formed. And upon the seventh day put Elohim His blessing, and sanctified it; because on that day He rested from all His work; the works which Elohim created and formed.

Creation, throughout its progression, appears in the inspired details of Moses, not only daily to increase in the multiplicity of its forms, but daily to advance in the dignity of its subjects, until on this day it arrives at the summit. The first day was a day of creation; for on that day the material atoms and light were separately created. The second, third, fourth, and fifth days, were exclusively occupied in formations, wherein, by compounding the material atoms and light, the beauty, use, and perfection of creation were displayed. It is on the sixth day that the crown is placed upon the head of the whole, by a new creation—viz. the creation of the spirit of man; and the act is consummated by the union of this spirit with the material atoms and with the light; man being a warm-blooded animal, and his body being formed of the material atoms, here called the dust of the earth. It was not until the sixth day that Elohim exclaimed, "Let us create man in Our own image—Our similitude: and out of the dust of the earth formed Jehovah-Elohim man; and He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." (Gen. i. 26, 27.)

The two first creations, viz. the material atoms and light, were performed on the word pronounced by Elohim; but the third creation, using the similitude of affinity with Deity, is achieved by the breath of Jehovah-Elohim. The Self-Existent Plurality in Unity, in a breath, creates immortal spirit in man, and man becomes a living soul—at once the image and representative of the Creator, bearing rule amidst His creation, and connecting dead matter with the living God. The economy so eminently manifest throughout the work of creation, is in this instance as manifest as on all other occasions; the material atoms were at hand, and light was at hand, and these

were formed into the animal man: the only portion lacking was the spirit, and this alone is supplied by a new creation: and the manner of this creation, so different from the preceding acts, sets upon man the seal of affinity with the Creator, in so obvious a manner that, "whoso runneth may read."

The marked difference in the creation of the spirit of man, from any other act of creation disclosed to us by the Creator, demands our serious attention. The body of man is formed of, and similar to, other portions of the visible creation; but the spirit, that which crowns and distinguishes man from every other animal or thing in the visible creation, is in the image of God, a living soul—and was breathed into the body by the self-existent God, in a distinct act of creation. Now, as no other animal or thing shared in the boon of this distinct act of creation, we cannot but conclude that the spirit of man differs from every other animal, and from every other thing, in the visible creation; and on a careful examination of this subject, we shall, I doubt not, find this to be the case. We must examine this subject at large; and I know of no better mode to effect this, than that of tracking up the forms of the two first created substances, viz. the material atoms and light, and comparing these with this last creation, the spirit, or living soul, of man.

Matter, in its primitive atoms, is invisible, a subtle fluid without form; but in its combinations it becomes visible, and amidst its modifications, in union with light, assumes forms and modes at once interesting, impressive, and beautiful. Several of these forms, when broken or dissolved, may be, and are, reproduced. Such is the case with water, which may be resolved into its elemental gases; with vapour, which may arise from water, form clouds in the atmosphere, and be resolved again into water; and running a similar round, may re-become water, vapour, &c., from time to time. But these variations are determined by the fixed laws of creation, and out of these not an atom can wander.

Crystallization presents another form or forms of matter; it is, in fact, the effect of chemical affinity, in unison with polarity or electricity, disposing certain atoms or molecules, or both, to take and retain certain forms; and when the crystal is perfect, the form is perfect, as perfect as the forms of vegetables or animals: and if some of these crystals are dissolved, they may be, and often are, reproduced in precisely the same form. But here the whole process ends: farther than the production ~~and~~

reproduction of its peculiar forms, crystallization cannot proceed.

Vegetation presents also a form or forms of matter; forms induced by infinite wisdom, during the third day of creation, and perpetuated by the vegetation of miniature forms of plants, called seeds, or by buds, or by slips and cuttings, which the plants themselves produce and multiply, in the order of vegetation. If cut down nearly to the root, certain plants will shoot out anew, with vigour equal to those which the original plant displayed; but the result invariably is, the production or reproduction of forms similar to those which have passed away: and here the whole process ends; for farther than this, vegetation cannot proceed.

Animation is likewise a form or forms of matter, induced by infinite wisdom on the fifth and sixth days of creation; and these are perpetuated by seed, containing the form in miniature, on impregnation. Animals differ from vegetables, inasmuch as the first are locomotive, while the latter are local. The result, however, here is similar to that of vegetation: every peculiar form produces and reproduces, and multiplies forms similar to the original: and here the whole process ends; for farther than this, animation cannot proceed.

Man is a species of animal, capable of those acts, and endued with those faculties, which distinguish other animals; and mankind are produced, reproduced, and multiplied in a manner similar to that of several animals: but man differs from all other animals, in that, "Into him was breathed," on his primeval day, "the breath of lives—a living soul." If we contemplate the animal man like the other animals, we behold mankind producing, reproducing, and multiplying themselves, in forms similar to the original: and of these we must exclaim, here the whole process ends; for further than this the animal-man cannot proceed. But when we contemplate the spiritual man, far different to these are the results which we behold; for here, although incarnated, we note an immortal spirit with capabilities which no modification of matter can at all approach. Hence, instead of exclaiming in respect of these capabilities at any given point, Here the whole process ends, for farther than this the spiritual-man cannot proceed,—we cannot refrain from the exclamation that, Boundless as space, and endless as eternity, they are yet merely budding into bloom, the bloom of fruit which time cannot ripen, and which eternity cannot decay—immortality—life eternal!

Crystallization and vegetation are so ob-

viously inferior to man, that few, and seldom, are arguments founded on a comparison of these, called forth against the immortality of man; but from the animal portions of creation, which are furnished with the senses, and endued with instinct; which seek and eat their food, exercise themselves at will, sleep, dream, erect nests, construct dens or lairs, propagate their species, foster and defend their young, arguments are ever and anon launched against the living soul of man; and the instinct of animals is thus set side by side with the image of the eternal God.

Instinct, however, on a serious examination, will be found to claim kindred with the things of time, rather than with the beings of eternity. Instinct is stationary as to degree; it is what it ever was. Every animal of the same species possesses the same kind of instinct, and of the same degree; and this instinct, by the wise providence of the Creator, moves with the animal through the several stages of its existence, and further it cannot proceed. The instinct in a lamb, in a yearling, in an ewe, in a mother, goes forward with the ages and relations of the animal, and is to that animal what it needs, then and there, throughout the several stages of its existence, identically and without improvement. A naturalist knows the animal by its action, as well as the action by the animal; they are identical in individuals of the same species throughout, following the laws of creation, minutely in every age of time, from generation to generation.

The living soul in man, however, is bounded by no time, no age, no circumstances, no place; and thus boundless in its scope, it is ever looking to the future; even while in retrospect it views the past or contemplates the present, comparing them with a view to futurity; and by experience, by study, and by inventions, the living soul incessantly develops its capabilities, in a series of improvements extended, not only through the life of the individual, but recorded and pursued from generation to generation with kindred fervour and increasing success. Even God himself, he who created the living soul, is accessible to its energies; it receives from, and glories in, his revelations; in the word and in the spirit of the living God, drawing from him wisdom, joy, and power; and in him, and through him, beholding, even while yet afar off, glories which shall in due time be fully revealed—the glories which are at his right hand for evermore; of which, by faith in the redemption by Christ Jesus, man fully hopes to partake in

the immediate presence of Jehovah-Elohim, with angels and kindred spirits eternally ; and for this enjoyment he was created, even in time as well as in eternity. Yea, although death entered into the world by sin, in death itself the immortal soul lives, and will live for ever.

We will now conclude this dissertation, as proposed on its outset, "after tracking up the forms of the two first created substances, namely, the material atoms and light, by comparing these with this last creation, the spirit or living soul of man." But is the creation of a single spirit (for the woman was formed from the man) to be placed side by side with the creation of the material atoms and of light, the atoms and light of the whole universe ? I answer, yes ; and with every propriety, also. Mark the language of this creation, "Out of the dust of the earth formed Jehovah-Elohim, man ; and he breathed into his nostrils the breath of lives ; and man became a living soul." In creating this single soul, the great Creator virtually created the millions of millions of mankind, throughout every age to us, past, present, and future : for all these have been, and will be, generated from this single creation.

During the awful catastrophe of the general deluge, which overwhelmed the old world, eight souls, generated from this creation, were preserved in an ark ; and from these was the new or present world peopled. No new creation has, therefore, become needful, nor has a new creation been resorted to, even up to this hour. Thus truly was this creation, "the breath of lives,"—lives innumerable by man, the multitudes of which are only known to the great Creator. There will come up a period in eternity, when, instead of apparent disparity on the part of the creation of this single spirit, the disparity will be so manifest on the other part, that a grain of sand compared to this whole universe, will not be lighter in the scale of equity, than the whole universe weighed against these millions of living souls.

"And Elohim pronounced over them, Be ye prolific, multiply, replenish the earth, and rule over it." Under the divine blessing, this soul has been prolific indeed. The multiplication of mankind into millions took place at an early period of time ; and although the general deluge awfully reduced these millions to eight persons, soon did these again become millions upon the face of the earth ; and every age pronounces the prolific to be the characteristic of man. However unfavourable the circumstances of certain communities may have been,

however plagues, pestilences, famines, and wars may have thinned, for the time, the districts in which they have raged, soon has the fecundity of mankind replenished the earth ; and again and again have they exclaimed, "Make room for us, that we may dwell." And not only has man replenished the earth, but he has and does rule over it. The superiority of the living soul over the united instinct of the beasts of the field is here conspicuous. Yea, even in a savage state, where wild men contest the sovereignty of the forest with wild beasts, the superiority of the living soul, however fallen and depraved, is so conspicuous, that we behold rule invariably to be the station of man, notwithstanding the evident weakness of his bodily structure, and its incapacity to enter the lists, body to body, with many of the beasts of prey. But the communities of civilized man have so evidently the dominion over every living creature of motion upon the earth, that this has long ceased to be a question among men.

"And Elohim surveyed every thing which He had created, and, behold, it was beauty and perfection." The line of beauty and the serenity of perfection dwelt upon the surface of creation, on its completion by the great Creator, and the fitness of every part characterized the whole,—all was harmony, without and within were union and peace. Constructed by weight and measure, perfect equilibrium pervaded the universe at large, and all its spheres were finished with exquisite skill ; for although the furniture, animate and inanimate, is only described to us as our earth was garnished, yet, may we not conclude, it is given to us as a sample of the whole !

"The evening was, and the morning was, the sixth day." Instead of despising, as, alas, some profane persons do, this brief, yet luminous and particular account vouchsafed, in infinite condescension, to His creatures by the great Creator, how ought we to value it, as the only authentic record in existence of works performed by Him long prior to our existence ; and, indeed, before a single living soul was capable of observing any portion thereof ? As man was the very last in the order of creation, and every other act was done prior to his existence, he could not take cognizance of any one act of the Omnipotent, therein ; and who could, if the Creator had not, have afforded him this information ? For this circumstantial and minute account, from day to day, even to the last day of His works ; therefore, as in duty bound, let us praise Him.

"Thus were finished the heavens and"

the earth, and all the hosts thereof; a decorated system." Here we are called back by the inspired penman, Moses, from the detail of formations upon a single sphere of our earth, to the whole universe; and the, "Thus," confirms what we before hinted, namely, that every sphere throughout the system was finished, and furnished with animate and inanimate, period by period, at the same time, and in a manner similar to the earth. Omnipotent Omnipresence is every way equal to the performance of similar acts, in different, and even distant places at the same moment, and we are here told that, "On the sixth day Elohim finished His work which He had created and formed." Creations and formations were, therefore, all terminated together on this day throughout the whole universe. Could we be favoured with an inspection, at this moment, of every sphere in the universe, the primeval beauty, the purity and loveliness of some of these, which, we hope have escaped the catastrophe of the fall, that, alas, the living soul, and with it this whole sphere have so awfully experienced through disobedience, would delight our souls; and how should we be consoled for the woes and deaths, which reign through sin, amidst the sphere on which our lot is cast.

"And upon the seventh day put Elohim His blessing, and sanctified it; because on that day He rested from all His work; the works which Elohim created and formed." Every day is recorded throughout the eventful series of creation, and every day is memorable therein; for so great, so extensive were the works performed during these six days, that to each a memorable act pertains.

But if the six days were memorable for the works performed therein, the seventh day is yet more memorable for the sanctity which the Holy God has impressed upon it. On this day Elohim rested from His labours, and this day he sanctified. What Hallelujahs were reared to the Omnipotent on this holy day, by angels and archangels, and the hosts of heaven, we may gather from the circumstance that, when Elohim laid the corner-stone of the universe, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." No doubt, the first human pair joined in the celebration of this first sabbath; and what rapture would pervade the angelic hosts on entering this heaven upon earth, where the voice of Jehovah-Elohim was heard, Gen. iii. 8. and which He sanctified by His immediate presence, and wherein incarnated living souls enjoyed the

favour and image of the Holy God, and partook their joy—living souls which, under the blessing of the Creator, were pronounced to be prolific; and would ere long increase into millions. The sabbath, thus instituted, became an ordinance to man throughout his generations. The profanation of this holy day has brought down judgments from heaven upon millions of the human race, and the observance thereof has been a means of grace—a blessing to millions who have kept it holy unto the Lord.

Thus have my feeble efforts been directed to the elucidation of that brief, yet scientific narrative, of the process of creation, contained in the Bible; and if but a few of those who despise or neglect the sacred volume, are thereby led to value and peruse it for themselves, and receive the truth, I shall rejoice that my labour has not been in vain. To Jehovah-Elohim be praise!

W. COLDWELL.

King Square, Oct. 20, 1832.

PASSAGES FROM MY NOTE BOOK—NO. V.

THE CONTINGENCIES AND FLUCTUATIONS OF DOMESTIC LIFE: AN AFFECTING AND REAL INCIDENT.

"If life be compared to the sky, it is not cloudless: it is often dark, gloomy, and appalling. The thunder often rolls—the lightning often flashes; and sometimes when we least expect a change."—
Old Writer.

It was on a lovely evening during the month of May, that I proceeded from home, for a short period, to enjoy the pleasure and advantage realized from a quiet and beautiful ramble. The sun was rapidly sinking in the west; the heavens were glowing with his parting radiance, and the earth was rendered inexpressibly lively by his farewell smile; the air was breathing fragrance from unnumbered shrubs and flowers, and the most soothing and delightful stillness pervaded creation. It was a luxury to gaze upon the scene, and to drink in the beauties which were poured around. I strolled a considerable distance, and ascended, under the influence of the most delightful emotions, some of those beauteous and romantic hills, by which the city of B — is encircled, when, as I was returning to my habitation, I was accosted by an old infirm man, who, with much modesty and respect, solicited a trifle, to accommodate him for the night. There was something so remarkably

interesting about his appearance, with all his evident poverty and destitution, that I was peculiarly struck, and felt resistlessly induced to enter into a little familiar conversation with him.

The person I addressed was about sixty-five. His stature was somewhat short; his form was rather spare; his hair was silvered from anxiety and years. His garb was patched, but decent and clean. His eye sparkled with good feeling, and though deep furrows, occasioned principally by solicitude and suffering, were legibly imprinted on his brow; there was something in the cast of his countenance, which produced a very pleasing impression on my mind. "Well, friend," said I, desirous of gaining accurate information respecting him—"how is it, that, at your advanced period of life, you are so circumstanced? It is very distressing to think, when you are so rapidly declining towards the tomb, that you should be compelled to implore charity from those who meet you on the road. Whence has your present situation arisen? There is something about you which prepossesses me, though a stranger, in your favour; and I am disposed to think you have no wish to impose on the humanity or benevolence of any who may proffer you aid. I should like to be made acquainted with a little of your history, and perhaps you will inform me how your present distresses were occasioned."

I saw that the old man could scarcely repress his emotion; however, after a tear, which he was unable to prevent, had started into his eye, and trickled down his cheek, he looked earnestly at me, and replied,—
"Ah, Sir, my case is one of a peculiarly trying nature, and I hardly know whether I can unfold it; however, I will endeavour to command my emotions, and give you a short outline of my history; but, if I should weep, while relating it, you must excuse me, for I cannot refer to past days, without feeling that my heart sinks within me."

We sat down on an elevated part of one of the loftiest hills by which the city of B —, entitled "The Queen of the west," is surrounded, and the old man communicated to me the substance of the following relation:—

"I was born in a beautiful and retired village in the north of England, where every thing that is delightful and luxuriant in creation was richly enjoyed. There I grew up, and received my education, which was somewhat superior. I was never wild or dissipated, but uniformly regular and domestic in my habits. I loved my parents, was fond of their home; and

delighted in what was quiet and happy. I was trained to an industrious, though somewhat laborious, employment; but I was contented, and wished to do all I could to promote my respectability and comfort. I acquired an intimate knowledge of my business, became generally respected, and, after a certain time had elapsed, commenced making an effort for myself. An interesting and excellent girl, that I had long known and loved, accepted my proposals of marriage, and we were soon united. My business was pretty flourishing. I was steady, respectful, and industrious; and my wife was contented, frugal, and happy. We loved our home, and loved each other. About a year after our marriage, we were blessed with a lovely infant, and our happiness seemed complete. The child, however, was destined to be early removed, and, after the poor little innocent had suffered much, we were called to place his sweet head low in the silent grave. I thought my wife's heart would have broken, for she doted on the babe.

"Lapse of time, however, and my unceasing attentions and kindness to her, dimmed, though not extinguished, the feelings which had been so powerfully excited. In the course of three years we were blessed with another dear child, and our former afflictions were comparatively forgotten. A fine, healthy boy was given to us; and how often have we gazed with inexpressible delight on him, when he was smiling on his mother's knee, and fixing his beauty-beaming eye on our anxious, though happy, countenances!

"Our boy grew up, and pleased us. His form was elegant, his complexion fair, his disposition ingenuous and pleasing, and his habits were regular and obedient. I had always been fond of books, and I accustomed him to some of the best which my little stock afforded. He loved his mother and me exceedingly, and we, perhaps, were too much attached to him. Alas! little did we consider how soon, and how dreadfully, we should lose him!

"It was on a beautiful morning in June, that he met with some playmates, who were going to bathe in the river adjoining our village, and they prevailed on him to accompany them. He, not thinking of any danger, and considering, perhaps, that the bath would be refreshing and beneficial, plunged into the water, at that part of the river, which, they said, was very shallow. However, poor boy! he was mournfully deceived. He rose to the surface, but was unable to reach the bottom with his feet,

and, being unacquainted with swimming, he was immediately in imminent danger. The boys who were going to bathe in company with him, became dreadfully alarmed, and, as none of them could swim, they feared to venture after him, accordingly they ran to the village, with the greatest possible speed, to gain help. I was absent, at that period, from home. Some neighbours ran immediately to the spot, and the whole village was in consternation. A friend plunged at once into the water, and, after diving for some time, succeeded in bringing my dear boy to the bank of the river: but, alas! animation was gone; life was extinct; the spirit had departed. Every effort was immediately made, to restore existence; but all was fruitless.

“My disconsolate and distracted partner heard of the calamity, and, in a state of desperation, almost of madness, rushed to the spot; when she reached the place, they were endeavouring to re-animate the body. She burst through the crowd, and, with a convulsive shriek, fell over the corpse. ‘O, my poor son! she cried, in agony—is this your end? Have you thus left me, and your poor unhappy father? How will he feel when this news is carried to him! Ah! it has given me my death-wound. I feel the stroke at my heart, and not long after thee I shall be buried in the cold grave!’ The crowd endeavoured to remove her from the body: but all was in vain; at length, a friend forcibly tore her away, and conveyed her, shrieking, home. She never recovered from the shock sustained. She appeared to sink at once; like a flower broken by a gust of wind, so she drooped and fell. In less than a week she was a corpse, in the same room with my poor drowned boy.

“I need not tell you how I felt on my return, on finding myself so awfully bereaved—to perceive that I had no son—no wife—no home—no comforter—no friend! I was overwhelmed by my sorrow, and, for a long time, I could scarcely think, or speak. My situation, however, compelled me to do something. I began to resume my former employment. I tried hard to go forward: but all was fruitless. I could not labour without weeping, and, when I looked around, I saw nothing but desolation and wo. To stop in the village, I found impossible, I therefore, gave up my business, and left it with a broken heart. Never shall I forget the day when I said farewell. It was like the dart of death piercing my vitals. I had scarcely any money, and was obliged to walk, by gentle stages, to London. There, for a time, I

gained employment. I continued there, however, for many years, acquiring scarcely enough to support me; for my energies, in consequence of my heavy afflictions, appeared to have departed from me. I spent in the metropolis the prime of my days; but never could I succeed, for the contemplation of my sufferings drank up my spirits.

“Things, for years, were getting worse with me, when I was visited with bodily suffering. Providence, however, was kind to me: I was graciously restored. But my necessities deprived me of all my scanty earnings. For some time after this, I gained parish relief, but my heart always rose against it. Some friends in the west of England, hearing of my pitiable condition, and wishing to alleviate it, wrote to me, requesting me to spend my last days with them. They stated that they would give me a small neat room, with a clean bed, and endeavour—heaven bless them!—to make my last years comfortable. This invitation I determined to accept: however, I had no resources; and a journey of one hundred miles, to a poor, infirm, old man, like myself, is very trying. I was resolved, however, if I died on the way, to embrace the offer so kindly given, and I have come as far as B — on my way to my destined abode. By soliciting occasional help from those who are generous and benevolent, I have been supported yet, and expect very shortly to get to the spot where I hope to die in peace. My friends know not that I am coming, nor where I now am; but I shall soon reach them, and may they close my eyes peacefully in death!”

The old man sobbed exceedingly, and, when his narration was closed, the big tears coursed themselves down his cheeks. I was powerfully affected by his statement. It was indeed a weeping history: but one which real life often furnishes. I tendered him as much as I could bestow, and I had the satisfaction of hearing, that he arrived at his intended habitation, where his wants were supplied, his difficulties removed, his comfort secured; and, though his deep sorrows will never be forgotten, yet, it is hoped, he will be able to apply the beautiful sentiment, “They who sow in tears, shall reap in joy.”

Petworth, Oct. 15, 1832.

T.W.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF A PEACEABLE DISPOSITION.

EVERY one who reads the New Testament scriptures, with any degree of attention, must recollect innumerable instances, where

the virtues of peace and love, gentleness and candour, are earnestly and frequently inculcated, with an urgency proportioned to the duty and necessity the writers felt, under a consciousness of the incalculable good that their general adoption, and universal prevalence would produce. That charity, which, under various forms of expression, is so highly eulogized by St. Paul, in his Epistles to the primitive Christian churches, and which holds so conspicuous a place amongst the cardinal virtues, can never be excluded from the Christian life, without committing a sacrilegious act of outrage, without deranging our system of belief, without an incongruous amalgamation of the elements of discord, with the pure and peaceable religion of the Son of God.

The importance of a peaceable disposition is emphatically taught, and is a plain, unvarnished exemplification of the great doctrine of Christian charity, repeated in these words, "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." This precept, or injunction, implies that, we should refrain from giving any unnecessary provocation, should abstain from inflaming the prejudices, even on minor points, or irritating the passions of those with whom we are compelled to associate, either by the commerce of the world, or the relations of life; but that by mutual forbearance we should endeavour to extinguish latent animosity, and to expel contention and strife from every department of human society with which we are connected.

It ought to be an invariable rule, a determinate law, never to give offence, if possible, but rather to conciliate regard, and sustain the spirit of concord, uninvaded by dissimulation and strife, and unimpregnated by those darker passions, which human nature, even on trivial occasions, too readily encourages, by all available means, in our intercourse with others. The extension of peace, and the advancement of unanimity, ought to be held inviolably sacred, without the least deterioration of its sanctity, or the minutest infringement of its rights. It should not be exclusively limited by the narrow circle of private intercourse, but rather be extended to a much wider sphere of influence, so as to embrace those of every rank in life, whether indirectly associated, or more intimately connected by the laws of nature, and the institutions of man.

The obligation of living in peace extends even to those commonly accounted bad men, whether notorious for flagrant crimes, or for having imbibed heretical opinions, and who are the violent partizans of an unsound theology, and a vicious faith.

Though these external marks of courtesy are not inconsistent with that deep abhorrence and righteous indignation, which we ought on all suitable occasions to evince against their criminal practices and deleterious opinions; it is certainly not incompatible with the strict principles of moral rectitude, to live in a peaceable manner amongst such, as recorded instances, were it necessary to refer to them, would sufficiently testify, without entering into any close conjunction of interest, or any blameable participation with them, so as to contract any serious defilement from the moral contamination, which characters of this description, who are literally the bane of society and the troublers of mankind, too often disseminate to surrounding minds. For the present state of the world, and of the characters who inhabit it, is so confused and ill assorted; and our knowledge, as we are principally compelled to judge from external appearances, is so imperfect and limited, that it increases the difficulty of all attempts to discriminate with any approximation to accuracy and precision, between the two great classes which stand out in bold relief, the religious and the impious, of which it is diversified and composed.

It will readily suggest itself to most persons, as a bond of union and peace, and tend strongly to recommend its practice, from the natural relation which subsists among them all as men, sprung from one Father, as the legitimate source of their existence, co-equal as the sharers of the same common nature, united by fellowship in the same sympathies, necessities, and wants; and as Christians, the connexion is strengthened and consolidated, by a participation in the illustrious blessings of redemption, and our feelings are exhilarated by that glow of animation, which the sublime hopes of the gospel is indubitably capable of imparting.

If it thus clearly appears to be our duty to promote peace throughout the various gradations which subsist in the great brotherhood of mankind, of course there are narrower limits within which it ought to be more strictly cultivated, and pertinaciously observed. Those, "whom love has knit, and sympathy made one," certainly have a paramount claim on us, to manifest a peaceable and amicable behaviour, in all cases, where, on the contrary, a harsh and turbulent demeanour, without any good effect, would most probably compel us to enter the arena of strife, and disquiet us with noisy clamour and profitless discourse; especially amidst the strong ties of friendship and affection, of kindred and relation, and the range of endearments circumscribed

by the closer barriers of domestic and family connexion. Here we ought to guard, with the most punctilious exactness, against every occasion of provoking or offending, to display a uniform spirit of candour and forbearance, and not to judge harshly, either of their preconceived opinions or actions, but to interpret the words which they utter, if they should happen to be repugnant or obnoxious to us, by the most favourable construction which the integrity of a generous mind can allow in their application. For the nearer men are brought into contact, the more easily are imperfections discovered, and weaknesses descried, which before were supposed not to exist, but which afterwards are gradually elicited by the concurrence of accidental circumstances, or unintentionally unfolded by the warmth of discussion, and the fierce contest for intellectual supremacy.

For the further sustenance and preservation of peace, on some occasions it requires that we do not rigidly and obstinately enforce our own opinions, or rigorously demand our strict right; but rather occasionally concede some points of difference, as far as we can conscientiously succumb to the prejudices of our associates, so as to prevent unpleasant altercation, to allay the risings of incipient anger, and abate the gathering storm of turbulent passion. We, however, by no means wish to inculcate or insinuate, that a tame submission to injuries and wrongs—that an unresisting compliance to the capricious will and arbitrary inclination of others—in every instance, is either required or enjoined by religion. We are not to imagine that the love of peace is merely a subterfuge for cowardice and imbecility, like the labyrinthine cavern to which the untutored savage retires for security and a place of retreat, when pursued by the wild beast of the desert, some few degrees wilder than himself, insatiable with hunger, and eager for blood; or that it suppresses and disavows every proper exertion of a virtuous and manly spirit. Pusillanimity is not a virtue, but a weakness. A modest courage is both eminently useful and importantly necessary; but unblushing effrontery is destitute of merit, neither can it be palliated nor extenuated.

The sentiment of our natural connexion with each other as men, should induce reflections on our common failings, should annihilate all crude opinions of self-conceit, which dispose us to be quarrelsome and contentious, when we ought to make mutual allowances, and foster a reciprocity of kindness towards their imperfections and failings, as such are necessarily in idential to the pre-

sent constitution of our nature. For there is probably not a man to be found in the world, who has not, at some time or other in the course of his peregrination through life, been misled by passion, or erred through ignorance; therefore this should make us less impatient of contradiction, and moderate our notions of fancied superiority. But what numbers there are, who, having once engaged in a controversy, or espoused a side, no matter whether right or wrong, are determined to abide by it, let the ultimate consequences be what they will, whether prejudicial or beneficial to their interests, with an inflexible obstinacy and a deliberate pertinacity, that sets at defiance the dictates of prudence, and demolishes the mounds which peace has erected on her territories, to exclude the din of strife, and elude the tumult of violence and discord. Pride, an unequivocal symptom of a haughty and contumelious spirit, and an ill-regulated mind, will not allow them to resign the least iota of the point in dispute, or to make the first advances to reconciliation and peace, when true honour and magnanimity would have led to generous acknowledgments, and gratuitous condescension.

These are usually haughty in their claims, dogmatic in their opinions, and supercilious in their behaviour; require great submission, and demand the most abject servility from their opponents, before they can be satisfied or appeased. The lover of peace regards men and manners in a different light, he approaches them in a calmer attitude, and a more chastised mood. Fully conscious that he himself has been often in the wrong; sensible how trifling and inconsiderable, for the most part, are the causes of contention and discord among mankind; aware that all men are liable to be prejudiced and misled by false reports and unfounded assertions, into unjust suspicions of the motives of others, he is eminently qualified for maintaining a philosophic calmness; he can look, without disturbance or emotion, on many of the events, occurrences, and discussions, which propel more sanguine tempers into the vortex of passion, where they become disordered and convulsed by fierce anger, and irascible revenge.

THOMAS ROYCE.

Leicester, Feb. 21, 1832.

OBSERVATIONS ON STYLE IN WRITING.

“It is not easy,” says Blair, “to give a precise idea of what is meant by style: the best definition which I can give of it is, the

peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions by means of language."

Assuming the correctness of this definition, style is the transcript of the mind, and, by a natural consequence, will generally partake of the prominent features of thought in which either individuals or nations are prone to indulge.

The character of the writings of some of the most distinguished authors of the age, when taken in concert with their avocations and general demeanour, are highly illustrative of this truth. The productions of Johnson, for instance, are distinguished by fullness and stiffness; of Addison, by elegance and perspicuity; of Hall, by nervousness and chastity; and those of Jay, by simplicity and force. Who does not at once recognize in these productions a transcript of the haughty lexicographer, the polished spectator, the eloquent defender of the press, and the inimitable portrayer of Christian character?

How strongly are national characters stamped upon the language, and displayed in the style, of a people. To such an extent is this carried, that you may generally consider the style adopted by any country at different periods of its history, as a fair index to its improvement or degeneracy, its prosperity or adversity.

It would require but a limited acquaintance with language or society to determine that, the American Indians were in a state of comparative ignorance from the highly figurative and poetical style which they adopt, or that the French were light and volatile, the Scotch sombre and acute, the Irish poetic and excitable, and the English brave and generous.

We must not, however, suppose that there is any thing approaching to uniformity in the style of those nations to which we have referred. No. The various important pursuits in which their respective inhabitants are engaged, give rise to a style which is peculiar to the avocations in which they are engaged.

In our native land, for instance, what a marked contrast there is between the subtle and technical style of law, and the open and unfettered eloquence of the senate; what a striking difference between the wild and fictitious style of the stage, and the sober and abiding oratory of the pulpit.

Yet while these professions have prescribed certain limits to their style, beyond which it is deemed imprudent to advance, as the language which they speak is the same, so there are some general rules laid down, by the judicious application of which, all may

be aided in attaining that most important requisite in a good writer or speaker, "a good style." The great design of public speaking, under whatever circumstances or in whatever capacity, being either to instruct, convince, or refute, it is highly important that perspicuity, precision, and natural illustration should be principal elements in a good style. The absence of these properties may often cast the appearance of fiction over truth, while their presence on the other hand has too often arrayed vice in the garment of virtue, rendered religion ridiculous, and made the sinful pleasures of life appear the very source of present and future good.

To the special pleader, how highly important is the cultivation of a perspicuous and easy style, for often on the right adjustment of the different points of law, and their clear and vivid representation to the court, depend the most important decisions. It is a duty which appears imperative in the patriotic senator, on the result of whose pleadings the welfare of the land to a great extent depends. Both the successful writers and performers of the drama, being assured that their only success depends on effect, have adopted the most effectual way to secure it, by allowing nature to speak for herself in her own beautiful and simple language.

To those who are the religious instructors of the people, it appears to be a study of the first importance, seeing that the temporal and eternal welfare of their hearers depends, as far as they are concerned, in the clear representation of truth to the mind.

It should be their endeavour to press into the service of so holy and important a cause, all the beauties and force of language. It should be their object to cull the excellencies of style from every profession, in order that their style may be so much superior to those of the lower professions, as the cause in which they are engaged is noble and holy, when contrasted with every other earthly employment.

The instructions of the pulpit, to be effective, should be distinguished by precision and perspicuity, by simplicity and dignity, by liveliness and strength. These should be combined with familiar illustration from real life, and a minute dissection of the different forms which sin assumes to allure the unwary.

It is to be regretted that this subject has not engaged more of the attention of eminent divines. By its neglect, many of their best works are rendered both uninviting and unintelligible to the majority of readers, while others are so verbose and ambiguous

as to confuse the most sagacious. Not only does it display itself in the works of the dead, but in the acts of the living, with this difference, that the rough and unpolished style of the fathers is exchanged for the prim and mawkish style of the academician; and the unmusical sentences of the rigid non-con., for the half-versified prose of the polished dissenter; and the studied paucity of words in the one, is changed for the multiplied verbiage of the other.

It is very manifest that many who are classed among evangelical dissenters, and whose abilities and education might enable them "to afford to be simple," have been gradually accommodating themselves to the fastidious taste of this peculiar age; too often clothing the beautiful language of divine truth in smooth and poetic diction, and thus depriving it of its powerful energy — too often sacrificing the force of truth to the prevalent spirit of a latitudinarian liberality, and, by their lofty and pedantic style, sacrificing the interests of the many to the momentary gratification of the few.

This evil has of late been rendered more evident by the increase of evangelical ministers within the pale of the Establishment, whose principal characteristic is sensibility combined with learning, and deep feeling with ardent piety. May that day speedily arrive, in which the ministers of Christ shall universally imitate in their ministrations, that illustrious example which is set before them in the Saviour, in whose addresses we can discover all that is sublime united with all that is simple; the affectionate in address, the severe in reproof, combined with the highest order of dignity, in connexion with the more familiar occurrences in life. Adopting his style, animated with his spirit, preaching his truth, may they be the instruments of converting sinners from the error of their ways, directing the saint to the immortality of the just, and, like the Saviour in the days of his flesh, constraining those to acknowledge the force of that truth they would fain deny, and, having completed their work, be received to the mansions of God, and commence, in the style of the ransomed, the perpetual song of heaven.

δουλος.

Oct. 12, 1832.

GENUINE SIMPLICITY.

A little pastoral address, sent to the Sunday Scholars of St. Paul's Church, Rochester, America. By the Rector, Rev. Chauncey Colton.

"Because I have you in my heart."—*St. Paul.*

THERE was a little boy at church only three weeks ago to-day, that is dead now! I

saw him when I was preaching, sitting in the pew with his mamma, and aunts, and little cousins. Now he is dead! It was Hobart Atkinson's cousin, little Thomas W. Hills. He was only about as old as Hobart, six years. He was a very precious child—a good child; and his mamma thinks he had learned how to die, in the Sunday school. One morning, when he was very sick, he waked up, and his aunt was sitting by the bed. And when he opened his eyes, he said: "Aunt Mary, I dreamed that I was in heaven!" "And who did you see there?" his aunt asked him. Little Thomas answered, "I saw Jesus Christ, and he said to me 'Come, thou blessed little child!'" Think, my dear children, how beautiful this was. "Come, thou blessed little child." I should think his dear mamma would want it written on his grave stone, shouldn't you?—Don't you suppose little Thomas remembered those precious words of our Saviour that he learned in the Sunday school? How very beautiful they are! "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!" When Thomas had told his aunt about thinking (in his dreams) that he was in heaven, he said, "Aunt Mary, God loves Christians, and Christians love God." His aunt asked him if he thought he was a Christian, and he said, "I hope I am." He seemed to be praying very often, and one day, the day before he died, he prayed aloud in these words: "O God, forgive all my sins. O God—O God, forgive my sins, for Jesus' sake: forgive my sins, for Jesus' sake." He seemed to be thinking a great deal about Jesus, and said once to his aunt, when she was sitting by him, "Dear aunt, have you found Christ?" He wished every body to see and know what a precious Saviour he had found, and how the Saviour had kindly taught him how to die. He thought, very soon after he was taken sick, that he should not get well, and it made him very happy indeed, to think that when he died he should go up and be in heaven. He prayed about it, and talked about it a great deal. And just before he died, when he seemed to be growing weak very fast, he lay quiet, and still, and peaceful, as if he was going to sleep in the arms of Jesus. So this lovely child died. And how happy his dear parents, and grand-mamma, and aunts, and Sunday school teacher, and all, must feel when they think how safe and happy little Thomas was, going to sleep, sleeping the sweet sleep of death, in the arms of Jesus; and how happy it must make them, to feel so sure,

that after "he fell asleep," after he died that morning, about the time you would see the morning star going up into the heavens, the Saviour said to him, "Come, thou blessed little child," and took him to be with him for ever in heaven.

THE DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

(From the German of Lavater.)

DEATH suddenly presented himself before a Christian.

"Welcome! thou messenger of immortality; thrice welcome!" was the salutation of the good man.

"How is this," said Death,— "Son of sin, dost thou not fear my approach?"

"No: he who is a Christian indeed, may view thee undismayed."

"Canst thou behold me attended by sickness and disease,—canst thou observe the cold sweat distilling from my wings,—without shuddering?"

"Even so," replied the believer in Jesus. "And, wherefore is it that thou tremblest not?"

"Because it is by them I am assured of thy speedy approach."

"And who art thou, O mortal? that my presence hath no power to terrify?"

"I am a Christian!" smiling with benignity on his stern visitor.

Death then breathed upon him,—and in an instant they both disappeared. A grave had opened beneath their feet; and I could observe something lying therein. I wept. Suddenly the sound of celestial voices attracted my attention, and, looking towards heaven, I saw the Christian in the clouds; his countenance was irradiated with the same smile that I had before observed upon it, and his hands were clasped together. Glittering angels then approached him, shouting, and the Christian shone resplendent as themselves. Again I wept. I now looked into the grave, and at once perceived what it contained;—it was the Christian, having disrobed himself for his flight.

Preston Brook.

S. S.

AUTUMN.

The withered frame—the ruin'd mind,
The wreck by passion left behind;
The shrivell'd scroll—the scatter'd leaf,
Sear'd by the Autumn's blast of grief.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great temporal preparations against winter, made by man, and even insects; yet it is to be lamented that the principal object is too much neg-

lected, namely, a preparation for death. We forget that life is soon to cease; and are too indifferent about providing for the winter of the grave. We perceive the blast of time quenching our glories; but we listen not to its warning voice, although we know not how soon this cumbrous coil of mortality may be laid in the dust.

Death is a grand secret; we know not beforehand when, how, or by what means, we, or our friends, shall be brought under its dominion; we know not what disease or disaster will be the door to let us into the road whence no one returns; we cannot describe how the knot between body and soul is untied; we know not how the spirit of man leaves the tenement of clay, and goes, "To be, we know not what; and live, we know not how."

Assured, therefore, that we must all die, sooner or later, it behoveth us to be ready, that our last end may be the best. Let us not delay one moment, for we know not how soon God may call us to give an account of our stewardship.

Preston Brook.

S. S.

RELIGIOUS PRODIGALITY.

A religious prodigal may appear an anomalous term; but it is presumed a few considerations will convince all of its justice, as applied to many characters of the present age.

There are indeed but few, comparatively, among the class we would denominate as prodigal of wealth, since none can return more than they have received from the Parent of all good; nor can we ever do more than our duty requires, toward the amelioration of the distressed. But we may be prodigal in the extent of our donations to public objects, so as to paralyze our exertions in private benevolence towards those with whose wants we are well acquainted, and who, in the course of providence, appear to require assistance at our hands. This prodigality either inflates the mind with public applause, or wounds our kindly feelings in denying aid to the wretched, and betrays us to neglect our duty to God and man.

He is a religious prodigal, whose ostentatious beneficence gilds the lists of subscriptions; but who, in a few years or months, informs the world that he has been lavish of his creditors' just demands. Such characters are dangerous to Christian society; they bring reproach upon the cross of Christ.

But the prodigals most baneful in their example, are those who engage in

management or operation of divers societies which may be within their sphere, but all of which are, either virtually neglected, or the leisure and talent employed, when divided, becomes of little importance to any. Committees are swelled with many such persons, who are like weights rather than wheels in the machinery of communities. In vain do they lament they have no time to discharge this or that duty. The hours required to fulfil conscientiously the engagements of a local benevolent society, are absorbed in the attendance upon meetings for distant objects: and their zeal, time, and talents, evaporate in words; they are ever occupied in the employment of five talents; which do not produce the proper interest of one.

There are those, who, prodigal in the business of public associations, leave themselves no time to dispense religious knowledge in their own families; who, whilst they correct the vices of the depraved, expose their own children to the pestilential influence of neglect: who train the young of another flock, to the injury of their own lambs, whom the wolf oftentimes devours: who soothe the afflicted stranger, whilst their partners in life bear their domestic sorrows alone, or their relations languish in affliction.

There are others, who, in the cultivation of other men's hearts, neglect their own; such persons resemble those who helped to build Noah's ark, but entered not into it. These can descant upon the love of God, and talk of communion with him, but they have no time to enjoy these blessings. Frequent in public devotional engagements, the closet is neglected, and the sacrifice made of their own peace for the benefit of others. Such often fall away, because they have no root; always sowing, but they neither plough nor weed their own hardening hearts.

From the extent of these charges, some may be ready to ask, "Who then shall assist in forwarding the mighty objects which Missionary, Bible, and other societies, contemplate?" The answer is obvious. Let the love of Christ constrain us in every good work; let every man give according as he hath, let him that hath little give his mite; and he that hath much give plentifully: "every man according as he purposeth in his heart;" "always remembering we should provide things honest, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of all men." Again, let us take heed that our good be not evil spoken of. Let us estimate our talents by a knowledge of ourselves. Judgment and ability, of

moderate order, may be wearied and weakened by constant engagements, which might have proved a blessing, if well directed and concentrated.

We ought not to forget that the mountain torrent is noisy, and ever varying its course, whilst the little stream fertilizes the soil; that whilst meteors dance on the sky, the glimmering taper diffuses useful light; and that the glowing comet, in an extended course, is of little benefit to mankind, whilst the moon's calm light dispels the midnight darkness.

E. J. J.

POVERTY AND MISFORTUNE FAVOURABLE TO LETTERS.

OF this truth the ingenious volumes of the Family Library, which detail the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, afford numerous illustrations.—Erasmus, Kepler, and Schæffer laboured under the most disheartening poverty. Wolfgang Masculus sang ballads through the country, and begged his way from door to door, in order to purchase the means of commencing study; and William Postellus, on his road to Paris, was in such a destitute condition, that he assisted at harvest, in order to raise the means of proceeding; yet these two have obtained extraordinary characters as learned men. Sebastian Castalio, author of an elegant Latin version of the Scriptures, was for many years so poor that he laboured whole days in the fields, in order to obtain the means of subsistence. Pope Adrian VI. was the son of a humble bargeman, and, when at school, had such a scanty allowance as to be unable to purchase candles whereby to study at night.

Claude Lorraine was an apprentice to a pastry-cook. Salvator Rosa was, in the early part of his life, so poor, from the circumstance of his being obliged to support his mother and family, that, after finishing a picture, he was scarcely able to purchase the canvass for another. "It is related of the painter, Joseph Ribera, commonly called Lo Spagnoletto, that, after having for some time pursued his art at Rome in great indigence, he was patronized by one of the cardinals, who, giving him apartments in his palace, enabled him to live at his ease; but that, after a while, finding himself growing indolent amidst his new comforts and luxuries, he actually withdrew himself from their corrupting influence, and voluntarily returned to poverty and labour—thus exhibiting the choice of Hercules in real life, and verifying the beautiful fiction of Xenophon."

Miles Davies, a writer on antiquities, is said to have hawked his productions himself from door to door. The Rev. William Davy affords an extraordinary instance of perseverance. Wishing to publish his "System of Divinity," but finding that it would cost two thousand pounds, a sum beyond his means, he actually turned printer himself, and, with a quantity of cast-off type [he, after thirteen years' of unremitting toil, finished the publication of his work, which extended to twenty-six vols. 8vo, of nearly 500 pages each.

Even exile and imprisonment, depressing as they are to the spirits, have not damped the literary and scientific ardour of some individuals. Ovid spent the last years of his life in banishment among barbarians, after being stripped of his possessions, yet some of the finest of his works were written at that period. Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy," a work deservedly admired, was written while its author was confined, and under sentence of death. Buchanan commenced his Latin version of the Psalms whilst lying in prison. Cervantes wrote his "Don Quixote," in confinement. Tasso produced several of his ablest pieces whilst shut up in a monastery, under the imputation of being deranged. The French translation of the Scriptures was commenced by the author, Le Maistre, in the Bastille. The celebrated Madame Roland, who perished during the Revolution, wrote her "Memoires" during the two months she spent in prison previous to her execution. Sir Walter Raleigh's extraordinary work, the "History of the World," was written in the Tower, whilst Sir Walter was expecting that death which he eventually received. Lady Jane Grey, and Queen Mary, of Scotland, both solaced the hours of their imprisonment by literary labours; and James the First of Scotland, whilst a captive in England, wrote his beautiful allegory, "The King's Quhair," which is considered the finest poem that had then been produced, with the exception of the poems of Chaucer.

THE DEAD SEA.

THE celebrated lake which occupies the site of Sodom and Gomorrah, is called in Scripture, the Dead Sea. Among the Greeks and Latins it is known by the name of Asphaltites, the Arabs denote it Bahar Loth, or sea of Lot. M. de Chateaubriand does not agree with those who conclude it to be the crater of a volcano: for, having seen Vesuvius, Solfatara, the Peake of the Azores, and the extinguished volcanoes of

Auvergne, he remarked in all of them the same characters: that is to say, mountains excavated in the form of a tunnel, lava and ashes, which exhibited incontestable proof of the agency of fire. The Salt Sea, on the contrary, is a lake of great length, curved like a bow, placed between two ranges of mountains, which have no mutual coherence of form, no similarity of composition. They do not meet at the two extremities of the lake; but while the one continues to bound the Valley of Jordan, and to run northward as far as Tiberias, the other stretches away to the south till it loses itself in the sands of Yemen. There are, it is true, hot springs, quantities of bitumen, sulphur, and asphaltus; but these of themselves are not sufficient to attest the previous existence of a volcano.—With respect indeed to the engulfed cities; if we adopt the idea of Michaelis and of Busching, physics may be admitted to explain the catastrophe, without offence to religion. According to their views, Sodom was built upon a mine of bitumen; a fact which is ascertained by the testimony of Moses and Josephus, who spake of the wells of naphtha in the valley of Siddim. Lightning kindled the combustible mass, and the guilty cities sank in the subterraneous conflagration. Malte Brun ingeniously suggested that Sodom and Gomorrah themselves may have been built of bituminous stones, and thus have been set in flames by the fire from heaven.

According to Strabo, there were thirteen towns swallowed up in the Lake Asphaltites; Stephen of Byzantium reckons eight; the book of Genesis, while it names five, as situated in the Vale of Siddim, relates the destruction of two only; four are mentioned in Deuteronomy, and five are mentioned by the author of Ecclesiasticus.

The marvellous properties usually assigned to the Dead Sea by the earlier travellers have vanished, upon a more rigid investigation. It is known that bodies sink, or float upon it, in proportion to their specific gravity, and that, although the water is so dense as to be favourable to swimmers, no security is to be found against the common accident of drowning. Josephus, indeed, asserts that Vespasian, in order to ascertain the fact now mentioned, commanded a number of his slaves to be bound hand and foot, and thrown into the deepest part of the lake; and that so far from any of them sinking, they all maintained their places on the surface until it pleased the Emperor to have them taken out.—But this anecdote, although perfectly consistent with truth, does not justify all the

rences which have been drawn from it. "Being willing to make an experiment," says Maundrell, "I went into it, and found that it bore up my body, in swimming, with an uncommon force ; but as for that relation of some authors, that men wading into it were buoyed up to the top as soon as they got as deep as the middle, I found it, upon trial, not true."—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

HABITS AND CUSTOMS OF THE
ABYSSINIANS.

THEIR manner of dancing consists rather in the motion of the shoulders and head than in that of the legs or feet. When several dance at a time, they move round in a ring. The men jump a great height at times, while the women sink down by degrees, making motions with the head, shoulders, and breast, until they nearly squat on the ground. They afterwards spring up in a lively manner, and go round as before.

The Abyssinians, while they profess to be rigid followers of the Christian faith, are yet ignorant of the greater part of its precepts ; which arises chiefly from the want of a good example being shewn to them by those of the superior class. The heads of their clergy are in general the greatest drinkers in the whole country, and at feasts, the quantity of raw meat which they consume, and the ravenous manner in which they devour it, exceeds all belief ; indeed, they behave more like drunken beasts, when in company, than civilized beings.

Notwithstanding the libertine conduct of the Abyssinians, they strictly keep all their fasts, which are very numerous, and on those days never eat or drink till about three o'clock in the afternoon, which time they compute by measuring so many lengths of the foot given by the shade of the body on level ground. This, indeed, is the only way in which they keep time in Abyssinia. Their great Lent, which commences in February, lasts fifty-six days. Their years are called after the four Evangelists—that of John is the leap-year. They reckon the number of years from the creation of the world to the birth of Christ, five thousand five hundred ; and from the birth of Christ to the present time, one thousand eight hundred and five ; the latter being about nine years short of our time. The administering of the holy sacrament is quite a public ceremony. After receiving it, they place their hands to their mouths, and go their way ; nor will they on any consideration spit that day, even if a fly by chance be drawn into the mouth by their breath, which at other times would occasion them to vomit, as they detest a fly ; and

many will not even eat or drink what a fly has been found in.

On passing a church mounted, they alight from their horse or mule, and kiss the gateway or tree in front, according to the distance they are at when passing ; and if at a distance, they take up a stone, and throw it upon a heap, which is always found on the road opposite to the church. In Abyssinia, a traveller, who sees in the wildest deserts large piles of stones, might be led to attribute the custom to the same motive which occasions similar piles to be found in Arabia, where some one has been killed and buried, and all who knew him, as they pass, throw a stone on his grave ; but this is not the case here, those stones being thrown there by Christians, who know that the nearest church lies opposite to the spot : and on this account an Abyssinian traveller, when he sees such a pile of stones, knows that he is opposite to a church, and, in consequence, kisses the pile, and adds another stone to the heap. The priests are numerous beyond belief.

There are priests and deacons, who go about to the different towns, or residences of chiefs, where they find employment in teaching children to read. Their school is held generally in a churchyard or in some open place near it, sometimes before the residence of the master, and in that case, during the rains, they are all crowded up in a small dark hut, learning prayers by word of mouth from the master, instead of from a book. When a boy is somewhat advanced in learning, he is made to teach the younger ones. However few the scholars, the master has in general great trouble with them, and, in addition to the ordinary punishments, numbers are constantly obliged to be kept in irons. The common way of punishing scholars is as follows : the schoolmaster stands over them with a wax taper, which cuts as severely as a whip, while five or six boys pinch the offender's legs and thighs ; and, if they spare him, the master gives them a stroke with the taper ; but the correction considered most effective for these young Abyssinian rogues, is that of having irons put upon their legs for many months together, which, in one instance I knew, proved fatal. It was a grown Agow boy, about thirteen years of age, who had more than once contrived to get his irons off, and desert from the school ; for which the master, by desire of the parents, put so heavy a pair of irons upon his ankles, that he found it impossible to get them off : and this enraged him so much, that he drew his large knife, cut his own throat, and soon afterwards expired.

Funeral Ceremonies.—The priests came, and the customary prayers were read, and my poor child was carried away to be buried, his mother following in a distracted manner. After the funeral, the people returned to my house, and, when they had cried for a half an hour, I begged they would leave off, and let me have a little rest, as I found myself unwell. They complied, and left me with only a few friends; but in a few minutes, the people of Antalo, my acquaintances, hearing of my misfortunes, came flocking, and began their cry; and I was obliged to sit and hear the name of my dead boy repeated a thousand times, with cries that are inexpressible, whether feigned or real. Though no one had so much reason to lament as myself, I could never have shown my grief in so affected a manner, though my heart felt much more.

Before the cry was over, the people with *devves* were standing in crowds about my house, striving who should get in first; and the door was entirely stopped up, till at last my people were obliged to keep the entrance clear by force, and let only one at a time into the house. Some brought twenty or thirty cakes of bread, some a jar of maze, some cooked victuals, fowls and bread, some a sheep, &c.; and in this manner I had my house filled so full, that I was obliged to go out into the yard until things were put in order, and supper was ready. The head-priest came with a jar of maze and a cow. What neighbours and acquaintances bring in the manner above mentioned, is called *devves*. The bringers are all invited to eat with you; they talk and tell stories, to divert your thoughts from the sorrowful subject; they force you to drink a great deal; but I remarked, that, at these cries, when the relatives of the deceased become a little tranquil in their minds, some old woman, or some person who can find no one to talk to, will make a dismal cry, saying, "Oh, what a fine child! and is he already forgotten?" This puts the company into confusion, and all join in the cry, which perhaps will last half an hour, during which the servants and common people standing about will drink out all the maze, and when well drunk, will form themselves into a gang at the door, and begin their cry; and if their masters want another jar of maze to drink, they must pour it out themselves, their servants being so drunk that they cannot stand. In this manner they pass away a day, without taking rest.

I must say, however, that the first part of the funeral is very affecting: and the only fault I can find is, that they bury the dead the instant they expire. If a grown

person of either sex, or a priest, is by them when they expire, the moment the breath departs, the cries and shouts which have been kept up for hours before, are recommenced with fury; the priests read prayers of forgiveness while the body is washed, and the hands put across one another upon the lower part of the belly, and tied to keep them in that position, the jaws tied as close as possible, the eyes closed, the two great toes tied together, and the body is wrapped in a clean cloth and sewed up, after which the skin called *meet*, the only bed an Abyssinian has to lie upon, is tied over the cloth, and the corpse laid upon a couch and carried to the church, the bearers walking at a slow pace. According to the distance of the house from the church, the whole route is divided into seven equal parts; and when they come to the end of every seventh part, the corpse is set down, and prayers of forgiveness offered to the Supreme Being for the deceased. Every neighbour helps to dig the grave, bringing his own materials for the purpose, and all try to outwork one another. Indeed, when a stranger happens to die where he has no acquaintances, numbers always flock to assist in burying him; and many of the townspeople will keep an hour's cry, as if they had been related.

There is no expense for burying, every one assisting his neighbour, as I have above mentioned. But the priests demand an exorbitant sum, from those who have property, for prayers of forgiveness; and I have seen two priests quarrelling over the cloth of a poor dead woman, the only good article she had left. If a man dies and leaves a wife and child, the poor woman is drained of the last article of value she possesses, to purchase meat and drink for those priests, for six months after her misfortune, otherwise they would not bestow a prayer upon her husband, which would disgrace her and render her name odious amongst the populace. In this manner I have known many families ruined. An Agow servant of Mr. Coffin's, who had been left behind with me on account of ill health, died at Chelicut where he had formerly taken a wife; and the little wages he had saved had enabled him and his wife to keep a yoke of oxen, she having a piece of land of her own. Knowing the man to be very poor, and the great regard he had for his master, I was induced to give a fat cow and a jar of maze to the priests, to pray for the poor man's soul. This they took, and the poor woman made what corn she had into bread and beer for them; after which they refused to keep their weekly *fettart* (prayers of forgive-

ness) for one month, unless she paid them more; to complete which, and to satisfy these wretches, she was obliged to sell her two oxen; and the poor woman was again reduced to work and labour hard with the pickaxe.—*Life and Adventures of Nathaniel Pearce.*

PATRICK O'CONNOR.

A Narrative.

(Concluded from page 530.)

FOR some time, the words of his father, whom, notwithstanding all, he dearly loved, had a visible effect upon the mind and actions of Arthur, insomuch that, at the time, he resolved to relinquish the acquaintance he had formed altogether.

Had this determination been immediately followed up, all would again have been well; but, alas! when resolutions are formed in our own strength, what are they good for? It is from this cause that, of so many which are daily formed, so few are carried into execution.

It was precisely thus with Arthur. He formed, indeed, his resolution, but failed to implore the guidance of Him whom his father worshipped, and without whom his conscience told him nothing could be done. The consequence was, that, when Maurice next presented himself, however the inward monitor might urge him, he wanted sufficient firmness and courage to withstand boldly; and thus, ere many weeks had passed, they were together as frequently, if not oftener than before.

As is always the case, a sad reverse of things was soon observable by all who knew the cottage. There was no longer that exact uniformity which had characterized all its proceedings. The quiet beauty of household love, and household piety, was marred. Not a day rolled on, not a table was spread, or prayer offered up, unembittered by the recollection that one of the formerly so happy family had thrown a cloud of sorrow over the rest; and the old man began in some measure to feel the strong ties which bound him to his home loosened. But this was not all. The reputation he had obtained among his neighbours for skill and management in business was on the decline; himself was growing aged, and incapable of labouring as he had done; and it may easily be imagined, that Arthur's intimacy with Halloran, carried on as it was in direct opposition to the wishes of his best friends, produced no very salutary effects. For it always happens, that acts of disobedience grow every day stronger,

by the influence of temptation; and each step of advancement in the course of sin, makes the heart firmer to withstand every good thought and work.

So long as any hope of amendment appeared, Patrick held his peace as much as possible; constantly, however, and earnestly, praying for the welfare of his son, and keeping a steady eye upon all his movements: but when the consequences of neglect and disobedience became too serious to be overlooked; when he could not avoid seeing that the longer things went on thus, the harder they would become to ameliorate, he resolved to exercise the authoritative interference of a parent, and accordingly took the earliest opportunity, when alone, of declaring his intentions. "Arthur," he began, "I am the father who has nourished and preserved you; from your earliest infancy till now, I have ever been watchful over your steps with an anxious eye and a prayerful heart. Tell me, have you ever seen aught in me which warrants on your part a disobedience of precept, and removal of affection?"

Arthur was silent.

He continued. "It is time, Arthur, that some change should take place; you have resolved to hear no warning voice, no friendly advice, as regards that Halloran; you have caused your parents to eat the bread of bitterness, and shed the tear of sorrow; to which things, ere you occasioned them, they were happy strangers. Your duties both to God and man are neglected, the confidence and love of a father and mother, which you have ever proved unabating and sincere, have been rejected, for the society of one whom the world has pronounced a villain!"

"The falsehood of the world, Sir," replied Arthur, "renders it more necessary that some one should stand up for those whom it belies. Maurice Halloran is my friend; however he may have acted towards others, he has been kind to me, and I scorn to relinquish a true friend to gratify the caprice of those whose tyranny I may be in some measure forced to undergo."

"Tyranny!" ejaculated O'Connor. "Arthur, Arthur! hold, provoke me not—but God will support me," he added, as if the Being whose name he uttered had suddenly shed a gleam of comfort over his mind. "But, oh! how can a father bear, after years of affection, days of watching, and nights of prayer, in behalf of his child, dearer to him than even life itself, to hear all those cares and anxieties called by that child, tyranny! God pardon thee, my son."

Arthur was somewhat moved at this display of his father's feelings, and he would fain have promised never to vex him again; but pride and resentment kept him silent.

"Did I not," said the old man, "feel well assured, that Heaven intends all for my good, I should be inclined to marvel at your conduct; so wicked, so unnatural, has it become. But you make not God your friend; you delight not in his ways: how then can it be otherwise? But hear me, Arthur, for your mother's and your sister's sake, for my own sake, and for the happiness' sake of us all, unless you wholly alter your conduct, I cannot allow you a place under this roof. For ages, the humble dwelling of O'Connor has been a dwelling of peace, and I should consider myself unfaithful to the memory of my departed ancestors, did I suffer any, how dear soever he might be, to inhabit here, who could break that peace which has so long blest us."

Arthur's rebellious spirit was roused. "Nay, Sir," was his brief and passionate reply, "if the presence of your son in your house is a stumbling-block to your happiness, know that he can soon exchange it for one far more agreeable, far more inviting."

"May God grant," earnestly replied the old man, "may God of his mercy grant, that wherever you go you may find as heartfelt a welcome, and as fond friends to greet you, as you would, were you a dutiful child, in your father's dwelling."

With these words they parted.—But the morrow discovered what effect they had produced upon the mind of Arthur. When the time came for the family to assemble, he was absent, and the day passed away without seeing or hearing any tidings of him. After waiting for some time without success, for his return, Patrick endeavoured to overcome his own feelings by soothing those of his wife and daughter. "Let us hope," he said, "that he may yet return, and all shall then be well; let us pray also." Thus saying, the old man knelt with his afflicted family before the throne of grace, and implored forgiveness for the wandering child who had so deeply fallen! If ever the offering of a father's prayer, mixed with the mother's and the sister's tears, were acceptable in the sight of Heaven, it was when this sorrowful family poured out their sorrows at the feet of Him who can pity the meanest of his creatures, and bring them in his own due time to rejoice in the deliverance he has wrought for them!

Weeks, months, passed away,—Arthur came not, neither was Maurice Halloran

ever seen near the cottage. O'Connor bore the desertion of his son in a manner consistent with his character as a Christian; he was, moreover, a man of strong nerve, and whatever sorrow Arthur's conduct might cause him, (and much, very much, it undoubtedly did,) yet he considered that his wife and remaining child demanded his attention; he therefore buried his grief as much as possible in his own bosom, that he might the more easily act the part of a comforter to those who now doubly needed his care.

With Alice O'Connor the case was far otherwise. Adorning in all things the gospel of her Saviour, and living in an implicit obedience to its requirements, she was yet one of those tender lambs of his fold, who cannot always fathom the depth of his love and power. Arthur was her first-born, her beloved son, and to part with him under any circumstances would have caused unspeakable grief; but she would rather have seen him laid in the grave, cut off with hope and youth yet green upon his brow, than thus led away by one whom she knew to be a determined villain. The calamity was more than she could bear; her mind could not withstand the shock, and her bodily health by degrees became so enfeebled, that, to all human appearance, she could not long continue a sojourner in this vale of tears.

This was another severe trial for Patrick, to see his beloved wife hastening to the land where all things are forgotten: but even here he murmured not! He had yet left him a beauteous, a dutiful daughter, and he felt her to be a blessing he scarcely deserved. But was his cup of bitterness yet full? It was not!—The time was come when every earthly hope and earthly idol was to be destroyed, and he was to learn, when all the joys of sense were departed, to walk alone in the light of humble and submissive faith.

It happened one morning, about six months after Arthur's departure, that Catharine was required to proceed to a neighbouring town in order to procure some medicines for her afflicted mother. "We must leave nothing undone," said her father, as she prepared for her journey, "which affords us a hope of relieving thy poor mother, but God only knows, and, if he see fit, it belongs not to me to resist his will; yet the weight of sorrow hangs heavily on thy father's heart."

Catharine proceeded on her way; and her father entered the chamber of sickness, (for Alice seldom now left her room,) where he spent the hours in reading and

prayer, till it was nearly time for his daughter's return. She came not,—and a shadow of uneasiness passed across his breast when the village clock told the hour of noon, and Catharine was not at home.—Anxiously he waited; what could have detained her so long? Afternoon — evening came, but brought her not with them! It could no longer be borne: the wretched father set on foot to the town, where the only information he could gain was, that she had been, and received the medicines for her mother; but what became of her afterward he could not learn, nor did it appear that she had been seen by any one returning, although, on her way to the town, many persons, whose habitations she had passed, both saw and recognized her!

What unutterable grief did the poor old man now experience; it seemed as if, when compared with this, all his former troubles were as nothing. His son had departed from him;—his wife was on the bed of sickness, perchance of death;—and now his dear beloved daughter, who promised afterwards, when all else was dark, to shine upon him; like the rainbow to his sorrows,—she too was gone! but how? Alas! the depth of his affliction was increased, by the ignorance of the manner of her departure. This could not be borne.—Stroke upon stroke had fallen upon these humble ones, and one was about to sink under them. The bitterness of death was in the cottage! It was feared that the first tidings of her daughter's disappearance would have sent Alice to another world; for a short time, however, she revived, and lay mingling her tears with prayers, in behalf of those so dear to her, though now she knew not where. But it was not long! The fond partner—the doating, the heart-broken mother,—the humble, yet bleeding Christian,—was hastening to the mansions of her Father: another golden sun had not sunk beneath the western hills, when Alice O'Connor had reached that distant shore, where the joy of a moment can afford abundant compensation for all the ills of earth.

And now behold Patrick O'Connor, a lone miserable man, reft of each endearing tie which fettered him to earth and home; without a friend to comfort him in his affliction! Oh, what a feeling of utter desolation is that, when the heart, which has long been used to lean sweetly upon the fond objects which surrounded it, is suddenly and rudely torn from all its joys, and left to bleed alone, without a kind hand to bind it up, without one resting-place where the wings of hope might fold them-

selves and be at peace. But there is a voice which speaks peace to every troubled soul; and doubtless in the midst of all his misery, Patrick heard the soft breathings of that voice within, saying unto him, "This is the way, walk thou in it." That voice may be unheeded in the hours of sunshine and pleasure; but when the cloud of adversity is drawn across the horizon of the Christian, he feels, in its full force, the blessedness of that inward peace which comes from his God.

For a long time it went thus with him; and although the blanched cheek, the heavy sigh, and bitter tear, at times bespoke the bosom's utmost woe, yet in general he was calm: perhaps his nature might sometimes struggle with his resignation, but it could easily be seen from his ordinary deportment, that it did not obtain undue influence over him. He prayed much; and prayer always bears a man up when nothing else can, for seldom does an afflicted soul sincerely and humbly pour out its cares before its heavenly Father, but it feels as if an angel were sent from heaven to comfort it.

But the sad and settled serenity of his mind was yet again to be disturbed;—his only consolation now was, to meditate in secret upon the former happiness of his life, and contrast it with his present misery: but even this was ere long to be denied him; he was called upon to suffer yet more, that his crown, in the end, might be yet brighter.

He was sitting one evening at his cottage-door, with the book of the Lamb open upon his knee: he had been reading that passage of his Divine Master's, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am," when he was suddenly interrupted in his solitude by the appearance of a man whose steps seemed directed towards the place where he was sitting, and whom he knew to be a servant of Mr. Halloran. When he was come near the outside of the long paling which surrounded the small cottage garden, he respectfully saluted the old man, and asked him in a faltering tone whether he had heard the news? On the quick and abrupt reply of Patrick in the negative, he seemed perplexed, as one who is desirous of communicating something he scarcely knows how to disclose. After a short pause, however, he began by cautioning O'Connor to be calm, as he was the bearer of bad tidings to him. The thought flashed across Patrick's breast like lightning; starting from his seat, and rushing wildly forward, he frantically exclaimed, "Man, if thou bringest aught concerning me or mine, speak,

I conjure thee ! Let me know all : O, my son, my son !”

The worst supposition which arose in Patrick's bosom, was, that Arthur, by some means or other, was no more. Although impatience of control had forced him from his home, although pride and obstinacy prevented his return, yet he never once conceived in it the slightest degree possible that Arthur would be led on to crime. Alas ! how little did he think, how soon, in the society of the wicked, the virtuous impressions which years of care have stamped upon the heart, and years of prayer have watered, are defaced, and obliterated for ever.

Judge then, the feelings of a father, when by degrees the fatal truth was developed, that the life of old Mr. Halloran had been attempted—attempted by Arthur !

“Great God support me !” exclaimed Patrick, as he staggered into the cottage, and for some time the intensity of his feelings forbade him to speak or move. On being, however, somewhat recovered, he entreated the man to disclose all he knew of the matter, which, after a while, he did in as gentle a manner as he could.

It appeared, that when Arthur left his home, he removed at some distance, to a place provided by Maurice Halloran, and unknown to all but him. The motive of Maurice in thus decoying away his friend, and furnishing him with a place of abode, was unknown ; but it was generally believed, that he had some great object in view, to the accomplishment of which he designed Arthur as the instrument. But they had of late been less together than formerly, for Maurice had continued much at home, and manifested less desire to wander from it than he had done for many years. In his father's eyes this change seemed altogether for the better, and he hoped that his son, if not from any virtuous principle, at least from satiety and disgust, had begun to renounce the pursuits in which he had hitherto found pleasure.

Other persons, however, thought differently, and the gloomy sulkiness which took the place of former cheerfulness, added to a great dislike of hearing the name of O'Connor mentioned in his presence, gave many a strong persuasion that all was not right. Nothing, however, occurred till the sad transaction which involved Arthur in guilt and misery, and deprived a wretched father of the only dim ray of hope he could faintly dare to cherish in the world, that his son might one day be graciously influenced by the spirit of righteousness to retrace his

former paths of good conduct and happiness.

This was a still harder blow than any of the former ; at least, Patrick thought it such. His family had been afflicted, almost extinguished, yet never, till this fatal day, had a shadow of infamy and disgrace been cast upon it ; but now one of its members was branded with the name even of murderer, for there appeared no doubt of Arthur's guilt, since both Maurice Halloran, and a servant who accompanied him, were with the old gentleman at the time, and distinctly saw Arthur aim the blow.

When the old man was left to himself and his misery, pride, indignation, and parental affection by turns took possession of his mind ; the latter, however, soon overcame all besides, and he resolved upon visiting his son in confinement.

Thus resolved, the first beams of morning beheld him on his way to the county town, which was distant about twenty miles. Much rain had fallen during the night. The wind blew cold and piercing, while he journeyed on with a heavy heart. After a “long and wearisome way,” he arrived at the place of his destination, almost exhausted by the fatigue he had undergone. But how were his feelings again called painfully into action, when he beheld the dark walls of the prison, and knew that they held within their gloomy precincts his only—long-lost son ! It was long ere he could summon sufficient courage to ring at the ponderous and iron-bound gate ; and when he had so done, and was conducted across the prison court, on his way to the cell of his son, it was with difficulty he could suppress the strong emotions which agitated him, so as to walk steadily along. His conductor at length unlocked a small but strong door, and discovered to the old man the being whom he had come to seek, seated in gloom and despondency upon the foot of a low bedstead. The man immediately retired, after having named an hour as the longest period they would be permitted to continue together.

Arthur's face was buried in his hands, as if he felt ashamed to meet the sorrowful glance of a parent whom he had so bitterly grieved. The old man placed himself beside his wretched son, on the miserable pallet, and they formed a mournful picture of that utter desolation and distress which absorbs every other sense and feeling, but which it is not in the power of words even feebly to portray ! Patrick was the first to break silence,—“O my son, my son !—wherefore hast thou done thus ?—”

come not to upbraid thee,—there is one who ordereth all things, and to Him will I pray,—in Him will I trust. But there is one thing I would ask,—O, Arthur, thy father is not as he once was! he stands before thee, a miserable, heart-broken man. Yet, if thou hast aught remaining in thee of pity or love for the author of thy being, tell me if thou knowest ought of thy sister?"

But Arthur spoke not, nor relapsed from his position; a convulsive squeeze of the hand was all his father could obtain to his many and earnest inquiries. At length the time came to separate, and the old man returned to his solitary home, but little comforted by the interview with his son.

It went on thus till the time arrived which was publicly to decide whether Arthur had been really guilty of the crime with which he was charged. The morning came, and saw old Patrick stationed at the door of the public court, where the fate of his child was to be sealed. His demeanour was calm and lofty, and those who knew him, remarked in his countenance, such an aspect of firm resolve and settled serenity as appeared almost supernatural. Perhaps that good and gracious Being whom he trusted in, had given his servant a portion of strength equal to his day, and consoled his heart with that peace, of which the world knows nothing, and which can make the darkest hour a season of tranquillity and thankfulness.

Thus it seemed to be, for as the trial went on, his countenance was not seen to change, nor his eye to lose its beam of patience and resignation, save when it was occasionally lifted up in speechless supplication, and seemed to catch a ray from that heaven to which it looked.

The principal witnesses were Maurice Halloran and his servant, who both positively swore that they saw Arthur spring from his hiding place in the shrubbery which surrounded "the house," and attack Mr. Halloran with a weapon resembling a small dagger, or some other sharp instrument. Both being certain as to the identity of the prisoner, there was no further need of evidence to convict him. The judge, in his charge to those who were chosen to pronounce the verdict of life or death on their fellow-creature, dwelt strongly upon the seeming clearness of Arthur's guilt, and the aggravation it received from the consideration, that Maurice Halloran had befriended and supported him. In short, it seemed so plain, that all other proceeding was unnecessary, and the jury were on the point of recording their verdict against the

culprit, when a piercing shriek was heard, which rang through the whole assembly. It was succeeded by a confused noise without the court, which was soon caught up by those within, as a female, pale and emaciated, made her way wildly through the crowd, and presented herself at the witness-box:—it was Catharine!

Oh! what were the feelings of those who saw the old man at that moment! how was all the past forgotten, when the long-lost form of his cherished one stood before him. "My child, my child!" was all he could utter, and he sunk on his seat overcome by the intensity of his joy!

Meanwhile, the meek one, whose sudden appearance had so changed the order of the proceedings, modestly requested that as she had important intelligence to communicate, she might be admitted as a witness. Her request was granted, and it will be seen how she was made an humble instrument in the hands of her God to detect the guilty, and rescue the innocent.

She stated, that on arriving at the town, on the day when she left her father's cottage, she was met by her brother, who, under promise of returning home with her, had induced her to accompany him to a small house in a retired part of the town, where he lived under the eye and support of Maurice Halloran; that when she arrived there, Maurice himself was present; and that when she reminded Arthur of his promise to return with her home, Halloran not only refused to permit him to go, but also expressed his determination of detaining her. Arthur remonstrated with him, but to no purpose; and she remained there, watched narrowly, and subject to the indelicate addresses of Maurice, who protested that all his proceedings were influenced by the love he bore her; but that she had been enabled to resist his importunities, although she suffered much from his repeated attacks.

She continued thus for some time, till the close and frequent consultations of her brother and his friend, excited her suspicions that something dreadful was in agitation, and she resolved, if it were possible, to become acquainted with it. Accordingly, from time to time she listened to their discourse, but it was carried on in such low tones, that she could gain no desirable information, till one night, long after she had retired to the small apartment which was appropriated to her use, when, supposed to be fast bound in slumber, she heard Maurice speaking in an unusually high tone.—She listened,—they were talking quick and confusedly, though loud, and she distinctly

heard the words,—wealth—murder—blood,—repeated by Maurice.

For some time they communed thus, and Catharine, taking courage, approached near the door which led into their council chamber, but what was her surprise, her agony, when she heard Halloran binding her brother, by an oath too dreadful to be repeated, never to disclose what he had just communicated. Of the nature of the communication she was ignorant; but from the few detached expressions she could gather, it was evidently an horrible one. She, therefore, resolved to be on the alert, if by any means she could be able to prevent it.

Not long after this, Halloran was again closeted with Arthur, after which he departed, and his visits were less frequent; till, one day, Arthur came hastily, and told her of his being called for by his friend to accompany him on a journey, and that a servant of Maurice's would remain in the house during his departure, which she knew was to guard her, lest she should make her escape. She prayed that the man might not be allowed to interrupt her privacy in her own room; which request was easily obtained. But no sooner had her brother left the house, and was out of sight, than she found means to depart from the window, and follow him on foot at a distance to her native village,—that she saw him enter a wood near "the house," with Maurice, and he appeared to be in the act of entreating him. They were soon joined by the servant, who had given evidence. The three then retired. In a short time old Halloran rode by, and when he arrived at the spot where they had concealed themselves, Maurice rushed out and smote his father with a bright weapon. A struggle ensued, in which it seemed to her that the old man wounded his assailant in the hand. Maurice was much disguised, and had she not frequently seen him before in the same dress, she should not have known him. She had the weapon with her, for it was left on the ground, and she had preserved it, thinking it might serve to confirm her testimony.

Old Mr. Halloran was by far too unwell to attend, but he expressed his conviction, that he should not know the assassin, as he was very much disguised, though he had wounded him somewhere.

The weapon proved to be a large knife, which being shown to the different persons in the court, was about to be returned, when a servant of Mr. Halloran's, (the man who had visited Patrick at his cottage,) requested to see it. On examining it closely, he asserted that he had lent the same to his

young master 'on the morning of the day when the affair had happened. Maurice contemptuously desired to look at it, but, on stretching forth his arm to take it, a large scar was observable on the palm of his hand!

The rest of the tale may be briefly told. Maurice, a fiend incarnate, had resolved to take away the life of his own parent, that his wealth might the sooner be his. He had bound Arthur by a most horrible oath, never to disclose what he was about to do, but kept him ignorant to the last what that deed was, and Arthur knew it not till he actually saw the son spring upon his parent.

Nothing could save Maurice from suffering the punishment which his crime deserved;—he died ignominiously—he died hardened!—His old father never recovered, but soon followed his son to the grave.

Arthur returned to his father's cottage, and lived with the old man till the time of his death.—He never married, but spent his days in acts of kindness towards his parent, and of repentance for the errors he had committed.

Catharine, the gentle, faithful Catharine, also ministered to the wants of her father; and even after the honest man, who had comforted her father in his solitude, and so boldly stood forth at the trial, visited the cottage again, and after a while gained her heart and consent, and was made happy by having for a wife one who proved herself all he could desire, she never forsook her aged father.—Patrick's latter days were spent in peace, the past was forgotten, and he died old and full of years, to the end of of his pilgrimage praising Him who had brought him out of much tribulation, and rendered him fitter for heaven, by giving him, while on earth, "the bread of sorrow, and plenteousness of tears to drink."

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE mean temperature of October was 52 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. The maximum, which was 64 degrees, occurred on the 4th, when the direction of the wind was south-westerly: the minimum of 40 degrees took place on the 20th, with a northerly wind. The range of the thermometer was 24 degrees, and the prevailing wind south-west. The direction of the wind has been south-westerly 12½ days; south-easterly 4½; southerly 3½; north-westerly 3; westerly 2½; northerly 2½; north-easterly 2½; and easterly ¾.

Rain has fallen on 16 days, and 10 have been accompanied with wind; on the 5th

and 8th considerable gales occurred ; the former from the south-west, and the latter from the west. Heavy dews were deposited during six nights ; on the morning of the 20th hoar frost was observed on the roofings and herbage, and on the 21st, 22d, and 23d, on the herbage only ; the evenings of the 20th and 27th were foggy, also the mornings of the 25th and 27th ; on the 23d the crysanthemum was observed coming in-to flower.

POETRY.

[For the Imperial.]

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF THE REV. THOMAS STANLEY,

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HIS BROTHER, THE REV. JACOB STANLEY, OF BATH.

By Joshua Marsden.

"Unceremonious fate !
"As many die as sudden, not as safe."
YOUNG.

GOOD STANLEY dies, and all must die ;
But he was *hurried* to the sky,
Without premonishment you state,
And deprecate such sudden fate.

And thus we *judge*, and thus we err,
When we a *ling'ring* death prefer ;
'Tis wiser to desire the stroke,
By which life's tie *at once* is broke.

Or leave it as the Lord ordains,
To choose the moment and the means :
The midnight hour, or noon-day bell,
So I am safe, the rest is well.

Whether 'tis best, when death begins,
To pull the life-tent's vital pins ;
Or one by one unscrew them out,
By stone, consumption, fever, gout.

An hour may end the mortal strife,
A pang may cut the knot of life,
The "silver cord" that binds the soul,
And break in twain the "golden bowl."

An apoplexy may dispense
The loss of motion, life, and sense ;
And, ere I feel a minute ill,
The weary wheels of life stand still.

I may in health lie down at night,
And, ere the morning, take my flight
Across the line, through mercy's gate,
To a pure beatific state.

But let me die in street or fair,
Beneath the *dog-star* or the *bear* ;
'Mid weeping friends in melting mood,
Or strangers callous, cold, and rude :

'Tis nought to me to lose the tear
Of sympathy, if Christ be near ;
From ev'ry region, ev'ry zone,
There is a *pathway* to the throne.

No matter whether poor or rich,
I die in palace, hall, or ditch,
If, when I lay me down to rest,
I soar to glory, and am blest.

But what have I wherein to trust ?
When "earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Concludes the song, and ends the tale,
And shifts me from this mortal yale.

I have what STANLEY had, I trow,
The Cross inscribed upon my brow ;
A *sinner's* hope, a *mourner's* plea—
O God, be merciful to me !

No *sinless* works have I to plead,
No life, the model of my creed ;
Till wash'd, my fairest deeds are dross,
Hence, all my refuge is the Cross.

Here, here, I rest, confide, rely ;
Whenever death shall cast my die,
I'll cling to that, till life is o'er,
And gasp it, till I gasp no more !

This golden key unlocks the skies—
Hence, sweetly calm the Christian dies :
Merit is but a *picklock* hope,
Forg'd in the *Conclave* by the Pope.

If Christ be mine, and I am His,
A STANLEY's *death* is sudden bliss ;
This moment tenant of a clod—
The next—in paradise with God !

JACOB ! it was no random rod,
That call'd thy brother hence to God ;
Unerring Wisdom dealt the blow,
The *rest*, thou shalt in future know.

ON THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

A STAR in the East, was beheld from afar,
An emblem divine, of the world's Morning Star ;
The sages perceiv'd, and pursued it with awe,
To the Bethlehem Babe, in a manger of straw.

The angels adore, and the wise men draw nigh,
With gold for the *Regent* who reigns in the sky ;
And *Myrrh* for the Prophet, with *Frankincense*
join'd,
For Jesus, the priest, the High Priest of mankind.

Glad tidings of joy doth his advent afford ;
A truce to the banner, a truce to the sword !
There is peace, for the temple of Janus is shut,
And good will to man, both in palace and hut.

"The Day-spring" arose, when the world was all dark,
Save some light from the law, a small glimm'ring spark ;
He flashed on the nations, from Grecia to Rome,
And spread like a morning on nature's dark gloom.

Salvation ! Salvation ! is come, O glad news !
A light to the Gentiles, the glory of Jews :
The fountain of mercy is open'd on earth,
An era of love, by Immanuel's birth.

Who waited for comfort, redemption, and grace,
In His lineaments all the Messiahship trace ;
Heaven's jewel, earth's glory, the Church's true Head,
Man's rock, rest, and refuge, hope, righteousness bread.

I see in his birth, in his life, in his love,
A trio—the lion, the lamb, and the dove ;
The lion, Jehovah ; the lamb, to atone ;
And His Spirit the dove, which he pours on his own.

Then let him, ye angels, be ever ador'd,
As author of paradise newly restor'd ;
The door that was shut by the crime of the fall,
Is open'd again, and the *birthright* of all.

'Tis open'd in heaven, his kingdom below,
A wide golden gate, to which all men may flow :
He broke the partition 'twixt Gentile and Jew,
His death heaven's price, and his life the true clue.

Behold the pure Jesus ! adore him, and gaze !
When brought to the temple, an infant of days ;
The innocent one, without blemish or flaw,
"Made of a pure Virgin, made under the Law."

Made under the Law, it was Wisdom's high will,
The curse to sustain, and its precepts fulfil;
That covenant love in pure rivers might flow,
"And man be redeem'd and adopted below."

Behold him in converse at Solima's fane,
The truth blazing forth, like "the sun after rain,"
When wondering doctors and awe-stricken seers,
Heard words from his lips that transcended his years.

The waters of Jordan a laver supplied,
And Jesus, by John, was baptized in the tide;
The voice and the dove our Messiah attest,
"Full of grace, full of truth," that mankind might be blest.

What think ye of Christ, O ye angels of light?
God clothed in clay was a mystery quite;
'Twas depth—for no plummet could bottom explore;
'Twas height—no archangel its summit could soar.

What think ye of Jesus, ye Jews? Lo! the sign
Which is spoken against, is of David's true line;
Your rise or your fall, on his heart is engrav'd,
Reject him, you're lost; but believe him, you're saved.

What think ye of Jesus, ye sages of Rome?
His birth seal'd your idols' and oracles' doom;
Your "City Eternal," his Gospel shall own,
And you're dragg'd to his bar, if not found at his throne.

What think ye of Jesus, ye infidels, now?
"Each tongue shall confess him, and every knee bow;"

If ye own not the Godhead enshrined in flesh,
Your ruin is seal'd, ye are caught in hell's mesh.

What think ye of Christ, O ye penitents, say?
The balm of your sorrow, the Life, Truth, and Way;

A source of salvation, your glory and crown,
Then bow at his birth-day, and give him renown.
Walsall. JOSHUA MARSDEN.

REVIEW.—*The Elgin Annual, for 1833.*
Edited by James Grant, of the Elgin Courier. 12mo. pp. 332. *Smith, Elder, & Co., London.*

ALTHOUGH Elgin is several degrees nearer to the north pole than London, it is not beyond the regions of vegetation, nor so far ice-bound at an early season of the year, as to prevent a pleasing flower from appearing in the gloomy month of November. In form and decorations, it is an imitation of Flora's offspring which bloom in the gardens of the metropolis; and if its colours are less brilliant, and their variegation less exquisitely arranged, it is not inferior in fragrance, nor is the odour which it yields likely to annoy our senses with any sickly sweetness. It contains six engravings, which are decently executed, but we think that Findhorn Suspension Bridge has an indisputable right to the honour of superiority.

Among the poetical compositions of this volume, various degrees of merit are perceptible; some on subjects of importance, but others on topics that are more amusing than instructive.

We learn from the preface, that all the
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prose articles have been furnished by the editor. We think that the character of these is highly respectable; nor would any among them have sunk in our estimation, if love had assumed a less prominent feature. The reader, however, must not suppose that the wings either of Venus or Cupid hover brooding over all these pages. "Highland Fidelity, a Tale of 1745," appears not only as an exception to the above observations, but as an example highly creditable to the author's descriptive powers. Our extract, though not complete, will be fully sufficient to render the tale intelligible, after a few prefatory remarks.

Two friends visiting Lock Ness, were admiring the beauty of the surrounding scenery, when an aged Highlander made his appearance. On calling his attention to the objects of their admiration, they soon discovered, that, in his view, a large heap of stones, which they had passed by with but little notice, had for him far more powerful charms, from being connected with an event which many circumstances had combined to render interesting. The stones, it appears, covered the site of a house formerly inhabited by Donald Kennedy, in which Prince Charles found refuge immediately after the decisive battle of Culloden. Of this interview, and the incidents connected with it, the old Highlander gives the following account:—

"HIGHLAND FIDELITY.

"On the night after the battle of Culloden, while Donald Kennedy was sitting at the fire with his two sons, grown up boys, beside him, and his wife was busy dressing a wound he had received in the leg, in the heat of the engagement, a timid rap was heard at the door. 'Come in,' cried Donald, 'Come in,' said his wife and two sons at once.

"Donald's wife, snatching a piece of fir in her hand, which burned on the cheek of the chimney, hastened to the door, to shew the unexpected visitor 'ben,' to the fire. Before she got the length of the door, it was partially opened, and the pale countenance of a tall figure muffled up in a coarse cloak presented itself. It looked eagerly towards the fire-side, as if afraid to enter, until it had got some idea of the character of the inmates.

"'Come in, please your honour,' said Donald's wife, as she approached the door.

"The figure, after having seemingly satisfied itself there was no particular danger, advanced towards the hearth, and sat down on a roughly-made chair, which Donald placed before the fire for the purpose.

"Donald's two boys, who were at that time of life when the mind is most apt to give credence to the stories about apparitions, which were then so current in the Highlands, stood trembling beside their father, clearly under the impression that the figure was some supernatural visitant.

"All this time the stranger had not uttered a word, but, after being seated, cast repeated looks to all corners of the house, as if uneasy lest there should be other inmates than it had yet seen. Donald broke the temporary silence which prevailed, after the mysterious visitant had taken a seat. 'It is a dark night, and not very pleasant travelling in so hilly a country as this,' said the Highland host to his guest.

“Well do I know that, for I have been travelling till I am quite exhausted,” said the stranger.

“You look very fatigued, indeed: Mary, lassie, get the worn-out gentleman a little of the ‘creature’ to refresh him,” said Donald, turning from the stranger to his wife.

“The words were hardly uttered, when the whiskey bottle was brought. ‘Take a glass, Sir; it will do you good,’ said Mary, as she held out a glass of whiskey to the stranger.

“The latter took the glass from her hand. Your good health, my woman: yours, Sir, and all your friends,” said he, as he put the liquid to his mouth. ‘Drink it out, Sir, it will do you good,’ said Donald and his wife, simultaneously. The stranger emptied the glass, and thanked his host and his wife for their hospitality. Both the latter drank to the figure’s good health.

“‘Yesterday was a sad day on Culloden Moor,’ said the stranger, moving his chair somewhat nearer the fire.

“‘It was that, your honour, for friend and foe,’ said Donald.

“‘You have been in the engagement, I presume, from the wound you have got,’ observed the stranger.

“Donald, who had from the first inferred from his guest’s manner, that he was a person belonging to the higher ranks of life, now began to surmise, that he was one of the friends of the Duke of Cumberland. He, consequently, judged it most prudent to return an evasive answer to the question. ‘A price is set upon the Pretender: it will be a wonder if he be not apprehended,’ said the stranger. Donald, on hearing the word Pretender, cast a sinister look at his guest.

“‘Have you heard of the thirty thousand pounds offered for his head, dead or alive? That will be a chance to somebody,’ resumed the stranger. ‘They have been speaking about it, I believe,’ answered the Highland-man drily.

“There was now a coolness in Donald’s manner, compared with what it was at first, which the stranger could not fail to remark. ‘I know the place of Charles’ concealment: it is not far off; if you will assist me in delivering him up to his enemies, we shall share the princely reward between us.’

“Donald, wounded though he was, started that moment to his feet, and darting to a corner of the room for his sword, returned with the weapon in his hand. ‘Sir,’ said he, his eye flashing with indignation, as he spoke, ‘Sir, thou art a dead man, rather than that thou shouldst be the means of the Prince losing his life.’ As he spoke, he drew his weapon, and was about to thrust it at the stranger, when Mary rushed in between them.

“‘Hold!’ said the stranger, ‘I am the Prince.’ And so saying, he embraced Donald, and burst into a flood of tears. ‘My friend,’ said he, as soon as the fulness of his heart allowed him to speak; ‘my friend, I only spoke thus, to see whether I was in the cottage of a friend or foe; such proofs of attachment, such noble-mindedness, are rarely to be met with in the world.’

“Donald was confounded at the disclosure. For a time he could scarcely credit the presence, in his own house, of the Prince he so much loved and venerated. Charles threw aside his cloak, and entering into familiar conversation with Donald, soon satisfied him of his identity. ‘Thy wound, then, my friend, has been got in my service,’ said the Prince. ‘It was,’ said the other. ‘Had I ten thousand lives, I would willingly have sacrificed them all for thee.’ ‘Friend, if I recover my rightful crown and dominions, thou shalt not be forgotten,’ said Charles. ‘I seek no such reward,’ said the other. ‘Donald and his wife, together with the Prince, then entered into conversation, as to the most effectual means of concealing the latter from his enemies. It was agreed that the best way would be to keep one of Donald’s sons constantly stationed in the day-time on a neighbouring eminence, whence could be seen at a great distance any suspicious persons coming in the direction of the Highland-man’s house; in which case the

young lad was to give the alarm in time for the Prince to conceal himself in a hiding-place provided for the purpose. Donald had fewer fears for the safety of his illustrious ward during the night, as a large mastiff he kept, would keep any intruders at bay after he was unchained, which he regularly was, during the Prince’s stay, immediately on its getting dark. While thus solicitously careful about Charles’ personal safety, Donald and his wife were not forgetful of his comfort, in so far as it was in their power to administer to it. They daily sent their youngest son to Inverness, a distance of fourteen miles, to procure such conveniences for him as were within the reach of their humble means. After remaining for fifteen days in Donald’s humble habitation, by which time his enemies had relaxed the rigorousness of their search for him, the Prince parted with his tried friend, and by travelling in disguise escaped to some of the western islands, whence, after waiting his opportunity, he escaped to France.

“In four years afterwards, news was received at Loch Ness side, one cold winter’s day, that a Highlandman belonging to that part of the country, was apprehended, and put into Inverness jail, charged with ‘lifting a cow’ belonging to a neighbouring laird. Who the person was, the Fort Augustus footpost could not tell. Next day, however, it was ascertained that the unfortunate Highlandman was Donald Kennedy. The sensation which the announcement of this fact created throughout the country, was most intense; for all had by this time heard of his courage in battle, as well as of the extraordinary fidelity he had shown to Charles.

“As the day of Donald’s trial advanced, public interest in his fate grew deeper and deeper. Never was the sympathy of the community, in the case of any malefactor, so strongly expressed. All knew that the offence with which Donald was charged, could be substantiated by the clearest evidence; and the only hope of his escaping the sanguinary clutches of the law, was in the possibility of a flaw being detected in the indictment. The day of Donald’s trial arrived. Never before was Inverness so crowded on any similar occasion. Strangers poured in from all quarters. The court was opened, and Donald’s trial proceeded. During the whole time it lasted, the stillness of death pervaded all present. The evidence was so clear, that the jury could not but convict, unless they chose to commit the most wilful perjury. The thing pained them beyond measure. A verdict of guilty was returned.

“The counsel for the prisoner then rose, and addressed the Bench in mitigation of punishment. He dwelt most feelingly on the extraordinary display of noble-mindedness which the panel had given in protecting the life of the Pretender, when he knew that by delivering him up he would receive a reward of £30,000; and hoped that one who had displayed so much virtue and disinterestedness would not be severely punished for an offence unaccompanied with bloodshed or violence, and to which the unhappy man had been impelled by dire necessity.

“The judge proceeded to pass sentence. The tear that glistened in his lordship’s eye, and the unusual solemnity of his appearance, told, before the words were uttered, the sentence to be pronounced. His lordship then said, that during his whole official career he never met with a case of so affecting a nature; and had the prisoner stood convicted of any other offence, murder excepted, he should have been as lenient as the law would admit; but the crime of stealing cattle being unfortunately so prevalent in that part of the country, examples were urgently called for; and as, moreover, every late case of the kind had been visited with the extreme penalty, it was his duty, however agonizing to his feelings, to sentence the prisoner at the bar to be executed that day six weeks. Sentence was pronounced accordingly.

“The passing of the sentence excited a thrill of the deepest sorrow among all present. There was scarcely a dry eye in the court.

“The hour appointed for the execution arrived.

Donald mounted the ladder with a firm step. He looked around on the assembled multitude, and after standing silent and motionless for a few minutes, as if his heart had been too full for utterance, he shortly addressed the spectators. He told them that he did not fear death, in so far as he himself was concerned; but he felt reluctant to quit the world, to leave his wife and two sons exposed to its scorn. He expressed his satisfaction that it was not for taking away the life of a human creature, or any other crime which the voice of religion or conscience pronounced to be one of a deep die,—that he was about to suffer a disgraceful death. He concluded by making one request; and none of those who were present were likely ever to forget the emphasis with which he made it, or the supplicating looks which accompanied the words. That request was, that nobody would ever ‘cast up’ to his wife or sons, the ignominious fate to which he had been doomed, and which he was about to meet. ‘If you do,’ he said, ‘you will shorten Mary’s days, and drive the fatherless lads to a country where no heather blooms.’

“He would evidently have proceeded, but the heavings of his breast choked his utterance. He dropped the signal, and in a few seconds was in another world. A deep groan simultaneously bursting from the crowd, told how deeply they felt for the unfortunate Donald.

“Such is the substance of the story which the old man we met in the Glen of Aultmore told my friend and me. It is nothing to read it, compared with hearing it drop from the lips of the old man. He had it all from his father who witnessed the execution, and who could never allude to his fate without dropping a tear. We felt deeply affected at the recital. And many a hundred times have I since thought of the illustrious fidelity of Donald Kennedy, and denounced both the law and the judge, which, for so trivial an offence as Donald afterwards committed, could have doomed him to an ignominious end.”—p. 117 to 127.

types, shadows, sacrifices, oblations, and ceremonies, which prefigured the coming Messiah, then follow, in conjunction with prophetic testimony, as lights shining more and more to the perfect day, until the great advent took place, when life and immortality were brought to light by the gospel.

Having entered this latter field, Mr. Montgomery follows the Messiah through the various stages of his incarnation, adverts to his miracles, delineates his moral character, accompanies him in his temptations and teachings, witnesses his conduct before Pilate, pursues him to Calvary, and listens to his expiring groans: the prodigies which attended his death, the convulsions of nature, the graves opening, the sun darkened, and the vail of the temple rent, call forth the poet’s boldest strains. The burial of Christ, the descent of angels, the evidences of his resurrection, and various manifestations, until his final ascent into glory, all occupy the poet’s attention, and contribute to furnish that diversity of colouring, which irradiates and gives completion to the picture.

From this historical poem, we now proceed to give a few extracts, which being almost promiscuously taken, may be considered as fair specimens of the whole. The following lines on Abraham offering his son Isaac, will be read with interest.

REVIEW.—*The Messiah; a Poem in Six Books.* By Robert Montgomery. 12mo. pp. 316. Turrill. London. 1832.

MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY has of late years taken his stand among the more respectable poets of the age; and the rapidity with which his volumes have succeeded each other, has procured for his industry a degree of attention, not less remarkable than the admiration which his talents have excited. Few, if any of his works can be said to have dropped still-born from the press, while several of them have passed through numerous editions. Of his poem on the Omnipresence of the Deity, the twelfth impression is announced, and from the reputation which this composition has acquired, it is in no danger of being hastily forgotten on the stream of time.

The Messiah derives nearly all its incidents from the sacred records. These, the author has examined with commendable fidelity, and, without indulging in any unwarrantable flights of fancy, he has found abundance of sterling materials, on which to work with a master’s hand and mind. In the early books, the offence of man which rendered redemption necessary, is delineated with perspicuous brevity; the

“Then Isaac rose,
The child of promise, the Redeemer’s type:
Upon the altar by his parent laid,
The son, the only son, whom Abram lov’d,
Yet did not spare when heaven commanded ‘slay.’
Ere the rich morning on the mountains flung
A robe of beauty, in that primest hour,
When birds are darting from the dewy ground,
And nature, soft as sleeping life, begins
To waken, and the spell of day to wear;
Unseen the patriarch and his cherish’d boy
Uprose, the sacrificial wood prepared,
And then, companion’d by his household youths,
They onward journey’d with the laden ass.
Through piny glens and green acacia vales
The pilgrims wound their unreluctant way.
Oft, as he went, upon his child adored,
The sire of future nations look’d, and thought;
And felt the father in his bosom rise,
As bound and bloody, on the altar stretch’d,
He vision’d him!—the long-hoped, destin’d son,
Who fond and dutiful had ever been,
And guiltless of a parent’s tear!—But faith
Triumphant in the power of Mercy proved.—
Twice had the sun around the pilgrims drawn
His evening veil, when o’er a distant mount,
Upon Moriah’s steep and rocky clime,
A vision of the Lord reposed, and shone,
A cloudy signal, shaped for Abram’s eye
Alone to see, and there his altar raise:
The patriarch bowed, and o’er the mountain path
Both child and parent took their solemn way;
But each was silent, for they thought of heaven.
So on they went, till at the mount ordained
Arriving, with enamour’d gaze they saw
The hills of glory capp’d with sunset hues,
And willow’d plains; and drank the balmy air,
And cool’d their foreheads in the breeze, that fell
Light as the tremor of an angel’s wing;
So still the hour, so calm the scene, that God
Himself seem’d waiting there to welcome man!

Then Isaac, when the stony altar-pile
 Beneath the shadow of a mountain tree,
 Was founded, and the hallow'd fire prepared,
 In words of unsuspecting sweetness cried,
 'My father!'—Abram answered, 'Here, my son!
 'The wood and fire behold! but where the lamb
 Of sacrifice, to crown the flaming pile?'
 Then heav'd his bosom with the love of years
 Departed, and a tear parental rose,
 As gazed he fondly on that only child,
 And far away a childless mother saw,
 Whose heart had echoed every infant cry!
 But soon the strife and soon the tear was o'er;
 To heaven he look'd, and thus to Isaac spake:
 'My son! in *this* a sacrifice the Lord
 Hath found, and—thou art dedicate to God!
 He answer'd not, but meekly knelt him down,
 And on the altar lay, a willing lamb!
 But God descended! and the hand uplift
 In glorious faith to sacrifice a child,
 Was holden, while an angel voice proclaim'd,
 'O Abram! spare thy son, thine only spare,
 And let him live, for thou art faithful found.'
 With thrilling wonder and ecstatic awe,
 Up look'd the patriarch, and, behold! a ram
 Beside him, in a woody thicket caught;
 And while it bled, again the voice sublime
 Repeated, like the roll of many storms,
 'In blessing I will bless thee! and thy seed
 The sand of ocean shall outnumber far,
 And from it spring the glory of the world!'—
 p. 9—11.

The death of Judas, Mr. Montgomery thus describes:—

"But where the vile traducer? while the doom
 Of death was passed, and Jesus, like a lamb
 To slaughter, by the savage crowd decreed,—
 Then, conscience, thy tremendous power began!
 The beauty, glory, and sublime display
 Of virtues godlike, by the sinless Christ
 Embodied, back upon his memory came;
 And in the light, intolerably pure,
 From all he did reflected, dark and deep
 The perfidy of his betrayer frown'd.
 Lashed by remorse, the council-chief he sought,
 The crime of innocence by him betrayed,
 Confessed; but when in vain his pleading guilt
 Repented, in the temple down he hurled
 The wages of iniquity, and fled
 On wings of horror!—like a maniac, wild
 And blasted, into solitude he ran.
 The ground grew fire beneath his guilty tread,
 The heaven hung o'er him like a vast reproach,
 And groans, which make the jubilee of hell,
 Heaved from his soul, so terrible and deep,
 That life seemed rushing in the sound away!
 Where rose a precipice, whose rocky gloom
 The downward waters of a torrent filled
 With mimic thunder, in chaotic roar,
 At length he stood, and on the black abyss
 Stared wildly,—then a pace withdrew,
 Looked o'er the heavens his horrible despair!
 Till nature with a ghastly dimness seemed
 Enshrouded; round him the horizon reeled,
 The earth was waning! and with hideous yell
 He seized the branches of a rock-grown tree,
 Swung from its height, and down the dizzy steep
 Sank into darkness, and was seen no more."—
 p. 216.

The preceding extracts cannot fail to give the reader a favourable idea of Mr. Montgomery's poetical talents, his application of them, and also of the poem before us. The language is uniformly harmonious, brightened with perspicuity, and fortified with vigour. The sentiments inculcated, in general, appear under the sanction of divine revelation. We must not, however, forget, that on some few oc-

casions, deviations may be found. Hence, in page 49, when the poet asks,

"For what is virtue, but a vice withstood?
 Or sanctity, but daring sin o'ercome?"—

virtue and sanctity appear solely in their passive character; nor could it be inferred from this representation, that active energy ever entered into their composition.

Blemishes, however, such as these, are too trifling to require any severity of animadversion. The beauties and excellencies of this poem are brilliant and numerous, its defects few and insignificant. The Messiah is a poem, from which an unknown author would have gathered unfading laurels and lasting reputation; and on Mr. Montgomery it will confer no inconsiderable addition to the fame he has already acquired.

REVIEW.—*The Record of Providence; or, the Government of God displayed in a Series of Interesting Facts from Sacred and Profane History.* By the Rev. J. Young; Author of *Scripture Balances*, &c. &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 372. Houlston. London. 1832.

DURING the dreary months of November and December, when universal nature seems as if sunk into a state of profound torpor, and when, with our forefathers, it was customary to imbibe no small portion of their influence, we are happily relieved from the gloom; and the monotony of the olden times is chased away by a kind of artificial sun, with which the intellectual part of man is cheered; and by the flowers and scents proceeding from the literary parterre, into which Old England is now in a great degree transformed. All this is very well, to a certain extent; but we fear that the poisonous qualities of many of these literary semi-exotics are not perceived until their fatal influence has been experienced; while even such as may be considered half harmless, from the amusement they afford, and the gratification they convey, are not less certainly, although more insidiously, working according to their own fatal tendency, in producing imbecility of mental energy, and nausea for such as are wholesome and good.

We have been led to these desultory observations from looking through, or, rather reading with avidity, the volume before us, which, while it exhibits a pleasing exterior, and yields a fragrance equal to its more gaudy competitors for fame, contains all the elements best calculated to invigorate and give healthiness to the mind. Mr. Young not only possesses the pen of a ready writer in an eminent degree, having already

sent forth several important works,—but invariably employs it in the noblest cause in which it could be engaged. The talents with which he is intrusted are consecrated to the interests of religion, and, notwithstanding the diversity of their application, all bear the same impress.

In the importance and interesting character of a work on the subject of Providence, every believer in the Sacred Scriptures will agree; but all are not equally harmonious in their opinions, as to the best mode of treating it, so as to make it possess that attractiveness which it should ever maintain. To ourselves, however, it does not appear that any can be adopted more likely to accomplish so desirable an end, than that pursued by the author of the "Record." We are aware of the existence of many long and powerfully written essays on the subject, and of some volumes, in which close and deep thinking, and considerable philosophical ability, are displayed, to prove and exhibit the superintending providence of God. Yet we have not met with a work better adapted, both for the subtle theologian, the aged Christian, and the juvenile reader, than the present; since whatever is calculated to excite to prayer, to encourage under difficulties, to induce dependence on God, or to lead to holy reverential fear, is richly furnished.

Here facts, which benefit while they amuse and interest, are brought together from almost innumerable sources, and are judiciously arranged under the distinctive classes to which they properly belong. Much patient research and extensive reading must have been employed in obtaining the materials. The plan of the work is in itself novel, without being quaint. The sections into which it is divided are, "Prayer answered—Deliverance accomplished—Help afforded—Judgments inflicted." Under the first head are fifty-five cases—under the second, ninety—under the third, fifty-nine—and under the fourth, sixty-nine; making a total of two hundred and seventy-three deeply interesting facts. The justly popular anecdotes of the late Rev. C. Buck are well known; and we dare predict, that the "Record of Providence" will not be less valued, and, what we think more important, will, no doubt, be really more useful.

In the preface, Mr. Young states, "Should it (the present work) be received with approbation by the Christian public, it is not unlikely that he may be encouraged to prepare a second volume of a similar kind." That it will be favourably received cannot reasonably be doubted;

we hope, therefore, that he will prosecute his intention, and that we shall, at no very distant period see another volume equally valuable with this before us.

REVIEW.—*The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, for 1833; Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. Westley & Davis. London.*

BOTH Mrs. Hall, and her juvenile offspring, are well known to the public, this being the sixth time of paying their annual visits, among the splendid productions of the winter months.

During a few years, two rival publications appeared under nearly the same title, which, we doubt not, proved injurious to the sale of each. An adjustment, however, has recently taken place between the competitors for public patronage, so that this volume appears under the united support and sanction of the formerly independent parties. These circumstances are announced in a short preface, which concludes with the hackneyed vulgar phrase of wishing the readers "a merry Christmas, and a happy new year." This, however, is the only exceptionable expression we recollect to have seen throughout the volume; and to this, no one can suppose that any severity of censure can attach.

A poetical preface, by W. H. Harrison, contains much appropriate innocent humour. My Dog Quail, by the late Edward Walsh, M.D., exhibits a fine development of instinct. Seven and Seventeen, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, is a well-written article. We must, however, assign the palm of superiority to "The Indian Island," by L. E. L. It is a tale replete with incident and interest; and if our room would allow, we should have gladly transcribed it into our pages. Several other pieces both in prose and verse, deserve individual notice, but we must content ourselves with observing, that in their combined merit they honourably sustain the character which this juvenile annual has through a series of years acquired.

This volume is embellished with eleven engravings, executed in a style at once creditable to the work, and to the talents of the respective artists. With those which adorned the preceding volumes, every reader must be well acquainted. In this we perceive no inferiority either of ingenuity in design, or of ability in execution.

In its moral character, the juvenile "Forget-Me-Not" has never merited an impeachment. The articles in this volume inculcate in sprightly language many exalted sentiments, which evince that

authors are not strangers to gospel truths, nor ashamed to speak of them in terms of due respect and approbation.

REVIEW.—*The Comic Offering, or Ladies' Melange of Literary Mirth, for 1833.* 12mo. pp. 358. Smith, Elder, & Co. London.

If caricature, grotesque appearance, and distorted representations can present a claim to patronage, this Comic Offering will not be in want either of recommendation or readers. It contains a great number of wood-cuts, which cannot fail to operate on the risible muscles, and to extort a laugh at the whims and fancy of the inventor. The prose and verse which accompany these wild outrages on human nature and human life, are in perfect accordance with the engravings. Witticism, punning, and strange misapplication of words, are among its brilliancies. It is a book which calculates on finding a rich harvest among the votaries of Momus, and is admirably adapted to confirm them in that character.

REVIEW.—*The Sacred Musical Offering. Edited by Charles Henry Purday. Zenas, J. Purday, and Simpkin and Marshall. London. 1832.*

A work of the kind now before us, has long been wanted, and if its sale equal its merits, we predict from the contents, that it will have an extensive circulation.

Among the writers we find the names of Mrs. Hemans, Caroline Bowles, Mrs. Opie, J. Montgomery, Bernard Barton, Rev. J. Young, Rev. J. Cunningham, &c.: and among the composers, Beethoven, Mozart, Von Weber, Neukomn, Gluck, Spohr, &c. From these we could not but expect a treat of no ordinary kind, and in this we have not been disappointed.

We do not remember to have met with a single portion of the compositions in question before. We, therefore, think it a valuable addition to our really classical chamber music. The delightful pieces composed by Neukomn, and Joshua's Command, from the pen of the Rev. J. Young, the music by that master-spirit, Von Weber, will impart a high degree of credit to this publication. The following pieces by other writers, are not without their attractions: "Morning and Evening Prayer, for Four Voices," by the editor. "The Harp of David," by Neilson, a delicious duet. "When shall we meet again," by Westrop: "O read to me that Sacred Book:" a high treat, by the editor; and "The Village Church," an exceedingly

beautiful song, by H. Westrop. The work is got up in a respectable style, the size of the Bijou. It contains twenty compositions! with two exquisite embellishments, designed by J. M. Joy.

BRIEF SURVEY OF BOOKS.

1. *Daily Prayers and Promises, from the Holy Scriptures; and Daily Verses*, (Religious Tract Society, London,) are two very neat little articles, which external decoration and internal excellence unite to recommend. The former contains passages of Scripture in prose, and the latter, exhibits similar ones in verse. In both cases the supply extends to every day in the year.

2. *The Travels of True Godliness, &c., by Benjamin Keach*, (Society for Promoting Religious Knowledge, London,) is a book so well known, that to mention its title and its author, will render every other encomium unnecessary.

3. *Daily Incense; consisting of Scripture Prayer and Praise*, (Religious Tract Society, London) we have already noticed in a former edition. Its circulation appears to be extensive, but not more so than its excellencies deserve.

4. *The Family Temperance Meeting*, (Gallie, Glasgow,) is a rational and spirited dialogue on the nature, objects, and advantages of temperance societies. A vitiated appetite may rebel against the principles advocated, but unsophisticated reason must decidedly approve of the arguments and conclusions which the friends of temperance have advanced. The narrative of George Leman is instructive, and full of interest. It traces the progress of drunkenness from its cradle to incurable inveteracy.

5. *Gems for Christian Ministers*, (Religious Tract Society, London,) is composed of short nervous and sententious expressions, extracted from the writings of celebrated men. The passages selected have much the nature of aphorisms, and are worthy of a permanent lodgment in every minister's mind and conscience. By private christians they may be perused with much advantage.

6. *Illustrations of Political Economy, No. IX. Ireland; a Tale, by Harriet Martineau*, (Fox, London,) is another of those well-written articles, which this lady has sent into the world. Ireland presents a soil fertile in political weeds, the pernicious nature and tendency of which, this number exposes with much clearness and commanding energy. The tale itself may be considered as divided into nine sections or

chapters, each of which has some strong distinguishing features that alternately awaken our pity and our indignation.

7. *The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction, No. II.*, (Smith, Elder, & Co., London,) contains articles that are calculated to communicate useful ideas, as well as to gratify the youthful mind.

8. *The Reign of Grace, from its Rise to its Consummation*, by Abraham Booth, (Society for Promoting Religious Knowledge, London,) is quite in accordance with the harshest notes of the Geneva fiddle. The author renounces antinomianism, but inculcates doctrines which inevitably lead to the detestable vortex. The cloven-foot is but badly concealed.

9. *Grammatical Exercises on the Mood, Tense, and Syntax of the Latin Language*, by George Ferguson, (Simpkin, & Co., London,) like most other works of this kind, consists of principles already established, and variously elucidated. The author, however, gives a great number of appropriate examples to illustrate what he has advanced, and to assist the learner in his acquirement of accurate knowledge in the Latin tongue.

10. *The Religion of Taste, a Poem*, by Carlos Wilcox, *America*, (Hamilton, London,) so far as the imagination is indulged in her visionary excursions, the author most decidedly condemns. His versification seldom rises above mediocrity, but the sentiments he inculcates command the respectful attention of every reader.

11. *A French, English, and Latin Vocabulary*, by T. A. Gilson, (Simpkin, London,) the pupil will find to be a useful book in promoting his studies in this department. If the rising generation should not be wise, we are certain that it will not be through the want of books.

12. *The Bible Spelling Book; Parts I. & II.*, (Parker, London,) is adapted for children in the early stages of learning, and to these they may be rendered exceedingly useful.

13. *Sadec and Miriam; a Jewish Tale*, (Parker, London,) will be read with interest by most young persons, and, if duly improved, with a proportionate degree of profit. Of prejudice vanquished by truth, it furnishes a pleasing picture, while the tale itself has many captivating features.

14. *Original Family Sermons, Part I.*, (Parker, London,) will tend to augment the enormous mass of pulpit discourses with which the country is deluged; but to their general character we conjecture that this addition will do very little good or harm.

CLEANINGS.

Hydrostatic Pad for Incubators. Dr. Ament, in the 5th edition of his *Lectures on Physics* describes a hydrostatic pad, which consists of a trough of convex bottom 2 in. and breadth 3 feet deep, and lined with metal to make it water tight. This trough is half filled with water, and a sheet of water proof India-rubber cloth as large as would be a complete lining to the trough when empty is thrown over. The edges of this sheet are weighted with weights to prevent the water from being forced by capillary attraction and afterwards secured in a water tight manner all round, so the upper border or rim of the trough shutting in the water as if it were as if it had been in bottom. Upon this upper border sheet a portable and from it laid which constitutes the pad ready to receive its pillow and bed clothes. This is not directly heating from a warm object, but by its mass enclosing the mass of bedding. This pad has been introduced into the hospitals of London and St. George's Hospital, with remarkable success, and the author concludes that with it the fatal termination called shivering, now so common in fevers and other diseases, and never occurs again, and that it is particularly applicable to all patients whose diseases or injuries require that they should continue to be confined in bed.

How to know a good Book. That book does not deserve to be read, which does not inspire upon us the duty of frequent pauses, much reflecting and inward debate, or require that we should often go back, compare one observation and statement with another, and does not call upon us to compare and put together the *Argente Numera*. It is an observation which has often been repeated that when we come to read an excellent as here a serious and a third time, we find in him a multitude of things that we did not in the slightest degree perceive in a first reading. A careful first reading would have a knowledge, in a considerable degree, to a repeat the following trip. * * * There is a dangerous respect, which I have met with in a book on a serious

— Leave to speak slow, all other games
Will follow in their proper place.

I could wish to recommend a similar process to the student in the course of his reading — *Quintus's Thoughts on Man*.

Insatiable Greedy. — A party of gentlemen from Bombay one day visiting the stupendous cavern temple of Elephanta discovered a tiger a whole lot of the above remains of the old fire. A number of hissing the cat without movement of the party of its den, they took it up hastily and cautiously, and released. Being left entirely at liberty and extremely well fed the tiger grew rapidly, appeared tame, and fondling as a dog, and in every respect entirely domesticated. At length when having obtained a full meal and notwithstanding its apparent gentle and it began to inspire terror by its tremendous powers of doing mischief to a piece of rope, moss, dripping with blood which fell in its way. It is to be observed that up to that moment it had been studiously kept from raw animal food. The instant however it had dipped its tongue in blood, something like madness seemed to have seized the animal a deadly live principle within dormant, was awakened it darted fiercely, and with glaring eyes, upon its prey tore it with fury to pieces, and growling and roaring in the most fearful manner, rushed off towards the jungle. *From a Frenchman.*

General Aspect of Palestine. — The hills stand round about Jerusalem as they stood in the days of David and Solomon. The dew falls on Hermon, the cedars grow on Lebanon, and Kishon, that ancient river, draws its stream from Lebanon as in the times of old. The sea of Galilee still presents the same natural accompaniments. The fig tree springs up by the wayside, the sycamore spreads its branches, and the vine and olive still climb the sides of the mountains. The desolation which covered the sites of the plain is not less striking at the present hour than when Moses, with an inspired pen, recorded the judgment of God, the sorrows of Jordan are not less regular in their run than when the Hebrews first approached its banks, and he who goes down from Jerusalem to Jericho, still hears the groans of the falling among thorns. There is, in fact, in the scenery and manners of Palestine, a perpetuity that accords with the everlasting aspect of its historical records, and which enables us to identify with the utmost readiness, the local imagery of every great transaction. — *Edinburgh Calvin Library, No. IV.*

Cost of the Polish Campaign. — It results, from official data, that the losses of the Russian army, either on the field of battle, or in hospitals and hospitals, have amounted to 100,000 men. In the same operation, the capture of Warsaw alone cost, they have cost 20,000 lives.

Literary Notices.

Just Published.

Select Library, Vol. VII. *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Character, Literary, Professional, and Religious, of the late John Mann Gould, M. D.* By Catherine Gregory, LL.D. Cloth, boards, 6s., with a Portrait.

My Village, versus "Our Village." By J. Crofton Croker, Esq., uniform with *Burton's Mahoney*, by the same author. 8s. boards.

The National Portrait Gallery, Part XLIV., containing Portraits and Memoirs of Lord Palmerston; Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart.; and Jeremy Bentham, Esq.

Warrimoorland, Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland Illustrated, Part II. containing 2 Views. Price 3s.

Baines's History of Lancashire, Part XXII. Biographical Sketches of the present Modern Millners, with a History of the Progress of the Reform Bill, and a View of the Political State of the British Empire, and of France, from the close of the year 1831, to the present time. By William Jones, M.A. 1 Vol. 8vo. boards, 10s. with numerous Plates.

The Life and Times of England's Patriot King, William the Fourth. By John Watkin, LL.D. Embellished with many Plates. 1 Vol. 8vo. 10s. boards.

The Maxima Charts of 1833, comprising the new Reform Acts for England, Ireland, and Scotland. Also the statutes which describe the boundaries. With Explanatory Notes. In an 8vo. Vol., price only 2s. 6d.

The Anaclyps, or Christian's Annual for 1833. Simpkin, London.

Illustrations of Political Economy, No. X. Human Abroad a tale. By Harriet Martineau.

Letters of the Rev. Griffith Jones, founder of the Welsh circulating schools.

Lodgers's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XXXVI. British Military Commanders. Vol. III.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. X., Humboldt's Travels.

Selections from the Old Testament, or, the Religious, Moral, and Poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures. By Sarah Austin.

Moral Life, and the State of the Soul after Death. By a Protestant Layman.

The Monitor, Nos. I. II. III. IV. at one penny each.

The Works of the British Poets, Milton's Paradise Lost.

A Catechism of Greek Grammar. By Rev. George Milligan.

Catechism of the Natural History of the Earth. By W. Rhind.

The Month Society Penny Magazine, No. 1.

A Voice on the Waters, designed as a gift for Seamen on leaving their native land.

The Peasant's Poet, containing of Miscellaneous Poems, &c. By Robert M. Burns.

Exercises adapted to Hiley's English Grammar. By Richard Hiley.

Hiley's English Grammar Abridged. By R. Hiley.

The Landscape Album, Sixty Views.

The Bird of the Beacon, in Four Cantos.

Plays and Poems of Shakespeare, 15 volumes. 10 Illustrations.

Hints to Young Mothers on the Early Management and Education of Infants.

The Ocean Gipsy, and other Poems. By, M. M. Davies.

Family Classical Library, No. XXXV. Euripides, Vol. II.

Safe and Easy Steps towards an Efficient Church Reform. By a Clergyman.

Works of the Rev. John Howe, D.D., complete in 3 vol., with Memoirs of his Life. By Edmund Calamy, D.D.

Sermons preached by Members of the Society of Friends.

A Manual for the Afflicted, &c. By Thom. Hartwell Horne, D.D.

Nights of the Round Table, Second Series.

The Harmony of Religious Truth and Human Reason asserted. By J. Howard Hinton, A.M.

The Sacred Offering, a Poetical Annual for 1833.

No. 1 of the Veterinary Examiner, or, Monthly Record of Physiology, Pathology, and Natural History. Edited by H. W. Dewhurst, and H. Braddon, Esq.

Collections from the Greek Anthology, and from the Pastoral, Elegiac, and Dramatic Poets of Greece. By the Rev. Robert Hild, and others.

'The Sacred Trust' a Charge delivered at the Ordination of the Rev. I. Atkinson. By A. Reed.

The Life of Frederic the Second, King of Prussia. By Lord Dover.

The Entomologist's Useful Compendium, containing the best means of obtaining and preserving British Insects, with a Calendar of the times of appearance and usual situations of nearly 300 species. By George Samonelle, A.L.S.

Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell, from the Norman Conquest. By J. H. Wilson. Illustrated by Portraits, Views, and Armorial Bearings. In 2 large volumes.

The Seaside Stories for very Young Children. Written by the Author of "Conversations on Chemistry, &c."

America and the Americans. By a Citizen of the World. 1 vol. 8vo.

Thomas Turner's Sacred History of the World 2d edition.

The Fourth Volume of the Transactions of the Royal Geographical Society of Cornwall, with a Geographical Map of the County.

An Introduction to the Study of English Poetry with a Glossary of Terms. Illustrated by J. Paine. By G. Peacock, F.R.S.

The Chameleon, a novel expressive of the changeable variety of its contents.

Lectures on Revelations of Religion. By W. Sprague D.D. With an Introductory Essay by the Rev. G. Redford Worcester and the Rev. J. A. Jamieson Birmingham.

Nature Religion Inconsistent and Revealed Religion Necessary to Man's Happiness in a Present and Future State. By the Rev. Thomas Holyburn With an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. John Young, Perth.

On the Harmony which exists between the Gospel and Temperance Societies. By W. Collins.

The Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry.

Tables General, Program of Balacon, &c. in Large Form.

The Missionary Annual for 1833.

The Aurora Revels, a Literary Annual. Edited by Members of the Society of Friends.

The Revelation of St. John, newly translated from the original Greek with a plain reading, correcting it of its metaphors.

Preparing for Publication.

The Natural History of the Oceanic Inhabitants of the Arctic Regions, to which is prefixed a Description of the Method pursued in the Capture of the Russian Mysticus, or Greenland Whale. By Henry William Dewhurst, Esq.

The Cabinet Annual Register, and Historical Political, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Chronicle of 1833.

The Leeds Sunday School Union Hymn Book containing a Selection of Four Hundred Hymns, suitable for Scholars and Teachers.

The Epigrammatist's Annual, to consist of an original epigram for every day of next year.

A History of Protestant Nonconformity in the County of York. By the Rev. F. Scobell, of Leeds. Author of 'Principles of Theism.'

The Dramatic Library, comprising all the third and dramatic in the English Language. Vol. I. will be published on the 1st of January, 1833.

In the Press.

Vol. I. of the Life of the late Dr. Adam Clarke the First Part left to MS. written by himself, with a Continuation, to the time of his Decease, collected from Original Papers, by a Member of his Family.

The Concluding Volume of Robert Hall's Works containing the Memoir. By Dr. Gregory, and the observations on his Character as a Preacher. By the Rev. John Foster.

Payson and Son's Annual Catalogue of Books for 1833, in all Languages, and every department of Literature.

A Handmade Christmas Present, with beautiful Frontispiece, entitled, 'Tales of my Father,' 1830. By Rev. J. Young, Author of 'The Record of Providence,' &c. &c.

Memoirs of the Professional Life and Times of Sir William Penn, Knight, Admiral and General at Sea during the Interregnum, in 2 vols. 8vo. By Grenville Penn, Esq.

Annual Biography and Obituary; Vol. XVII. will contain Memoirs of Twenty-seven celebrated individuals.

A Collection of the most approved Examples of Doves, from Ancient and Modern Buildings in Greece and Italy, expressly measured and delineated for this Work. By Thomas Leverton Nicholson, Architect.

Erratum.—page 482, line 23 from bottom, for word read read.



